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“We need not fear being outbuilt in a naval race”

If England Falls—

What of the British Fleet?

By Hanson W. Baldwin

Nationally noted military and naval expert of The New York Times

IF BRITAIN falls, will the Nazi swastika be hoisted over the British fleet?

It often is suggested that this might happen, whereupon we should be hopelessly outclassed on the seas and our security would instantly vanish. For the oceans are our pro-

tection only so long as our navy can dominate them.

Obviously the question is of prime importance to us. Our navy is strong enough now, and more than strong enough, to face the combined navies of the totalitarian powers. Our problem is to keep it so, regardless of what happens abroad.

We need not fear being outbuilt in a naval race, even should Hitler be able to turn all Europe and England to the task. One authority has estimated the shipbuilding capacity of Germany, her conquered lands, and her allies, at 3,200,000 tons, and of Britain at 2,500,000 tons—a total of 5,700,000 tons a year. Assume that Hitler could get the full benefit of this, an assumption which disregards damage al-

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ready done to shipyards by bombs and ignores the inefficiency of sullen, conquered labor. Still we could meet the challenge, for we shall turn out 1,100,000 tons of *merchant* ships alone this year, next year 3,000,000, and more than 5,000,000 tons in 1943. And simultaneously we are pushing forward a naval building program just about equal to the combined programs of all the rest of the world including the British Empire.*

Furthermore, we can expand shipbuilding incomparably more than can Europe. There most of the sites for ways from which big ships can be launched into deep water have long been utilized, while we have scores of sites yet undeveloped. Shipbuilding is limited by steel and armor production. One American steel company will this year produce more steel than all of Germany; our expanded capacity soon will outmatch all the rest of the world. Our armor production, steadily increasing, is believed already to exceed that of England plus that of Germany.

The only way, then, that our

* As things are today, the United States has 17 battleships in commission. The Japanese have ten, the Germans three (two of which — the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* — are probably badly damaged), the Italians five or six, a number of which are perhaps battered beyond repair. We are building 15 capital ships, the totalitarian powers between eight and 12.

Our naval air arm in efficiency and number of ship-borne planes is admittedly superior to any. We have six aircraft carriers in commission and 12 building. Italy has none, Germany may have two about completed, Japan has six.

enemies can acquire a navy stronger than ours is by seizure of the British fleet. In the event of Nazi victory, what are the prospects that German naval strength would be so increased by the capture of British vessels as to put us at a disadvantage?

The earliest threat is the likelihood that the Germans will win control of the Mediterranean. Contrary to general apprehension, this doesn't mean that any sizable portion of the British fleet would be trapped. There would be ample warning of the impending success of any land drive on Suez, and before the canal could be permanently blocked the eastern detachment of the fleet probably would withdraw into the Red Sea. Should Germany launch an assault upon Gibraltar, her guns mounted across the bay and in the Spanish hills could quickly make it untenable as a naval base, but the fortress could hold out for a long time and it would always be possible for British warships to run the gantlet through the straits at night or in fog. This might involve losses, particularly among smaller vessels, but it would not add ships to the German navy.

Suppose the British Isles themselves should fall. What then?

If collapse comes through a war of attrition waged by bombers and submarines, we will have plenty of warning and be able to take steps to meet the threat. Moreover, the British fleet would be scattered, as

it is now, around the Seven Seas. Sudden conquest by invasion would be more menacing to our naval supremacy because it would be more likely to concentrate British warships in waters where they might fall into German hands.

But any realistic conception of the invasion of Britain must assume a terrific battle on the sea and in the air, an all-out fight which will make the melee in Crete seem a mere skirmish. The Germans would use not only their Stukas and Heinkels against the British navy, but also their ships — the *Tirpitz*, sister of the sunken *Bismarck*, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and E-boats — to protect their troop convoys and to smash at the British fleet. They would be prepared, as they were in Norway, to sacrifice their entire fleet to make the invasion succeed.

England would fling all available men-of-war into the attempt to hold the Channel and the North Sea. It would be a death struggle. A stricken ship would not retire to lick its wounds; it would stick to the battle as long as it could fire a gun. The RAF would be pounding the German warships just as the *Luftwaffe* would hammer the British.

Naval losses certainly would be heavy on both sides. Britain might lose the major portion of the ships engaged — particularly the lighter ships — but Germany's navy probably would be annihilated.

It is unlikely that many British

ships which did escape destruction or serious damage would be caught in British ports; it is far more likely that most of them would flee to Canada or Africa. Even ships crippled or under construction might be towed to safety, just as the French towed away the 35,000-ton battleships *Richelieu* (now at Dakar, in Africa, damaged) and *Jean Bart* (now at Casablanca, in Africa, uncompleted) when the German invasion swept in. Others, caught on the ways or in drydock, would be destroyed by their crews or their builders, if they had not already been wrecked in the intensive aerial warfare that would precede any invasion attempt.

Still, the Germans would get some warships, intact or slightly damaged. How many is a guess, but it seems to me that if the Nazi acquisitions equaled their losses it would be the most they could hope for.

The threat to our naval strength would not end with the conquest of Britain. Germany would then hold 46,000,000 hostages. Some observers who know Germany insist that the Nazis would use mass starvation of the British people, or inflict bodily harm to the families of British naval personnel, to force the surrender of ships. Certainly they have used some French and Dutch families as hostages, and they are starving Poland.

It is pointed out, too, that after so overwhelming a defeat the Brit-

ish people would have little disposition to immolate themselves for our benefit. They might even be bitter, feeling that our help had been too little and too late. And there is a small section of the Tory upper class that might be disposed, once Britain was licked, to throw in its lot with the conquerors.

Yet there are powerful factors against the success of any Nazi plan to win the fleet by blackmail. One would be that the United States and Dominions would have something to say — and ways of saying it forcefully. Another would be the attitude of the British crews; defeat has not entered the British mind for several centuries. There is reason to believe (particularly if the British government made its escape to Canada) that a very considerable portion of these men would risk — as so many Netherlands have done — all the vengeance that the Germans might wreak on their families and friends, in order to continue the fight.

Moreover, other factors would absolutely prevent a powerful fraction of the British fleet from ever falling into German hands. For one thing, the British fleet is dispersed over the world. Those units in Dominion harbors would probably remain there, for the Dominions, like the United States, would in such a crisis be guided by exigency rather than sentiment. A certain number of British warships would surely be undergoing repairs in

American or Dominion ports when the blow fell. (Three capital ships and numbers of smaller warships were being repaired in American yards early this summer; this number is certain to increase.) There would be no chance of the Germans getting them; they would quickly become ours if here, or Canada's if in Dominion ports.

In the event that any sizable section of the British fleet, in Canada, the West Indies, or elsewhere within our reach, appeared disposed to hoist the swastika, we might face the same tragic necessity the British faced at Oran and later at Dakar, when they had to immobilize French warships with gunfire.

We must reckon, for safety's sake, that in the event of British collapse a few battleships, cruisers and smaller units would be added to Germany's fleet. Some of them would be British, some would be those French detachments now maintaining a precarious and nominal independence in the ports of unoccupied France and Africa. Our navy could make sure that French ships in Martinique would never fly the swastika but it could not do much about vessels in Mediterranean and African ports.

Even the seizure of British warships would not make them immediately useful to Germany. Most of them would need repair because of battle damage or sabotage; all of them would require trained crews. With all the coöperation the British

now give us, we have our technical difficulties in repairing their ships in our yards. It took the Germans from November to May to drill a crew for the *Bismarck*, their own ship. It required months for British crews to learn to operate the 50 destroyers we sent them.

We should thus have time to build more torpedo planes and long-range bombers. We should thus have time to speed up our ship-building program and deliver, perhaps earlier than planned, the four to seven of our capital ships, the numerous aircraft carriers, now scheduled for delivery in 1941-1942-1943.

Of perhaps more immediate importance would be the incorporation into our fleet of any units of the British navy that were in our ports or that came under our control. We could put them into service

at least as fast as the Germans could get ready any vessels they seized. Our acquisitions, plus British ships added to the navies of the Dominions, should offset German naval gains.

Finally, considering the over-water distances involved, the advantage our own ships have of operating near bases, with the support of land-based air power, the lack of Axis bases within the Hemisphere, and the homogeneity of our fleet as compared to the varied types in the totalitarian navies, our naval strength in comparison with the strength of the combined navies of the totalitarian powers would be more than adequate for security.

Indeed, the net result might well be the emergence of the United States as the foremost sea power of our time. And in such a world we should need to be.

Song of the Open Road

TEN MILLION turning, churning wheels from Maine to Mexico —
Socony, Purol, Shell, Good Gulf, Panam and Texaco —

Flats fixed, High Test,
Hot Dogs, Tourists Rest,
Red, Green, Stop, Go,
Sharp Curves, Drive Slow,
Dew Drop Inn, Bide-A-Wee,
Kill Kare, Sans Souci,
Detour on Dirt Road,
Bridge Weak, 2-Ton Load,

Slow Down to Twenty-Five,
Honey right from the Hive,
Vaporub for Coughs and Sneezes,
Paris Garters, Come to Jesus,
Drive in, Eggs for Sale,
Drive Fast, See Our Jail,
Lions Club Welcomes You,
Route Eleven, Route Two.

Ten million blatting, snarling horns from Mexico to Maine,
It's been a lovely restful trip, and now we're home again.

— Roger William Riis in *Nature Magazine*

¶ How radio repair men profit dishonestly from the public's ignorance

The Radio Repair Man Will Gyp You If You Don't Watch Out

By

Roger William Riis

In the July issue Roger William Riis described the results of a Reader's Digest inquiry into the honesty—or otherwise—of garage men ("The Repair Man Will Gyp You If You Don't Watch Out"). As they traveled across the continent, the same investigators who found that three out of every five garages or service stations lied or swindled also visited 304 radio repair shops. Here follows an account of how they were treated.

WHEN the average American takes his radio set into a repair shop, his profound ignorance of the set's workings will be duly rewarded, for he will be cheated 64 out of every 100 times by repair men who will sell him tubes, batteries and service which his set doesn't need, or charge him for new parts they didn't put in. In some cases they will even remove good parts and add them to the supply on their shelves, substituting inferior equipment.

Such is the conclusive evidence produced by The Reader's Digest investigation which tested 304 radio repair shops of every type, in 48 states from coast to coast, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

The investigators (the same two, John Patric and Miss Lioy May, who conducted the automobile inquiry) started out with brand-new portable radios of two nationally known makes, in flawless condition. A few minutes before each shop was entered, the radio had been playing perfectly, but was deliberately put out of order by the investigators, sometimes by disconnecting a snap-on wire, usually by loosening a tube. When the backs of the sets were taken off—which could be done with the fingers—even a layman would not fail to notice either the dangling wire or the wobbly, projecting tube. A repair man who didn't see them, and speak up, was taking the first step toward petty thievery.

That the test was fair is proved by the 76 repair men who spotted the trouble as soon as they opened the back of the set, and made no charge; 33 others made a charge so trifling as to class them also as honest. But these 109 honest men were in a sad minority.

Of the 304 shops tested, 195 tried by one dodge or another to take advantage of the customer. That's a

score of 64 percent in favor of gyppery.

As was found in the automobile investigation, the larger the town, the more frequent the swindling. Shops in places under 10,000 population were 51 percent dishonest; in larger cities, 66 percent were dishonest. In New York and its metropolitan area, 17 out of the 19 shops tested lied and piled up wholly unjustified bills to a total of \$35.75. The first 36 shops visited, in eastern towns and cities, sold the investigators 32 new tubes. Not one was needed.

Chivalry did not protect the woman investigator. She was cheated 68 out of every hundred times, the man only 60.

Why is the retail servicing of radios so ridden with deceit? The best answer was given by a disarmingly frank repair man in Chicago. Caught in the act of cheating, he confessed everything:

"Mister, you've got me. I didn't put in a new tube. We'll give you your money back if you'll give us the tube and that bill. We have to do that sort of thing. Everybody else in the radio business does it. Fellow comes in here with a \$30 radio and says 'fix it.' Why shouldn't we get two, three bucks from him? We've got rent, we've got taxes. Most of the time, there's nothing much more wrong with radios than there was with yours. But suppose we charged 50 cents — the customer would think we didn't really fix it. See that customer just went out? I fixed his set with 10 cents' worth of wire, charged him \$3.50, and he's tickled to death."

"You can't get away from shops around here for less than a couple of dollars. Why? Because the public doesn't know a damned thing about radios. Let the public learn something about them. That's the only way they can keep from paying too much."

Compare this plea of guilty with the statements of two of the men who would make no charge:

Case No. 281. Cheyenne, Wyo. "Why, here's a wire off. That's all. Now she plays fine. No — I couldn't charge for snapping a wire on."

No. 56. Suffolk, Va. A friendly looking kid waited on me. He quickly found the loose tube, and the set played. "What was the matter?" I asked, pretending not to notice what he had done. "Just pushed a tube in, that's all. There won't be any charge for that." Then he explained that he was a student, learning the radio business for high school credit.

Much of the cheating involved tubes. The investigators used highest-grade standard tubes, all marked "Made in U.S.A.," and they identified each tube by scratching off the periods of the "U.S.A." By means of the unpunctuated "USA" it was possible to spot the mechanics who charged for new tubes when they had not changed any; took out the set's costly tubes and installed inferior kinds; or deliberately burned out the tubes in fictitious "tests."

Case No. 18. Exceptionally well-equipped shop in Baltimore. Upon my return, after leaving the radio set, the proprietor greeted me affably. "You needed three new tubes." The bill was \$6.80.

The investigators' own tubes, which we can call Zircon tubes, come in packages sealed by the manufacturer — to make substitution impossible, provided the customer sees the package opened.

Case No. 51. Salisbury, Md. The bill was marked: "New tube, \$1.55." "May I have the old tube?" I asked. "It was a Zircon." Meanwhile I noticed that he had installed a tube of another make. The fellow looked all over his shop for a Zircon tube. Finally he went outside and talked to another man. Then he came back, went to the shelves stocked with cartons of new tubes, and from an already opened carton took a Zircon. This was our tube, marked "USA," and he had simply added it to his own stock.

No. 176. Milwaukee, Wis. "You had a burned-out tube." I asked for the old tube. After hunting ten minutes he came back, triumphant and relieved, with a tube. Meanwhile, I checked my set; I still had all my old tubes. One glance at his tube, and I said, "Sorry, but that has never been in my set." He looked blank and scared, and faltered, "I don't know what you mean." "Mister," I said, "you know exactly what I mean." He seemed relieved when, paying nothing, I walked out.

The investigators were given 68 different explanations of what was wrong. Among them were:

Singing tube, tube paralyzed, microphone tube, three tubes out of sockets, condenser popped, shorted condenser gang, repair loud-speaker, overhaul radio, switch points dirty, remove partial short, aerial lead kinked, change calibration, wire broken on antenna coil, solder loud-speaker wire, solder oscillating coil,

solder transformer, piece of solder left in tube socket at factory.

Some repair men — particularly when dealing with a woman — faked technical-sounding disorders to cover their crookedness. Said one in Tallahassee, Fla.: "It's hard to say exactly what I did to your set. I removed some of the invisible oxidation." Others, indifferent, merely charged for "repairs." A man in San Luis Obispo, Calif., said "one of the tubes was temperamental." A not unusual answer, from those asked to specify just *what* repairs, was: "Oh, I couldn't show you without taking the set apart. It was down underneath."

Case No. 274. Moscow, Idaho. The repair man charged \$1.50 for "soldering a loose connection down inside." I asked him to show me where. "I couldn't do that without taking the set all apart again." I said, "That's all right. You can charge me extra." He fumbled nervously with the set. "You annoy me, standing here," he said. "Please go over there and sit down." I said I preferred to stay and see the freshly soldered joint. "In that case," he said, angrily, "I can't show you the solder job because I didn't do any. We don't tell customers what we actually did. We just tell them anything that sounds reasonable."

The investigators' attempt to recover "old parts" met frequent evasion and deceit. "It was thrown in the ash can, and the garbage has been collected." . . . "The boy took it home with him. . . . I don't know where he lives."

This instance of dexterity happened in Memphis, Tenn.:

Case No. 152. The mechanic pulled out my "B" battery, put in a fresh one, and hooked up the disconnected battery wire. The set played, of course. I expressed surprise that my old battery had burned out so soon, and started to put it back. "I'll do it for you," he said, and put it back upside down, so the set was dead. "I think you have it upside down," I remarked. "All right, just to show you," he said, and turned the battery around, but in doing so he reversed the wires by a sleight-of-hand trick. I commented on that and asked him to change them. He did, but pulled a tube loose so the set wouldn't play.

Many deliberately elaborate and impressive radio testing panels were found in the repair shops. In honest hands the better of this "Rube Goldberg" equipment is helpful in trouble-shooting. In dishonest hands it can be used to make any diagnosis seem plausible.

In addition, virtually every shop has on its counter a smaller machine with rows of mysterious gadgets, flashing lights, and a dial indicating "Good" and "Bad." A crooked dealer, by pressing the wrong combinations of buttons or switches, can show that any tube is "bad."

The testimony of the operators is eloquent. Said one candid repair man in Gettysburg, Pa.: "I could have gypped you easy. I could have worked this thing wrong and told you a tube was bad. But that kind of thing doesn't pay in a small town." The proprietor of a good shop in Madison, Wis., asked

why he used no such machine, replied: "That stuff makes a beautiful display, but all you need is a voltmeter and a few other little things." Another said, "No good service man really needs such a machine, except to merchandise tubes and convince customers."

A number of the repair men got tough. Here's a case from Lincoln, Ill.:

Case No. 165. "You had a burned-out tube," said the repair man—"\$2.30." I spotted my "USA" tube on the bench beside him. "Now just for my own satisfaction," I asked, "please test it." So the guy deliberately pressed the wrong buttons and made the tube test "shorted," then "bad." I said, "I'm going to put it back in the radio and try it again." He protested, but I took out his tube and put mine back in. Of course the radio played fine. I said: "I don't think I need a new tube at all." "Well, then you owe me a dollar for service." "What service? For telling me my good tube was blown?" Then he got mad, rushed at me and landed a terrific kick on my thigh.

At one point in the transcontinental journey, Patric stopped for a few days to attend a radio school. His curiosity was well rewarded. One of the instructors said to him, privately: "It will take a year to learn the radio business, but we can teach you enough so you can fool the public in about three months . . ." and gave him some advice which is highly instructive.

"When you operate your own shop, hire a service man, but pay

him a commission, not a salary. He will take a part that costs five cents, put it in a radio, and charge for a \$3 or \$4 service job. The trick is to get these jobs out fast. A good man will turn out six or eight an hour. Suppose he does make \$100 a week on commission — you're getting \$300 worth of work.

"Never do any home radio servicing. Never do any work while the customer watches you. Otherwise you can't get a good price. You should advertise home service, yes, but go into the home with only a little equipment and say you'll have to take the set back to the shop to work on it.

"Nine tenths of the stuff that goes into a radio when it is serviced is something the radio didn't need. Put in new by-pass condensers and such whether the set needs them now or not. You get a good price for them, and they cost only a few cents. If you don't do that, in a couple of months a condenser may go bad, and the customer may think you did a bum job.

"Never give the customer the old parts you take out. He'll take them down the street and a gyp shop will tell him they would have sold him for \$1.25 what you sold him for \$2.50. What does the customer know about quality?"

As the customer obviously knows as little about quality as he does about anything inside his set, the chief hope for him, if he wants to avoid being gyped, is to acquire an elementary knowledge of how a radio works. Or seek the advice of a friendly "ham" — an amateur operator who from his own experience can recommend a competent and honest shop.

Those who cannot make this effort will be somewhat better off if they demand factory-sealed cartons, ask for the old parts, and identify their tubes by marking them in some secret manner.

Why should not radio manufacturers take an aggressive interest in stamping out this dishonesty? They would probably sell more and better sets if the cost of keeping them were less often increased by repair men's overcharges and swindling. The good will they build up at great cost is constantly being broken down by repair men who explain high charges for imaginary repairs by blaming "poor workmanship at the factory." Why should not manufacturers constantly test the integrity of their dealers by a staff of traveling investigators?

In the meantime, let the radio fan beware when he takes his set to the repair man for service.

Reports by these same investigators on the repair and servicing of other common articles of merchandise will appear in later issues of The Reader's Digest.

“Lord of himself, though not of lands;
and having nothing, yet hath all”

Diogenes in Maine

Condensed from Harper's Bazaar

A. J. Cronin

Author of "The Stars Look Down," "The Citadel," etc.

IT IS HARD, nowadays, for the average man not to worry about the future. He hears the whisper of inflation and knows all about those ruinous extra taxes. He's worried about the bit of cash he has laid by for a rainy day, worried as to what his insurance policy will be worth when it comes to be paid: yes, dreadfully worried about his family's security in the days ahead.

My own position makes me sympathize. In the past year I had lost a large sum of money, my hard-won security for the future. That's why I want to tell about a man I met in Maine last winter, a man who has helped me more than a truckload of edifying books.

His name is Ben and he is a lobster fisher, something over 50, short, bent, silent — with a sudden way of looking at you out of blue and disconcerting eyes. His face is brown as leather, his lips chapped, his cheeks creased and usually unshaven. He lives near the ramshackle little jetty on the clam-flats at the river mouth.

Perhaps you know the New England coastal winter: the frigid puri-

fying eternal wind, the desolation of the beaches, waves pounding on gray rocks, blue-white snow upon the headlands, sumac cowering velvet red in the biting sunset. That is Ben's background. And he fits it.

When the seas are not too high he puts out in his small boat, brings in a few lobsters. Bad weather finds him pottering around, nailing new lobster pots, painting, repairing his gear. He's always on the job, with a kind of casual steadfastness.

Ben is no plaster saint. He likes a bottle of beer of a Saturday night. On more than one occasion he has seen the inside of the village clink for taking chicken lobsters under the legal limit. His great delight is to sell big "new-shell" lobsters — imposing crustaceans which make the mouth water but have not an ounce of meat — to some stranger in a fancy automobile.

The portrait is conventional, no doubt. But what struck me about Ben, what gripped me in my mood of bitter unrest, was his attitude toward life.

You see, since we are speaking of money, Ben has none. He never

had a bank account in his life. His old scow, all his gear, is worth no more than a few dollars. His clothes, with luck, might fetch 50 cents. He lives, in the strictest sense, a hand-to-mouth existence. If he sells a dozen lobsters one week he buys himself a steak. If he doesn't he takes in his belt, digs himself some clams. In the New England hurricane his little shanty was blown to smithereens. Ben borrowed an axe, went into the woods, built himself another.

Though Ben is completely at the mercy of the wind, the weather, and the gods, nothing could surpass his tranquillity. He takes misfortune in his stride. He has his independence, his freedom. His other needs are few.

You may remember the classic story of Diogenes: how the old Athenian, sitting in his famous tub, was visited by Alexander the Great, who, with the resources of the world at his command, offered to gratify his eccentric subject's slightest wish; and how Diogenes, finding the Emperor's shadow an annoyance, merely replied: "Then, stand out of my light."

One day, as I talked with Ben, that story crossed my mind and I exclaimed: "Ben! Suppose you struck it rich — suppose someone left you a fortune — what would you do with it?" His brows lifted in surprise. He thought for a moment, then answered between vexation and perplexity: "Darned if I

know. Nothing, I guess." He paused, frowning. "I'm fixed pretty good the way I am." And he went on calking his boat.

He was quite sincere. Money simply didn't interest him. For that reason he had none of the feverish desires, the crushing anxieties inseparably linked with wealth. Instead he had contentment, self-control, his simple native faith.

As I left him that day I was conscious of a secret sense of shame. Beside his clear simplicity my own values, the world's values suddenly seemed dross. I had the feeling that humanity had sacrificed the spirit for the flesh, had thus become sapped of self-reliance, dreading any prospect not insulated by the ease, the smug protection that money can buy.

A great humility took hold of me as I viewed in retrospect my own scramblings to fill my barns. I heard the echo of those immortal words: "O ye of little faith! Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" As in a vision I had the clear-cut precognition of what must come to pass: how, to achieve our brave new world, we must forge from adversity a new philosophy of simple trust, of austerity and sacrifice. We must have an ideology not based on superficial things, on printed paper money or overstuffed upholstery or underslung sedans, but on something deeper, vital,

spiritual. Times are changing; values are in the melting pot. Amid the desolation of this war-torn world, let us remember that God fulfills himself in many ways. Christ cast the money-changers from the temple. We must cast out all self-interest from our lives. Today a man's best assets are his health, a stout heart, confidence in his own

integrity. His only true capital is, was, and always will be his soul.

Yes, I am grateful to Ben, my Maine Diogenes. He has taught me to look at life with a gaze less clouded, less afraid. I commend him as a model to those worrying souls who shrink from the hardships, the uncertainties, that lie ahead.

Personal Glimpses

"WHAT WAS Franklin Roosevelt like when he was a small boy?" I asked Mrs. James Roosevelt.

"Full of ideas," she replied. "He was always making boats or building forts or collecting stamps or stuffing birds or something. Once I told him not to order the other boys around so much. 'But,' he protested, 'nothing would get done if I didn't give orders!'"

— M. H. Halton in *Toronto Star Weekly*

DARRYL ZANUCK is one Hollywood producer who doesn't like to be agreed with too easily. Once, in a story conference, he shouted, "For God's sake, don't say yes until I finish talking." One day in Caliente he was refreshing himself after producing *Noah's Ark*, an Old Testament hodgepodge which was doing badly at the box office, when suddenly a kick bounced him against the bar.

"What was that for?" he demanded, glaring at the kicker, a writer named Arthur Caesar.

"For taking a book that's been a smash hit for 5000 years and making a flop out of it," said Caesar. Zanuck, who admires aggressive people, gave Caesar a contract on the spot. — *Life*

AN EXTRA came up to Helen Westley, veteran character actress, on a movie set. "Why, Miss Westley," she gushed, "what are *you* doing in this picture?"

"My dear," the reply sped back, "hadn't you heard? I furnish the sexagenarian appeal." — *Omaha World-Herald*

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND was acting as master of ceremonies at a huge dinner party. The speakers' table was distressingly populous. Mr. Kelland got up, a slip of paper in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he began, "the obvious duty of a toastmaster is to be so infernally dull that the succeeding speakers will appear brilliant by contrast." The succeeding speakers began to chuckle heartily.

"I've looked over this list, however," added Kelland, "and I don't believe I can do it."

The speakers stopped chuckling and the diners bellowed.

— Contributed by John Goldstrom

¶ Can we recover in time from the disorganized hodgepodge of our first year's defense effort?

What Would We Fight With?

Condensed from The United States News

AFTER one full year of armament effort the United States has produced a volume of arms that Germany's Europe can turn out in less than two months, England in little more than three. Ships, planes, tanks, guns are needed in vast quantities. Except for planes, these weapons are flowing out of American factories today in a mere trickle, and large-scale production, first forecast for June, now is being talked of for October and November.

A vast defense program is outlined in appropriations which total \$45,000,000,000. But of this, less than \$3,000,000,000 has so far gone into guns, aircraft, ammunitions, ships and other instruments of war. Here is the record showing how far the United States is from filling either its expectations or its needs:

Aircraft, by far the most favorable of any armament industry. Starting from near scratch one year ago, aircraft manufacturers ended the year with a record of 10,500 military-type planes produced (for Britain and the U. S.), approximately one half of them fighting craft. This means that the goal of 80,000 planes for our own army

and navy still is just a dream. Those services today have fewer than 8000 planes, including trainers; fighters and bombers.

Only in the last few weeks was a decision reached to go ahead with a big program of long-range bomber construction. It will be 1943 before this program is in full swing. Meanwhile Germany is still far ahead both in planes and in capacity to produce them.

Shipbuilding: Our merchant shipbuilding plans call for 705 vessels to be built at a cost of a billion and a half dollars. Included is an emergency program for quick construction of 442 ships.

This sounds impressive in figures. But the *first* ship under the emergency program is scheduled for delivery in November, and to date actual expenditure is less than \$10,000,000. The record is alarming. The government covers up lack of performance now by talking in big figures of what is to be done two years from now: close to three million tons of new ships in 1943. But the need for ships is pressing in 1941 — not 1943.

Ordnance: The goal in tanks is 30,000. Light tanks now are being

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(The United States News, June 27, '41)

produced at the rate of 15 a day. First real production of medium tanks will start in October. A heavy-tank program still is in the blueprint stage. Meanwhile, the British are in crying need of tanks of all kinds.

An even less impressive record is found in other heavy ordnance. Almost no modern antiaircraft guns have been produced. There are said to be 50 modern 105-mm. howitzers, no 155-mm. guns and no 8-in. howitzers.

Rifle and machine-gun production is better. A bottleneck in powder production is being broken. However, there aren't enough shells to supply guns in the relatively few tanks on hand and being built.

It's the same story concerning antiaircraft weapons for warships; they simply are not available and are not being produced in quantity.

Aid to democracies: This country is setting out to become the "arsenal of democracy." There is \$7,000,000,000 available as a start in building the arsenal, and President Roosevelt is prepared to ask Congress for further funds.

Yet during its first three months of effort as democracy's arsenal, the United States succeeded in providing only \$75,000,000 worth of aid to the British and Chinese. This included \$65,000,000 in equipment already on hand and \$10,000,000 in newly produced equipment. *The war goods that the United States provided to the democracies in these*

three months represented less than two days of production for Germany's Europe.

Where does all this leave our army? The new army possesses sufficient rifles and machine guns, but an inadequate supply of all other weapons, from antitank guns to airplanes and tanks, and it will remain inadequately supplied for many months to come.

How about the navy? The navy today is at wartime efficiency. It has first call upon the war industries of the nation. It has taken over the best and fastest ships of the merchant marine. Its personnel is all volunteer and all enlisted for six years.

Our navy is a pioneer in the development of specialized aircraft. It is far ahead of other navies in its training in the new mechanized warfare at sea that involves coordination of air and surface power. The fact is, it is the most important idle fighting force in the world today. With its air force and marines it is the most likely of services to see early action. Provided the British navy is kept in being and in coöperation with the American navy, we are assured time in which to build up defense industries and to equip an army and an air force.

Why is the United States having such difficulty in speeding its production of actual war materials? One answer is lack of planning. Neither army nor navy was ready with plans for the vast expansion

that the German conquest of France precipitated. The navy had not foreseen what the airplane would do to warships. The army had not foreseen any number of developments. Its ordnance department had artillery and tank designs that were outmoded as soon as Germany showed what she had. In fact the whole organization of the army, along with its weapons and tactical conceptions, became obsolete the day Hitler marched into Holland.

One year after this country started in earnest to arm, there is still no over-all planning and direction. The Office of Production Management does not conceive of itself as a planning agency to fit defense into American industry. OPM tends to deal with problems only after they arise in acute form. There is a hodgepodge of organization dealing with defense and there is no centralized authority. There is very little effort to view the vast American industrial machine as a whole and to gear it to the defense pro-

gram with a minimum of dislocation and a maximum of result.

And then there have been the defense industry strikes, costing millions of man days of work.

Can the United States make up for lost time? It can, but the job is immense. How immense is shown by official estimates of the production rate of war goods required to overcome the present lead of Germany's Europe: \$30,000,000,000 worth a year.

This means ten times as much as was produced in the year of effort just ended. To do it, U. S. industry must transform its whole function from one of producing peacetime goods to producing war goods. But, once adjusted, American industry can be irresistible.

Within our borders are 60 percent of the world's heavy industry and 40 percent of the world's capacity for production. When that vast power is mobilized it will far outstrip anything that any other part of the world can offer.

"Full of Sound and Fury . . .

THE DRAFTEES, in battle maneuvers, carried broomsticks for guns and were told that when they yelled *bang!* it meant they were firing a rifle; *bang! bang!* meant machine gun; *swish!* meant bayonet attack.

One draftee made an attack on another in a woods, yelling first *bang*, then *bang, bang*, then *swish*. Then he demanded that his victim give the signal that he was killed. But the other shouted, "You stupid lummo, didn't you hear me say *chug-chug?* I'm a tank."

—Contributed by Colvin W. Brown

¶ From personal experience and later research,
a mother writes warningly to other women

Don't Have an Abortion

Condensed from The American Mercury

Jane Ward

ABORTION. An ugly "backstairs" word. Nice people pretend it doesn't happen, yet every minute of the day some woman in the U. S. has an abortion. Of these, 90 percent are wives, not "wayward girls." Fifty thousand women a year become sterile as a result of illegal operations. According to figures based on the 1940 census, *one fourth of all maternal deaths are caused by aborted pregnancies!*

Few women know the risks they run when they undergo an abortion. I didn't know — until I had one. My husband died suddenly when I was two months pregnant. I already had three children to whom I was passionately devoted. And now, with no income to support them, an abortion seemed imperative; in desperation, I went to the best gynecologist in town.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't help you. An abortion is illegal, whether you're wife or widow. Reputable physicians can perform only therapeutic abortions — that is, when it is necessary to save the life or health of the mother."

Panic-stricken, I turned to the local abortionist, a medical pariah

Criminal abortion is increasing alarmingly. Twenty to forty percent of pregnancies terminate in abortions.

Ignorance is at the root of most harm that comes from abortion. Every mature woman should know its dangers.

The time has come for serious consideration of this widespread sociological and economic problem.

— Morris Fishbein, M.D.
Editor, Journal of the
American Medical Association

plying his trade in an upstairs office on a back street. He heard my story, checked my heart, and nodded. "Come tonight at 10. Bring \$100 in cash."

That night the doctor strapped me to an antiquated operating table. He had no attendant. He gave me a whiff of chloroform, but never quite enough. When I could no longer bear the excruciatingly painful scraping of the curette, I groaned. Immediately, the sickly sweet of chloroform filtered through the cone over my face. My heart pounded violently, then faded to a whisper. I thought it would stop with fear.

At last the doctor spoke. "All over now." I felt the flood of anti-

septic fluid. Unbuckled straps released me. "Rest."

It was midnight before I was able to drag myself down the stairs, resting frequently to keep from fainting. On the third day severe pains developed; the doctor had instructed me not to call him or any other physician, so I suffered alone, pulled through.

But it was an experience I could not forget. I had risked my life because of my ignorance, and recently I resolved to learn more about the subject and to warn others. I went first to the New York Academy of Medicine, headquarters of the National Committee of Maternal Health. How prevalent was abortion? How dangerous?

"At least half a million abortions occur annually in this country," declares Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, secretary of the committee, and an authority on gynecology. "Few operations offer more difficulty or uncertainty. Yet most of them, being illegal, are performed by borderline M.D.'s uninstructed in expert technique. Little or no aftercare is given. American women pay dearly for their ignorance through long illness and a high death rate."

"For every 100 women who die in pregnancy or childbirth, 24 perish from abortion," declares Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service. "Three fourths of these deaths are due to blood poisoning. Hemorrhage accounts for many more.

These appalling figures represent only the *known* cases and constitute only a small fraction of the total number."

Approximately 70 percent of our 500,000 annual abortions are criminal. Some are performed by midwives, some by the woman herself, but most by predatory professional abortionists. In an investigation last year, Special Prosecutor John H. Amen found evidence that in Brooklyn, N. Y., 100 abortionists had performed illegal operations at the rate of approximately 20 a week each. One testified that he had performed over 20,000 abortions, his income running into the hundred thousands, before he was convicted.

An operator in Baltimore performed 4000 abortions in six years. Another, 3000 in one year. And on the Pacific Coast a chain of abortaria under one management was reported in *Time* to have done a million-dollar-a-year business until their promoter was arrested. Many other cities report extensive abortion practice, with legal convictions infinitesimally small.

Abortionists, for the most part, perform a curettage. The surface of the uterus is scraped with a curette, an instrument something like a spoon with a long handle and small bowl, usually with sharp edges. The operator relies only on his sense of touch; working in secrecy and haste, it is easy for clumsy hands to puncture the walls of the uterus, with resulting hemorrhage.

Infection also may result from the use of unsterile instruments. This infection may lead to uterine deformities, irregular and painful menstruation and sterility. According to Dr. Frederick J. Taussig, author of the outstanding medical book on abortion, sponsored by the National Committee on Maternal Health, "nine percent of the women who have one abortion become sterile. And the percentage doubles with those having two or more abortions."

"I know of no greater tragedy," says Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, "than the young couple who, thinking they cannot yet afford a baby, resort to an abortion, only to find, when they are ready for a child, that the wife is sterile, her Fallopian tubes closed by inflammation or infection from the abortion."

And Dr. Taussig warns: "A woman who has undergone an abortion has longer labor and is more likely to require forceps or a Cæsarean delivery." Repeated abortions may cause miscarriage in later pregnancies; abnormal conditions of the uterus sometimes result in dangerous hemorrhage at the birth of the next child.

More dangerous even than curettage is another technique. Various pastes or jellies are injected by a syringe into the uterus, to induce abortion. According to Dr. Taussig, this procedure may result in

particles of fat or bubbles from the injection being forced into the blood vessels, causing clot formations and leading to sudden death.

One diabolic trick of the abortionist is to operate on a woman who is not actually pregnant. Nervousness, a cold, and many other physical disturbances may delay a menstrual period. Dr. Hannah M. Stone, Medical Director of the Margaret Sanger Birth Control Clinic, reported that in a study of 500 women who came to her for pregnancy examinations, she found that over 50 percent of those who thought they were pregnant were *not*. But the abortionist, caring for nothing but his fee, strikes while fear is rampant.

I learned by a personal experience that this cruel deception is actually practiced. I visited a New York abortionist and asked for an examination. In his reception room were at least 20 people. A sad-eyed man was undoubtedly the father of the nervous high school girl by his side. A plump mother held her daughter's hand. The atmosphere was tense, heavy with foreboding. A nurse prepared me for examination in a booth divided from others, as in a beauty parlor. The doctor went from patient to patient. I never saw his face; the nurse covered mine. Not a patient there could have identified the doctor in court. He examined me hastily, mumbled something about "two months pregnant."

I heard the nurse making an appointment, telling me to bring \$75 in cash. Suddenly I asked: "First, don't you think it wise to have a pregnancy urine-test made?"

"As you wish, madam," she said. "But on looking more carefully at the doctor's schedule, I find he is busy this entire month. To wait longer would be dangerous for you. I suggest you go elsewhere."

I wondered how many of the women in his waiting room he was going to deceive as cruelly as he had tried to deceive me.

There are ways of proving pregnancy by laboratory tests. These can be made by a reputable hospital laboratory. The information secured is confidential; the cost, about \$5. Coupled with an examination by an accredited physician, the pregnancy test tells a true story — one that would cheat the abortionist of countless cases.

As a matter of self-protection, few abortionists will perform a curettage if the pregnancy has gone beyond the third month, for thereafter the risks increase. Nor will the abortionist operate if a woman has a bad heart or other apparent disease which might cause her to die on his hands. Furthermore, most abortionists do not administer anesthesia, since, in case of fatality, post-mortem traces of chloroform, gas or ether can be readily detected and since, also, the anesthetized patient must be kept on the premises longer than one who has undergone

the operation without anesthesia. Two hours is as long as a woman is allowed to stay, regardless of her condition. What happens thereafter is none of his concern. He is prepared to disprove any connection with the case.

So much for the abortionist. What about the woman who tries to bring about an abortion herself by the use of drugs — many of them poison, as phosphorus, mercury, arsenic, lead? Any drug strong enough to cause an abortion is strong enough to injure the organs, often cauterizing them seriously. Blindness may result; sometimes death.

There are hundreds of patented drugs on the market which women buy hoping to produce abortion. "But there is no evidence," says Dr. Dickinson of the Academy of Medicine, "that any preparation taken by mouth can cause the abortion of a woman in normal health. If the drugs are 'successful,' it is probable that she was not pregnant in the first place. Common sense should indicate that if a safe, effective abortifacient drug existed, it would be used by the medical profession for therapeutic abortion. There is none."

Women have tried other almost inconceivable methods of aborting themselves. They have distorted their bodies with violent exercises, submitted to electric shocks, prodded instruments, catheters, crochet hooks, or even pencils into the uterus — with dire results.

The risk of infection under such conditions is practically 100 percent. Hospital records list thousands of patients suffering from sepsis and other results of abortion. At Bellevue Hospital in New York, 22 percent of the obstetrical patients are admitted to repair such damages.

Apart from physical risks, the mental strain following an abortion is severe. An indefinable feeling of sadness and bereavement often produces a deep melancholy. Psychiatrists claim that much marital unhappiness finds its beginning in the nervous irritability lingering after an abortion.

While no sweeping solution of the abortion problem is possible, certain steps are advocated by many doctors and sociologists.

First: better birth control methods. Records show that most women having abortions are already mothers with several children. Most of these women are in the lower income group. A study made by the Milbank Memorial Fund discloses that for families on relief in New York, there were 36 abortions per 100 women — a higher percentage than for any other group. "Failure to provide proper birth control information for such mothers," declares Dr. Dickinson, "is to foster abortion."

There are certain contraceptive techniques which are 95 percent effective. But such scientific, reliable measures are not available to

all women. "Beyond question, any reduction in the incidence of abortion, whether criminal or therapeutic, must depend in large part upon provision of effective medical contraception," says Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, obstetrician in chief of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

A second solution is urged by Dr. Dickinson: "The present laws should be adjusted so that abortions — if abortions *must* be — can be done openly by properly trained surgeons with proper medical and nursing care, rather than in the unclean, furtive and dangerous manner now prevalent. It is up to the medical profession to lead the way."

Less controversial, perhaps, is the recommendation of Dr. Morris Fishbein: "The time has come for some official agency to summon leading physicians, lawyers, sociologists and economists to consider a solution to the problem of abortion and suggest possible legislation."

Meanwhile this is essential: *To know what abortion means.* "Once women take the subject out of its backstairs, experimental stage, discuss it with their doctors and understand its actual dangers, the battle is half won," says Dr. Taussig.

Had I known what I have written here, I would never have climbed those dingy stairs to the abortionist's that awful night. It is far better to have a child, even though you think you can't provide for it, than to take the risks that some woman takes every minute of the day.

¶ Harlan Fiske Stone carries to the Supreme Court
the traditional liberties of the New England town meeting

Our New Chief Justice — Old-Line American

By

William Hard

HARLAN FISKE STONE, new Chief Justice of the United States, has often been called a "liberal" judge. He resents it.

True, Stone's opinions have held again and again that the law-making bodies — Congress and the state legislatures — have constitutional power to enact radical statutes. True, he has more often been found in agreement with Cardozo and Brandeis than with Roberts and McReynolds. But he does not think of himself as an exponent of "liberal" law; he stands for law, just law, with no adjectives. He is simply an old-fashioned American, with no latter-day gilt trimmings. He is of the ninth generation of Massachusetts and New Hampshire Stones, and his New England heritage is the first key to understanding him.

The second — and related — factor is his passion for teaching, which he developed at Amherst College, where he also acquired a Phi Beta Kappa key and a reputation as a football player. His New England belief in individual rights and his New England passion for teaching explain his attitude toward the law,

and why he is now presiding over the high court instead of making a fortune in private practice.

"I have nothing against the world as it is," he has said. "It has always made me very comfortable, but I see no reason why my economic preferences should be read into the Constitution and permitted to interfere with legitimate legislative experiment."

His father was well-to-do. As Calvin Coolidge once remarked, "He was a very fine man; he held a lot of mortgages in the neighborhood." It sounded like a prize *non sequitur*, but it wasn't, I later found out. Stone, the elder, was the man to whom neighbors in Chesterfield, N. H., always turned for a loan when things went badly. He never could refuse them, and he never could bring himself to press for repayment.

Harlan Stone refused to let his father pay his way through law school. Instead, he went to teaching — at Amherst, at Adelphi College, and at Columbia Law School, where he took his law degree.

He got a clerkship in the elegant and lucrative law firm of Sullivan

& Cromwell in New York, but gave it up to be a full-time instructor at Columbia Law School. Ultimately, he became Dean.

He already had two of his strongest beliefs. One is that the courts sometimes do not keep abreast of the law. A second is that law must keep in touch with life. He once dismissed a class in trusts in the middle of a lecture, saying: "Gentlemen, you know nothing but phrases. Hop the subway and go down to Wall Street and see how trusts are actually operated."

He took his own advice. He became for a while a partner in Satterlee, Canfield & Stone — Satterlee being a son-in-law of the elder J. P. Morgan. He subsequently returned to Sullivan & Cromwell, a firm in which the deepest and highest mysteries of corporate finance were daily experiences. But he continued to teach boys at Columbia.

From the simple traditions of New England life on the soil and in the town meeting, Stone inherited an instinctive but passionate respect for personality — one's own but also other people's — and a corresponding violent hatred of unlawful oppression of anybody's personality, whether he be citizen or alien.

Stone's first advent into national political life came during the last war when he accepted Secretary Baker's invitation to examine the cases of "conscientious objectors." He instantly showed profound re-

spect for their religious convictions. He wrote about them:

However rigorous the State may be in repressing the commission of acts *injurious to the community*, it may well stay its hand before it compels the commission of acts *which violate the conscience*. . . . All our history gives confirmation of the view that liberty of conscience has a social and moral value which makes it worthy of preservation.

His next incursion into national political life was when he interrupted his practice of corporation law in New York City to protest with the utmost vigor against the unlawful treatment of friendless aliens in the course of the "Red Raids" conducted by Attorney General Palmer. "An alien," he said, "is a *person* within the United States and is therefore entitled to the due process of law guaranteed by the Constitution."

Through his association with Sullivan & Cromwell, great wealth was within Stone's grasp. In 1924 his fellow student at Amherst, Calvin Coolidge, sat in a bedroom in the White House one morning after breakfast, looked at Stone, smoked a cigar, said nothing for 10 minutes, and then said:

"I'm sending your name to the Senate for Attorney General."

Stone did not want that job. He took it with the understanding that he would stay for only a short time. Before the short time was up, Coolidge nominated him to the Supreme Court.

Stone now did not hesitate. Here

was a chance to teach law to the whole bar of the whole United States. A quarter of a million dollars a year in the practice of law in Wall Street? Nice but not enough. His brethren on the Court soon good-humoredly started calling him "Teacher."

He presently got a chance to be Secretary of State. He declined it. He was now teaching — among other things — business ethics.

When the Court said that the Interstate Commerce Commission had no power to prevent the "re-organizers" and "protective committeemen" of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad from getting away with \$3,500,000 for themselves for "reorganization expenses," Stone joined Holmes and Brandeis in dissent, Stone writing the opinion. Stone had one advantage over some of the "conservative" members of the Court. He had seen Wall Street with his own eyes.

And when the Court said that the federal judiciary, because of certain proceedings in a stockholders' meeting, had no power to prevent the president and four vice-presidents of the American Tobacco Company from taking more than \$3,250,000 in salaries and "bonuses" and "credits" in one year, Stone joined with Brandeis and Cardozo in dissent; and again wrote the opinion. He knew, from actual observation, what stockholders' meetings could be. And his dissent-

ing opinion led to instantly greater ethical sensitiveness among corporate officials.

Stone's reputation, by the beginning of 1936, was so impressive that there was talk of making him the Republican presidential nominee. At that very moment, joined by Brandeis and Cardozo, he handed down one of his most famous dissenting opinions, the one in which he held that the New Deal Agricultural Adjustment Act was constitutional. This put him at the peak of his popular notoriety as a "liberal" judge.

James Roosevelt, while serving as secretary to his father, once made the mistake of assuming that Stone was personally in favor of a certain New Deal law because Stone had declared it constitutional. He was stunned to learn that Stone thought the law perfectly constitutional *and perfectly foolish*.

And nobody knows better than Franklin Delano Roosevelt that Stone is no New Dealer; in making this appointment the President has risen completely above any such considerations.

The closest Stone has ever come, I think, to putting his legal views and his personal views together into one statement is in his essay on the Common Law. There he says:

There comes a point in the organization of a complex society where individualism must yield to traffic rules and where the right to do as one wills with one's own must bow to zoning ordi-

nances or even to price-fixing regulations. Just where the line is to be drawn between individual liberty and government action for the larger good is the perpetual question of constitutional law. It is necessarily a question of *degree* which may vary with the *time* and with the *place*.

Stone is no partisan of any absolute. He teaches balance and sense. He has them in his personal life.

He adores books, of which he seems to have thousands; but he also adores people, of which he seems to know myriads. He has immense dignity but out on the street he will put the ends of his fingers in his mouth and whistle like a siren for his chauffeur. He plays a lot but keeps fit and works enormously. In the last term of the Court he wrote 32 opinions — more than any other Justice.

Many writers seem to think that Mr. Stone has helped to take the Court into a "revolution." If what they think is a fact, then it is one of the most portentous facts in all American history. But is it a fact?

One of the most "revolutionary" recent developments in the Court is its willingness to sanction certain sorts of price-fixing laws — a radical move toward state control of business, some thought. Here is the history of it:

In 1927 and again in 1928, Stone, Holmes and Brandeis were in the minority when they asserted that state legislatures had power to control prices on theater tickets

and fees charged by employment agencies. In 1934, before Roosevelt had made the Court a political issue and before he had a single appointee on it, the Court came around to the dissenters' point of view and decided New York State had the right to fix the price of milk. The opinion was written by that flaming "revolutionist," Justice Roberts.

The two most far-reaching New Deal laws are the National Labor Relations Act and the Wages and Hours Act. Both have been held constitutional. On any fanciful new grounds? No.

Stone's opinion for the Court this year holding the Wages and Hours Act constitutional was based squarely on a decision by Chief Justice John Marshall in 1824.

Justice Stone pointed out that from the days of the first great Chief Justice the Court had held that, while powers not granted to the United States were reserved to the states, the Congress certainly had the specific power to regulate commerce between the states. And regulation of conditions of manufacture is an appropriate means of regulating interstate commerce in the article manufactured. Stone observed that a case in which the Court had held to the contrary in 1918 had long since exhausted its vitality as a precedent. "It should be and now is overruled."

Is this "revolution"? Or is it restoration? I say it is restoration.

The Court today grants to the Congress the full powers which the Constitution in truth has always given it. Does the Congress use those powers foolishly? You have your remedy, your democratic remedy. Elect a wiser Congress. Don't expect the Court to do your voting for you. Do your own voting. That's all.

Stone defines the present course of the Court as a "shift of emphasis." The Old Court went unconstitutionally too far toward curbing the discretion of legislatures and of administrative tribunals. The New Court, in the course of its "shift" from that error, may fall into an error in the opposite direction. If so, Stone will dissent. He has already done so, on numerous occasions.

One case involved a National Labor Relations Board finding that the Phelps Dodge Corporation had refused to hire two men because they were active unionizers. For this offense, the Board ruled that the company must hire the men and give them back pay. The Supreme Court held the company must comply with the order. But Stone, Hughes joining him, dissented. He did not believe, he wrote, that Congress ever had given the Labor Board authority to compel an employer to hire applicants for work who had never been in his employ, and give them back pay.

Recently the Court allowed the

NLRB, in its discretion, to exclude testimony that might have proved that the workers in the Crystal City (Mo.) plant of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company wanted an independent union of their own, different from the union in the other company plants. Stone, joined by Hughes and Roberts, dissented. The present Labor Board is now following, in similar cases, Stone's notions of correct administrative policy.

But Stone's two greatest recent dissents went to issues very much deeper. Last year the Court held that Jersey City could not curb the right of free speech of *citizens*. That, said Stone, is not enough. It is not the proper basis for the decision. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution gives "the equal protection of the laws" to "*any person*." It protects not only law-abiding *citizens* but law-abiding *aliens*.

Last year, too, Stone dissented all alone when the Court held that the Minersville (Pa.) School District had the power to exact a salute to the flag from two otherwise perfectly law-abiding young Jehovah's Witnesses, who won't salute anything because the Book of Exodus says not to "bow down" to anything on earth.

The Court justified the coercion of these people by talking about the need of "national unity" and "national unity" and "national unity" to a degree almost German.

It was a petty case, but it involved a basic principle and Stone made it the occasion of some of his most stirring sentences. He said:

Expressions of loyalty, when voluntarily given, may promote national unity. It is quite another thing to say that compulsory expressions of it in violation of religious convictions are so important to national unity as to leave a school board free to exact them in spite of the constitutional guarantee of freedom of religion. The Constitution expresses more than the conviction of the people that democratic processes must be preserved at all costs. *It also expresses a faith and a command that freedom of mind and of spirit must be preserved, a freedom which government must obey if it is to adhere to that justice and moderation without which no free government can persist.*

Those words take us through Stone's mind to his very heart; and they are prophetic. We are moving faster and faster into the intolerances of war. Measure after measure will be taken against minorities not only of aliens but also of citizens in the name of "national unity." Attempt after attempt will be made to impair the "freedom of mind and of spirit" of citizens who are perfectly loyal

to the institutions of America but out of harmony in some degree with official policy.

Against that torrent of coercion, whenever it passes constitutional limits, there will be in the Court at least one dissenting and protesting voice, the voice of that antique American, that lawyer who is in all circumstances just simply for the law, and who cannot be deterred from speaking by either business-prosperity conservatives or national-unity liberals.

I saw Stone recently at Estes Park, Colorado. He was proceeding up a hill with that heavy rolling walk of his, the walk of a football guard on a muddy field. The hotel clerk looked at him massively climbing and said:

"He's the biggest shot we ever had here and demands the least attention."

That's natural. To Stone of Chesterfield, New Hampshire, we are all members of the same town meeting and we are all equal inheritors, even if we got here in 1941, of what Simon Stone, his first American ancestor, came here to get in 1635.

Definitions

Punctuality: The art of arriving for an appointment just in time to be indignant at the tardiness of the other party.

—*Liverpool Echo*

Rare volume: A borrowed book that comes back.

Child's definition of impatience: Waiting in a hurry.

Abby, Her Farm

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Margaret Buell Wilder

IT BEGAN with a chance remark at the age of seven on a Sunday afternoon in the country. "When I grow up, I shall have a farm." Her father and I smiled, perceiving nothing ominous.

The next ultimatum — slightly more disturbing — was delivered about a year later at a shabby Georgia roadside stand where we had paused on our way home from Florida. Abby's red pigtailed stuck out at right angles to her freckled face as she looked down a haughty nose at the general squalor.

"Don't you like your chicken?" I asked.

"I haven't tasted it," she said distantly. "I was thinking that when I grow up I shall have a *neat* tearoom on the edge of my farm. Made of logs, with gingham curtains. The maids will wear starched frills on their caps and I will box their ears if they are late."

With a gasp and a hasty look at the offended proprietor, I herded Abby toward the car.

By now vaguely disquieted, and thinking to take up the slack of our eight-year-old's morbid rural yearnings, I bought her a thoroughbred mare, and boarded it in one of those sweet-scented, spit-and-polish Connecticut stables.

It worked — for about a week. Then one day, accusingly, she led the animal up to me and exclaimed: "Just look at this horse's feet! Those shoes will hardly hold! Now if we had a *farm* . . ."

I groaned and looked away from those remorseless eyes that bored through my makeshift soul. "But darling, we can't *have* a farm," I began for the hundredth time. "We have a *lease*. Your father works in Wall Street. Have you any idea what *that* means?"

But somehow during the next few weeks a large dog, two rabbits, and five cats were added unto us. Though otherwise extremely prudish, Abby did not quail before the facts of reproduction. Kittens aplenty, and frequently a-borning, were to be found anywhere from our best shoes to the kitchen sink. "That's all right," she would reassure us. "The mother will clean it up. But on the farm I may have to help the lambs get born."

Something inside me snapped. "*What* farm, Abby, *what* farm? We're not living on a farm! How many times . . .?"

"It would be nice if we had a pig — now," she said implacably.

The real estate restrictions for

our residential section very definitely prohibited pigs.

"But how would they know?" Abby argued reasonably. "The cops don't even catch kidnapers. How would they catch a pig?"

"By smell, if nothing else," I muttered. "Now for heaven's sake keep *still* about it! Pigs are *out*."

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when the P.T.A. announced its annual party — with a greased pig to be given away to that male parent lucky enough to catch it barehanded.

The odds of 200-to-1 against Abby's father's catching the pig must have challenged his spirit, for when the time came to loose the creature upon the school lawn he had organized a "pig circle" with all 200 fathers holding hands. Someone sprang the box lid, the frenzied shoat made a beeline for the strongest link in the chain, and Abby's next-to-fondest dream came true. She had a pig.

Burning with mother love, she husbanded the poor creature into its box, then shut it in our car. "You and Pop can go back to the party now," she said firmly. "You aren't enough like other parents as it is."

"But that greasy pig will get out of his box all over the upholstery! Besides, he's hurt — he's groaning. He should be killed at once!" Then, even more crossly, "What do you mean, I'm not like other mothers?"

Her eyes never left the boxful of

pig. "Well, you aren't. You don't knit, you never make cookies and you haven't any bosom."

I threw up my hands and allowed myself to be led away, muttering, by her ribald father. When we got back the pig had been freed. "It had claustro — claustra — that thing you always say you get in the subway," Abby explained. "Anyway — pigs are very nervous."

Stricken, we stared inside the car. It had indeed been very nervous — all over the upholstery. We considered the poor panting creature at bay on the back seat; then we considered Abby. "I think," said her father heavily, "it would be cheaper to trade her in for something civilized."

Christmas brought only one wistful request, for a female goat — ungranted. "But we could drink the milk and save money," she protested.

Her terrifying blend of logic and economy finally took its toll of our resistance. Every time the market went down, her father would gaze across the dinner table and say, "Abby, tell me about the farm. Could we live on ensilage?"

By New Year's he had left on a business trip and I was alone with Abby and the Rotation of Crops. Every evening she worked on a patchwork quilt before the fire, or jotted down wheat statistics from the Book of Knowledge.

"What is that book you seem to be making?" I asked one night.

"My farm book." Hesitantly she brought it to me — a thin, cardboard affair tied with green yarn and illustrated with beautiful pink and black water colors of Poland China hogs.

I stared at the first page and read: "In the beginning of the 20th century, Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn discovered a wild wheat growing on the dry and rocky slopes of Mt. Herman." Page two was solid with statistics about the yields one may expect from an acre of corn. The next page, in a fine spirit of *non sequitur*, bore only this avowal: "Nothing Will Be Bought From A Store. I Shall Weave My Clothes And Wear Long Hair."

"Abby!" I cried. "Is *this* why you won't have your hair cut? Is *this* why I go through hell and high water every day with those pigtaails wrapping themselves around the brush like a horsetail?" I peered sharply at the offending braids and remembered how she measured their weekly progress with a piece of string. "Will you have spring shearings with the sheep?" I asked.

"If you'll turn to the end of the book," she said, unmoved, "you'll see what the farm's going to be like. Then you won't worry so." Rebuked by her dignity, I felt I might as well make sure before looking up child psychologists. I turned to a sort of prose poem, entitled simply "My Farm."

I want the kind of farm where chickens run loose in the front yard, and a

timid long-laged colt pokes his inquisitive nose out from his mother's back to stare at you in surprise, then kick up his heels and go flying across the field.

I will hear the tinkling of bells made by the big bronzy Merion sheep as they drift slowly along, following their leader. I will see the big fat mother sow and her recent family grunting for food and enjoying themselves in the cool inviting mud.

Then I will go slowly through my fields of waving corn to a low rambling farmhouse nestled among the lilac trees. I will enter. There will be a smell of good things in the air. I will see sausage broiling on the stove, and the plaid gingham curtains fluttering in the windows.

The sunbeams will find their way across the thick planked oaken floors to the pewter plates on the mantell. The flowers on the table will match the crazy patchwork quilt on my high wooden bed. The sheets will be old and fine; there will be a rag rug on the floor.

Yea, though I walk through the valley . . . my mind subconsciously went on in the rhythm of those paragraphs. Then I closed the Farm Book and laid it down gently.

"I see I was wrong about those pigtaails," I said. "They'll be *very* proper — if we can keep them out of the churn!"

With a wild whoop she was upon me, and the guerrilla warfare of two long years was wiped out with one tremendous hug. "Will you wire Pop right away — will you tell him to buy a farm?" she shrieked.

Clinging to reason with one enfeebled hand, I managed to push her off to bed without that final incriminating Yes.

An empty victory. Next morning I found on my desk this conclusive document in a familiar hand:

Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
dear sirs,

My father is going to by a farm so I wish to be prepared to whatever might follow. Could you send me instructions

for the care of these certain domesticate animals.

a few cows of Guernsey breed, a few of the harder things about horses, goats (the best breed) sheep and where to by the best stock.

p.s. right away.

I picked up the phone. "Western Union," I said. "And *burry*."

Total Defense in Nature

By Alan Devoc

MANY DEFENSE METHODS and devices used in modern war have amazing counterparts in the protective measures evolved ages ago by Nature for creatures of the woods, fields and sea.

Artillery. The bombardier beetle carries a cannon — a peculiar gland in its abdomen — and when it fires a blast of evil-smelling gas accompanied by a bang like that of a tiny popgun, its enemies, predaceous ground beetles and birds, retreat in panic.

Grapples. News dispatches report that the British have developed a projectile which, upon exploding, releases metal filaments that enmesh a raiding airplane's propeller. Similarly, the paramécium, a protozoan found in ponds, protects itself by shooting forth a mass of grappling threads that entangle the foe while the paramécium escapes.

Smoke screen. To mask itself from a prowling predator that interrupts its search for food on the ocean floor, the squid ejects a cloud of inky fluid under

cover of which it whisks away to a rock-cranny home port until danger passes.

Camouflage. Of the countless examples of camouflage in Nature, the spider crab has the most astonishing trick. Taking cuttings of seaweed, it chews the ends to give them better purchase, then affixes them among the hooked bristles that grow on top of its shell, where they take root and effectively conceal the wily crab.

Parachutes. The common spider of our woods and meadows clambers up a tree and spins out a long floating filament of silk; when this catches the breeze the spider lets go of its perch, and after it has soared the desired distance it partly reefs in its parachute and thus floats gently to the ground.

Air combat. As the pursuit plane's greater speed and maneuverability enable it to rout the bomber, the hummingbird drives large hawks and other marauders away from its nest by darting at them and aiming its lancelike little beak at their eyes.

First news from a little group of front-line fighters against high blood pressure — a greater menace to mankind than cancer

Science Challenges the Master Killer

By

Paul de Kruif

LAST MAY, at the Indianapolis City Hospital, I saw the first gleam of chemical hope for the victims of high blood pressure. This master killer, which the doctors call "hypertension," results in the death of a thousand Americans a day. But now at last our death fighters are hot on its trail; chemists are developing a new remedy. Though still crude, even dangerous, this remedy is already giving a small advance guard of patients new life on borrowed time. They are playing the role of guinea pigs in one of the most momentous research battles of medical history.

These Indianapolis victims are kept alive by a precious, experimental brew not a drop of which is yet available to physicians. But while we await its perfection, there's hope for hypertensives, as we shall presently see, in the skill and daring of the surgeon's knife.

The triple threat that hangs over all hypertensives — failing kidneys, heartwreck, sudden apoplexy — kills twice as many as does cancer, the second most frequent cause of death. And as a rule, especially in the case of men, high blood pres-

sure is even more rapidly fatal than cancer. Ordinary medical treatment — rest, sedative drugs — can do little or nothing to arrest its progress. Tragically often, it attacks the young and vigorous.

Now and again this always ominous hypertension turns fulminating, explosive. The victims' thoughts are confused, their eyesight rapidly fails, their heads may pound with unsoothable pain. This galloping hypertension is called "malignant," as distinguished from the milder and much commoner phase which physicians have named "essential." Probably "malignant" and "essential" hypertension are two aspects of the same thing — two different speeds of the same engine of death.

In 1937 Dr. Harry Goldblatt of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, made an epochal discovery. He gave dogs experimental high blood pressure, exactly mimicking the hypertension of human beings. For many years physicians had known that wrecked kidneys were somehow tied up with high blood pressure, but they did not know whether the sick kidneys caused the high blood pressure —

or vice versa. Now Harry Goldblatt clamped the artery leading to a dog's kidney, without shutting off the blood supply completely. Gradually, the dog's blood pressure went up and up.

It was clear that when the blood supply was disturbed the kidney answered the insult by brewing a poison which raised the blood pressure. Because if you removed that clamp from the artery the dog's blood pressure quickly returned to normal. And it was found that a healthy kidney has power to counteract the damaged kidney's poison. Remove one healthy kidney from a normal dog. Then clamp down the blood supply of his remaining kidney. The resulting high blood pressure is explosive, terrific, *malignant*.

So it is the kidney's blood supply, gone haywire, that's at the bottom of hypertension. The healthy kidney contains a chemical something to guard against the poison released by the sick kidney. The chemical cause and cure of hypertension are both hidden in the kidneys.

Two years ago, Dr. T. R. Harrison and his co-workers at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn., discovered a kidney extract that temporarily downed the high blood pressure not only of experimental animals but of hypertensive human beings. Giving no details, they set the medical world agog. And, independently, Dr. Irvine H. Page

and his co-workers at the Lilly Laboratory in Indianapolis got hypertension's chemical culprit — which they called "angiotonin" — crystal pure out of the kidneys and blood of hypertensive animals. They tested angiotonin's power to raise blood pressure upon the arteries of the ears of rabbits and the arteries of the tails of dogs. Angiotonin, injected by the laboratory workers into their own bodies, shot their blood pressures up for a short while to the dangerous ceiling which, when it persists, is fatal to human beings.

But remember that the kidney manufactures both the poison and its antidote. How to separate them? At the Lilly Laboratory, vast chemistry upon many thousands of pounds of pig and bovine kidneys finally produced an extract which acted as policeman of the poisonous angiotonin. To animals suffering from experimental high blood pressure, the Lilly workers now gave this antidote. And found that they could drive a sick dog's blood pressure from its dangerous peak down to normal, and from there down into a deadly cellar of no blood pressure at all — if they gave too much. The extract was miraculous: it could restore sight to the animal's failing eyes; a shot of it brought a sick dog out of a coma back to playful health in a single day. But, like insulin, you had to keep giving it to them if they were to remain healthy and alive.

At the Indianapolis City Hospital this extract is being tried on a little company of human hypertensives, whose reward for being valiant guinea pigs often is unhelped for health. I was deeply stirred by my visit to this club, whose membership is as exclusive as it is momentous for humanity. Its first members, desperately sick with malignant hypertension, should by this time either have all been dead or well within the valley of the shadow. . . .

The original members of the club who became the experimental human animals for Dr. Page's kidney extracts had before them a simple daily choice: do we prefer the discomfort, yes, the danger, of these injections to the certain death that will come if we stop the treatment?

For the lifesaving extract had a two-edged power. A given batch of it, one day soothing the pounding pain in the heads of the sufferers, next day might shock one of them to the brink of death. And the injections, shot into hip muscles, are still painful. Yet there is gaiety among these people who are hanging onto life by their eyebrows. They rub their hips for a high sign as they pass each other in the hospital halls.

One of the veterans, a colored woman, was brought to the hospital 16 months ago, almost blind and near to dying. Today she can read fine print, and takes care of

her home and her children. An apparently healthy human being, she is ghostlike when one remembers that only a little daily syringe of dark fluid stands between her and death. By their miraculous return to life, these people are giving the Indianapolis workers courage to slog ahead and develop a safe, powerful kidney extract that can, in the future, be used to control the hundreds of thousands of cases of high blood pressure that are not malignant.

Page and his men do not despair of final victory. They remember how Dr. George Minot, in the early stages of his discovery, could keep alive people doomed by pernicious anemia only by forcing them to eat enormous amounts of liver every day. Now a single injection of perfected liver extract once a fortnight keeps such people alive and healthy. Page and his men also feel confident because they are working toward perfection of their kidney extract under Dr. G. H. A. Clowes. And it was the chemical wisdom of Dr. Clowes that helped to make insulin, once crude and dangerous, safe and available to all diabetics at a cost of six cents a day.

Clowes and Page have only one plea: that the physicians of America, and the hundreds of thousands of high blood pressure victims, will be patient, will not harass them with demands for kidney extract which they cannot yet provide. The stuff is mysterious, incalculable,

still in the laboratory stage. Only a little can be produced at a time. Every precious milligram of it must be saved for the small group now under treatment. As fast as it can be perfected and made elsewhere in larger quantities, for the benefit of more victims, this will be done.

Meanwhile, from the surgeon's knife, comes another promise for many of the nation's hypertensives. It lies in an operation developed by Dr. Max Minor Peet, professor of surgery at the University of Michigan.

Eight years ago, on a stretcher, there came to the University's hospital at Ann Arbor an electrician suffering from malignant hypertension. He was as good as blind, as good as dead. On this doomed man Dr. Peet took a million-to-one gamble, a surgical stab in the dark. He cut all the nerves controlling the little arteries of the organs in that dying man's abdomen, relaxing a vast bed of blood vessels, giving his high blood pressure a safety valve. Today this electrician is still alive and working — a truly historic man! — cured of galloping, malignant hypertension.

Dr. Peet and his staff have since done over 700 of these operations upon hypertension sufferers, both essential and malignant. The subsequent history of the first 350 cases — most of them in the active decades of life — has just been reported.

The operation significantly low-

ered the high blood pressure of more than half of them.

More than 80 percent had complete or marked relief from headaches, sleeplessness, mental confusion.

After long incapacity, over half have been able to return to work at their former occupations.

Careful checking by the experts of the eye and medical departments of Michigan's University Hospital shows that, after the operation, there has been marked improvement or return to normal of kidneys, of eyes, of hearts — in over half these high blood pressure cases. And in the great majority this improvement persists.

Does the operation prolong life? Dr. Peet and his co-workers compared the fate of one group of malignant hypertension victims upon whom they had operated with another group which had had medical treatment — meaning rest and sedatives — alone. After five years, 99 percent of those treated only medically were dead. . . .

But after five years, *33 percent of the operated ones were still alive.*

This operation is not for people over 55 who are suffering from hardening of the arteries. Yet there is hope for many of these if they follow carefully the regime prescribed by their physicians.

At the service of the younger hypertensives, there is a small but growing number of American surgeons already skilled in this life-saving operation. Their names are

available to physicians whose patients wish to take the relatively small risk involved in this chance for a return to health and longer life. And while the operation is a difficult one, and not always successful, Dr. Peet is certain that many more skilled surgeons could be trained to do it.

Surgery offers the only relief for those seriously afflicted with hypertension, until that day, perhaps not very distant, when we shall have a chemical able to control — just as insulin now controls diabetes — the early ravages of high blood pressure, mankind's worst natural enemy.

Scientific Pursuit

BOB BURNS used to tell a story about his scientific uncle, who went up on a mountain back of Van Buren and found a huge rock poised on a cliff. He worked for hours and finally dislodged the monster, and it went bounding down the mountainside, headed straight for the town. Behind it, running as hard as he could, was Bob's uncle. The big boulder crashed through a livery stable, shot down the main street, went through the First National Bank and finally came to rest in the rear of that institution. The townspeople were gathering from all sides when Bob's uncle arrived on the run, shoved everyone aside and approached the rock, which he scrutinized carefully on all sides. Finally he straightened up and said:

"Nope. No moss." — H. Allen Smith, *Low Man on a Totem Pole* (Doubleday, Doran)

A MAN WENT to a baker and asked him to bake a cake in the form of the letter S. The baker said he would need a week to prepare the necessary tins. The customer agreed, and returned a week later. Proudly the baker showed him the cake.

"Oh, but you misunderstood me," the customer said. "You have made it a block letter and I wanted script."

"Well," said the baker, "if you can wait another week I can make one in script."

A week later the customer came back, and was delighted with the cake. "Exactly what I wanted," he said.

"Will you take it with you," asked the baker, "or shall I send it to your house?"

"Don't bother," said the customer. "If you'll just give me a knife and fork I'll eat it right here."

— Quoted by Max Eastman, *Enjoyment of Laughter* (Simon and Schuster)

¶ An expert reveals Hitler's plans to transplant whole industries and populations, and to make Europe a Nazi colony, independent of all trade from overseas

Hitler's Blueprint for a German Europe

Condensed from The Nation

Peter F. Drucker

WHEN they discuss their plans for the benefit of foreigners, especially Americans, the Nazi leaders utter honeyed words about "coöperation" in a free, prosperous and peaceful Nazi-Europe.

Actually the Nazis are preparing for a Europe completely and permanently dominated by Germany. They plan to rearrange Europe's economy so that no conquered country will ever be able to rise in revolt. They plan a self-sufficient Europe, independent of raw material purchases overseas, particularly in the United States and Latin America. They plan to move mil-

lions of people, to build large industries where none ever existed before, and to destroy industrial life where it has flourished for centuries.

Since the war began, German experts have been working on the economic blueprints for Nazi-Europe. Today these plans are completed, and many of them are already being translated into facts.

Expulsion of the French inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine may seem just another chapter in the age-old fight over these provinces. Yet similar expulsions have been going on in Holland, Poland, Czechoslovakia. The deported natives are being replaced by Germans. Altogether perhaps nine million people have already been forcibly moved; another ten millions are still to be driven out of their homes.

This is not just nationalist fanaticism. The main purpose is to "Germanize" the European steel and chemical industries. Almost all the heavy industry of Europe is concentrated in two narrow belts: one along the Rhine, the other beside the chain of mountains separating Bohemia from Germany.

PETER F. DRUCKER, by birth an Austrian, by profession a writer, lecturer and economist, has an expert's intimate knowledge, based on published and private sources, of the Europe Hitler is planning to rearrange. He has been political and financial correspondent for German and English newspapers, and an economist for a London international banking house. His specialty is the Balkans, where he has traveled extensively. A frequent contributor to American magazines, Mr. Drucker is now professor of economics at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, N. Y. He is the author of a widely discussed book, *The End of Economic Man*.

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Before the Blitzkrieg, about half the area of these two industrial belts was within the German borders; now Hitler proposes to make all of them German — not only politically, but racially as well.

"Germanization" of these districts is only one of the measures to make impossible any revolt by the defeated nations. The Nazis propose to keep them permanently disarmed. And no one knows better than the Nazi rulers that modern wars are fought at the assembly line in factories behind the front. Consequently, only Germans will own and operate any of the basic industries.

Germany will have a monopoly of airplanes, tanks and mechanized equipment. The German engineers who arrived in France with the first army units carried complete inventories of French aircraft plant equipment, all of which was promptly shipped to Germany. The Paris automobile works of Citroën are being transferred to Metz in German-annexed Lorraine. Where a non-German population cannot be replaced by Germans, the blueprint calls for the destruction of heavy industrial plants. The French and Dutch chemical industry, wherever it is not in the same districts as the steel industry, is to be scrapped. So is the Belgian automobile industry, the famous old shipyards of Rotterdam, Antwerp and Brest, and the Dutch electrical and machinery industry. The very reliable Swiss

Neue Zürcher Zeitung recently reported that much of the machinery of the great Philipps electrical works, which used to produce some of the finest electrical appliances in the world, has been shipped from Holland to Germany.

Germany is to be the only country on the Continent to manufacture steel, engines, automobiles, to own chemical plants or research laboratories. As says the *Schwarze Korps*, the newspaper of Hitler's bodyguard, "We don't want even the tradition of heavy industry, of mechanical engineering and of chemical research to survive outside of Germany."

To supplement these monopolies, Germany is to have control of Europe's credit. A few weeks ago, in *The New York Times*, was an official report that the Nazi government has formed a company with a monopoly on all re-insurance business on the European Continent. Though it was tucked away on a back page, this is fully as important news as the Nazi conquest of yet another small country. By establishing this monopoly, the Nazis have at one stroke got hold of a quarter to a third of the savings of Europe's masses, to be used for Nazi political purposes. This will make it almost impossible for conquered countries to shake off the German yoke without hurting thousands of their own small investors. So an ancient and beneficial institution becomes an instru-

ment of permanent Nazi oppression.

Yet even these controls are not sufficient: the Nazi planners do not regard German rule as safe so long as Europe is dependent upon foodstuffs and raw materials from overseas. Hitler, himself inland-born and a stranger to the sea, does not put his trust in a German bid for sea power as did the Kaiser. Instead, the Continent of Europe must be reorganized so as to feed itself and provide its raw materials from territories which can be defended by land and air. (Hence the sudden drive for Russia's Ukrainian riches.) This self-sufficient Europe is the most ambitious and revolutionary of all Hitler's designs, far exceeding anything Napoleon ever dreamed of.

Eastern Europe even today yields almost all the wheat, oil and copper for the German war machine. It is also scheduled to become Europe's main producer of cheap industrial goods for mass consumption.

Almost one hundred million people live in what used to be Poland, Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. About eighty-five of these hundred millions are engaged in agriculture. Yet they have not enough land, and much of the soil is poor. Almost half of the population should either migrate or find employment in industry.

The Balkan peasant is accustomed to long hours, a rigid working discipline, and a standard of

living not much higher than that of the Chinese coolie. He is also one of the most intelligent workers in the world. The Nazi plan—according to Göring's paper, the *Essener National Zeitung*—is to use these peasants to turn out cheap textiles, shoes, glass, china, hardware and furniture for most of the three hundred and fifty million people in Continental Europe. There would be superplants, operating with the most modern German machines; but the laborers would live in company dormitories, work 12 hours or more and actually be forbidden to leave their jobs.

The Nazis have told Danish makers of pottery and glass that when the war is over their business will be moved to Czechoslovakia, where the pottery and glassware for all of Europe will be manufactured. Danish textile manufacturers have been told that they will be moved to Poland because all textiles will be manufactured in Eastern Europe. According to an official German report, a large part of the textile machinery in northern France and southern Belgium has already been shipped to new plants in Slovakia and Hungary. This will mean the end of an industry which traces its ancestry back to the twelfth century.

Before the war, Holland, Belgium and France had a healthy balance between industry and agriculture. This the Nazis intend to change by "liquidating" all the important industries. While Balkan peasants go

The third Henry Wallace, now Vice-President of the United States, has been a scientist since he was eight years old, playing around the campus of the college where his father was a teacher. Studying botany there was a Negro named George Washington Carver, now a world-famous scientist. Carver noticed the boy's interest in plants, and helped him. Before he was nine Henry was cross-breeding flowers, and in his middle teens he began those experiments in corn-breeding which revolutionized corn-growing.*

The soybean diet was an experiment he made as a student, trying to find the cheapest diet on which a man could live. It nearly gave him the blind staggers — for that was in the days before vitamins were known. Wallace was an early vitamin fan and has remained so.

Henry carried on the family magazine, but he seemed of a different stamp from his forebears. He was shy and studious, had no gift for mixing with people, and certainly did not seem cut out for politics. His wizardry in drawing up the first practicable "corn-hog charts" for mapping the course of the markets; his abstruse researches into the genetics of corn; his study

* Patiently making thousands of crosses, Wallace developed heavier-yielding seed than had ever been known before. To get it into general use, he started the first company that sold hybrid seed-corn. At first a purely missionary effort, it has grown into the profitable Pioneer Hi-Bred Corn Co. Most farmers in the Corn Belt now use hybrid seed; in Iowa, it produces 80 percent of the crop.

of oriental religions — all these caused his neighbors to consider him a student and a "strange one."

The storm which hit the farmers after the World War not only drew him into politics but caused him to abandon his family's staunch Republicanism. His father had failed to convince President Harding and other Republican leaders of the need for government aid to the farmers. So in 1928 the son supported Al Smith, who came closer than did Herbert Hoover to endorsing the principles Wallace favored. He met Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and talked with the newly forming "Brain Trust." When Roosevelt came out for practically everything Wallace had been working for, Wallace became his man — and later his Secretary of Agriculture.

Wallace has not always said "Yes" to the President; he has failed to go along on some of his policies, such as the "purge" of 1938. But the manner in which he was forcibly fed to the Democratic National Convention last summer indicates that he is the President's own choice as his successor.

At Agriculture Wallace had nearly 100,000 employees and a budget of \$1,000,000,000. Now he has a staff of four and a budget of \$12,000. But six times in the past 100 years a President has died in office. And if Henry Wallace, by chance or election, inherits, he will receive not only the presidency but

all those extraordinary emergency powers acquired by Mr. Roosevelt. This possibility gives him an importance out of all proportion to that of earlier Vice-Presidents.

Henry Wallace is a singularly honest, decent, likable man, extremely energetic, of high public spirit. His enemies agree to that. They preface their criticisms with some such remark as, "Now, understand, I admire and respect Henry, but . . ."

This respect is based in part on the simplicity of his personality. He is diffident, modest, and shows embarrassment with a little nervous laugh; he may sprawl deep in his chair, or stare at the floor like a farmer scuffing the soil with his foot. But in spite of this he has a personal dignity that you feel at once when you meet him.

Though his hair is graying, he has a boyish look and the spring and fitness of a man who trains like an athlete. He is an enthusiastic tennis player, and can run the legs off younger colleagues. He walks the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles between his home and the Capitol every working day, and he thinks nothing of trudging to the railroad station carrying a couple of heavy suitcases.

Not long ago a friend mentioned to Wallace a quaint theory he had heard, that the future could be predicted from markings on the Pyramids. To his surprise he found that Wallace was quite familiar with it. The Vice-President has a

considerable library on Buddhism, Confucianism, and the mysterious beliefs of the Orient. Friends say this is just the hobby of a scientific man of religious turn. Opponents think it reflects on the practical judgment of the man who may be President.

Whether he becomes President or not, one achievement of Wallace's will give him a place in the history books. He started the first big counterattack against the erosion and wasteful practices which for generations have been washing our lands into the sea. Through scientific methods we are beginning to halt that creeping disaster.

Wallace has always had a religious feeling about the soil, and now it is extended to the whole field of public affairs. The dictatorships, he points out, have found a kind of "vital heathen religion." If we are to keep our freedom we must combine all that is best in democracy and capitalism with a new spirit of religion of our own.

"Religion," Wallace says, "is a method by which man reaches out toward God in an effort to express here on earth, in a practical way, the divine potentialities in himself and his fellow human beings." Our task, he believes, is to build "a kingdom of Heaven here on this earth." This may fall somewhat strangely on the ear, coming from a political figure. But it is a practical faith, in which men of any belief, or even an earnest atheist, can join.

When the Thunder-God Strikes—

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

James Finan

THE MYTH that lightning never strikes twice is bunk. It has struck the Empire State Building in New York 68 recorded times—15 times in 15 minutes during one violent thunderstorm. It hit the municipal power station at Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks twice in two minutes. Last summer lightning electrocuted a New Jersey golfer on a fairway where 25 years before it had missed the same man. In Newman, Ga., a bolt tore a plank clean off the house of Ralph Potts, farmer; five years before, lightning had merely ripped the plank loose at one end.

What is this awesome phenomenon that causes 15 percent of our national fire loss, kills 500 people each year, injures 1500 more and terrifies millions?

Lightning is the electrical discharge from a rainstorm. Thunder is the noise it makes—the *spat! spat!* of a spark plug, on a grand scale, as a spark leaps the gap between two terminals. Lightning is the spark. The terminals are the cloud and the ground. A bolt of lightning travels 22,000,000 miles an hour and packs more electrical

energy than all the dynamos in the U. S.

Thunderclouds generate electricity much as power stations do. In fact a thunderstorm is nothing more, nor less, than a wind-driven electrical machine. Warm air rises from the earth—at first gradually, then finally in a violent upward rush. As it reaches cooler heights, its moisture condenses into tiny droplets, visible as a huge mushrooming cloud. When a thunderhead towers up in the sky, the wind is supporting perhaps 300,000 tons of these droplets.

The drops by motion and friction take minute charges of electricity from the atmosphere itself, and gravity and wind action pack into the lower frontal "storm center" the heavier drops which are positively charged.

The earth itself is also full of electricity. Attracted by the gathering positive charge in the cloud overhead, a flow of negative electricity courses like a shadow through the ground below. Tension mounts between these two "poles." Voltage in the swirling aerial dynamo builds high enough to jump

the gap between cloud and earth; a titanic bolt streaks to the ground and electrical current flows through this path until the pressure between lightning's two contact points is equalized.

Lightning is not one spark but many, not a single direct hit but a salvo of shots hitting one spot in quick succession. Three things have happened by the time you see that jagged streak pierce the darkened sky. First, a downward-moving, dart-like "leader" stroke develops millions of volts in about one millionth of a second. It darts out from the storm center of the cloud in 100-foot steps, blazing the trail for the bolt to follow. Next, a surge of high-voltage electricity, lasting 5 to 200 millionths of a second, courses back up the blazed trail to the cloud from the contact point on the ground below. Building, tree, animal — anything — standing on the contact spot is forced to carry lightning's lethal juice. Third, a sustained current between cloud and ground, lasting from a thousandth to fully a tenth of a second, burns, melts, ignites the object struck.

How lightning jumps to earth had baffled scientists until recently, when two Americans took the job in hand. General Electric's Karl B. McEachron devised a crystal-periscoped, lightproof observatory at Pittsfield, Mass., where he photographs lightning with a fast-whirling camera. Then last year

Charles F. Wagner and G. D. McCann, Westinghouse engineers, patented a "fulchronograph," with which they create step by step a 3,600,000-volt replica of a lightning bolt.

Until Mr. Wagner's apparatus, man-made lightning never hit things in the precise sequence that natural lightning does. In hilly Pennsylvania, where lightning hits power lines 116 times each year for every 100 miles, engineers hurl their bolts at power lines to test new lightning-proof equipment being used as safeguards against costly breakdowns. Equipment that stands this test is 99 percent sure to survive that of lightning.

What makes thunder? Research shows lightning creates a "core" of highly charged air no thicker than a man's arm. Through this channel rushes the enormous current. The abrupt expansion of highly heated air causes the rending, ripping crash of thunder.

You can tell how close lightning hits by counting the seconds between flash and thunderclap. Sound travels about a mile in five seconds. If thunder follows 20 seconds after a lightning stroke, for example, the lightning struck four miles away. "If you heard the thunder," Dr. McEachron assures you, "the lightning did not strike you. If you saw the lightning, it missed you. And if it did strike you, you don't know it now."

Lightning doesn't choose the

shortest path between cloud and ground; it chooses the *easiest* path, the line of least electrical resistance. Steel buildings, tall trees, power lines, telephone poles, all are good conductors of lightning. But if lightning hits a *properly grounded* structure the current runs harmlessly through it to dispersal in the earth. Hence farmers are learning to protect life and livestock by grounding wire fences and isolated trees used for shelter.

A two-year survey in Iowa, where 50 percent of farm buildings are lightning-rod protected, showed only 28 rodged buildings damaged by lightning, to 503 unprotected buildings. The Bureau of Standards places the well-rodged building's chances of safety at better than 50 to 1.

At Montoursville, Pa., 25 cows were killed when lightning struck an oak tree and then side-flashed into their wet bodies on its way to the ground. A herd at Rutland, Vt., was similarly wiped out. During army maneuvers last summer in New York, rain-drenched soldiers clustered with their machine gun under a 60-foot pine tree. When lightning struck the tree it side-flashed to the metal gun — and to the soldiers, killing three and knocking out 20 more. Often a tree is blown apart, the bolt vaporizing sap and moisture into an explosive force with the bursting pressure of dynamite. Even when the current reaches the roots, objects nearby

are not safe. If the soil is resistant the current may pass up one leg of the victim and down the other, electrocuting him as if he were in a prison death chair. A heavy copper cable strung from the uppermost branches and buried deep in the earth would prevent such disasters.

Any tree or building with proper conductors shields everything within a "cone of protection" that extends the same distance from its base as the object is high. In New York the Empire State Building shelters an area 1200 feet from its base. Dr. McEachron's photographs show that lightning strikes either the mast of that building or else some structure beyond the rim of protection. Its steel skeleton conducts the biggest bolts harmlessly to the ground.

Lightning often strikes chimneys, so stay away from open fireplaces during a storm. Contrary to popular opinion, open windows, household drafts or still air have no effect one way or the other on lightning. As Dr. McEachron says, "A lightning discharge would be blown into a house through the walls just as quickly with windows and doors closed as with them open." Large metal objects in a room, however, invite lightning to leap from a conducted path to a new circuit — which may include you. Don't get into the bathtub, either. You will be safe in a large metal or metal frame building, or in a city street flanked by skyscrapers.

Do not go outdoors or remain out

during thunderstorms unless it is necessary. Avoid hilltops or open spaces, where you are the tallest object and your feet are grounded. There *you* are the lightning rod. Swinging a metal-shaft golf club overhead has been the last mortal act of many a wet-weather golfer. In Delta, Colo., last August, a 16-year-old fisherman was struck dead while carrying a steel fishing rod; two companions with bamboo poles were stunned but unhurt. Avoid small sheds or shelters, isolated trees, wire fences. Seek shelter in dense woods, a cave, a deep valley

or at the foot of a steep or overhanging cliff. If you are caught out in the open, lie down.

Lightning actually is beneficial to mankind. In its quick passage the bolt of electricity splits free nitrogen out of the air, just as high-voltage electricity does in the commercial nitrogen-fixation process. This gift to plant life comes down with the raindrops. Dr. B. F. J. Schonland of South Africa calculates that 100,000,000 tons of fixed nitrogen are spread over the earth each year by lightning. A silver lining to dark clouds, indeed.

So That's How It Started! — XXII —

* A FAMOUS BET started a chain of research which led to the perfecting of motion pictures. Some 60 years ago, Governor Leland Stanford of California bet \$25,000 that a horse at full speed took all four feet off the ground at once. To prove his theory, he employed Edward Muybridge, a photographer, to record on film a series of pictures of The Engineer, one of Stanford's thoroughbreds, galloping. It took Muybridge six months to coördinate horse and cameras, and prove Stanford's theory. He put the series of pictures in a stack, and later thumbing through them, to his amazement saw The Engineer running as the pictures flipped.

Muybridge's discovery started the manufacture of animated books of pictures for children. It also started experimentation by Thomas Edison and others on the best method of recording motion on film.
— Eileen Percy in *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* and F. C. Othman, *UP Hollywood Correspondent*

* WHEN Captain Cook discovered Australia, his sailors brought a strange animal aboard ship whose name they did not know. Sent ashore to inquire of the natives, they came back and said, "It is a kangaroo." Many years passed before it was known that when the natives were asked to name the animal and said, "Kangaroo," they meant, "What did you say?"

— H. Allen Smith, *Low Man on a Totem Pole* (Doubleday, Doran)

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

SHE CAN best be described as having
a beautiful profile all the way down.
(Bill Davidson)

A BRAND-NEW DAY, fresh out of the
night's dark wrapping-paper.

THE LADIES looked one another
over with microscopic carelessness.
(Arthur "Bugs" Baer)

THE ALERT FACES of women shop-
pers, turning this way and that like
foraging poultry. (Christopher Morley)

WEeping WILLOWS swayed their
long green skirts like hula dancers
(Arch Bristow) . . . Morning hung out
her mists to dry (Billie Burnett) . . .
Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon
sunshine (Alexander Smith) . . . A large
red drop of sun lingered on the hori-
zon and then dripped over and was
gone. (John Steinbeck)

A SINGLE rifle shot laid a whip of
sound across the broad back of the hill.
(Neil H. Swanson)

THE LOCOMOTIVE, working rapidly
with its elbows. (Vladimir Nabokov)

THE BABY CRIED, his face looking
like a little sponge being wrung dry.
(Grace Woodrow)

HER FACE always looked like a win-
dow that had caught the sunset.
(Edith Wharton)

IN OUR GENERATION the dominant
religion seems to be Confusionism.
(Samuel Hawkins)

HE USUALLY hits the nail squarely
on the thumb. (Jack Alan)

He's QUITE a pessimist — always
building dungeons in the air.
(Walter Winchell)

A CHARMING young widow, just re-
turned thirty . . . She's spurning
him on (Gilbert A. Adolfson) . . . Her
mouth goes without saying. (Jon Kinney)

WHAT IS a croquette but hash that
has come to a head? (Irvin S. Cobb)

HER WAIST, like the Equator, is an
imaginary line. (Ruth Sawyer)

HE ASKED HER where she didn't get
the bathing suit. (Shirley Snow)

The picturesque speech of childhood:
"When I threw a pebble in the lake, it
smiled at me" (quoted by Louis Nizer) . . .
"I want one of those olives with a little
red tail-light" . . . "The rain is
winking in the puddles" . . . Child
with hiccups: "Mother, I'm percolat-
ing!"

OFTEN it's easier to do a good job
than to explain why you didn't . . .
Some people are good losers and others
can't act . . . The secret of polite
conversation is never to open your
mouth unless you have nothing to say.

"MY GREATEST ambition," said a
prominent actor, "is to be able to live
the way I do." (Paul Harrison)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

“Uncle Jake” showed these Michigan boys and girls how to tackle small services in a big way

These Youngsters Make Vacations Pay

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Karl Detzer

THE SALESMAN knocked at the door of a house in the little paper-making city of Parchment, near Kalamazoo, Mich., one summer day, took off his hat politely and said: “Good morning, Mrs. Smith. I just noticed that you’re short two window screens. The Junior Furniture Company will make them, put on two coats of paint, and install them at two dollars each. Yes, ma’am — we guarantee a good fit. Junior Furniture stands behind its products.”

Mrs. Smith ordered the screens. The salesman then sold her a clothesline prop and a porch chair. At the next house he was not so lucky, but within an hour he had also sold a birdhouse and an ironing board. When he returned to his office at noon he had 11 orders in his book.

He and a fellow salesman worked four hours that day; each made 77 cents. Both were 14 years old. They were learning more, making more money, and having more fun on their summer vacation than do most boys. Back in the shop of the Parchment Junior Furniture Company 20 other boys, ranging in age

from 12 to 14, were turning out the products of this successful concern. They were learning how to handle tools, read blueprints, figure costs, and manage a business.

More important, instead of idly roaming the streets, they were spending their vacation profitably, discovering the value of a dollar in terms of hard work, the value of time in money, the value of co-operation.

In these same vacation weeks 25 of their elder brothers, organized into the “Home Works Corporation,” were earning money at harder jobs. Last summer they washed 222 cars, mowed 328 lawns, repaired fences, hauled wood, cut weeds and spaded gardens. The 16-year-old president acted as job solicitor. The general manager was purchasing agent, timekeeper and paymaster. These two formed the office staff; the others went out each morning with brooms, rakes, spades, lawn mower and cleaning rags, worked five hours a day, returned to headquarters each afternoon to draw their assignments for the next morning.

Meanwhile 20 girls of Parchment,

from 14 to 18, were busy running the "Junior Baking Company." They made and sold thousands of pies, cakes, rolls, cookies, prepared one meal a week for a luncheon club, gave ice cream socials.

Parchment is a neat, well-painted town of 1000 built around the plant of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company. Six years ago Jacob Kindleberger, the company's founder and board chairman, heard that gangs of youngsters were hanging around street corners, occasionally getting into mischief. "Uncle Jake," as Kindleberger is known to the town, called in a dozen of the youngsters, asked, "How'd you like to earn some money?" The boys said they'd like to. "All right. Come back tomorrow," he told them, and sent for the principal of the school. Together they worked out a scheme, at first planning only for the older boys. Kindleberger appointed the principal supervisor, paid him two months' summer salary, told him to see that the boys kept busy at tasks which not only earned them a little money but taught them something worth while.

"Let them have their own organization, their own responsibility and their own discipline," he directed. "Don't preach to them and don't pamper them. We're not going to give them a thing; they'll have to work for every penny they make."

The Home Works Corporation has been functioning for six years

now. The boys elect their own officers, keep their own time cards, balance their own books, divide earnings according to the number of hours each has worked. No one is permitted to solicit or accept any particular chore for himself; if he gets an order he turns it in at the office, and the timekeeper assigns the right boy to it.

If a customer complains that a job is poorly done, a committee inspects it, hears the accused boy's defense. If the committee finds the boy guilty it either makes him do the job over, or refuses to pay him and returns the money to the householder. If it decides the work is well done it returns the money anyway (for the customer is always right), and thereafter the corporation is too busy to send boys to that address.

Members averaged \$43.35 apiece for last summer's work. The high boy, who worked five hours a day, five days a week, for the full eight weeks, made \$74.25.

The Home Works Corporation had been going two years when younger brothers approached Kindleberger and asked for work. The Junior Furniture Company has operated vigorously ever since. Its members spend four hours a day either selling things or building them. The public school manual training shop is their factory, with the regular instructor in charge. Their material is scrap lumber bought at the salvage department

of the paper company at current local prices. They construct bird-houses, screens, trellises, clothes props, benches, ladders, lawn chairs, shoeboxes, doghouses. Net earnings last summer totaled \$435.67, of which the low boy, who worked only part time, made \$10.66; the high boy pocketed \$54.98.

When the juniors' 13-year-old treasurer was asked what had been the hourly rate of pay last season, he studied his ledger a moment, then gravely gave the figure of 19.786 cents. As the result of his summer's adventure he plans to become an auditor; other boys look forward to becoming salesmen or mechanical engineers.

No sooner had the younger boys gone to work than their sisters trooped into the paper company office. Kindleberger turned them over to the ladies' aid of the Community Church and the Junior Baking Company was born, with a woman church welfare worker as supervisor. Last summer they prepared an average of 80 luncheon plates a week, bought the ingredients, cooked and served them, washed the dishes. They baked and sold 3000 cookies, coffee cakes, pies, rolls. At two ice cream socials they

took in nearly \$100. They averaged \$21 each in profit, learned how to cook, how to set an attractive table, how to keep a tidy kitchen, how to use inexpensive cuts of meat and odds and ends from the icebox. All discovered that money doesn't just happen, but has to be worked for.

Practically every boy and girl in Parchment from 12 to 18 belongs to one of these three organizations. Already several score of the graduates are working in the KVP mill, and Kindleberger takes pride in their dependability and ingenuity. Boys who proved good salesmen of bird-houses and clothesline props are also good paper salesmen; those who did the best jobs in the shop are becoming skilled technicians.

"Any organization — service club, scout troop, church or industry — in any town can start a system like ours," Jacob Kindleberger says. "Two things they must remember. Organize a company, and pay the money to the company, not the individual. That teaches the youngster the rudiments of business. And employ a competent adult adviser, someone skillful enough to guide, while letting the boys run the show themselves. Then you can't fail."

• For Whom the Belle Peels

THE GIRL who, in•andescent, glows
Where sun and wind have kissed her
Is less alluring to her beaux
When she begins to blister. — *Che*

Academy of High Treason

Condensed from The American Mercury

Jan Valtin

Author of "Out of the Night"

In his article "We Are Already Invaded," in The Reader's Digest for July, Stanley High reported in detail how Communists have penetrated to positions of authority in American industrial unions and, by promoting strikes, have seriously hampered our defense effort. Some of these leaders are known to have been trained at Moscow's Lenin University. What that "university" is and what it teaches are revealed in the following article by one who knows from the inside the Communist plot for seizure of world power.

IN THE HEART of Moscow stands a group of massive buildings known as the International Lenin University. Here American and European Communists are trained in the destructive arts of subversive propaganda, strikes, espionage, sabotage and civil war. Similar schools develop Soviet agents for the rest of the world. Secrecy shrouds all activities within their thick Russian walls. Like the Kremlin itself, the schools are forbidden ground to outsiders.

During the past decade a yearly average of 30 American Communists have graduated from this West Point of Stalin's world revolution. With few exceptions they

have been sent back to the United States to act as leaders of fifth column campaigns carried on under the pretense of helping the American worker. They form the Communist high command in the ceaseless war to disrupt the political and economic life of America. Strikes and sabotage are their chief weapons.

Among these graduates are Clarence Hathaway, a machinist from Minneapolis, who became the party chief for New York and editor of the *Daily Worker*; Charles Krumbain, convicted of passport fraud upon his return to the United States and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, who is now chief of the Communist party for New York State; Joseph Zack, a trade union specialist for Latin and North America; Maurice Childs, a GPU aide who later became Communist leader for the Chicago district; Benjamin Gold, whose Muscovite training netted him the post of president of the International Fur Workers' Union, a CIO affiliate; and Sam Don, possessor of the Soviet title "Red Professor," present editor of the *Daily Worker*.

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(The American Mercury, July, '41)

Since their graduation a few of the comrades have run afoul of the party line. Hathaway was expelled and is silent, Zack has turned against it, others are in hiding or have disappeared without a trace. But most of the Lenin alumni are still active.

Americans as yet do not fully understand that a real fifth columnist is no shabby little stool pigeon or loud-mouthed partisan. He is a highly trained officer of a secret invasion army under the command of a foreign dictator. Hitler's *Auslands Institut* in Berlin is merely a Nazi imitation of Stalin's Lenin University. Both teach subversive technique, from the use of codes and the faking of passports to the terrorizing of nations. The minute care exercised by Soviet chieftains in the selection of students for the Lenin school is proof of the high importance which the Kremlin attaches to their later usefulness.

Fanatic devotion to the cause and at least two years of active party membership are prerequisites for admission. Comrades who have had industrial or military experience are preferred. Arrests and imprisonment for party activity count heavily in the candidate's favor.

The number of students to be supplied by the Communist party in each country is determined in Moscow. The candidates are selected by the party's central committee, acting upon the advice of

the local Comintern agent, but the chosen ones must then be approved by the GPU.

To cover up their tracks, students do not take the shortest route to Russia but are led over a series of GPU relay stations in various countries. Since the outbreak of the present war, the road to Moscow leads to San Francisco or Manzanillo, Mexico, thence across the Pacific aboard Soviet vessels.

Every precaution is taken against the penetration of foreign spies into the Soviet academies of high treason. Each student, upon arrival in Moscow, is given a final and thorough examination by high GPU officials. Each week GPU agents inspect the students' rooms in their absence, for forbidden letters or literature. Mail to relatives and friends is rigidly censored. Government spies are ever present in student gatherings. Among these spies, according to the sworn testimony of an American Negro who studied there, were the Americans Maurice Childs and Beatrice Siskin of Detroit, and Mrs. Earl Browder.

Students remain in training for two to four years. Since the final goal of all Communist effort is the overthrow of government and seizure of power by the Communist party, all training aims at creating a world-wide staff of engineers of armed insurrection. The factors which make up strikes, mutinies and revolutions are dissected and weighed with the earnestness medi-

cal students apply to their study of the human organism. Experiences gained in the Communist-led shipping strike in Germany in 1931 were applied with success in the San Francisco general strike which brought Harry Bridges to the fore; lessons learned during the Paris Citroën strikes are being utilized in American defense strikes.

From Alfred Langer's *Road to Victory*, an important textbook in Lenin University, students learn why Communist parties exist:

Everything undertaken by the Communist party acquires meaning and value only in so far as it serves as a preparation for armed insurrection. All party campaigns must be regarded as mobilization of the masses for the armed insurrection.

From the Communist viewpoint the object of any strike is not to secure better living conditions for the strikers but solely to disrupt the production process and lead the strikers into clashes with the authorities. Here, in a nutshell, is the explanation given in A. D. Losovsky's official textbook, *Strike As War*:

The prelude to armed insurrection is the general strike. Prelude to the general strike are waves of partial strikes. Strikes — that is, physical conflict with the forces of capitalism — are the best revolutionary schooling for the masses. Therefore the organization of strikes is the paramount task confronting Commu-

nist parties and their auxiliary organizations in every capitalist country.

Students are taught how to search out the key spots:

Concentrate on disrupting by strikes the most sensitive portions of the capitalist economic system. Concentrate on decisive industries: steel, shipping, railroads, mining, chemical industries and public utilities.

Steel includes automobile and airplane industries, as well as shipyards. Shipping has long been the object of strenuous (and highly successful) Communist campaigns; Communist control of seamen's unions would put any country's foreign trade at the mercy of the Soviet government.

The same textbook defines the relationship of the Communist party to trade unions and other "front" organizations:

Trade unions and all other auxiliary organizations must be regarded as transmission belts between the Party and the masses. Mass strikes under Communist leadership require Communist penetration of established trade unions.

The Communist idea of ethical public relations, which Hitler stole from Stalin, is summed up in two sentences:

A tactical retreat is sometimes necessary. When a revolutionary organization enters into an agreement with employers or the government, it is only for the purpose

of rendering the enemy off-guard, and of gaining a breathing spell to gather forces for a new revolutionary assault.

Other lessons in *Strike As War* stress the command to "organize the worker against the employer, the little businessman against Big Business, farmers against banks, tenants against landlords, soldiers against their officers, etc."

Military training is emphasized, so that students may become leaders of armed demonstrations, riots and street fighting in their own countries. They are regarded as future officers of civil war armies and political police machines.

Large, fenced-in front and back yards of the Lenin school are used as secret drill grounds. In a special section students learn to handle 16 varieties of machine guns. They are taught to assemble and take them apart rapidly, to aim and fire from barricades, doorways, windows, roofs. They are trained in the use of rifles, pistols and hand grenades; they learn the rudiments of handmade bombs. The technique of derailing trains, of tearing up tracks and wrecking bridges is also part of the curriculum.

Langer's textbook tells the students: "Communists must enter the armed forces of their home government with the aim of bringing about complete disintegration of discipline and morale."

Their program of preparing capitalist nations for defeat by planting

the seeds of internal strife in the camp of labor and in the armed forces is officially known as "revolutionary defeatism."

In the highly technical pamphlet series entitled *On Civil War*, the students find precise instructions on how to lure police and troops into deadly traps, seize the strategic centers of any large city, build barricades, and use unarmed masses of men and women as shields for armed Communist units. Here is one sample, *Seizure of a Railway Station*:

Choose a time when railway traffic is at its minimum. Simultaneously occupy entrances, switch centers and telephones. Disarm station guards. Occupy tracks for one mile on both sides of station. Organize track patrols. Occupy nearest train stops on both sides of main station. Barricade tracks and post snipers to prevent removal of barricades. Wreck approaching enemy troop trains by using station locomotives for head-on collisions.

After mastering theory, students are taken to railroad yards and GPU training grounds on the outskirts of Moscow for drill in the practical aspects of revolutionary strategy. They also participate in the annual maneuvers of the Moscow garrison.

Almost all key positions in the Communist machine in America are held by comrades who have received their training in Moscow. Communists sent here on subver-

fuge, a device which rotates at tremendously high speed. By centrifugal force the heavy virus molecules in the liquid were thrust outward, and Dr. Stanley separated them off. This technique has been of enormous advantage to science. It is now possible to "manufacture" virus in quite large quantities, and scientists everywhere are conducting all sorts of experiments with it.

The really shattering result of recent work on viruses is to break down the distinction between organic and inorganic matter, between molecules and organisms, between the living and the dead. Until this was done, science thought that there were two worlds of matter and that the boundary between them could not be crossed. But the viruses cross that boundary, or more accurately they have settled down as squatters upon it. In some of their characteristics they seem like pure chemicals; in others, like pure organisms. That is why scientists today insist that the old distinction is artificial and meaningless.

Dr. Stanley not only succeeded in isolating the pure virus, but in producing it in crystalline form. To the layman this suggests that viruses must be "dead," since it is hard to imagine a living organism appearing in the form of inert, motionless crystals. But the crystals of the tobacco mosaic virus, for instance, can on occasion "come

to life" to the most astonishing extent. Living matter is supposedly made up of cells with walls, and there is no evidence that viruses possess such a quality; but definite cell walls are also lacking among certain slime molds ordinarily classed among living things. Again, we have no evidence that viruses breathe; but this is equally true of other-living substances.

One quality of the virus which makes it seem alive is its power to reproduce itself. Brought into contact with certain living cells, the virus molecules leap into action and duplicate themselves until from a single one you may have billions. No such action takes place in the test tube when the virus is isolated alone, nor when the virus is in contact with a nonsusceptible host or with dead cells.

How is this miracle of reproduction accomplished? Scientists believe that the virus molecule consists of a combination of various chemical elements in extremely minute quantities. The virus is somehow able to commandeer from the living cell with which it comes in contact exactly the same amounts of exactly the same chemicals, and to arrange these in an order duplicating that of the original molecule. Each of these two molecules then calls into being another in the same way; the four become eight, and so on. The force by which the virus reproduces itself must be electric, since electricity is the underlying

principle of the atom; but just how the operation is performed we do not know.

The virus has another highly important characteristic of living organisms: it mutates. As the virus particles multiply, a small proportion of them change their character and pass the change along to their descendants. In this way a deadly disease can arise from a harmless one, or vice versa. The grave character of the influenza epidemic of 1918 was probably due to a mutation in the influenza virus which started somewhere and spread throughout the world. For the same reason measles is more serious at one time than at another. If we knew enough about the measles virus we could watch the rise and fall of malignancy, and when the disease was of a particularly mild variety we could expose as many children as possible and let them get permanent immunity with a minimum of discomfort and danger.

One of the most astonishing chapters in the story of the virus as it is now being unrolled is its resemblance to the gene. All human life and the life of all other animals and plants as we usually recognize it consists of cells; these cells contain, in their nucleus, the chromosomes, with their unvarying numbers in each species, and the chromosomes contain genes which determine the physical characteristics and the life pattern of the organism. As far as science now knows, a gene,

like a virus, is a single protein molecule of highly complex structure. It is hard to believe that any two objects in nature can be so closely identical without having a definite and vital relationship to each other. It has been suggested that a virus may indeed be a gene that has somehow broken loose from its surroundings and controlling structure.

Already important developments are coming from the laboratories in relation to virus diseases. A successful vaccine has been prepared for a variety of sleeping sickness which until a short time ago affected only horses but now attacks human beings. Yellow fever is now being fought effectively: the virus is weakened by being passed through the brain of a mouse and is thereafter kept alive for vaccine purposes through inoculation of an unborn chick in its shell. This vaccine is also combatting a new form of the disease not necessarily carried by mosquitoes like the earlier type. Very encouraging results have been found in vaccines for influenza.*

There is a striking similarity between the way virus molecules reproduce themselves and the proliferation of cells in cancer. Moreover, very recent researches indicate that at least one type of cancer in mice hitherto thought to be hereditary may result from a virus and be transmitted from a mam-

* See "Fate Joins the Flu Fighters," *The Reader's Digest*, March, '41.

malian mother to her offspring in her milk.

A remarkable recent development here made public for the first time is the discovery that the same virus can live and increase in both a plant and an animal. Work done in Japan on the virus of the "rice stunt" disease and in the United States on the "aster yellow" virus shows that viruses heretofore known to multiply only in plants can do the same thing in insects — which is to say, in animals. This important discovery re-emphasizes the value of studying plant viruses, now readily handled in the laboratory, in seeking to prevent or cure virus diseases in animals and men.

Thus the ancient philosophical concept — that the entire universe and everything in it is one orderly,

logical and closely related whole — re-emerges and now for the first time has definite scientific proof. As Dr. Stanley said in a recent address: "It is difficult, if not impossible, to place a sharp line separating living from nonliving things. The work on viruses has provided us with new reasons for considering that life as we know it does not come into existence suddenly but is inherent in all matter." That is to say, there is a condition which might be called "pre-life"; and this shades over, by what seem to be imperceptible degrees, into life. If Dr. Stanley's statement is correct, the year 1935, the beginning of true virus research, may become one of the little handful of dates which mark turning points in the history of human thought.



Do Figures Lie?

¶ AN OLD-FASHIONED Hebrew employer remonstrated when one of his employes asked for a raise on the ground that he worked too hard. "Why," protested the employer, "you have an easy time of it. You do not work at all. Look! There are 365 days in a year. Eight hours each day you sleep. That makes 122 days, leaving 243 days. Eight hours of every day you have all for yourself. That leaves 121 days. I give you an hour for lunch every day and that amounts to 15 days more, leaving 106. You do not work on Sundays — 52 more days off, leaving 54. You get Saturday afternoons off — another 26 days, leaving 28 days. You have two weeks for vacation every summer and you take off about a week for sickness. Only seven days a year to work — and New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, July Fourth, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas are holidays. Besides you take Yom Kippur off. I should give you a raise? You owe me money!"

— Abbott and Costello, Comedians

¶ An army sergeant, he ended buccaneering by the army —
Can he maintain a stable Cuba?



Batista: *The Stenographer Who Became Dictator*

By John Gunther

THE FIRST THING you notice about Colonel Fulgencio Batista y Zaldivar, 40-year-old President of Cuba, is his broad puckish smile. He sits like a panther behind his desk and smiles, chuckles, chortles. This man, like Vargas of Brazil, is a dictator with a sense of humor.

Batista is of medium height, strongly built, well-groomed, with glossy black hair and an Oriental cast of features. His desk is a litter of telegrams, newspapers, a portable radio, and a cluster of telephones. As he talks he jabs a carefully manicured finger at his interpreter, grins, and makes you feel thoroughly at home.

There was an excellent reason

JOHN GUNTHER, author of *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia*, has recently returned from an extensive tour of the Latin-American countries, where he talked with many leading personalities. The results of his trip, including the present article, will be incorporated in a new book, *Inside Latin America*, to be published in October by Harper & Brothers.

for Batista's flashing good humor when I interviewed him recently. He had just liquidated — bloodlessly — an attempt by army colonels to unseat him. On February 1 Batista had summarily discharged Colonel Bernardo Garcia, Havana's powerful chief of police, charging negligence. Garcia belonged to a clique headed by Colonel José Pedraza, commander in chief of the army, and Colonel Angel Gonzales, navy chief of staff. They showed signs of wanting to get rid of Batista and used the affair of Police Chief Garcia as pretext.

First Pedraza announced, in clear defiance of the President, that the police belonged to him and that he would continue to keep Garcia on the payroll as his private secretary. Then he telephoned Batista and, in insulting language, threatened action that would bring military dictatorship or civil war.

Batista waited for two days, while the army under Pedraza maneuvered its guns into position. Bloodshed seemed inevitable. But

on midnight of February 3, the President, unarmed and accompanied only by two loyal officers, drove to Camp Columbia and confronted the military at their own headquarters. He talked all night to the dissidents. By 4 a.m. he had won them over. At 9 a.m. he put Pedraza, Gonzales, and Garcia under arrest. Then he announced that irresponsible military interference in civil affairs must never occur again—that the country had grown up.

The next day Pedraza and his friends were released, without punishment, and exiled to Miami.

The origins of Cuba's strong man are obscure. He was born in 1901 in Banes, a small banana village in Oriente province. His family was desperately poor, he was orphaned at 11. As a child he noted the advantages possessed by the American banana company officials—their schools and recreation rooms, in contrast to the wretched poverty and underdevelopment of Cuban workers. Batista never forgot the harsh lessons of his youth.

At 12 he got a job with a tailor; he worked in the cane fields, clerked in a grocery store; finally became a conductor on the local railway line. He had energy and ambition, but he lacked education; and the only way he could get that was to enter the army. He went to an army night school, became an expert stenographer, and after 12 years was made a sergeant. He traveled over Cuba, taking dictation from

his superiors. He learned a lot—and remembered all the secrets. Officers came to trust his clever, energetic mind, and permitted him to organize night schools. Soon he was the best-known sergeant in the army, and often wrote orders which his officers signed without reading.

The curse of feudal Spain still lay deep on Cuba. After the Spanish-American War and our withdrawal from the island, a succession of feeble governments had attempted to rule. Poverty and squalor; the instability caused by mixed blood; flaming political corruption; laziness, greed among the rich; revolutionary agitation by the students—this was the background. Then came the Machado tyranny from 1924 to 1933, one of the vilest governments in the history of the Western Hemisphere. Machado sucked \$80,000,000 in gold from American banks, and sucked blood from bodies of young Cuban students who resisted his regime. When Machado fell, in August 1933, it was like taking the cover off a sewer. Brutality, revenge and terrorism seethed.

Then Sergeant Batista calmly stepped in. At dawn on September 4, 1933, sergeants in all garrisons announced that their officers were dismissed. Most of the officers never got up that early. They had lost all touch with their men. The rank and file stood firmly with Batista. He promoted himself to Colonel and appointed himself

Chief of Staff. It was as easy as that. His organization — all over Cuba — was perfect. There was no bloodshed at first; later terrorism accompanied an attempted counter-coup by officers who locked themselves in the Hotel Nacional, but they were beaten.

Batista weeded out some of his sergeants, restored many loyal officers, abolished all ranks above colonel, and proceeded to clean up Cuba. For years he worked chiefly from behind the scenes, making and unmaking presidents, maturing from a conspirator into a statesman. In 1940, judging that the time was ripe, Batista ran for president and, in an election which to everyone's surprise was fairly and freely operated, was successful.

In October 1940 he promulgated a new constitution which strengthens the powers of the central government, sketches a program of land reform, makes voting in elections obligatory, and — in theory anyway — subordinates ownership of property and operation of commercial enterprises to the "social and economic interests of the state."

"I stand for the people," he told me, "and act only with their authority. When I was merely commander in chief of the army my position was somewhat abnormal. I have become President of the Republic, by the choice of the people, so that I may represent the will of the entire Cuban nation."

So far has the lithe, slippery, smiling sergeant-stenographer advanced. There may be more advances to come.

LIKE ALL MEN, Batista has defects. He is more successful as a politician — a showman — than as an administrator. He is likely to build things too expensively for Cuba's purse. For example, a \$1,000,000 tuberculosis sanitarium in Santa Clara province, one of his favorite projects, and the grandiose children's playground on the Malecon in Havana. In such extravagant works, Batista is paying debt to his starved childhood: his brother, to whom he was devoted, died of tuberculosis for want of medical care, and as a youth Batista never even saw a playground.

The President surrounds himself with yes-men; he likes to be among people who do not make him uncomfortable. He is a much better man than many of his friends, but he is, in a way, the product of a gang, and most of his old cronies are still powerful. As a result, Cuba continues to suffer from inflated payrolls, corruption among minor officials, and nepotism.

Batista's good qualities are many. He has intelligence, vitality, industry — and little vanity. He is one of the few Latin-American heads of state who are freely, and sometimes brutally, caricatured in their own newspapers. In 1938 he was preparing to visit General

Craig, then Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, on his first trip outside Cuba. Looking at the blazing rows of medals on his uniform, he cautiously asked, "How many decorations does General Craig wear?" "Only one," came the reply. Batista roared, "Name of God! I will not go to Washington like a monkey on a stick — rip off all my medals but the two top rows!"

Perhaps the most important of Batista's virtues is his deep-rooted sense of community with the common people. His ambition is to educate the masses and improve their living standards. He is, first and last, a people's man.

Batista curbed his fondness for gambling and alcohol, because he thinks it sets a bad example. He is happily married to a young woman of humble origin. The Batistas are not particularly interested in money — unlike many of his predecessors, he is no looter — and they live modest lives. The President is deeply fond of his three children, especially the boy, whom he decks out in uniform and calls "Little Sergeant." He once told a friend, "No one knows who my family was, but anybody in the world can hear my boy say, 'My father is Batista!'"

The major problem facing President Fulgencio Batista just now is sugar. The livelihood of 75 percent of Cuba's population depends on it. When sugar rocketed in 1920 to 22½¢ per pound, Cuba, second

largest sugar producing country in the world, voluptuated in crazy wealth. When it fell later to 3¾¢ the island rocked in poverty and panic.

About 85 percent of Cuba's sugar mills are American owned, and two thirds of her crop goes to the U. S. In return, Cuba buys our manufactured goods, some \$80,000,000 worth in a good year. American investment in Cuba — about \$1,200,000,000 — is our largest in the hemisphere, Canada excepted, and is about four times our investment in the Far East.

By a trade agreement signed in 1934 we give Cuban sugar growers a quota, exactly as we do our domestic beet and cane sugar producers. But Cuban sugar entering the U. S. pays a stiff duty of 90¢ per 100 pounds. Other foreign countries pay a duty of \$1.85; even so, Cubans, who are absolutely dependent on the U. S. market, feel that we take advantage of them. They say that our highly subsidized domestic sugar industry is too expensive to the U. S. taxpayer. They point out that they could produce infinitely more than the quota (about 2,000,000 long tons a year) allows them. They want a bigger quota, and entry of their sugar duty free.

Batista is absorbed, too, by the problem of defense and of Cuba's political relations with the U. S. Our State Department has not interfered in Cuban internal poli-

tics since the Good Neighbor Policy began. Nevertheless, our indirect influence is profound and it is almost inconceivable that President Batista would take any important step without first consulting the tactful, able U. S. ambassador, George Messersmith. Our relations with Cuba have never been more intimate or friendly. Batista told me that if we should be forced into the war, his country would follow at once.

Cuba, covering 800 miles of important Caribbean frontier, is vital for the defense of the Panama Canal. At Guantanamo, on the southeastern tip of the island, we maintain an important naval station to which we reserved rights when we abandoned the Platt Amendment after the fall of Machado; and every Cuban airfield is ready to receive our pursuit ships or bombers any time we send them.

The Batista government has taken stronger action against fifth columnism than has any other Latin-American state. Early in 1941 it issued a decree barring all totalitarian propaganda. Organizations affiliated with foreign powers were ordered suppressed. Flags, uniforms, and insignia of totalitarian powers and political meetings expressing totalitarian ideas were banned, as well as use of the mails, telegraph, or radio to disseminate such propaganda. The President was given authority to deport undesirable foreigners of totalitarian

sympathies, and even diplomats who overstep their normal duties are subject to expulsion.

The heart of fifth columnism in Cuba was the Spanish Falange organization which the Germans, comparatively inactive themselves, used as a front. There are about 300,000 Spanish *citizens* in Cuba — those who, after the Spanish-American War, elected to retain their Spanish citizenship — and these constitute an important and influential group. Yet Batista had the courage to include the Falange in his anti-fifth column measures.

The achievements of Fulgencio Batista are considerable. He has built schools, and put the army to work teaching in them. His program for rural rehabilitation is ambitious. He has organized clinics, orphanages, and the like. His sugar coördination law of 1937 aims to improve the status of the *colono* (poor farmer) by breaking up the big estates. Constantly he has sought to reduce the inequalities between rich and poor.

But his main accomplishment is the restoration of civil authority. Though an army man, he has ended control by the army, and is giving the country what promises to be satisfactory political stability. By becoming constitutional president, he hopes to end buccaneering by the military — always Cuba's most pressing danger. If his luck holds good, Batista will have solved "the Cuban problem."

❏ Why don't we apply what we know to the care of the mentally ill?

Our Ailing Mental Hospitals

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Editd M. Stern

WHEN Tom McGrew, 19, was committed to a Maryland state hospital he had just tried to hang himself. He declared despairingly that "something about me's all wrong."

That realization, a remainder of the boy's saner self, gave the hospital superintendent a clue. After Tom's health had improved through hospital treatment, the superintendent called him in.

"Tom," he said, "you were an auto mechanic, weren't you? Well, we have a broken gas pump that no one seems able to fix. I want you to go at it two hours a day and see what you can find out."

In a few days Tom had the pump working perfectly.

"Now," the doctor said, "fix up our old printing press for us, will you?"

"Never monkeyed with one in m'life," Tom mumbled.

"I'm sure you can make ours work," the doctor said.

And Tom did. Gradually, job by job, he regained self-confidence and the doctor decided the boy was ready to take his chances in the outside world. He called up an air-

plane manufacturer, explained the circumstances, and said that if Tom were given a try he'd take him back the moment he made any trouble. That was two years ago. Today Tom has 40 men under him — four of them also "the doctor's boys." And five beds in the hospital were freed for other curables waiting admission.

Over 500,000 persons occupy mental hospital beds today --- as many as are hospitalized for all other diseases together. Annually about 120,000 new cases are admitted. Given prompt attention, decent surroundings, good food, medical and psychiatric care, 50 percent of all newly admitted patients leave improved or cured, the great majority within 18 months.

But legislators are so penny-wise and pound-foolish, so indifferent to the fate of the insane and so unaware of the modern skills which can restore them to normality that too many of our state hospitals fail to effect the percentage of cures that would be possible. The well-equipped, adequately staffed modern mental hospital is, in the long run, an economy. The old-fash-

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(Survey Graphic, August, '41)

ioned "insane asylum," a walled dumping ground for broken minds, is not only an anachronism but an extravagance. Left to deteriorate in such institutions, unreached by new therapies that have wrought spectacular cures, the mentally ill spend the rest of their lives as involuntary guests of taxpayers.

To utilize modern methods would mean abolishing political jobs, reducing by preventive measures the number of new admissions, and ridding our expensively maintained institutions of every patient who under proper supervision could be kept elsewhere. Above all, it would mean equipping our institutions with proper staffs and facilities.

Instead, we are in danger of going in the opposite direction. Between 1929 and 1936 annual per capita expenditure for mental patients dropped from \$312 to \$269, and in some states mental hygiene retrogressed a generation. One legislature refused a hospital \$10,000 for insulin shock treatment the same year it appropriated \$200,000 for testing Bang's disease in cattle. A state which pays prison guards \$125 to \$165 a month gives its hospital attendants \$40.

The national average of overcrowding in state hospitals is 11 percent; in some states as high as 50 percent. Corridors are used for sleeping space, with mattresses overlapping. Not uncommon are beds so close that patients must climb over the ends to get in. In

one state hospital a survey by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene found epileptic, paretic, noisy and mute Negroes herded together in their only day room, which served also as a dining room. At another hospital two toilets and two washbowls were provided for a ward of 182 patients who should have been learning their A B C's of mental rehabilitation through regular habits of cleanliness and elimination.

In most mental hospitals the few doctors face the alternative of concentrating on a few hopeful cases or giving cursory treatment to all. Either way, people who might be getting well are missing their chance. To meet the minimum standard — one physician to every 150 patients — we need nearly twice as many doctors in state hospitals. In one western state the superintendent of a 600-bed institution is also its only doctor.

Under such conditions even elementary medical care is almost impossible. Psychotherapy and psychoanalysis involve slow gaining of the patient's confidence, hours of leisurely conversations. The various shock therapies — metrazol, insulin, electric — require close watching: one series of insulin shock treatments may take 196 hours of a physician's time, 296 of a nurse's. Yet the new treatments are effective. If fever therapy is given early enough, 90 percent of paretics are restored to usefulness.

Skilled nursing care pays high dividends also, yet some state hospitals have no graduate nurses in the wards, and such nurses constitute only 10 percent of all ward personnel in mental institutions. The atmosphere and working conditions and political meddling in most hospitals are so bad that high-grade attendants are rare. Hours in many state hospitals are from 12 to 16 a day.

In one western hospital the criminal insane never get outdoors. "We plan better for captive tigers," the National Committee for Mental Hygiene comments. With an insufficient night force, violent patients are tied in bed or locked in at night — sometimes with no toilet facilities. Yet the doctors know that mechanical restraint increases the patient's resentment. They know that keeping busy through "activity therapy" is better for melancholics than confinement. But they can't apply all they know, because we leave them shorthanded.

Some states have valiantly tried to provide adequate buildings. New York spent \$100,000,000 on new buildings from 1923 to 1930, but with 2500 new admissions annually its present state hospitals will be overcrowded by 1943, and a new bond issue has been floated to provide increased facilities. But new buildings are not enough.

The real tragedy is that much of the \$200,000,000 we now expend annually on mental illness goes

blindly, planlessly, politically. Only nine states appoint mental hospital employees through civil service. In seven there is a complete turnover whenever the party in control of the state government changes. In at least 14 other states, politics interfere with sound management.

With mental hygiene a happy hunting ground for political patronage, no long-time consistent program is possible. Such a program would intensify preventive measures, change methods of commitment, and aim to secure as rapid a patient turnover in state hospitals as possible.

Mental hygiene clinics, functioning in 34 states, have shown that incipient disorders, especially in children, can often be checked. One state estimates that its \$30,000 investment in clinics annually saves \$140,000 in correctional institutions. Psychopathic wards in general hospitals are another dam against the flood of admissions; with prompt, short-term treatment they send men and women back to their families instead of to the state hospital.

In too many states, the insane are still treated like criminals. They are tried by jury — "just as if we called in the neighbors to diagnose meningitis," a young psychiatrist told me bitterly — thrown into jail, and taken, perhaps manacled, to the hospital by a sheriff. Those whose fantasies are built on guilt feel all the more guilty; those

under delusions of persecution feel more convinced than ever that unjust enemies are responsible.

For lack of social service arrangements, many patients well enough to be discharged under supervision linger on in ever more crowded institutions. Yet for 40 years Massachusetts has been demonstrating a way to stop overcrowding. It is the family care system — more permanent, satisfactory and cheaper than building new wards. Under supervision by a state agency, patients are placed in private homes as boarders or as employees. Ontario, Canada, has 1000 patients in family care — enough to fill a good-sized institution. During April, at one Maryland hospital, the full cost of the social service department and family placement of 90 patients was \$746.15; those same patients in the hospital would have cost taxpayers \$2700.

In rural Maryland I visited with a social worker a patient who had spent 16 years in the state hospital. Now, in a comfortable home with a kindly middle-aged couple, she supports herself by assisting with the housework. In some states she would be one of many unhappily herded inmates in a huge institution.

As yet, only 27 states invest in psychiatric social workers. So people like Henry, who waited on me

expertly in the staff dining room of a state hospital, stay on at public expense, prevent the acutely ill from gaining admission. Long ago Henry was brought to the hospital shouting that he ought to be on the throne of England, but now he whispers his delusion only to a few close friends; he could support himself as a waiter if he could board with an understanding caretaker. Or Robert, general factotum at another state hospital: there isn't a thing wrong with him any longer except that he has grown "afraid" to leave the institution. A few months under the protection of a supervised family to give him reassurance, and more than likely he'd become a valuable office employee.

Yes, much can be done to decrease the admission rate, shorten the time of hospitalization, stop overcrowding, and save taxpayers' money in the long run. But it requires action by the state legislatures, and they won't act without pressure of public opinion.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, 1790 Broadway, New York, can tell you exactly what conditions are in your state institutions. Then you can tell your legislators, and demand that something be done. Only thus can we hope humanely and thriftily to convert wretched tax burdens into producers.

¶ A noted American author visits the heart of Africa, where Frenchmen of all classes are joining De Gaulle, hoping to battle Hitler, to found a new France

Free France on the Congo

Condensed from The Living Age

Ben Lucien Burman

ON THE palm-fringed river Negroes glide past in a dug-out, chanting as they ply their long paddles. On the shore women in fantastic costumes are talking in their curious liquid language that rushes like a waterfall. Deep in the forest I hear the throbbing of a tomtom, beating out its mysterious message. This is the Congo, heart of the darkness of Africa.

Suddenly the sharp beat of military drums drowns the far-off throbbing. Troops march past, white soldiers with gay young faces, singing *Madelon*. An airplane marked with the cross of Lorraine appears



BEN LUCIEN BURMAN flew to Africa in March with his wife and illustrator, Alice Caddy, to report the war on that continent. In the last war Mr. Burman fought with the A.E.F., was wounded and gassed at Soissons. Later he worked as a reporter in Boston and New York; he then returned to his home in Covington, Ky., and there gathered material for his famous stories about river life. It is his habit to go far from his chosen scene to get perspective on his material, and he lived in North Africa while writing *Mississippi* in 1929. Among his other books are *Steamboat Round the Bend*, *Blow for a Landing*, and *Big River to Cross*.

overhead. Here, astride the equator, France miraculously survives.

In Paris the spirit of France is entombed beneath the swastika. In Vichy, the old men join hands with their conquerors. Here in Brazzaville, capital of De Gaulle's Free France, brave men are rallying and taking oath never to return to their native land so long as a single German soldier stands on its soil.

It is stirring, it is moving — and important. De Gaulle Africa is a vast empire, stretching from the busy Atlantic ports of Pointe Noire and Douala 2000 miles across forest and desert to Egypt. It controls the Tchad, keystone of an arch formed by the British colonies fringing both coasts of the continent. Should this keystone fall the Nazis could push down between the two pillars of British territory and take the heart of the continent. The Belgians frankly admit that but for the Free French their colony just across the Congo River would long ago have been seized by the Germans, covetous of its rubber and metals.

Moreover, the Tchad, with its

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formidable Arab and black warriors, holds a sword against the side of the Germans and Italians in Libya. It is a dangerous sword, for the desert of Tibesti is a weird land out of which warriors who know its mysteries suddenly materialize, strike, and disappear. The Germans and Italians have felt the sting of De Gaulle fire at Tobruk and Bengazi, at Keren and Addis Ababa, at Cufra and Murzuch. Moreover the De Gaulle African troops have provided a rallying point around which France can gather the remnants of her strength.

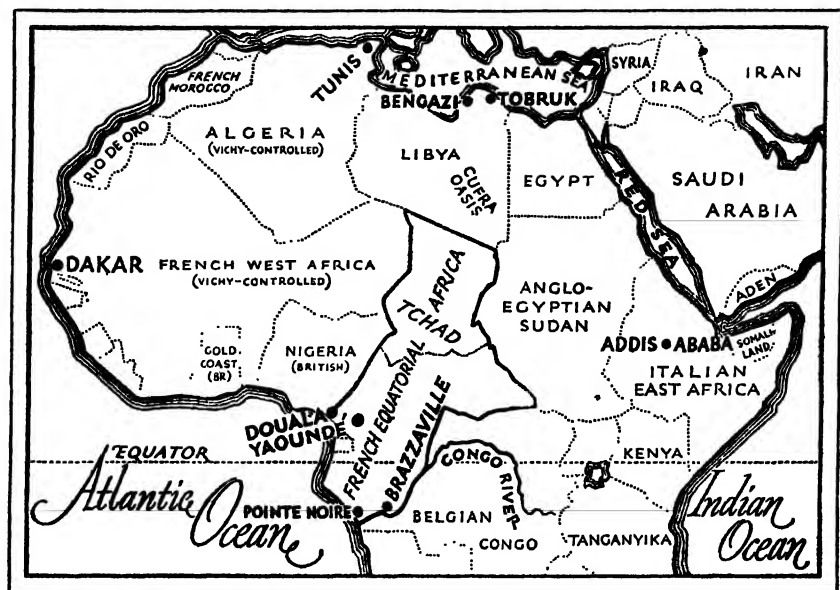
More patriots arrive each day — rich and poor, young and old, from Arles and Amiens, from Perpignan and Paris, from the Alps and the Pyrenees. An aged and famous scientist has stolen past the German lines to make his perilous way southward. A simple Breton fisherman somehow has managed to sail his own craft to free soil. Twelve Catholic priests have laid aside their robes and serve as soldiers. Others have come from Martinique and Madagascar, from Algiers and Angkor.

Each man's tale is a saga of patience and courage, often high melodrama. Take Captain Dupont, a jolly, bearded aviator, who set out from Indo-China with 20 fellow officers and men, on bicycles, to reach a friendly frontier several hundred miles away. They lost their way in the jungle, ran out of food. A tiger got one. Another died

of fever. That left 19 — for a little while. Then there were 15, 12, 11. At last, after weeks of journeying, they saw the frontier which meant safety. But as they stole through the woods one of them stumbled noisily. A Vichy border patrol captured all except Captain Dupont; he got to the sea, saw an English destroyer on patrol, and is now here.

Then there is Corporal Gilbert, a French boy too young for the army when war began. With some soldiers he started to leave Paris as the Germans were nearing. One of the soldiers who had worked for the French railways guided the others to the yards where they seized a locomotive. It carried them until they came to a bombed bridge. They found an abandoned automobile and begged enough gas to get a few miles farther. Then on foot to the coast, where their pooled cash bought a small boat from a fisherman. After five days in a heavy fog they reached Cornwall — seven more men to serve under the cross of Lorraine.

The exodus from France to this Free France has become so serious that Vichy has barred all males between 19 and 41 from the coastal regions and the frontiers. Vichy considers all men here traitors. Their property has been confiscated, many are under sentence of death. But they are the men to whom France some day will erect its monuments.



Ironically, some of them are the sons of Vichy generals who, in court martial, sentenced De Gaulle leaders to death. Many bear assumed names, for obvious reasons. But young Becour Foch, of the famous general's family, does not.

Pétain denounced the youth of France, who, he said, had failed the country in its crisis. They retort in one voice, "Tell America it was the weak old men, like Pétain, who lost France for us. It was Pétain who killed the soul of France." Here Frenchmen of all classes from every part of the empire say that Pétain not only betrayed France but now is willingly handing over what is left.

Meanwhile this straggling little

settlement, suddenly become the capital of an empire, is working feverishly night and day, building encampments, assembling material, improvising equipment out of native resources and sometimes, it seems, out of the steaming air. There is a school for officers, a little West Point of Free France with well over a hundred students, including many who once were cadets at St. Cyr. Its first class already has been graduated and is serving at the front.

There are troops of all kinds — how many I may not say.* But on

* General Charles de Gaulle's Free French forces, according to the most reliable estimates available in the U. S., are composed of a nucleus of some 45,000 men, not including those who have gone over to the Free French side during the

the coast one encounters bronzed Norman marines manning great guns. One sees sailors of patrol boats or destroyers that are refueling at Douala. The uniform of the devil-may-care Foreign Legion is no longer a novelty on forest trails.

Negro troops are on every hand — great tall men from the Tchad in flaming red uniforms, and the native militia, their black faces tattooed with strange designs that indicate whether they are of the tribe of Batiki or Basoundi or Madoumi. Their camps dot the country everywhere. In the deep forests they are little straw villages like those Stanley saw when he searched for Livingstone. In Brazzaville they are tall cones of adobe, painted in brilliant stripes of white and scarlet. Every married native has his own little dwelling where his wife prepares his meal of manioc and papaya. Every night when the moon is full I can hear them dancing to the tomtom in rhythm identical with the jazz of a New York night club.

The number of troops increases each day, making it difficult to get a bed and the essential mosquito net. New buildings are hurriedly built of timber from the towering forest.

This activity under a sun that burns like a blowtorch is rich testimony to the power of the human

spirit. There is no machinery here, no equipment, no money. The little shops have long since been empty. The breaking of a cheap dish becomes a calamity, for it cannot be replaced. Yet with infinite patience, with cleverness, with gaiety, cast-off sewing machines are made to fashion uniforms; rifles and water bottles are conjured up somehow, and a few more young men eagerly go off to battle.

The story of how Brazzaville, nerve center of all this activity, was seized for Free France is indicative of the spirit of its leaders. A group of French officials of the region — chief of whom was an army doctor with the rank of general, a tall, blue-eyed Breton beloved of whites and natives alike — decided they would never obey the armistice; if necessary they would join the British to continue the fight.

A few days later the appeal of General de Gaulle came over the radio from London. Through the jungle these patriotic Frenchmen sped to the most remote outposts to rally their comrades to join him. The Governor, to crush the movement, ordered the troops he suspected to surrender their ammunition. The officers emptied the ammunition boxes and sent them to headquarters filled with stones. On the day set for the revolt De Gaulle's soldiers surrounded the palace of the Governor and ordered him to surrender. The Governor prepared to open fire, but when emissaries of

Syrian campaign. Naval strength totals 400,000 tons, consisting of more than 100 vessels; over 1000 fliers are enrolled in the air force.

De Gaulle forces informed him of the real situation he capitulated. Without the expenditure of even a blank cartridge, the Congo was saved for De Gaulle.

Already Free Frenchmen here have made a beginning toward building a new and better France. Brave young women teachers are arriving to establish schools for the children of the whites and natives. Scientists and doctors are experimenting with chemicals to wipe out the maladies which scourge this fabulously rich region, that it may become a promised land where peaceful, intelligent individuals can fulfill their destiny.

OUTSIDE my window women have come with frenzied beating of drums to exhibit newborn twins, lying naked in a basket. A young

chimpanzee captured in the nearby woods is dancing excitedly at the end of his chain, trying to reach the huge papayas drooping over his head. Masamba, the native boy, comes in with a snake he has killed in the garden, the deadly "minute snake" whose bite is said to stop the heart within 60 seconds. Black clouds are gathering overhead for the daily storm. The room is stifling. I reach for my quinine. This is the Congo, the heart of darkness.

To the beat of military drums, young French soldiers march past with the flag of the cross of Lorraine flying proudly. I see the light in their faces. In far-off France men talk of helping their country's invaders. Here they talk only of how to defeat them. This is no longer the heart of darkness. This is the Congo, the cradle of New France.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 49 —

¶ TRYING to give a friend a definition of "oratory," a Negro elucidated thus. "If you says black am white, dat's foolish. But if you says black *am* white, an' bellers like a bull an' pounds de table with both fists, dat's oratory."

— *Blighty*

¶ "MAY I ask you the secret of success?" an ambitious young man said to a great merchant.

"There is no easy secret," replied the merchant. "You must jump at your opportunity."

"But how can I tell when my opportunity comes?"

"You can't," snapped the merchant. "You have to keep jumping."

— *Grit*

"We'll Put to Good Use What You're Throwing Away"

Condensed from The Commonweal

Fillmore Hyde

A YEAR AGO last spring Mrs. John Morrison Curtis of Summit, N. J., put a want ad in the local paper asking for things ordinarily thrown away during housecleaning: old clothes, shoes, curtains — anything. She would make these useless things useful, make something out of nothing. Adept at dress designing and handy with the needle, she planned to send the reconditioned articles to the harried civilians of Europe.

She expected some response, of course, but not the overwhelming one that came. Friends and strangers alike emptied attics, collected old woolens from closets. Soon her living room overflowed with outmoded donations. Mrs. Curtis got two friends to help. Two weeks later all three women were snowed under. So, after consultation with the Red Cross, Mrs. Curtis organized the Refugee Relief Workroom and asked the town of Summit to pitch in.

The town did. By June of this year, 1500 women from Summit and vicinity had enrolled as work-

ers, and the idea had spread to thousands of other women in 45 coöperating groups, some of them 90 miles away. Virtually every merchant in Summit had contributed to make the Workroom a rousing success. Cobblers, laundries, dry cleaners, printers, all lent a hand. In the past year the Workroom turned out 35,000 reconditioned garments, 2300 fresh quilts, 36,000 baby garments, 7200 garments for boys and girls, 2100 pairs of shoes — all in perfect condition, things that anyone would be glad to have.

The first inkling of what Summit was prepared to do came when Mrs. Curtis asked a local A & P executive if the new Workroom could occupy a recently vacated store on Main Street. The lease had three months to run, the rent was paid. "You bet you can," he said. "I'm only sorry it isn't in apple-pie order. Needs a little paint."

That afternoon she was telling a friend about it, while out for a drive. The friend's chauffeur spoke up: "I could get my friends and we'd paint the place for you in our spare

time." And so it was. A hardware store donated paint, a painting contractor lent brushes and ladders.

Mrs. Curtis remembers with amusement the discussions as to whether the Workroom should stay open two, or three, hours each day. The town settled the argument. The amount of material that poured in, the number of workers that volunteered kept the Workroom open six days a week all day, and three evenings.

All give what time they can. Regular hours are not required. "People don't like to get tangled up in regulations," says Mrs. Curtis. She has kept the records simple. Each worker's card shows a series of scribbled entries: "June 18 — took material for 12 caps." Then underneath: "June 23 — brought in 12 caps."

Another principle that has made the Workroom successful is — no bossing. The materials that come in are so varied that there is plenty of choice as to work. One woman likes to make baby booties, sits up in bed at night to do it. A housewife with limited sewing experience lined 14 men's overcoats, after persuading a tailor to show her how. One heroic soul who earns her living as a companion has darned 3168 socks. In the evenings Armenian, Turkish and Syrian women from the mill section of the town come in to cut and mend. Women who don't want to sew can sort, or cut, or pack, or do errands. Children glue small

scraps of woolen onto muslin as lining for quilts, or polish shoes and put in new laces.

When their time in the A & P store was up, a Newark bank lent them another vacant store. The store beside it was vacant too, and the Workroom overflowed into that with the landlord's approval. The electric light company gave current for lights and sewing machines. When cold weather came a coal company gave coal. Shoes are repaired free by local cobblers. One of them, asked why he does it, replied: "I can't do much for humanity, but what I can I like to do. It makes me feel good." The head of a department store who donates broken stock and leftovers said, "Those women work so hard they make me ashamed of myself. They haven't the idea that any sloppy job is good enough for charity. They send out really good and attractive stuff."

Approximately 100 garments are dry-cleaned or laundered each week, gratis. An Armenian cleaner wanted the privilege of doing all their cleaning. He said: "I come to this country 28 years ago without a cent. This town has give me all I have. I sent two girls to college. Now's my chance to do something for America."

Mrs. Curtis and her committee chairmen have learned how to do surprising things with scraps. Two one-yard samples will make a little boy's suit, a little girl's dress. Five half-yard samples will make a child's

pajamas. They make baby pads out of cotton rug linings, warm and pretty quilts out of small scraps. Odds and ends that won't shape into usable garments they make into toy animals and dolls, which they sell to get cash to buy yarn and flannel — virtually the only things they have to buy. Last Christmas, with remnants of curly-black artificial fur, they made toy Scotties, netted \$100.

A Summit girl who works as secretary with a New York cotton goods firm put together a sample case showing the surprisingly pretty things that can be made out of mill samples, and used her lunch hours to trot around to other wholesale dry-goods companies. Almost always the response was: "Why, we have a lot of old samples and odd bits. If you can make things like that out of scraps you're more than welcome to them." Since then thousands of yards of material have been donated by New York firms.

Now the Workroom has a display in a vacant store in the Manhattan textile center. The idea is to show textile men what can be done with what they throw away and tempt girls who work in that district to sew while on their commuting trains and to take material home for their mothers to work on.

Bridge clubs in nearby towns have changed to sewing clubs. Women on vacation take sewing with them.

The Workroom's products are shipped abroad through the Com-

mittee of Mercy in New York to wherever the need is greatest. But the Workroom is always ready to answer requests from American communities. Last winter 50 backwoods Tennessee children were warmly dressed in clothes the Workroom collected in one week. When the house of a Negro family burned recently, the Workroom provided the family with new clothes and bedding.

In giving advice to other communities which want to try the something-out-of-nothing idea, Mrs. Curtis warns not to make elaborate plans. "Use what you have in goods and talent," she says, "and don't worry about money, don't appeal for funds. The idea is simple. And it works."

All sorts of people, all nationalities and walks of life have helped make it work. Ask the head of the Summit Express Company why he, a businessman, carries free the crates and barrels that go each Thursday from Summit to New York, and he glares at you. "I hope I still have a little idealism," he says indignantly.

"If a thing like this will succeed in Summit," said a citizen, "it will succeed anywhere. Our population is split up in various groups — commuters, mill people, the shopkeepers — and I've heard it said you could never bring us together on anything. But the Workroom shows that if you get a *real* idea you can bring *any* town together — with enthusiasm."

The Character of My Children

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Edmund Ware

MY CHILDREN demand exclusive rights to the piano, typewriter, newspaper, garden hose, or whatever another has at the moment. They demand the incredible and the impossible, with utmost confidence in getting it. But above all they demand love.

Usually they take our love for granted; but in times when there is doubt about their having it they make painful experiments to test its quality and tensile strength. They jump into my lap from a distance of several feet, regardless of my recently replenished stomach. In the early morning they crawl, with cold feet and sharp knees, into my bed. Soon warfare rages over, upon, and around me. If there be but one child in search of love, he will scratch himself, yawn, jackknife his knees, and finally rise on elbows to peer at me, making my sleep a reproachful thing.

On being urged by their mother to arise and dress, the children fill the air with wails and protestations, following which they advance upon the bathroom, strewing garments in their wake (subsequently inquiring who has stolen

the garments) and sit about, gossiping and exhausting the hot-water supply. I seek solitude in the second bathroom; but as I draw near I hear the lamentations of my youngest, who has locked himself within and whose tub runneth over.

At the breakfast table the battle of the honey jar is forgotten when the mailman rings the doorbell. The children jump, the little one falling from his high chair. They topple furniture and skid the rugs, they seize the mail, flinging aside letters not addressed to them. Their mother and I wearily gather up this residue, which includes bills for tuition, milk, raiment, and roller skates.

Now, en masse, the children pounce upon the newspaper, shredding it in search of the comic page, which they arrange on the floor and feast upon in silent rapture, heads down, bottoms up.

A new pandemonium is soon loosed when the morning telephone calls of their friends begin — a mad trampling, a racing, a shuddering of chandeliers. Those who have not been personally summoned charge upstairs to listen in on the

other phone and hurl insults into the transmitter; battle again rages and is projected over the wires to the sons and daughters of genteel and respected neighbors.

On sunny days the children sally forth on bicycles, scooter or kiddy car. The little one rings doorbells at the houses of neighbors, some of whom are strangers; but he has no fear. When his ring is answered he melts the tenant's heart with a single look and demands refreshment, or direction to the bathroom. On rainy or snowy afternoons they clamor for money and transportation to the movies, each to the theater of his choice.

My children have a strange language, a system of noises such as "Yah-yah," "Nah," "Hah," "Wow," "Lissen," "Look," and "That's an awful lie!" With only a few more expressions than these, they predict their futures, outline their philosophies and sketch their achievements.

They battle bitterly among themselves, but if one is reprov'd for playing with matches, breaking a dish or inscribing the wallpaper, they instantly cleave together against me, so that my cause is lost.

There is no manner of knowing where they go by day or when the older ones return by night; except that when I wake in the small hours during school vacation I find the downstairs lights blazing, the refrigerator ravished, and one or more radios giving forth swing.

I go about putting things to rights and, determined to punish the culprit, I stalk into the bedroom of the oldest, turn on the light and look long and savagely upon him, seeing the flesh of my flesh, and the look of peace and innocence upon the sleeping face. The parted lips are moist and young; the lids look pale, for they are closed against the tan of the cheeks, and I am swelled by my great love for this boy, and I forgive him, and cannot believe that he ever asked me for a convertible coupé with white sidewalled tires, or that he asked in desperate earnest if he could get married next year, when he will be 15.

In the morning, with tender interest, I ask, "Where did you go last night?"

But he is outraged by my question, and replies: "Nowhere! Why?"

In hurt despair, I rise grimly from the table, my breakfast but four fifths eaten. There is dignity in my gesture, gait, and countenance — and at the moment when I feel I have struck deeply into the conscience of my children, I step upon a golf ball and am brought low.

Bright laughter from the table; the little one comes to gaze down upon me with delight and wonder. It is no doubt he who left the ball on the floor and, arising, I address him in fierce words. He barks back, and as my words grow fiercer and

it seems to him that I am about to lay hands upon him, he utters a squeak and scurries to the arms of his mother, who comforts him for the thing that has happened not to him, but to me.

My children will not mow the lawn, neither will they shovel the snow, but gladly will they walk in the shoveled paths, and lightly will they treat the aches and pains of him who shoveled, calling me old before my time. They listen with acute boredom to stories of my boyhood, when I had to carry water and chop wood.

On birthdays and Christmas the children prepare immense lists of the bare necessities of their lives. Last Yuletide the peak was reached. The children had retired to bed and their mother and I were examining the lists of their needs. No trouble was to be found with the little one's list: he was as yet unable to write. The second oldest's ran mainly to horses, saddles and dogs. She had even named one or two horses whose fame as race-track winners established their prices as probably not more than \$40,000 apiece.

Coming at last to the list of my oldest boy, I held it under his moth-

er's eyes, crying: "Just look at this! An autogiro. A tuxedo. And 'A trip by plane to Sun Valley; but if trip to S. V., must also have new skis. Also new ski boots, ski pants and jacket. Also movie camera. Also —'"

My wife put her arm on my shoulder and said: "He's only 14, dear. This list is just a dream, and he knows it."

"Well, why don't our children behave like other children? Why do they squabble all the time? What is the matter with us, that we haven't been able to bring them up properly?"

"Dearest," my wife said. "Please don't get so excited."

"Look at the Wintringham children!" I rushed on. "Why aren't our children like them?"

The telephone rang. I answered it. It was Mrs. Wintringham calling to say that she would like to have our three oldest children come to a Christmas party. She added that our children were the finest she had ever known; their manners were beautiful; they were unselfish, and so thoughtful of other people. She ended by asking how we brought them up, that she might apply a similar technique to her own.

That Soviet Decree

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IN HIS ARTICLE "Socialism Doesn't Jibe With Human Nature" in our June issue, Max Eastman referred to a Soviet decree extending the death penalty for theft to children 12 years old as having been published in *Pravda*, April 8, 1939. It should have read 1935.

¶ Was Wilson's vision of "an organized common peace" futile idealism — or stark realism?

The Ghost of Woodrow Wilson

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Gerald W. Johnson

IT WAS in 1924 that a doctor turned in a death certificate with the name of Woodrow Wilson on it; but he was really dead long before. Prior to 1920 the nation had turned impatiently from the man who knew so little of the world of reality that he predicted catastrophe unless this country should pledge its military and economic strength to the suppression of disturbers of the peace, even though in the beginning it might not be our own peace that they disturbed.

Woodrow Wilson had predicted that if dictators were not stopped early, by the combined power of

the free nations, they would eventually imperil, if they did not completely wreck, civilization.

That was a magnificent joke in 1919, and it is an even more magnificent joke in 1941; the only difference is that there is some doubt now as to who is the butt of the joke. In 1931 there was no question about it; we still laughed at the man who had said that if we rejected the League of Nations we should break the heart of the world. The laughter slackened, though, in 1933 when Adolf Hitler came to power, and it has been diminishing steadily ever since.

For now, as we face the red tide rising about us, there seems to be great perspicuity in the words Wilson spoke on January 22, 1917: "There must be, not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace."

When war began in 1914 Wilson seems to have shared the delusion, common to most Americans, that the conflict might be localized on the continent of Europe. But once he realized that the United States must be a participant, he reached

GERALD W. JOHNSON has long been absorbed in American history and has written a number of well-known volumes on the subject. Born in North Carolina, Mr. Johnson worked for two newspapers there and founded another before he became professor of journalism at the state university. Since 1926 he has been an editorial writer for Baltimore's famous "*Sun-papers*." Mr. Johnson's books include biographies of Andrew Jackson and John Randolph, and the recent *America's Silver Age*. This article is one of a series of portraits of famous Americans which will appear in book form in the fall.

the uncompromising conclusion that participation was justifiable only if it led to the creation of safeguards against a repetition of the disaster. He desired a peace treaty based on reason and right; but he was prepared to accept, and unhappily did accept, a questionable treaty, provided he secured the erection of machinery by which subsequent international disputes might be settled juridically, rather than by violence.

So much for Wilson. But what sort of country was he leading into this campaign? It was a slack and slipshod country — certainly not a country given to scientific precision in its thinking. The country was filled with wrath against Germany and it wanted to see Germany whipped. That was the sole and simple basis of its war-making. With it the creation of an improved world order was incidental to victory, whereas with Wilson victory was incidental to the creation of the new order.

A League of Nations backed by the full moral and military power of the United States, Wilson's solution, might not have worked. But the mere beating of Germany, the solution the people preferred and imposed, did not work. That fact is written in fire and blood across the map of the world today.

Wilson failed in the creation of a new world order because his country was not equal to the burden he imposed upon it. A nation

such as the United States was in 1919 could not comprehend such a concept as the League of Nations. With our joyous facility at getting the cart before the horse, most of us looked upon the League as impractically idealistic. What was wildly impractical of course was the idealistic assumption that in the crowded world of the 20th century the nations could live happily and safely together without any provision for the restraint of one that might go mad.

To this day an astonishing number of Americans are incredulous when they are reminded that the Covenant of the League of Nations included machinery for the rectification of any errors that might be discovered in the Treaty of Versailles. Under that Covenant Germany might have attained, through processes resembling a suit at law rather than war, the correction of whatever impositions she could prove to be plainly unjust.

But the power to operate judicial machinery is only to a small extent police power. Mainly, it is the moral power possessed by a disinterested judge, and the only nation possessed of that power was the United States, which rejected the League. From that moment of rejection the League, with its machinery for correcting the mistakes of Versailles, never had a chance.

The American people rejected the League because, intoxicated with wealth and success, they cher-

ished the dangerous illusion that their own unaided strength would ever remain sufficient for their needs. Blandly and blindly they assumed that Europe would always need American strength, but that the time would never come when America would need European strength. They clung to this belief for 20 years, clung to it until a tremendous tyranny seemed on the point of wiping out the last strongholds of free government in Europe, thrusting us suddenly into a form of isolation that we had never contemplated and most emphatically did not want.

If the American people could not believe 20 years ago in the necessity of arranging for the protection of the peace and security of all nations by some form of agreement backed by sufficient force to make it binding, why could they not believe? The only possible answer is, because their experience for more than a hundred years had been that of tranquillity undisturbed by any really serious threat from without. And when at last war came in 1917, they performed prodigies in transporting to France a gigantic army, which swept to easy victory. So America was still the ever victorious.

What irony can surpass the implication that prosperity, security and happiness led America to reject the only feasible plan to insure the permanence of her prosperity, security and happiness?

Of course no one knows that the League with America's participation would have been successful. But we do know that it was the only plan offered and that, without any plan, our security is, within 24 years, in more deadly peril than in 1917. It is hard to imagine any circumstances under which participation in the League of Nations scheme could have brought us to a worse pass than that to which non-participation brought us by 1941.

We failed to understand when Wilson said, "The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured." Most of us then favored spending our blood and our might only to assure our own safety; have we progressed beyond that point in 24 years?

The question is an embarrassing one, but it is of far greater consequence than any terms of war or any terms of peace. Have we realized yet that our own safety is indissolubly linked with the safety of all free peoples, and that ours cannot be assured without assuring that of others? One greater than Wilson said, long before 1917, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." It becomes ever more plain that in the crowded modern world this is as true of nations as it is of individuals.

In the conflict ahead Hitler could face no more appalling ap-

partition than the ghost of Woodrow Wilson with America united behind him as it was united in 1917. For with the protagonists of hatred, intrigue and violence Hitler can always find a way to live comfortably;

but a nation determined to secure "not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace" is his implacable, mortal enemy.

Beale Street Blue Law

Rules posted in a Negro rooming house on Beale Street (of the "Beale Street Blues"), Memphis, Tennessee:

THE LOBBY is strictly a sitting room. No lying down on the davenport. No two or more persons allowed to sit in one chair at the same time or on the center table. No drunk person is allowed in the lobby. Take them to your room. No kissing, hugging or loving of any kind allowed in the lobby. Go to your room for that. No receiving stolen goods or anything of that kind. This may seem funny but it is good business. So please read this sign and understand it good before you rent a room here. All roomers are responsible for the disorderly conduct of their visiting friends.

NO ONE IS ALLOWED in the kitchen except the ones that are cooking. Every person who comes to cook must bring some wood and as soon as they put a cooking vessel on the stove must put some wood in the stove and that will make cooking lovely. Remember that the kitchen is for cooking and eating. No washing. No hair straightening, no hair cutting and shaving.

NO LOUD NOISE or going to and fro in the hall singing, dancing or popping the fingers at any time day or night. So please don't be frightened after you read this sign for it is mighty fine to live in a nice, quiet place while so many people are living among robbers and murderers and all kinds of evil-hearted people who are walking in the darkness of life and do not care for the better things of life. We do not want their money but all good people are as welcome as the wind that blows.

Q Nevada's residence law, intended to make voters out of itinerant prospectors, proves a latter-day bonanza



Max Miller

Onetime newspaper reporter; author of the best seller, "I Cover the Waterfront."

RENO, to most Americans synonymous with Sin, lies wide open, brazen under tourist eyes. And few tourists look far enough beyond the gambling houses, the night spots, the divorcées, to realize that Reno is more than this. Reno is the mouthpiece, the trading post for Nevada's population: the scattered sheep ranchers, cattlemen, prospectors and miners, to whom Reno's divorcées and tourists are passing entertainment.

Nevada is a wilderness state which, though sixth largest in the Union, does not contain enough citizens to fill the Pasadena Rose Bowl. The desert on three sides, the High Sierra on the west have been the ancient taskmasters, and Nevada's laws are founded on the theory that each man should be capable of looking out for himself. If he wants to gamble the prerogative is his. But he must not hang around whining if he loses, nor ask the state for a free living afterward.

Gambling is a broad term in Nevada, however. Each season in this dry land is a gamble with cattle raising, with sheep. Certainly mining is a gamble. Not to gamble in Nevada would mean not to be working for a living.

To understand Reno you must look at Nevada's past. And the past is still there to be seen, a story in each abandoned glory-hole on a hillside, a parable in every old desert cemetery. Nearby Virginia City was the leading city of the Bonanza, when the Comstock Lode supported a population of 70,000 and yielded \$180,000,000 in the one year of 1873. The statistics make one as dizzy as the shell of ground supporting the city. More bits of it cave in each year, for beneath it stretch the 600 miles of tunnels which formed that underground world from which over 20 million tons of ore were taken by men who seldom lived to reach the age of 34: men who worked drenched by the

hot sulphuric fumes of a river a thousand feet beneath the surface. These same sulphuric hot springs are today being turned into pretty little resorts with private cabins and swimming pools for two, no questions asked, no registration necessary. No wonder an old-timer I met out there said he was going to stop killing rattlesnakes. "Hell," he said, "this country's getting too damned soft already."

Old Piper's Opera House, once the money spot of the world for actors and actresses, still stands. The drop curtain hangs part way down almost as if it had become stuck, delaying the expected appearance of Jenny Lind or of the Great Patti. On it we read where to go for fashionable bustles and the latest imports in gentlemen's beaver hats. The moving shadows become figures. . . . "And in addition, ladies and gentlemen of the Comstock, next week we will present a bull and bear fight. And the week after that Henry Ward Beecher, to be followed by none other than Montgomery Queen's Great Show with the only, positively the only Female Somersault Rider in the World."

In those days Julia Bulette was queen of Virginia City's line, which boasted hundreds of professional girls. Julia was officially adopted by the Virginia City Volunteer Engine Company Number One, and given her own badge and elaborate firefighting costume. This meant con-

siderable distinction, as membership in Company Number One was tops in Comstock society. Riding her polished phaeton behind white horses, Julia was in all the parades. Wearing her splendid uniform, she was at all the fires.

Then Julia was murdered. The Engine Company turned out in full regalia for the funeral, and almost every male in town publicly expressed his sadness. But when Julia's murderer was imprisoned, the housewives had their turn. They brought him flowers, rare in Virginia City, and candy and poetry, acclaiming him as a crusader against vice. They lined the balconies and streets four deep for his drive to the gallows. And he played his part nobly, even to the farewell address of thanks for all they had done for him: he hoped they would remember him always — and they have.

Even so, the men of the Comstock had the last word. The famed Julia mine was named for Julia Bulette when it was proved to be the hottest on the Comstock.

It was Nevada's Comstock days that set in motion the laws which changed Reno from a toll bridge across the Truckee to what it is today. So constant was the turnover among the miners that, in order to have someone in the state qualified to vote, they decided that a stay of six months established legal residence. A New York lawyer saw the advantage for divorce clients, and from the first notorious

case in 1905 the world has associated Reno with only one purpose.

In Reno itself this One Thing is avoided in conversation as being the sure sign of a rank newcomer. The regular citizens would like to believe they are not dependent on that One Thing. But back in 1913 the housewives organized a moral crusade and carried a law requiring a 12 months' term of residence for divorce seekers. Almost immediately Reno started to fade.

Store clerks lost their jobs. Hotels became vacant. It was two dreary years before the legislature could convene and change back the law: and while Reno

pretends to forget, the phrase "he's one of those guys who voted for the 12 months' law" has been sufficient ever since to damn any political aspirant. Gradually, the residential requirements have been cut until today they are the well-known six weeks.

Other states tried to steal the divorce trade — but Reno had 20 years' start, and its judges are "educated." A New York lawyer can long-distance a reputable lawyer in Reno and ask outright, after stating the case, if the divorce will be granted, and the Reno lawyer can answer immediately yes or no. He knows exactly how the Reno judges will react.

The 10 oldest law firms in Reno,

tied in with big eastern firms, have more than 90 percent of the entire trade. The average fee is \$250, but clients are charged in proportion to their wealth. This can be thousands — or only \$25 for some poor woman with youngsters who asks no alimony. She must be authentically poor, however, and smart enough to go to the most expensive-looking offices in town rather than to the shyster who offers a \$50 special and then tries to hold her up on the last day for an additional couple of hundred.

A good Reno lawyer is a father confessor. He is astonished by nothing. He knows that

when a man approaches

his dangerous years he may suddenly become fearful that, while concentrating on making money, he has lost out on romance. The man meets up with some little specialist who knows all the tricks of making him feel that — until he met her — his talents as a lover have gone unappreciated. And because of her the wife one day is told that she has no warmth, and that rather than wait until the coolness between them turns to downright hate she had better go right out to Reno "so that we still can be friends at least." The expense account is furnished, and the wife, for the sake of her own pride, must do the rest.



For it is a fact that nine out of ten women who come to Reno do not want what they are sent to get. This is why so many of these cast-off wives make such helpless fools of themselves with the first stranger. Given a few drinks, they set right out to prove to themselves that they still have warmth. And this is also why so many of them vow never again to marry a "successful" man — why so many of them marry cowboys and rodeo riders and miners and trappers.

Many clients come to town so crazed, so bitter, so convinced that all the woes of time have combined to make them individual targets, that their first impulse is to hunt forgetfulness in the feverish life of the bars and cafés. This results in a six-week wild fling of revenge — which one divorcée culminated by sending her husband, with the decree, a farewell gift of silk underwear, with two black widow spiders concealed in the folds. The lawyer will try to help his client avoid such extremes by settling her in a comfortable "dude ranch" — which, in Reno, is really an old-fashioned boardinghouse 10 or 15 minutes from town, run by a woman who will serve as court witness to prove residence. She is generally someone who has gone through the works herself, who knows when to be sympathetic, when to be hard, and when the turbulent mind should be kept occupied with horseback trips to Virginia City or Pyramid Lake.

The wilderness which lies just outside town in any direction is one reason why Reno has remained for so long the clinic it is for disturbed souls. Always in the background like a great drop curtain is the High Sierra, peak after peak with pockets of snow, with brazen boulders. Pyramid Lake is 45 miles of blue, green and obsidian black silence in the middle of the desert. The bitter woman sees upon the canyon walls the strata upon strata of rock formations which were there before man — her man or anybody else's — came on earth. She is brought face up to the fact that there still would be an earth whether man was on it or not. For a moment even "that woman he's with now" back home may seem but a retrospective mote and not the entire cosmos. The space is medicine. It is the reason why so many divorcées, after their third or fourth week, so frequently wire for the husbands to come "just to see what it's like." And the husbands frequently do come.

So all day the divorcées, and the tourists, look at Nevada's past. And all night, at her present — the blur of constant excitement that constitutes the gambling district and the night joints, the grotesque red front of *The Inferno*, designed to portray the leaping flames of hell; *The Club Fortune* with its golden nude outside; *Colbrandt's* with its host of golden nudes inside. The bars comprise the clearing-

house, the places where of an evening dude ranchers meet each other, and meet all the other worlds that go to make up this crossroads town. There are the fortune-hunting wolves of both sexes who help swell Reno's quick-marriage trade. There is the Reno of the sheepmen, the three-to-five thousand Basque herdsmen who have their own dynasties and their own great grazing ranches. There is the cattleman's Reno, where the legitimate cowhands learn who is about to have some cattle driven where. There is always the definite undercurrent of mining and prospecting, the century-old Nevada theme song. All these orbits intertwine in the bars, with a live-and-let-live understanding resembling the truce among jungle animals at a water hole. The hat is snatched from the head of a quiet cattle rancher to dress the antics of a drunken dancer who has, a half hour before, scraped acquaintance with and married his giggling bride. The rancher gravely drinks to their happiness. A commotion, and you look up to see a woman riding a cow through the door. Her escort leads the cow up to the slot machines. They demand and get drinks on the house. No one pays them the slightest attention. The next day you read one of those national wire stories under a Renodate line about "Divorcée Rides Cow

into Reno Night Club." So Reno is in print again.

For Reno lives on getting talked about. It is Reno's reputation that packs the cars into the city's parking spaces, their license plates calling the roll of the Union. No tourist must ever say, "Reno was dead when I was there." Wild activity reigns supreme for 24 hours a day around the wheels, around the dice, even though in out-of-season months the players may all be "shills" employed by the house. Reno is brazen. Ask the way to Reno's licensed Stockade, where the descendants of Julia Bulette's girls carry on, and directions are given with a yawn. It's the same spirit that lets a man make up his own mind whether or not he feels lucky with cattle or mines or faro — only if he loses he must not run around crying about it. The same spirit that lets a man use his own speed judgment on the open highways, and where warning signs are worded: "Advise 45 miles around next turn." And it helps get Reno talked about.

Put them all together — the past alongside the present, the divorcées, the ranchers, the miners, the gambling casinos, the tourists, the great healing desert space — and maybe they are Reno. And maybe Reno really is "The Biggest Little City in the World."

Labor Under the Swastika

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Ludwig Hamburger

Who once was a mechanic in a German factory; authority on labor legislation, member of the staff of The Brookings Institution

IN THE Middle Ages the serf was a part of his master's estate. Translating the language of feudal law, he was "fixed on the estate," which he could not leave. Substitute *job* for *estate* and you have the condition of the German worker today.

The situation began in 1934. Construction of new highways, flying fields and factories attracted farm hands, resulting in a shortage of farm labor. To counteract this, the government decreed that it was illegal for farm workers to take non-agricultural jobs. As rearmament speeded up and labor became scarce, other large groups were prohibited from changing employment. Finally, at the beginning of the war, every German worker, whether in business, industry, or the household, was tied to his job. Only employment authorities had the right to set him free.

The serf enjoyed many advantages the German does not. If under feudal law he had no right to move, his lord had no right to drive him from the estate. Nazi feudalism disregards this essential feature of the older system.

In 1937 tens of thousands of young clerks were shifted from office work into manual labor on farms, roads and buildings. In 1938 a general labor conscription law empowered employment authorities to draft all men and women not holding paid jobs and further to call regular employes from their positions and assign them to whatever work, locality and employer the government deemed necessary. Hundreds of thousands have thus been moved from one job to another. The worker may not quit, nor may the employer fire him, without permission from the state. But the government can discharge the worker at any time without the employer's consent, and can send him wherever it likes.

The Nazis first compelled itinerant salesmen to work on farms and in factories. Later, in 1938 and 1939, they picked upon the shops of artisans and skilled craftsmen. A plan was announced to close some 500,000 shops, forcing the owners "to join the rank and file of the industrial working class." Thousands of retail tradesmen have been treated in the same way. Thus, by

decree, an entire economic group becomes the property of the state.

Every aspect of the German worker's life is regimented. His pay is fixed by schedule. Merely asking for a wage beyond schedule entails drastic punishment. Long working hours are fixed under statute. Vacations, membership in organizations and recreation are controlled. And a worker quitting his job without authority can be forced to return — the modern equivalent of the right to reclaim a fugitive slave.

The German worker is, indeed, in the position of a slave except that he does not belong to a private master. His nominal employer is merely the modern equivalent of an overseer.

In ancient times the master had the right to kill his slave. Under Nazi rule the worker carries a labor passport recording all the details of his training, abilities, and vocational career. To employ a man who has no such work book is illegal. Thus employment authorities, by withdrawing a worker's book, can at any time condemn him to starvation.

Under state ownership the slave is worse off than when privately owned. In ancient Greece and Rome the principal sources of slaves were foreign conquest and purchase abroad. They never turned their own citizens into workers against their will. The Nazis, too, have used their conquests to supply labor by shipping Czechs, Danes, Poles,

Dutchmen and other foreign workers into Germany by tens of thousands. But in addition, every class in the home population is subject to labor conscription. Thus the Nazis have opened a vast new source of slaves, far beyond anything sanctioned in the past.

Compulsory juvenile labor is another blessing of Hitler's "wave of the future." In March 1938, German parents were ordered to report to employment offices the names of all children leaving primary and secondary schools. School administrations were made agents of the employment authorities, who mobilized practically the entire youth of the country and directed it into the trades and industries which most needed the young. The vast majority of these children were only 14 years old. Under conditions of private ownership only slaves bear slaves; under the Nazi system every woman is a potential bearer of slaves.

In every slave-owning society of the past, the slave could be liberated by his master and frequently was. The German worker, having no private master, has no private benefactor. He faces only the state. Nor can he buy his freedom. In ancient civilization the slave might, within certain limits, engage in business, acquire property and then buy himself from his master. For the German workingman to engage in business is practically impossible. Everything necessary to start —

capital, credit, raw materials, equipment — is controlled by the Nazi state.

Some 20,000,000 men and women workers have undergone regimentation, the like of which, in scope and intensity, humanity has never

seen. Nationalized, depersonalized, the workers have become, like ants, the inescapably controlled cells of a collective body — with living standards far below those of 1925 to 1929, years of German prosperity and workers' freedom.

The Rescue of the Books

Excerpt from The Saturday Review of Literature

Karl Detzer

DEEP DOWN in an abandoned Welsh coal mine a librarian is working; the strangest place for a librarian, and his task, too, a strange one. On rough shelves lining the mine's long gallery are several million dollars' worth of the world's rarest books and manuscripts evacuated from the British Museum. The man photographs them page by page, on microfilm, and sends each finished roll to America.

Photographs of 1,000,000 pages have already crossed the Atlantic safely; not a foot of film has been lost. The negatives are stored in a small brick building near the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Prints from them have been sent to more than a dozen libraries which have reading machines that enlarge the films to original size.

Thus far every book in the British Museum printed before 1550 has found sanctuary in America, meticulously reproduced in miniature. With them have come thousands of rare items from other famous British collections. Five thou-

sand pages from the Guildhall Library arrived a few days before that museum was smashed by Nazi bombs.

The man chiefly responsible for all this is Eugene B. Power, a young Ann Arbor photo-publisher. For several years he had been "printing" on microfilm the typewritten dissertations of neophyte Ph.D.'s. As the threat of war and destruction loomed over Europe, he evolved the project of photographing rare works in European libraries. Sponsored by the Library of Congress and the American Council of Learned Societies, and with grants first from the Carnegie Foundation and later from the Rockefeller Foundation, Power went to Europe in 1936 with a staff of scholars and technicians.

War stopped his work on the Continent, but thanks to him six American cameras are working in the British Isles, striving against time and blitzkrieg and barbarism to rescue the written and printed evidence of what we know as culture.

The Answer Man's Commonest Questions

HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

Compiled by Bruce Chapman

SINCE Albert Mitchell went on the air four years ago with the offer to answer any question on any topic — if it *has* an answer — half a million listeners have asked him questions. Queries come to him at the rate of 4000 a week; his twice-a-week program, "The Answer Man," has an audience of 2,000,000.

Mitchell was an orchestra conductor who, for 20 years, had made a hobby of reading dictionaries, almanacs, encyclopedias. So many people asked him for information that he determined to make a profession of his hobby. He uses a large reference library, an index of several thousand authorities, and a card file of the 20,000 commonest questions — most of which he can answer out of his head.

Here are 20 of the questions most frequently asked. For the Answer Man's answers, see page 123.

1. Will hot water freeze faster than cold water?
2. If you're out in the rain for five minutes, will you get wetter walking or running?
3. Is a tomato a fruit or a vegetable?
4. Why do people say "God Bless You" when a friend sneezes?
5. When does a young man come of age?
6. Was Theodore Roosevelt blind in one eye?
7. Why is a left-handed person called a "southpaw"?
8. Can a portion of a dollar bill be redeemed?
9. What is the legal birthday of persons born on February 29?
10. Why does a horse run into the barn when the barn is on fire?
11. Which can run faster — a horse or a man?
12. Why do we call a quarter two bits?
13. Why does "love" mean "nothing" in tennis?
14. Why does fear cause a person's face to turn pale?
15. Why do the English drive to the left?
16. What makes popcorn pop?
17. How often do twins occur?
18. How does a fly stick upside down on the ceiling?
19. Why are three balls hung out in front of a pawnshop?
20. Why can a bird stand on an electric power line without being electrocuted?

A Revolution in Southern Agriculture

Condensed from *Country Life*

J. Sidney Cates

AN AMAZING series of agricultural discoveries—all made during the past decade—promises to transform the South. In each of agriculture's three main divisions—soils, crops and livestock—the South has been handicapped by natural lacks and difficulties. If its people have not been prosperous it was largely because land and climate put so many discouraging obstacles in their path. These obstacles have now been conquered.

Cattle have never done very well in the hotter, more humid parts of the South. One important reason for this has only recently been discovered: our cattle, of species imported from Europe, are

ill-equipped to stand long, hot, damp summers. Under heat and humidity their blood count drops very low. They do not sweat, and can cool themselves only by radiation and rapid breathing. This limited cooling process is insufficient for the southern climate, and so during hot weather the animals become listless and debilitated.

But along with this discovery came the hopeful finding that cattle from India, of a species known as the Brahma, have a cooling system which enables them to thrive in the hottest, most humid climate.

In studies at the U. S. government station at Jeanerette, La., during the hottest summer periods Brahma cattle showed no appreciable rise in either temperature or breathing rate, and displayed disdain of heat by standing contentedly in the broiling sun to chew their cuds, though shade was a short distance away. First crosses of the Brahma with our beef breeds showed the same disregard of hot weather, and as three-year-olds they weighed about 300 pounds more than their ordinary beef breed half-brothers.

J. SIDNEY CATES has spent most of his life demonstrating by deed and word the value of research to agriculture. Born and raised on a North Carolina farm, he studied science at the state college and at Cornell and in 1905 went into the U. S. Department of Agriculture to do research work. By 1912 he was in charge of weed and tillage investigation and had made notable discoveries for the control of weeds. He then edited *Southern Planter* for three years, returning to the Department in the Office of Farm Management. Since 1919 Mr. Cates has been a staff writer for *Country Gentleman*.

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(*Country Life*, July, '41)

Leading cattlemen are taking advantage of this discovery. The great King Ranch in south Texas, which is rapidly being stocked with Brahma hybrids, reports that the new animals weigh much more, that the calf crop is up nearly 50 percent, and that runts and culls which used to constitute 25 percent of each year's increase are unknown.

Brahma bulls now command a price four or five times that of ordinary beef breeds. But thanks to the newly developed technique of artificial insemination, one male can take care of several thousand breeding cows, thus cutting sire cost to a negligible figure.

Cattle did not flourish in the South for another reason: the scourge of ticks and internal parasites. Through a colossal eradication campaign the fever tick was practically eliminated several years ago. But until recently no progress had been made against internal parasites. Medicines against these vermin proved only feebly effective — the animal's digestive system absorbed the dose before it got much beyond the stomach. The animal might be made sick, but the vermin in the lower part of its system remained unscathed.

Recently an entomologist, entirely ignorant of veterinary tradition, opened the road to an answer. In trying to control the blood-sucking horn fly that scourged cattle on west Texas ranches, he found that the fly reproduced only in its vic-

tims' droppings. Why not feed insecticide to the cattle, thereby poisoning the droppings so that the fly larvae could not develop in them? The insecticide used was the new sensational synthetic, phenothiazine. Any trained veterinarian would have laughed at his experiment. But it worked. In the journey through the animal, little of phenothiazine's potency was lost; the droppings were thoroughly poisoned and the horn fly destroyed.

Veterinary parasitologists took up this lead; repeated tests with every sort of domestic animal showed the new drug to be an undreamed-of panacea for practically all the vitality-sapping internal pests that have plagued southern livestock.

But even with these barriers removed there can be no expansion of the South's livestock industry without an abundance of cheap feed. And cheap feed comes from rich lands and healthy crop plants. Here again science has made exhilarating discoveries.

The South was not blessed with natural fertility. Southern soils are timber soils. Trees do not lavish organic matter on the earth; forest residue forms only a thin top coat. These lands have washed terribly, because of their texture and because of open winters and torrential rains. Until recently there were no easily cultivated sod crops that would bind and build these lands.

Now the South has a series of

new sod crops, natives of Asia and the tropics, which grow with vigor, stop erosion, yield rich forage, and as though by magic build fertility into soil so that ordinary field crops yield a profit on poor land. One of these is an Asiatic plant named *Lespedeza*.

Last summer, at a big farmers' meeting held at the West Tennessee Experiment Station at Jackson, Dr. C. A. Mooers, head of the state's agricultural research, said: "In the past, when I have shown a road to better farm practice, your reply has often been: 'I could do that too if I had the state and national governments to pay the bills.' But you can offer no such alibi to what I shall show you today."

Then Dr. Mooers led the group to an experimental field where *Lespedeza sericea* has been growing for ten years. It had been notably poor land, on which a ton of hay per acre was a splendid crop, even though heavily limed and fertilized; its normal yield of corn was 30 bushels. In 1930 the new oriental soil-maker was planted. No fertilizer or lime has been used, and all the growth, consisting of either two hay crops or a hay crop and seed crop, has been removed each year. The *lespedeza* hay crop has varied from three to five tons per year. For the past seven years a section of this field has been put to corn. A prospective 80-bushel crop was waving in the breeze as Dr. Mooers gave his lecture.

Lespedeza sericea is much like alfalfa, save that it grows in care-free fashion on poor and sour lands. It makes excellent hay tonnage on leveled-off gullies. In a few years these gullies become good land. *Sericea* wrests mineral nutrients from soil that does not surrender them to ordinary plants. It confounds soil chemists by its ability to double or treble the yield of crops that follow. It is drought-resistant; has seed habits so good that every farmer can raise his own. Insects and diseases do not bother it, and it can wrest more nitrogen from the air than any other poor-land forage crop.

Other foreign legumes are doing a herculean job in fattening southern soil. *Crotalaria* has been coaxed up from the tropics to become a beloved benevolent weed. I have seen it make a growth of 30 tons green weight on almost pure sand in the lower South.

A Japanese bean vine, kudzu, long grown merely as a porch vine, is another recent sensational addition to southern agriculture. Kudzu has a deep perennial root system, and sends out a heavy growth that will clamber 40 feet in a year. Nothing equals it for gully stopping. Its growth of forage, head high each year, is a delicacy for grazing animals. And since the invention of an ingenious mower attachment which cuts each swath free from the mass of tangled vines and makes raking and loading possible, kudzu is com-

ing into extensive use as a hay crop.

Even these new developments would mean little to southern agriculture but for one last link in the chain: an adequate supply of carbohydrate feed — cereal grains, or something to take their place. Apparently we now have an answer to this problem also. Large-scale government experiments testify to possibilities of the sweet potato as a carbohydrate feed crop. Of even greater practical value to the southern farm is the new magic in small-grain breeding. Wheat, oats, and barley have always been particularly subject to rusts and mildews in the South. Now plant breeders have learned how to con-

quer these pests and new rust-free small-grain varieties are coming into everyday use.

During the past five years research appropriations for southern states have more than doubled. Trained scientists are at work following through the new leads. They are developing varieties of vegetables and small fruit which are immune to old besetting diseases and of a quality heretofore unknown in the South.

With a cheap and easy way to make poor land into rich land, and with the barriers to plant and animal health broken down, southern agriculture sees on the horizon a new dawn.



The Eternal Masculine

ALFRED LUNT and Lynn Fontanne made one movie while I was in Hollywood. When they were asked to see the rushes (uncut scenes in the picture) Lynn saw them alone and was horrified. She rushed home to her husband.

"Well?" said Alfred.

"I was awful," said Lynn wildly, "terrible, unbelievable. I can't go on with it."

"How was I?" asked her husband.

"Oh, charming, dear, perfectly wonderful, as you always are. You'll have to do a little something about your makeup, because you look as though you didn't have any lips. But Alfred, I can't go on with this. My voice sounds impossible and I haven't any eyes, and my face is entirely expressionless and I don't seem to know what to do with my hands and feet."

There was a long pause.

"Alfred," said Lynn, "I tell you I can't go on. What'll I do?"

"No lips, eh?" said Alfred.

-- Bayard Veiller, *The Fun I've Had* (Reynal & Hitchcock)

Feats of Cleveland's Scientific Detective

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

To Chamberlin

THE POLICE of Cleveland arrested a laborer who, they believed, had beaten his wife to death. There were no witnesses, they had no confession. David Cowles, head of the police department's scientific crime detection laboratory, questioned the man, found that he was of low intelligence, then told him:

"If you killed your wife the blood is still on your hands. You can't wash it off."

On the man's palm he poured an alkali solution. Then he added an alkali indicator, which turned the

solution the vivid red of human blood. The man confessed.

Sometimes by psychological strategy such as this, sometimes thanks to his sound scientific knowledge and painstaking use of laboratory detection methods, Inspector Cowles has in the past 15 years dramatically solved hundreds of strange mysteries. A former city chemist, now heading 24 men in Cleveland's crime detection laboratory, he has attracted national attention. Here are six of his unique cases that represent true detective stories as ingenious as fiction.

The Woman Who Died Twice

A POLICE OFFICER, investigating a shooting, was met at the door by a strangely calm man. He led the policeman to a bedroom and unlocked the door, explaining that he had locked it so that nothing would be disturbed.

The man's wife lay across a bed, fully clothed, shot through the heart. Her right arm was outflung as though in greeting.

"Where's the pistol?" asked the officer.

"I didn't see any."

To the officer things looked peculiar. All the windows were shut. No one had been seen to leave the house. Neighbors

said the couple had quarreled. So the husband was charged with murder.

When Cowles arrived he examined the bedroom. In it were a bed, a dresser, a small trunk against the wall. Behind this trunk, 10 feet from the body, Cowles found the missing pistol — with two shots fired from it. How had it gotten there?

Cowles was amazed to find that there was but one bullet wound though *two bullets were recovered from the body*. Things looked dark for the husband. People don't shoot themselves twice through the heart, then hide the pistol.

Cowles noted that the bullets were

different in shape; one had a blunted nose, as if it had struck a retarding object. There was a difference, too, in the empty shells; the one fired last had swelled out abnormally, indicating exceptional concussion.

Cowles put these clues together and had an idea. He ran his finger along the gun barrel, found an almost imperceptible swelling halfway to the muzzle. He then placed the nose of the blunted bullet against the heel of the other. They fitted perfectly.

The case was clear.

The first bullet, fired long before, had lodged in the pistol barrel—an imperfect powder charge, perhaps, combined with rust in the barrel. When the woman pulled the trigger the second bullet forced the first one out, and they traveled on their deadly errand as one. Meanwhile the obstruction had forced back the explosive gases that are released with every shot, marking the shell queerly and kicking the gun out of her hand to its place behind the trunk. The outflung arm indicated this.

The husband was cleared. It was suicide, not murder.

Clothes Trap the Man

ONE Saturday night an office-building watchman felt a gun at his back. Unseen assailants bound his hands, gagged and blindfolded him. Then the gang blew the safes of wholesale jewelry firms in the building, stealing diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and gold.

When Cowles arrived the next morning he took samples of shattered fire-insulation material and teakwood interiors from the blown safes. A plaster cast was made of a clear shoeprint found on an adjoining rooftop where a window had been forced.

Weeks later the police were tipped off that two men had been spending money freely in a West Side café. So the cops arrested one of them, George Cianco, on suspicion. Cowles put his clothes under the microscope and found minute splinters of teakwood in his trouser cuffs. He also found dust that spectroscopic analysis proved to be of the same chemical makeup as the safes' insulation material.

Through Cianco the police put the finger on his night-club pal, Phil Sheridan, safe-cracker. A shoe taken from him matched the plaster cast footprint perfectly. Even though there were no eyewitnesses to put him in jail, this mute witness did.

The Case of the Pawned Automatic

BECAUSE Cowles has persuaded pawnbrokers to let him examine all guns they receive, he has been able to dig up many valuable clues. For example, a man borrowed money on a .45 automatic. This gun's serial number had been filed off; apparently it was "hot."

However, Cowles knows that when a gun's number is punched at the factory, the molecular structure of the steel undergoes changes below the surface. By grinding and highly polishing the metal, and then treating it with an etching acid, the number reappears—for the acid eats away the softer metal faster than it does the metal hammered by the die.

This pawned gun, he found, had been stolen from a naval officer whose home had been burglarized. The police were ready for the burglar when he came to redeem it.

Blood Will Tell

A 14-YEAR-OLD girl was seized by a man one night near her home, and attacked in a garage. Some time later she was sure she recognized her assailant on the street, and pointed him out to her father. Her identification was positive. The man had a wife and family, claimed he had never seen the girl before.

Fortunately, Cowles at the time of the crime had examined the girl's clothes, securing minute amounts of semen, which lasts for a long time, although not visible to the unaided eye. Now, semen is classified in four groups corresponding exactly to the four types of human blood. For example, a man doesn't have Type A blood and Type B semen. Only recently has this vital fact been officially accepted.

The tests are of a negative character. That is, you cannot prove that a specimen of blood or a secretion belongs to a given person, but you can often prove that it does *not* belong to him. In the present case, the semen specimens connected with the attack and specimens of blood from the accused man did not match, in the opinion of medical authorities called in. The accused was therefore released, despite the protests of the girl's parents.

Later the real criminal was caught, and confessed to this attack and others. But for Cowles' work an innocent man might have been disgraced, sent to prison, his family broken up.

The Murder of George Blazie

SCENE, a Cleveland café. Time, 1 a.m., the night of January 29, 1940. An upstairs tenant heard scuffling below, a scream, then silence. He called the police.

George Blazie, bartender, was lying on the floor — murdered as he counted the night's receipts. He had been repeatedly struck on the head with a heavy weapon. On counting the silver stacked near the cash register and referring to slips of paper on which he had added up the money, the police found that only \$20 was missing, all of it in quarters. Beside the body lay a pipe; outside the door was a brown button torn from an overcoat.

Cowles examined the pipe under a microscope. The lower side of the stem was rough; but the upper side was smooth. He reasoned that the owner had artificial upper teeth, and couldn't bear down on the pipe stem. Detectives now narrowed their curiosity to the café's customers who had dental plates.

One such person, Clarence Rost, had left town the night of the murder. He had false uppers and smoked a pipe. A girl friend, establishing an alibi for Rost, said they had gone to the movies that evening. In fact, she had had to pay for the tickets and later refreshments. Rost's mother, that same night, had taken a telephone message for him to the effect that a share-expense auto trip to California was starting early next morning. Rost had come home at midnight, had gone out again, and had returned at 2 a.m., when he packed his clothes and left. *Broke early in the evening*, he now had funds for a trip to California.

Rost was brought back to Cleveland. Cowles showed him faint pin scratches on the bowl of the pipe, discernible only with microphotography, that seemed to be a capital R and a last letter t. Rost admitted that the pipe was his. He had gone to the café, he said, for a promised loan. When Blazie refused, there were

words and Blazie had struck him. In defending himself Rost had killed the bartender.

The prosecution, however, had an answer. Detectives had located the man who'd driven Rost to California. He testified that Rost had paid his share of traveling expenses, \$20, *in quarters*. Exactly the amount stolen!

Sowing Wild Oats

MINNIE BURGER and her husband, paying a Sunday morning visit to their hat factory, were greeted by two men with pistols, who locked them in a small room and made away with \$2000 in hats and raw felt. Cowles and his assistant were surprised to discover in cracks of the wooden floor a few grains

of oats. How had oats gotten into a hat factory?

The detectives found a man who had seen a truck at the factory that Sunday morning. Questioning all concerns renting trucks, they traced those which had been used that Sunday, made sweepings from the floors of all of them. In one mess of sweepings they found oats. From the company's records they got the names of two men who had rented that truck. Arrested, the men were identified by the Burgers. Police found much of the loot in their possession, also some discarded feed bags used to carry off the stolen goods. Grains of oats, embedded in the folds and dropping here and there, were enough to convict two felons.

Anonymity

FRED STONE and his young daughter, lunching with a group at the Algonquin Hotel, fell to discussing the anonymity of waiters. R. H. Burnside, the producer, contended that only one person in 50 notices the waiter who serves him.

A well-known painter present maintained that this goes for household servants too, recalling that early in his career when he and his wife were living in very modest circumstances in England, his wife was startled in the middle of her morning housework to see a local duchess coming up the garden path on her first social call. After a moment's panic at being caught in her dustcap, she opened the door, admitted the duchess with a murmured, "Madam will be down shortly," and whipped up the stairs. A few moments later she came down in a presentable costume, and the duchess gave no sign of ever having seen her before.

While the painter told the story, a waiter took the dessert order, cleared the table. When he arrived with the dessert, Stone's daughter suddenly exclaimed, "Daddy -- isn't that Mr. Burnside?"

It was: the producer had waited on his friends for ten minutes without their recognizing him.

— Peggy McEvoy

Starting with one plane, Lowell Yerex has built up the largest air-freight transport in the world

Central America's Aerial Mules

Condensed from Forbes

Desmond Holdridge

COWS FLY in Central America. So do massive mahogany logs, two-ton tractors — and all manner of freight, because it is cheaper to move it by air. Steaming jungles and jagged mountain ranges have blocked the building of roads and railroads; the rivers are unusable; travel is by mule, along primitive trails, and then only in the dry season.

The pilot who made "air freighters" a familiar sight in Central America is Lowell Yerex, a veteran of barnstorming in the U. S., who later went to Honduras and there created opportunity from an appalling combination of climate and topography. Starting less than 10 years ago as half owner of one small plane, he proved he could carry burdens at one third the cost of sending them overland by pack

DURING the past 10 years Desmond Holdridge has made many trips to Latin America, including several scientific and educational missions, and three notable explorations of the remote fastnesses of the vast continent. On recent trips Mr. Holdridge has traveled largely by plane, and he is spending this summer on his place in Maryland learning how to farm and how to fly.

train. Today his company, TACA — *Transportes Aereos Centro-Americanos* — which has 52 planes and makes scheduled flights on 7000 miles of lines in seven countries, is the world's premier air-freight carrier. Last year it carried 30,000,000 pounds of cargo.

The story of Yerex is so romantic that it sounds like something from Hollywood. He was even involved in a revolution and eloped by air with the daughter of a Honduran cabinet minister. But for all the bizarre incidents of his career, he is fundamentally a businessman and administrator.

Born in New Zealand, educated in the United States, he was a Royal Flying Corps pilot in the last war and was shot down behind the German lines. Later he flew in the U. S. for some years and eventually took a pilot's job for a Mexican line.

In Mexico he ran across two harum-scarum youngsters who owned a Stinson Junior plane and wanted to hire a pilot. Yerex took the plane to Honduras for them, and there, where there was a crying need for plane service, they began commer-

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(Forbes, July 15, '41)

cial operations. It was, as Yerex says, an airline with "one plane and no mechanics, no spare parts, or anything else. We induced small towns to clear trees for landing fields. We took in \$3600 the first month with that little plane." Eventually Yerex became half owner of the plane and sole operator of the business.

Not long after that some *insurrectos* in a distant jungle began marching toward the capital of Honduras. The President called on Yerex for help in locating them. Flying low over the jungle, Yerex was fired on; a bullet smashed an eyebrow ridge and he went out cold, with the plane lurching drunkenly toward the jungle. But he recovered consciousness in time to land right side up on one of his sketchy little airports.

When President Carias offered him a money reward Yerex asked instead that he be allowed to carry the mail in his plane at the rate paid for mule service. The President signed up.

From the beginning Yerex's plane, carrying mail and capacity loads of freight, made money. He bought out the half interest of the original owners. He got new planes, imported pilots from the U. S., bought out airlines in neighboring republics and built up a network that covers all Central America from Guatemala to Panama.

At TACA's main base in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, every new ship

purchased for the line is rebuilt. Cushioned chairs are ripped out and replaced with wooden benches — passengers are secondary on this line; landing gear is strengthened to take the wallop of landing big loads on bumpy fields. Huge doors are cut to accommodate Diesel engines, lumber, mining machinery and tractors.

TACA's favorite ship has been the old trimotored Ford, and the line owns practically every one of those ships still in existence. These great ships, too slow for the competition they met at home, are for that very reason easier to land in TACA's skimpy airports. Their carrying capacity and their ability to "take it" are fantastic. All ships must measure up to an ironclad safety standard. TACA has had almost no accidents.

Yerex's 30 pilots are good. Every day, they sit down in knotholes that would whiten the hair of airline pilots back in the States. One fabulous field consists of two small open spaces connected by a bridge; the ship starts in one field, tears across the bridge to gain speed and takes off from the second field.

Yerex's birds of burden do an amazing variety of jobs. Taking mining machinery in and bringing gold out is routine. One flying tanker carries 600 gallons of Diesel fuel from Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua, to La Luz mines — 30 minutes by air but a long journey by trail. Three times a week a TACA

plane lands at a ranch, takes on a load of freshly slaughtered steers which it delivers within an hour to refrigerated storehouses on a Standard Fruit Company banana plantation where fresh meat used to be unobtainable.

TACA is in the merchandising business, too — not to make a profit on the goods but to promote traffic. Through its 700 employees at 235 airports, it knows the needs of the entire region. It learns where there is a big corn crop in a remote valley, and where a big construction camp needs fodder. It finds markets for vegetables, eggs, horses; transports the products, deducts freight, and remits the proceeds to the seller.

Chicle, basic ingredient of chewing gum, used to come out of the isolated Petén district of Guatemala on muleback. It took weeks. Yerex suggested to Wrigley and Beechnut that he could get chicle out faster, cheaper and in better condition. Both agreed to let him try it. Building the first landing field in the Petén was an epic achievement. A crew of tough machete swingers flew to an island in Lake Petén-Itza. Thence they traveled by canoe to the north shore and, plunging into the jungle, they cut a trail to the ruins of an ancient Mayan city.

A month later, Yerex was able to land his own plane on the bumpy surface. Three weeks after that, there was room to land a big plane

that brought a tractor, and from then on progress was swift. Soon the chewing gum express was operating, and last year it carried out 2,500,000 pounds of chicle from 10 such jungle air fields.

Yerex planes, too, are bringing a better life to lands that have been kept back for centuries by lack of transportation. The benefits reach from the plantation managers and mine superintendents, who last year imported 150 mechanical refrigerators and similar things they could afford but couldn't get, to the humble *chiclero*, the zapote tree bleeder who used to live isolated in squalid camps in the jungle throughout the rainy season. Now that the planes bring in medicines, fresh supplies and radio sets to end the loneliness, the *chicleros* are beginning to take their families to the woods and change their camps into homes, each with a clearing and spot of garden. Thus, thanks to air service, civilization spreads.

After this magnificent pioneering effort, Yerex recently had the disappointment of seeing his chicle-carrying franchise revoked and given to a new company, *Aerovías de Guatemala*. Nothing daunted, he continued to enlarge his operations by inaugurating a service between Trinidad, Tobago and Barbados. The West Indies need air service badly, since most of the steamers that served the islands have been commandeered for war needs. Yerex contemplates carrying his service

to South America, where the German airlines are now collapsing. Here he runs into Pan American Airways, which considers South America its private preserve. He is

big enough now to offer real competition to the rich and powerful — which is one way of measuring how far the old barnstormer has come in 10 years.



Radio Quips

- THEY'VE BEEN treating me like one of the family, and I've stood it as long as I can.
— Uncle Walter's Dog House (*Sir Walter Raleigh* — NBC)
- Yes, I remember her. She was nonhabit-forming.
— Bob Hope (*Pepsodent* — NBC)
- He was throwing his money around like a man with no arms.
— Herb Schreiner (*This Is the Show* — NBC)
- I must learn the new dances like the Conga or go on being a waltz flower.
— Col. Stoopnagle (*Mennen's* — CBS)
- If it isn't the sheriff, it's the finance company. I've got more attachments on me than a vacuum cleaner.
— John Barrymore (*Seatest* — NBC)
- He never knew what happiness was until he got married — and then it was too late.
— Uncle Walter's Dog House (*Sir Walter Raleigh* — NBC)
- The sergeant bawled me out for not standing at attention. I had to tell him, "I am at attention. It's my uniform that's at ease."
— Cliff Nazarro (*This Is the Show* — NBC)
- "You don't know the first thing about syntax."
"My goodness, is there a tax on that, too?" — (*Signal Oil Carnival* — NBC)
- Here I am talking about myself when it's you I want to talk about me.
— Col. Stoopnagle (*Ontario Show* — CBS)
- They call them dental parlors because they are drawing rooms.
— Al Pearce (*Camel* — CBS)
- He has a beautiful head of skin.
— Herb Schreiner (*This Is the Show* — NBC)
- He bought a suit so expensive that it had only one pair of trousers.
— Uncle Walter's Dog House (*Sir Walter Raleigh* — NBC)
- "I have to keep in shape. I'm a model and I have to watch my figure."
"Forget about your figure. There's no use both of us watching it."
— Eddie Cantor (*Ipapa* — NBC)

Once There Was a Squirrel

By Oscar Schisgall

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, when I was a young writer with a very uncertain income, I went into a quiet park to contemplate a serious problem. For four years She and I had been engaged but didn't dare to marry. There was no way of foreseeing how little I might earn in the next year; moreover, we had long cherished a plan of living and writing in Paris, Rome, Vienna, London — everywhere. But how could we go 3000 miles away from everything that was familiar and secure, without the certainty of *some* money now and then? It couldn't be done.

At that moment I looked up and saw a squirrel jump from one high tree to another. He appeared to be aiming for a limb so far out of reach that the leap looked like suicide. He missed — but landed, safe and unconcerned, on a branch several feet lower. Then he climbed to his goal, and all was well.

An old man sitting on the bench said, "Funny, I've seen hundreds of 'em jump like that, especially when there are dogs around and they can't come to the ground. A lot of 'em miss, but I've never seen any hurt in trying." Then he

chuckled. "I guess they've got to risk it if they don't want to spend their lives in one tree."

I thought, "A squirrel takes a chance — have I less nerve than a squirrel?"

We were married in two weeks, scraped up enough money for our passage and sailed across the Atlantic — jumping off into space, not sure what branch we'd land on. I began to write twice as fast and twice as hard as ever before. And to our amazement we promptly soared into the realm of Respectable Incomes.

Three years later, when we returned to New York, a fellow urged me to lecture on my experiences in writing abroad. He assured me he could get me good remuneration. I shook my head, telling him that I'd never done public speaking and was certain I'd faint the moment I confronted an audience.

Then my wife said, "Once there was a squirrel — remember?"

I knew she meant jump — take a chance — you can't be hurt trying. So I changed my mind on the spot and in the next few months delivered 20 lectures, surviving

them without scars and even enjoying the experience.

Since then, whenever I have to choose between risking a new venture or hanging back, those five little words run through my thoughts: "*Once there was a squirrel*—" And

sometimes I hear the old man on the park bench saying, "They've got to risk it if they don't want to spend their lives in one tree."

So I've jumped again and again. And in jumping I've learned why the squirrels so often do it: it's fun.

—II—

It Shows in Your Eyes

By

Alfred E. Lyon

A PLAIN little man clerking behind a dry-goods counter in Montreal many years ago, whom I knew only as Mr. Mathew, had a profound influence on my life. I was then 19, just over from London, with flashy ideas of making a fortune. My material possessions were an elegant broad-cloth Inverness cape and \$5, and I was glad to get a job as a clerk in a store for \$6 a week and a commission on my sales. I didn't know chintz from chenille, or anything about selling, but I pretended I did.

Salesmanship, to my callow mind, meant talking in superlatives, so I exaggerated the qualities of the merchandise even to the point of misrepresentation, guaranteed the wearing quality of materials I knew nothing about, and used all my glibness to persuade a customer to buy.

I sold a fair amount by these tactics. Yet I noticed that plain old Mathew had a far better sales record at the end of the month. I asked him about it. He said: "It's because people believe me."

Surprised, I asked: "Why don't they believe *me*?"

"Remember, lad," he said, "whatever you are, it shows in your eyes!"

That brought me up with a jolt, and it came over me then, for the first time, that honesty meant something more than the fact that you did not steal money, that it also wasn't just a vague ideal teachers and parents talk about, but a part of plain everyday living.

I began to emulate Mathew and I was astonished to find it actually worked. My sales increased. One day a simply dressed customer began ordering high-priced goods

rather recklessly, I thought. My commission would be considerable; but, bent upon following Mathew's precept of complete honesty, I urged her to consider the cheaper fabrics and to think about the entire purchase overnight. She bought what she wanted, however, and, to my surprise, she paid cash on the spot.

Next day her husband came in, asked for me, and offered me a salesman's job at four times the salary I was getting. He said he was a diamond merchant. When I told him I didn't know a thing about diamonds, he said he didn't care because I had already learned the most important principle of salesmanship.

With full force I realized how valuable a lesson Mathew had taught me. There has never been a period in my life that I have not been grateful for it.

I sold diamonds for several years. There was a great deal of chicanery in the wholesale diamond business at that time, and Mathew's precept stood me in good stead almost immediately. I was showing samples to one of Toronto's leading jewelers, who was deaf. Hard to please, he sent me for more samples that day and the next.

Fearing that we were losing the sale, the salesman who was with me said before the deaf jeweler: "Show him one of the first packs again and tell him it's new stuff."

I took a package out and explained: "I could tell you this is a new assortment, but it's not. You looked at it yesterday. But because I'm sure that these diamonds have the cut and spread you want, I really want you to look at them again today."

Quick as a flash he said: "I'll buy them!" He was a steady customer from then on.

In time I came to New York and got a job as salesman for a large corporation. My first territory was in the lower East Side — the hardest in the city. Prospects were discouraging there. Sales were low; rival salesmen were well established; the product I was selling was good, but not far and away better than other brands. Then I remembered Mathew's advice. It gave me courage. And it worked.

Later I was promoted to assistant sales manager, then to manager. Now I have more than 650 salesmen. Again and again in conferences with them I find myself paraphrasing Mathew's creed: "If you're not selling successfully, fix yourself up inside. You can't be top-notch unless your eyes show you are honest!"

ALFRED E. LYON, born in London fifty-odd years ago, has been an American citizen half that time. He is now executive vice-president of Philip Morris & Company, Inc., and his methods in the past seven years have raised his firm's annual earnings from \$418,000 to \$7,000,000.

—III—

*The Woman of the Flowers**By Maurice Maeterlinck*

WHILE WALKING in the country one summer morning when I was a young man, I learned what it means to use — *really to use* — the magic gift of sight. Attracted by a marvelous mist of fragrance borne by the breeze, I left the road and discovered nearby a wondrous garden. The flowers stretched before me in a rolling surf of blossoms — a lavish carpet of color and perfume, pervaded by the low sleepy murmur that was the working song of bees.

In the path leading from a little house in the midst of the flowers stood an old and very tiny woman; I knew instinctively that she was the creator of this incredible garden. "This is a wonderful place you have," I called to her.

"Do you like flowers?" she answered. "Then do come in —"

When I stood beside her she did not look up at me, apparently preferring to keep her eyes for the flowers, and I could not blame her. She spoke of them simply and lovingly. Indicating a patch nearby she said, "These — foxglove, forget-me-not, lily of the valley, violets and daisies — I call 'old' flowers, because they have been known for centuries in Europe. Those" —

here she pointed to fuchsia, African marigold, rose campion, hollyhock and others — "are newcomers, comparatively; voyagers of the Renaissance found them in far lands and carried them home."

She told me the history of each flower. Some had been brought by merchant-adventurers from the Indies, Mexico, Persia and Syria in the 16th century. In like manner the tulip came from Constantinople; later arrived the pansy, sweet pea and Indian pink. She told me of these and many more, from the great blue larkspur to the blood-red poppy and flaunting scarlet phlox. I thought, as I listened, that I had never really seen a flower before. So luminously did she describe them that had it been blackest night I would have seen them clearly.

"Notice that hooked spur of the columbine," she said. "No bee can reach in to drain it except the bumblebee. Over there is the campanula, my favorite among the tall plants; its flowers are so fine in texture that if you hold one close to your eyes it seems transparent. And see the leaves of the flax — they're shaped like little lances."

Marveling, I asked her how she

knew her myriad flowers in such precise detail. "I learned to use my eyes each day as if, the next morning, I would no longer be able to see," she said. "Then I found that nothing I had seen could ever be taken from me."

Many years have passed, but I have remembered her words. I could not easily forget them, if only because of that last moment when,

smiling, she lifted her head to say good-bye and I saw the catafacts in her sightless eyes.

She had used them well, before the dark morning came.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, famous Belgian playwright and essayist, is the author of *The Blue Bird*, *The Life of the Bee*, etc. Routed out of retirement in France by the Nazi invasion, he now lives in the U. S.

Beware the Fake Trade Schools

By Frank Brock

"DECIDE whether you want to carry a gun or be a trained mechanic, away from the bullets," is a typical advertisement of the phony trade schools which are springing up all over the country.

Some of these frauds have victimized not only a few draft dodgers but thousands of straightforward young men, who have paid as much as \$395, plus travel expenses, for worthless six weeks' courses.

Better Business Bureaus have been severely critical of numerous trade schools, including the Dilley Aircraft School in Kansas City, now operating as the Victory Aircraft School. Behind it is John R. Brinkley, of goat gland notoriety, who escapes U. S. regulation of his advertising by broadcasting from Mexico. The Airtrades Institute of California was promising boys jobs in the Douglas factory. The Douglas company denounced it.

Federal authorities usually are powerless against smooth operators, but did convict John Harold Adams who was selling courses in a Los Angeles school to Milwaukee boys.

Airplane factories will not knowingly hire men trained in such schools. They prefer complete novices to men who have been half taught or taught wrong. As for draft exemption, the Selective Service boards weigh each application for deferment on its merits — and the merits of taking a course in a fraudulent school for draft dodgers are few.

It is easy enough to distinguish the honest trade schools. They will not promise to make a student into a mechanic in less than six or eight months. They will not demand large advance fees — indeed, many of the best ones are free and backed by the government. They will not guarantee jobs; and above all they will not promise escape from the army.

☛ It takes surprisingly little time and effort to make your dog obedient and well mannered

How to Train Your Dog

Condensed from Your Life

Josef Weber

"I CAN'T MAKE my dog behave," runs a complaint typical of hundreds I receive. "He won't come when called, he jumps up on visitors, knocks over furniture, and isn't housebroken. What can I do?"

My answer is always the same: Any dog owner who will spend a little time each day can train his dog to be an obedient companion — no matter how long he has had the dog. Of course, training cannot change disposition; vicious dogs are hopeless, but any dog of any age with a decent disposition can be taught good behavior.

Every house dog should be trained to do the following, unhesitatingly, on command:

1. Walk at heel, with or without leash. 2. Sit down and remain seated until called. 3. Lie down

and stay there. 4. Come instantly when called. 5. Stop at a distance on signal.

In addition, he should have the habit of immaculate cleanliness and a clear comprehension of what is right and what is wrong.

In this training the master's tone of voice is important, for by it the dog knows whether you mean to command, reprove, or praise. Use the petting, the commanding, and the angry voice — each at the proper time. Do not shout: your dog has a better ear than you have.

The only equipment you need is a leather leash and what is called a choke collar. The leash should be soft, flat, and as long as the trainer is tall. Two other things you will need: patience and kindness — they are more important than anything else.

The daily training period should be from a half hour to an hour. Here are the directions for training:

Heel. Carry your leash in the right hand, with the loop end around your wrist or thumb; also grasp the leash in the middle. Your left hand is thus free for controlling and petting. Lead your dog, on

JOSEF WEBER is proprietor of Weber's Training School at Princeton, N. J., an outstanding establishment for the training of dogs. He is one of the founders of the Obedience Test Club, is well known as a judge of obedience classes at dog shows and as a delegate of the American Kennel Club. He has earned an international reputation training dogs for the blind and for police work, and is author of the instruction book, *The Dog in Training*.

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your left side, with a loose leash. If he goes ahead of you slow down, jerk, and command: "Heel." If the dog hangs back pat your thigh and talk in a petting voice to bring him up to your left, giving the command: "Heel." Soon the dog will discover that his natural place is close to your side.

Sit Down. Hold the leash in the right hand, short, just back of the snap, so that it is perpendicular. Put your left hand on the dog's back close to the tail and, at the command, "Sit down," press his hind quarters downward while pulling up on the leash.

Lie Down. Step back a few steps so that the dog has space to stretch out on the ground facing you. Hold your leash semi-taut in either hand. Raise your other hand to the height of your face, then strike the leash so that you produce a jerk on the collar. Be sure the jerk is sudden. Because of the striking motion, the dog will naturally duck, and the downward jerk combined with the command, "Lie down," completes the lesson. Never pet your dog after giving the command; this encourages him to get up. Voice and tone must be commanding. Repetition will teach the dog to drop immediately when so ordered.

Stay There. When your dog is lying down on command, keep repeating the command: "Stay there." Do not speak the dog's name after the command; this will act like the command "Come" and destroy

the meaning of the lesson. Regular practice will teach your pet to lie still for any length of time you desire.

Come. Get your dog in the lie-down position, step back as far as your leash allows, jerk your leash slightly toward you, pat your knee, and in a friendly voice call the dog by name with the command: "Come." If he shows willingness to obey, drop the leash over his back and gradually lengthen your distance from him. A dog that refuses to come, or that runs away, should have a 25-foot rope attached to his leash so that you can make him come or stop him. Should he attempt to break away, quickly step on the end of the rope lying at your feet, so that he will jerk himself up short. It is important to give the command "Come" at this moment. Never allow your dog to come to you and then run on by. The instant he reaches you, command him to sit down. With a few such lessons, even the most undisciplined dog can be taught to come instantly. Remember, however, if coming to you is usually followed by an unpleasant bit of discipline, the dog quickly learns that it is better sense not to come at all.

Stopping at a Distance. Probably 25 percent of our dogs lose their lives by being run over by automobiles. If your dog is trained to halt on command when at a distance from you, you can stop him from crossing the street when you see

danger approaching. To do this, call him to you from the sitting or lying down position; when he is halfway raise your right hand with a stern command: "Lie down!" Practice will make him perfect at this, and he always will be under your control even when several hundred feet away.

Houselbreaking. This requires kindness and patience. The first step is to regulate feeding. Never give liquid food, except water, after six in the evening. Regular hours for feeding regulate the interior mechanism. Solid foods, such as meat, give more peace through the night. The most urgent exercise periods are early in the morning and right after each meal. Once he has done his duty outside, take him the next time to the same place; it will remind him and save you time. If he has been uncleanly during the night, put him in a box which gives him just room enough to lie down comfortably. Since he wants to keep his bed clean, he will be compelled to exercise control. Do not whip him for a mistake; he will not connect his perfectly natural function with the whipping. Use your energy in taking him out at frequent intervals. He will understand that.

Do not think that while your dog is in training you should not play with him or give him a good time. Make the training interesting and pleasant for him, be lavish with petting and praise, and you

will have half the work and little trouble.

Often it is necessary to break dogs of bad habits; for instance, preventing a dog from lying in living-room chairs. This is easily done by putting a small mousetrap in his favorite chair; after it has snapped and scared him several times he will understand that he doesn't belong there. It is fairly easy to teach a dog not to jump up affectionately on visitors. Whenever he plants his paws on your waist, push him over sharply so that he will fall on his back. Hold the leash tightly to control his fall, so that he cannot land too hard. Repeat this every time he leaps up on you. Few dogs will try a third time.

In breaking a puppy of barking, first realize that a small pup suddenly taken from his mother is unhappy and frightened. The first night or two he will bark and howl. Be sure his quarters are comfortable, then don't go near him no matter how much he howls. If you go to him he will conclude that all he has to do is bark to bring you to his side; when he learns that howling does no good, he will give it up.

Older dogs that bark at postmen, delivery boys, and other visitors whom they should know, do so out of shyness and uncertainty. A dog's vision is faulty at a distance; hence a dog who is not sure of himself will bark at anyone who approaches. Even when the visitor is

close enough to be identified as friendly by his scent — which is more important to the canine intelligence than sight — the dog will often continue to bark, simply because he does not like to admit he was wrong in the first place. The best cure for such dogs is to take them frequently to crowded places. Walk the dog on busy streets, take him to open-air gatherings, so that he will realize that human beings in general mean him no harm. In extreme cases, the best cure is to dash water suddenly on him.

Never whip your dog unless he attacks a human being or viciously attacks another dog. In either case the whipping should be immediate and severe.

Once a dog has had the training here outlined, he will not forget it. You will find that his immediate obedience to commands gives you easy control over him. Your home life will be considerably less ruffled, and you will be able to take your dog with you anywhere, without worry — through traffic, to restaurants or hotels, and to the homes of your friends.

Your reward for the time and trouble of training will be a well-mannered, obedient, loyal companion and friend. The principal thing is to understand your dog and do as much for him as he is always willing to do for you. Even the sorriest stray will return your kindness a hundredfold.



Discovering Democracy

From the letter of a German girl newly arrived in America:

I HAVE FOUND an extraordinary thing here in this country, that I never found before. Here everybody is your fellow human being, your fellow friend. If it is the mailman or the hairdresser or the garbage-car driver or a clerk or a director or a rich lady, they all feel and act toward each other as equals. I have not yet found a person who treated somebody else with the feeling, "I'm better." They take each other for granted as good, decent, honest and nice. How extraordinary when you come from Europe where education and money and race have made such deep gaps that never can be mended again. Where you feel inferior at every second corner because you are of a different religion or you have less money or you are only this or that. "Only" is the key of relations between human beings in Europe, whereas it is here equality and being worth the same, regardless of what you are.

— Contributed by Louise Redfield Peattie

Novices Today, Producers Tomorrow

Condensed from *Factory Management and Maintenance*

Frank J. Taylor

YOUNG Bill Clark hitch-hiked from Nebraska to line up one morning in front of the employment office of the Lockheed Aircraft Company in Burbank, California.

"Farm boy, aren't you?" asked the employment manager.

"Yes," Bill admitted reluctantly.

"Swell! Fill out this application blank and we'll give you some tests to see how good you are."

On Bill's first questionnaire, called a "temperament scale," there were 318 questions and Bill thought they were rather silly: ("Do you get mad easily and soon get over it?" "Have you ever lost weight over worry?") Nevertheless, Bill answered all of them. A second test was full of catch questions and trick problems. But Bill likes problems. Next he put together a jigsaw puzzle in three dimensions, and repeated that motor coördination test three times against a stop watch. Then he was timed as he put pegs in holes and picked up bits of metal with tweezers. Finally the medical department gave him a thorough going over.

Bill thought all this a funny way

to size up a mechanic. Anyhow he was notified that the company was going to send him to trade school for a month and pay him learner's wages, \$20.40 a week. By the end of the month Bill was riveting the frame of a bomber in the factory.

He discovered that most of his fellow riveters were going to classes in templet making, spot welding, or some other of the 200 crafts involved in building a plane, most of which pay better than riveting.

"What does it cost?" Bill inquired.

"Nothing," replied his boss. "The company pays for the upgrading classes."

"What's upgrading?"

"Well, everybody in this plant is on the upgrade to a better job."

Bill soon made other discoveries. Nobody ever had to ask for a raise in the Lockheed factory. Once every four months Bill's boss reported to the management on Bill's work, his adaptability, knowledge, dependability and attitude. If Bill wasn't recommended for a raise every four months, the boss — not Bill — had to do some explaining.

As a junior riveter Bill's base pay

was \$27.60 a week. In eight months he was up to \$32.40. Meanwhile he was doing schoolwork, which qualified him for promotion to templet maker, where the top pay is \$37.20. Now he studies draftsmanship, planning to become a production engineer.

Bill Clark is only one of 200,000 young Americans who have been tested in the past two years to pick new Lockheed employees. The payroll has expanded from 7000 to 27,000 men — working in three shifts, mainly on Hudson bombers for Britain. Some 1200 new men a week are being added in preparation for opening the company's new Vega plant, which will turn out P-38 interceptors. This phenomenal expansion was accomplished without pirating men from other industrial plants. Nor was there any reservoir of trained craftsmen to draw from. Practically every man hired is a novice: farm boys, delivery boys, students fresh out of high school and college. Within a year, nine out of ten of these greenhorns are well up the ladder as skilled aircraft builders.

Lockheed makes no claim to having invented the upgrading system. The electrical manufacturing industry was probably the pioneer and nearly all the airplane makers have used it in some form. Just now, under the stimulus of the OPM training-in-industry program, factories in many other lines are hurriedly installing upgrading sys-

tems. But Lockheed's is one of the oldest and many observers call it the best.

It began five years ago, the brain child of redheaded Svend Pedersen, a designer trained in Denmark, who joined Lockheed in its struggling days. He had a flair for teaching, and after hours was usually to be found in the middle of a group of workmen who were eagerly asking him questions. About 1935, Pedersen prevailed upon the company to sponsor lectures on blueprint-reading and metallurgy to give the men the fundamentals they had never been taught because the apprentice system had collapsed during the depression. So many craftsmen joined the back-to-school movement that the company had to rent the Burbank municipal auditorium to accommodate them.

When Pedersen's first ten weeks' lecture course was ended, the pupils clamored for more. So the energetic Dane became the company's first educational director, offering every Lockheed employee the opportunity to train himself for a better job at company expense. Approving Pedersen's curriculum of 14 courses, the state department of education and the Burbank city school system provided classrooms at night. This year 9000 Lockheed workers are enrolled in courses that now stretch out to six months. The company has detailed 100 top men to act as instructors. In Burbank,

Glendale and Van Nuys this spring you could see crowds of Lockheed night-shift workers waiting around the public schools for the children to leave.

Several thousand employes beginning as riveters at 60 cents an hour have been upgraded through two or three skilled crafts to wages twice that high, while 200 erstwhile mechanics are now designers, draftsmen and engineers. Nor has Lockheed trained men for other employers to hire away. The upgrading plan has created a spirit of loyalty, tangibly demonstrated in the fact that the plant's labor turnover is the lowest in the industry.

Plane building is done by teams, thousands of them, each group needing a leader. Finding those leaders, during the hectic expansion period, was difficult. But now Pedersen's classes provide them, and the personnel department's job is mostly to select beginners like Bill.

In earlier days a considerable share of the beginners were unable to adapt themselves to working in teams. They were either too slow or too fast, or perhaps uncongenial. A good many of them would quit after a few weeks. The company consulted Robert C. Storment, then employed by the Los Angeles Board of Education.

"The time to solve this problem is before the workers are hired," he said, and so every man and woman added to the payroll in the past two years has run the gantlet of

tests by Storment, now Lockheed employment manager.

"The temperament test," Storment explains, "screens out people who blow up and wreck the smooth functioning of a team." Ninety percent of the men who quit or are discharged have the wrong temperament for the work.

The routine intelligence test has been revised to screen out the brilliant people as well as the dullards. Men too smart don't fit well into airplane-building teams, but some of them are passed upstairs to the designing room. The physical examination is designed to find men with the stamina for high-speed craftsmanship. The motor coordination tests make sense when you learn that a Hudson bomber is made of 34,000 odd-shaped bits of metal, not counting rivets, that have to be fitted together just so.

After the workers are selected, the company continues its personal interest in them. One thing that makes Bill Clark feel that his employer is human is "the crying department," as the men have nicknamed it. The personnel chief of each of the 14 divisions is always ready to turn a sympathetic ear to any employe's troubles. Building a home, buying a car, legal involvements, family deaths and births, all are legitimate problems of the personnel chiefs. The Lockheed Employees' Credit Union has \$385,000 in employe deposits to lend to workers caught in financial jams.

Any time Bill Clark thinks he isn't being upgraded as fast as he should be, he can ask for a special review of his work. If he dislikes his job he can be transferred to something else that he may be qualified to do. He can make these requests either directly to personnel or through his union. The Lockheed plant has a blanket contract with an AFL union, covering every job from riveters to stenographers, and about 60 percent of the employes belong.

Upgrading proved an unexpected boon in finding new men as defense expansion accelerated. Many have been recruited through personal

contact with someone in the plant who "sold them on Lockheed." Storment calls this "the bird-dog system of finding men." To save applicants the expense of coming to Burbank, Storment's tests are given in 1500 employment offices scattered over the country.

The employe training program is costing the Lockheed Company \$300,000 a year, and company officials call it good business. A prime benefit is excellent labor relations. "A man doesn't have to strike for more money here," explains Pedersen. "He can get it easier by learning a craft that pays higher wages."



Dirty Digs

AT A BEACH PARTY for artists and writers, James Montgomery Flagg and Arthur William Brown spied a bit of refuse washed up on the sand. "Ah," said Brownie, indicating the refuse, "there's old X . . ." naming an artist they both cordially disliked. "Yes," added Flagg, "and I've never seen him looking better." — Contributed by Tom Furlong

AT THE FINISH of filming *Bill of Divorcement*, Katharine Hepburn turned to John Barrymore and said, "Thank God, I don't have to act any more with you!"

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't know you ever had, darling."

— Alma Power-Waters, *John Barrymore* (Messner)

DOROTHY PARKER once misspent a week-end with a group of maddening neurotics and a hostess of evil disposition and the appearance of an old crow. While washing for dinner the second evening, with the one friend she had in the place, Mrs. Parker noticed an old, outworn toothbrush with practically no bristles lying on the shelf. "I wonder," her friend mused, "what our lovable hostess uses that for?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Parker, "she probably rides it on Halloween."

— E. E. Edgar in *Denver Post*

It gives better illumination for less money,
helps diagnose disease, even acts as a detective

Strange Uses of Fluorescent Light

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Harland Manchester

WHEN the New York and San Francisco fairs opened two years ago, visitors were impressed by miles of glass tubes glowing at night with many colors and giving out a soft yet powerful light. This was the public unveiling of fluorescent light, the first radical departure in illumination since Edison's invention of the filament electric bulb.

Spectators dismissed this revolutionary light, however, as only another decoration for fairs and carnivals, or something to be used for advertising and display. But in two years fluorescent lighting has swept the country; more than a million establishments are now lighted by it, and it is being installed in hundreds of factories, offices, stores and restaurants every week.

Moreover, the lamp's active principle has been adapted to a score of other important uses: to study disease, to save crops, to detect thieves, and to provide light in wartime which cannot be seen by the enemy.

This kind of illumination has long been the dream of engineers. For 50

years electric light had been produced by passing current through a wire which was thus heated until it glowed. Even in the gas-filled tungsten-filament lamp 90 percent of the current is wasted in heat. To create a more efficient lamp, laboratory research men had to start over again on a different tack.

It had been known for years that many materials will "fluoresce," or glow, when exposed to ultraviolet light. Finally someone hit upon the idea of caging ultraviolet light and a fluorescent material inside a glass tube and thus making a new kind of lamp. Although experiments had been going on in Europe, it was American engineering skill which brought practical fluorescent lighting to the public.

At the General Electric Company's Nela Park laboratory in Cleveland, George Inman ground a piece of willemite stone to powder, mixed this with an adhesive and sprayed a thin coating on the inside of a glass tube. Electric terminals were placed in the ends of the tube and the tube filled with mercury vapor, which acted as a conductor. This produced ultra-

violet rays, transformed by the excited willemite into a wave length suitable for illumination. Soft fluorescent light poured forth from the tube. Improved on by Inman and others, notably James L. Cox of the Hygrade Sylvania Corporation and Edward C. Dench of Westinghouse, the new light now has become commercially practical.

The fluorescent lamp is cooler, easier on the eyes and vastly more efficient than any other light. It will give twice as much light for the same current and produce only half as much heat. Every corner of the room appears to be flooded with soft, evenly distributed light. Placed overhead in clusters or fixed vertically on the walls are gleaming tubular fluorescent bars, usually two to four feet long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Sometimes the tubes are partly shielded with glass or translucent plastic grids. You can look at the tubes without hurting your eyes, and you will notice that you have lost your shadow. This is because the tube, having ten times the surface area of an ordinary light bulb of the same wattage, spreads the light widely and evenly.

The leading manufacturers of the new lamp — General Electric, Westinghouse and Hygrade Sylvania — have developed fluorescent powders which will produce light of almost any color. Before the new lamp was invented, colored light was produced by staining the glass or using a colored

screen, which lost most of the light. Fluorescent colored light is itself colored, one reason why it is so efficient.

First introduced at the fairs, 2,000,000 tubes were sold in 1939. Now assembly lines run day and night to meet the estimated 1941 demand for 20,000,000 fluorescent lamps.

The lamp came along just in time to light our new defense plants. Most factories, whose illumination was only about five foot-candles, had been too dimly lighted for fast, accurate work, and the heavy cost of wiring for more current prevented improvement. Now the government calls for 35 to 60 foot-candles of light in plants which it finances — and the fluorescent lamp makes this possible. Textile plants also are rapidly changing to fluorescent light.

Because it is more expensive to install, it is so far of interest chiefly in places using a great deal of light or where light of a special quality is needed. Art museums, for instance, have tried for years to duplicate the north light under which painters work and under which paintings should be seen. Now Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute has solved the problem with fluorescent light.

In retail shops the new light has spread with the speed of an epidemic. Its coolness reduces the cost of air-conditioning in offices, trains, restaurants and stores. Food, flowers and other perishable goods keep

fresh longer. Drugstores report savings of 30 percent in light bills. Since they remain open long hours this saving may pay off the installation cost of \$300 or so in a year.

In the home, fluorescent light is still in an experimental stage. Many people have installed its glareless glow in bathrooms, game rooms and kitchens. The tubes last about 2500 hours, compared with 1000 hours for the filament bulb.

The filament light bulb is strong in yellow and red, while the new lamp has an extra supply of blue and green; hence its effect is different. Navy blue and black, which look alike under a filament bulb, are easily distinguished under fluorescent light. On the other hand, the yellow of butter takes on a faintly greenish tinge under fluorescent light. But engineers and decorators are experimenting to produce a light which will satisfy every requirement in the home. They are also working on fluorescent floor lamps and table lamps, and making tubes from giants five feet long to pigmies six inches in length and no thicker than your finger.

These smaller tubes light the instrument boards of our newest fighting planes. Dials are easier to read; the reduced glare inside the cockpit helps the pilot's vision and conceals his position from the enemy. The recent discoveries about fluorescence which made the lamp possible have stimulated the in-

Near Fallon, Nevada, prospectors are using portable fluorescent lamps to find scheelite, an ore from which tungsten, indispensable war metal, is obtained. Hundreds of claims have recently been staked out in this region, which holds promise of becoming an important source of the metal.

Scheelite was formed when, in the world's making, molten granite overflowed a stratum of limestone. By day prospectors scan the hillsides for outcroppings which show granite-limestone contact, then give them the lamp test at night. If scheelite is present, it glows under the ultraviolet rays. — *UP*

vention of scores of devices using the same principle. The powder need not be confined in a glass tube — it is excited by ultraviolet at a distance of many feet. It can be mixed with paints and dyes without losing its sensitivity. In England, subway entrances and bomb shelters are marked with fluorescent paint; during a blackout this glows under the invisible rays of an ultraviolet lamp. Military maps dusted with fluorescent powder can be read in the dark with the aid of a small "invisible lamp."

A research scientist was showing me some fluorescent chemicals under ultraviolet light when I noticed "B-15" in large blue symbols across his shirt front. When we left the laboratory it was invisible. He explained that since many people dis-

like indelible ink markings, his laundry marks garments with a fluorescent dye. To avoid mix-ups in identification of babies, a Chicago hospital marks them with a harmless fluorescent dye.

The fact that various inks and glues fluoresce differently under ultraviolet light provides a new way to detect forgery, alteration of documents, and tampering with the mail. If a letter is pried open and glued up again, the second adhesive betrays itself. An Ohio firm advertises an inexpensive fluorescence kit — powder and “invisible lamp” — for the detection of petty thieves or saboteurs. Cash, merchandise or machines are dusted with the inconspicuous powder; no matter if the guilty person scrubs his hands, beneath the lamp they blaze with telltale green.

Butter and margarine may look alike under daylight, but under ultraviolet margarine is blue. Fresh eggs have a reddish fluorescence, but after ten days become reddish brown, then blue. Characteristic fluorescent colors betray chicory in coffee, horse fat in lard, and refined oil in supposedly virgin olive oil.

Government experiment stations detect fungus infections and other plant diseases by their fluorescence. Ring rot has long been a serious problem of western potato farmers.

In cutting up seed potatoes for planting, the occasional infected spot was hard to see, and sometimes an entire crop was blighted because the farmer spread the infection with his knife. Professor R. B. Harvey of the University of Minnesota observed that the fluorescent color of ring rot was bright green, and worked out a technique which farmers used successfully last spring: cutting was done beneath ultraviolet, and it was easy to throw out diseased potatoes and then dip the knife in a disinfectant.

Since Ehrlich's time pathologists have stained human tissue to make them visible under the microscope. Allowance had to be made for changes caused by the chemical action of the dyes. With the fluorescent microscope, each species of bacteria has a characteristic fluorescent color. The tuberculosis germ glows in yellowish rose; the A-type typhoid germ in violet-tinged yellow, the B-type in greenish yellow. Cancerous tissue fluoresces with a purplish-pearly hue while healthy tissue appears almost black.

Today many able men are testing the fluorescence of hundreds of materials, and trying out new mechanisms, to unite them for all manner of useful tasks.

The Answer Man's Answers

(Questions on page 93)

1. No. Cold water will freeze faster than hot water. But water which has been boiled and allowed to cool will freeze faster than water from the tap — due to the fact that boiling has driven out a certain amount of the air bubbles normally found in all water.
2. If you are out in the rain for any given length of time, you'll get less wet walking and least wet standing still.
3. Legally a tomato is a vegetable. Horticulturally a tomato is a fruit because it is a berry.
4. Because of an ancient superstition that when a person sneezed his soul left his body through the nostrils for a moment and that the devil would slip in and block the return of the soul. By blessing the person who sneezes the devil is kept out.
5. On the day before his 21st birthday.
6. Theodore Roosevelt lost the sight of his left eye through an accident which occurred during a friendly boxing match with an army officer in the early years of his presidency.
7. Because most baseball fields are laid out with home plate toward the west so that the sun will not be in the batters' eyes. Thus the pitcher faces west and his left hand is toward the south.
8. Yes. One half a bill can be re-deemed at one half its face value; five eighths or more, at full value.
9. February 28.
10. Because he is scared and has come to know the barn as a place of safety.
11. In a short race, a horse. In a long race, a man. A horse, Chidio II, ran 105 miles in 12 hours in 1924. A man, J. Saunders, ran 120 miles in just under 23 hours in 1882. But the Tarahumare Indians of Mexico can average 100 miles a day for days at a time. In 1924 a six-day race was staged in London between a race horse, Black Jack, and a Marathoner, George Hall. On the fifth day Black Jack was all in and had to be withdrawn. At that time Hall was 15 miles ahead and going strong.
12. Because it was originally worth two "bits" of a Spanish dollar. The Spanish dollar used in the West Indies was divided into eight reals, or "bits" — whence "piece of eight." In 1792, when our monetary system was established, the Spanish dollar was used as the basis for the American dollar — and since a quarter was equal to two eighths, the quarter was called "two bits."
13. The term "love" is the Anglicized version of the French "*l'oeuf*," which means egg.

- "*L'oeuf*" is French slang for zero because the symbol "0" looks like an egg.
14. Fear stimulates the adrenal glands to pour out an overdose of their secretion which constricts the little blood vessels on the surface of the body, so that the blood is literally squeezed out of the skin. Extreme anger causes a similar reaction, hence "white with rage."
 15. The custom is believed to have originated in the days when most travel was on horseback and every stranger was a potential enemy. Whenever two riders approached each other, each would sidle over to the left so that his sword or pistol arm would be next to the stranger and ready for instant use.
 16. Steam. The kernel of popcorn contains enough moisture to cause a steam explosion when heated.
 17. Once in 87 births.
 18. With glue. The fly secretes a small amount of viscid liquid in the membranous pads of its feet which "glue" it to the ceiling.
 19. Because the three balls were a part of the coat of arms of the Medici family — the first famous pawnbrokers.
 20. Because he isn't touching anything else and, therefore, doesn't ground the electricity.



Quandary

THE SHIPWRECKED sailor had spent nearly three years on a desert island, and one morning was overjoyed to see a ship in the bay and a boat putting off for the shore. As the boat grounded on the beach an officer threw the sailor a bundle of newspapers.

"The Captain's compliments," said the officer, "and will you please read through these and then let him know whether you still wish to be rescued."

— *Tut-Bits*

Tall Tale

"IT WAS SO cold where we were," said the Arctic explorer, "that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."

"That's nothing," said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to hear what we were talking about."

— *Wall Street Journal*

SUMMER FICTION FUTURE

Marvin Myles



Condensed from

H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE

by

JOHN P. MARQUAND

Pulitzer Prize novelist; author of
"The Late George Apley," "Wickford Point," etc.

H. M. Pulham, Esquire, a recent selection of The Book-of-the-Month Club, stands high on the fiction best-seller list. In it Mr. Marquand satirizes the "right people" and the advertising business with the same brilliance which won him the Pulitzer Prize.

The story itself centers about Marvin Myles, the girl Harry Pulham could never forget. Her portrait is drawn with superlative insight, honesty and tenderness.

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MARVIN MYLES

I CAME HOME from the last war with a medal which I didn't deserve. As a matter of fact old General Rolfax only had it given me to save his own face. He should have been court-martialed for ordering my company into an untenable position and then forgetting to recall it. But the citation read:

Henry Pulham, Second Lieutenant — Infantry: The only surviving officer of his company, after a reconnaissance in the town of M—. Although surrounded by the enemy, Lieutenant Pulham refused to surrender; he repulsed three assaults and withdrew with his command under cover of darkness; recrossed the Vesle River and rejoined his regiment.

The funny part of it is that a good deal of it is true, although now I cannot imagine doing such a thing. After the other officers were killed our situation seemed desperate enough, and we were given a chance to surrender. The offer was made after a handkerchief was waved on the end of a rifle and an officer in dirty gray climbed out of the trench facing us.

When the man stood up, I stood

up too and crawled out over the rubbish to meet him. I remembered just enough German from college to speak to him. He was a captain, about my age. He said we were surrounded and that we had better give up. I told him that if any of my men wanted to surrender, I would send them over.

"If they will kindly hold up their hands," the Captain said.

I felt in my pocket and drew out a package of cigarettes. We each lighted one, and I offered him the rest. It was a hot, dry day and the perspiration was streaming down our faces. We stood there smoking for a minute, for he seemed in no hurry.

"Beautiful thanks for the cigarettes," he said. "I shall give you five minutes. If you or any of your men desire to come we shall be pleased to see you." He smiled and saluted. "If Americans are like you," he added, "I shall come to America."

He never came to America and he never used the cigarettes, because he was killed 15 minutes later when they attacked us. I crawled back over what was left of the wall, aware that I had to make a speech

and that I had never been good at talking to enlisted men. I couldn't think what to say, so I called Sergeant Brooks.

"Sergeant," I said, "if any of the men would like to go over, they can do so in the next five minutes, but I think the right thing for me is to stay here. Pass the word around, Sergeant."

Sergeant Brooks cleared his throat.

"Listen, you tramps," he called, "if any of you are yellow you can go on over. The Lieutenant says he's going to sit down here. He don't want to live forever."

I wished that I could have spoken the way Sergeant Brooks did. He was a good man and he was busted for drunkenness a month later — but that's the way the war was.

"Attaboy, Lieutenant," someone called. "Who said Lieutenant Pulham wears lace drawers?"

"That will do, men," I said. There had already been too much joking about my Harvard accent.

"Jesus," someone called. "Here they come, Lieutenant!"

The whole thing has always been a blur to me of physical weariness and physical fear, and, anyway, I have always been skeptical of the word of anyone who has been able to give a clear account of an infantry combat. At one place they got as near as 20 feet and we stood up throwing grenades at each other, like boys in a snowball fight. Then they crawled back and tried it again half an hour later, but they never

pushed in seriously, because they must have thought they could get us eventually without undue loss. As it was we lost more than 50 men. The whole thing was a mess, because they could have finished us with one good rush, but I suppose they did not want to die any more than we did. During the night we found an unguarded path to the river and got away.

The war smashed a lot of things that I used to depend on. Actually it was not so much the war itself as the new human contacts. I hated nearly every minute of the war, and still hate it. I have never been able to understand all the sentimental talk about a week's leave in Paris, where you used to be cheated by fatherly cab drivers and pursued by prostitutes. But I'll never forget the men in my company; there were farm boys, Italians from the New York slums, factory workers, sons of small-town shopkeepers — but we all had a common point of view then, difficult to analyze, which was expressed in bawdy songs and jokes; and incredible as it may seem, a common something which you might call decency. The members of A Company even when they were drunk and disorderly were all nice boys, once you got to know them. It surprised me to realize that most of them were braver and more generous than the crowd I knew at St. Swithin's and Harvard.

That's what made it so hard to get back in the old groove after the

war. It was like trying to put together the pieces of a broken plate.

THE DAY I was discharged in New York I went to the Waldorf with \$400 of back pay and with what was left of my belongings tied up in a bedding roll. My trunk had got lost, and I had only the soiled uniform which I was wearing. The clerk at the marble desk glanced at my bedding roll.

"I'll have to ask you to pay in advance," he said, and I handed him a \$100 bill.

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll get some other clothes tomorrow."

"I suppose you've just come in, Lieutenant," the clerk said. "Well, it was quite a war."

"Yes, it was quite a war," I said.

Up on the eighth floor the bell-boy put my bedding roll on a stand and opened the window. "Is there anything else you want, sir?" he asked.

"You can run me a hot bath," I said. "And you can get me a Scotch-and-soda and an order of oatmeal and cream."

"Oatmeal?" he repeated.

"Go ahead and get it," I said. "Oatmeal, and half a dozen oysters."

I do not know why my mind had been dwelling so long on this combination. There had been a good deal of discussion about what we would do when we got out of the Army, and I was only doing what I

wanted. I kept thinking that I had better make the most of it, that this might be my last chance before going back to my old brokerage job in Boston.

Somehow I didn't feel like telephoning the family, but of course it was the right thing to do, so I put in the call to Boston.

It was Hugh, our butler, who answered the phone. I heard his voice with a blank sort of amazement that he could still be alive.

"Is Father in, Hugh?" I asked. "It's Mister Harry." Then I heard Hugh calling at the top of his voice and then Father was speaking.

"Where are you, Harry?" he called. "Are you all right?"

It seemed incredible to me that he could not have understood that I was all right if I was at the Waldorf. I tried to imagine him by the telephone in the library.

"How's Mother?" I said. "How's Mary?"

"Now listen," Father called. "Get the midnight train."

"I can't," I said. "I've got to get some clothes. I'll be up tomorrow."

"Never mind the clothes," Father shouted. "Get the train."

"I can't," I said. "There're some things I have to do."

He would not have understood it if I had told him that I wanted a short time by myself, that I was trying to pick up the pieces. After we had hung up I thought of Bill King, an old college friend who had been working on a New York news-

paper when he enlisted. Yes, I must see Bill, if he was back. He answered the telephone himself; his voice was sharp and impatient.

"Bill," I said, "it's Harry."

"Well, it's about time you got back," Bill said. "Where are you?"

I asked him if he would come over and spend the night in the other bed. I told him there were a lot of things I wanted to talk about, and he came.

I was worried, when he arrived, about our being able to pick up something where we had left it off, because he looked like the people I had seen out on the street, very clean and prosperous. There was just a moment of constraint. Then I was sure he was glad to see me.

"Well, what are you sitting up here for?" Bill asked. "On your first night back? Let's go out and see the town."

"It's funny," I said. "I don't want to see anything just yet."

He seemed to know the way I felt. He sat down and lighted a cigarette and in a minute everything was simple.

"So they put you into the Half Moon, did they?" he asked.

"It was a good division," I said.

"Don't tell me that all the officers and men were fine fellows."

"They were, Bill, really, when you got to know them."

Bill began to laugh. "I bet you learned a lot of bad habits," he said. "Go ahead and tell me how you won the war."

"Let's not talk about it."

"All right," Bill said. "It's funny how some people act when they get back. You'll get over it in a week or two."

"I suppose so," I said. "You know, Bill, I don't seem to want to go home."

"You must have had quite a shaking up," Bill said; "but if you don't want to go back, why should you?"

"What else can I do?" I asked.

"Now, don't make me cry," Bill answered. "You can get a job. I'll get you one here in New York tomorrow."

I sat for a while considering. It must have seemed simple to him, but it was not simple to me.

"Where can you get me one?" I asked.

"Where I'm working," Bill said. "The advertising business. I'll see Bullard. I'm in strong with Bullard."

"But I don't know anything about it," I said.

"Harry," Bill told me, "nobody there knows anything about it either. Look at this." He pulled a newspaper clipping out of his inside pocket and handed it to me.

The man for whom we are seeking will preferably not have written advertising copy, but will have had a college education and will possess a serious and pleasing personality, combined with a sense of taste and form. For such a man there is a definite opportunity.

"Bullard had me write it," said Bill. "You'll do as well as anybody else. Do you want it or don't you?"

A year ago it would not have seemed possible.

"All right," I said at last. "I'll try it. But there must be something the matter with me not to want to go home."

"Try to act your age," said Bill. "This war has taught a lot of people that it isn't worth while living if you can't do what you want. How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen Parce?"

"But I wasn't down on the farm," I said. "I had everything."

Bill waved his hand toward the window.

"You listen to me," he said. "You don't know what's going on outside there — labor trouble, Communism, economic upset. No one knows what's going to happen, but you can be damned well sure of just one thing." He paused and pointed his finger at me. "You were brought up in a certain tiny, superfluous segment that is going to be nonexistent. You say you were given everything, and what does it amount to? Not to a bucket of slops."

He made me angry, but he continued before I could stop him.

"Put it this way. You and your little crowd — you've been like bees in a beehive doing everything by instinct, not bothering about the rest of the world."

"You used to like our beehive," I said.

"Of course I liked it," Bill answered. "It was a nice comfortable beehive, but they're going to smoke it out. I like your father and mother and all the other bees, but you've got to get out of there, Harry."

"Let's talk about something else," I said.

Something Basic

WHEN I WAS halfway over to the office building near Forty-second Street next morning I should certainly have turned back, except that I could not let Bill down after he had made all the arrangements. I was still in my uniform. The elevator let me out in a large reception room, with a handsome Persian carpet and some red leather chairs. Behind a girl seated at a Jacobean table was a wall of richly bound books and a fireplace with artificial coals. On top of the bookcase was a bronze plaque which read "REFERENCE LIBRARY, J. T. BULLARD, INC." Until I saw the girl at the table I had almost forgotten how very pretty American girls were. She looked up at me and smiled.

"Oh, yes," she said; "Mr. King said you were coming. I'll call him," and she reached for the telephone.

"Hello, Harry," Bill said, coming out of a side door. "Looking at the books?" As a matter of fact, I had been looking at the girl at the table, thinking of something to say to her

that was casual, yet merry. I was wishing that I could be like Bill, always with a ready remark.

He took me through a large room, full of desks and typewriters, to a partition in back. "Now for God's sake be natural. Bullard's waiting for you."

Mr. Bullard was sitting behind an antique Italian table. When we came in he pushed his chair back and stood up. He looked like a professor about to deliver a lecture, except that he looked more prosperous. His double-breasted gray suit was beautifully cut.

"Draw up a chair for Mr. Pulham, William," Mr. Bullard said. "Will you have a cigarette, Mr. Pulham?"

"No, thank you, sir," I said.

"He doesn't mean that," Bill said. "He'd like a cigarette."

Mr. Bullard opened a silver box on the table.

"Now, William tells me," Mr. Bullard said, "that you would like to work with us. I hope you noticed the preposition — with us, not for us. We all work together here, a great big team — aren't we, William?"

"That's exactly what I was telling him last night," Bill said. "A great big team."

Mr. Bullard stabbed into the air with his forefinger.

"It's team spirit that counts," he said. "I am just playing with words, you understand. You can comprehend my next simile, having

been in the Service. We all go over the top for an idea. Now would this sort of thing appeal to you, Mr. Pulham?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know anything about it, sir."

Mr. Bullard looked out of the window for a while.

"It's something in your favor," he said. "It is better to write on a fresh page."

"He's willing to give up a good job just to try this," Bill said.

"Yes," said Mr. Bullard, "I know, I know. Has he seen Walter Kaufman yet? What is Walter's reaction?"

"I'll go out and get him," Bill said. He returned with a red-faced, solid-looking man.

"Oh, Walter," Mr. Bullard said, "this is Mr. Pulham."

Mr. Kaufman pivoted on his heel and faced me. His eyes were a pale blue, and his mouth was grim.

"How are you, Pulham?" he said.

"Walter," Mr. Bullard asked, "just playing with words, what is your first immediate reaction toward Mr. Pulham?"

"You mean without any thought?" Mr. Kaufman asked.

"Just a snap judgment," Mr. Bullard said.

"Mr. Bullard," said Mr. Kaufman, "there is something basic there."

"Nothing like an immediate reaction," said Mr. Bullard. "Let me see — today is Wednesday. You

might talk to Mr. Pulham, Walter, and have him come on Monday."

"You'd better come out with me, Pulham," Mr. Kaufman said. He led us into a smaller office and sat down at a flat-topped desk.

"All right," he said. "Monday morning at nine. That's all."

"Don't you want to ask me anything more?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Show him the Copy Department, King."

Bill took me by the arm and steered me down an aisle through the main office.

"They can't hire people that way," I said.

"Oh," Bill answered, "can't they?"

I was confused, but my admiration for Bill was growing. He had a confident, almost benign manner that seemed to hint that he was beyond all ordinary office routine.

"Over in those offices," Bill said, waving his hand, "are the representatives who handle the clients."

I learned later that they led the dangerous life of palace favorites, as the possibility that one of them might leave at any moment, taking the "account" with him, made each of them a potential menace.

"Over there is the Media Department," Bill said; "college boys, trying to make good." I did not know what he meant by media. "The Art Department is over there, and the layout men are over there. J. T. pays those boys."

"What are layout men?" I asked.

"Idea artists," Bill said. "Never mind about it now. And over here is the Copy Department. That's where we work, and don't you stick your nose out of the Copy Department without me. No one better see much of you for a while."

"But what am I going to do?" I asked.

Bill smiled pontifically.

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked.

"You're my assistant. You're going to follow me around and carry my tools. You don't mind, do you?"

"No," I said, "of course not."

"It's just a way to start, my boy," Bill said. "Now, the Copy Department is divided into small rooms to promote thought. That's one of J. T.'s ideas. We're responsible to Bullard and Kaufman. Don't take any backwash from anybody else. Be genial and cooperative, but no backwash. Here's our cell."

There were two desks, the flat tops of which could fold back and expose a typewriter. The one near the window must have been Bill's because it was vacant. The second desk was in a corner near the door. A girl was bending over it, writing on a yellow sheet of paper with a soft lead pencil. Her ankles were locked tightly together under her swivel chair, and one of her high-heeled slippers was half off, displaying the heel of a golden-brown stocking. I do not know why I remember such a little thing as the heel half out of the slipper.

"Well," Bill said, "here we are. They'll move in something for you to sit at. Thank God, there won't be room for anybody else."

The girl straightened up and pushed back a stray wisp of hair, glancing at my uniform.

"Is that marine going to come in here too?" she asked Bill.

"Yes," said Bill. "The whole U. S. Army is camping here. This is Harry Pulham, Marvin Myles."

"Is he a friend of yours?" she asked. "He doesn't look it."

"Aren't you going to shake hands with him?" Bill said.

She held out her hand. Her mouth was large and the corners of her eyes wrinkled when she smiled.

"Well, hello," she said.

There was a silence and I felt it was up to me to say something.

There was a pencil drawing on her desk, a quick sketch of a girl in negligee, looking at her legs. Underneath was printed: "You too can have stockings of sheer beauty."

"Is that picture an advertisement?" I asked.

"It's a layout," she answered.

"This is all new to Harry," Bill told her.

"My God," said Miss Myles, "is he another of J. T.'s ideas? Have you seen what's just been sent in?" She pointed to a printed sign on the wall.

"*Let each word,*" I read, "*however bumble, be an arrow pointed by the barb of thought and feathered with the wings of beauty.*"

"That Yale boy with the squint is going around tacking them up," she said.

Bill nodded. "It doesn't look bad, does it?" he said. "I turned in that thought."

Marvin Myles stood up, walked to a green tin cupboard, and put on her coat.

"Well, I can't stand any more on an empty stomach," she said. She glanced at me. "I'll see you later, I suppose."

Bill sat on the edge of his desk with his hands in his pockets and he seemed to have forgotten me entirely.

"What does she do?" I asked.

"Who?" Bill asked.

"Miss Myles," I said.

"Women's copy," Bill said. "She went to the University of Chicago. Wait a minute. I've got to dictate a memorandum." He hurried out of the room.

I had always considered that college was a handicap for girls. Miss Myles made me nervous, like everything else in the office. I looked at the drawing on her desk of the girl and her stockings. Then I found myself reading what she had written beneath it:

A SWISH and then a rinse. That's the Coza way. Try this two-minute test yourself tonight. Wash one pair of stockings with ordinary soap flakes; then into clean, warm water drop a pinch of Coza. Watch the snowy whiteness dissolve to lathery foam.

It all sounded cheap and unimportant. I was unable to read any more of the copy because Bill came back with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Mercury Clock Account," he read. "The clock is a factory which handles the most precious of all commodities — Time. Suggest this thought can be enlarged with lay-out of factory and Mercury line in the foreground. Headline — One Tiny Jeweled Wheel Turns Eight Million Dollars' Worth of Machinery."

Bill opened the green steel cupboard and took out his hat.

"Would you stop to read that or wouldn't you?" he asked.

"I wouldn't," I said.

"All right," Bill said. "Let's go out now. I'll see you to your train."

Out on Fifth Avenue Bill linked his arm through mine.

"Bill," I said, "I don't think I'm going to be any good at it."

"Don't worry," Bill said. "You stick to me. It'll take you out of yourself."

Then all at once I felt very grateful to him.

"I don't know how to thank you, Bill," I said. "You're sure it won't be too much for you, having me in there?"

"Hell, no," Bill said. "Now, listen, Harry. You're coming back on Monday, remember. Don't let your family change your mind."

"Bill," I asked, "what's Coza?"

"It's soap," Bill said.

Let Me Draw a Diagram

IN THE CLUB car of the train I saw a familiar face.

"Bo-jo," I called to him; "Bo-jo Brown!"

Bo-jo crumpled his paper noisily and sprang up.

"Where did you come from?" he called, and he sat down beside me. His voice was so loud that everyone turned to look at us.

"I just got back," I said, "just coming home."

"Porter," Bo-jo called, "fetch out two Scotch-and-sodas. Do you know what's happening? The whole damned country is going dry. So you got to France, did you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, it was a great war, wasn't it?" Bo-jo said. "If you amounted to anything they never let you get to the front. Did you notice how that was? Did you get to the front?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, I guess they didn't think much of you," Bo-jo laughed. "Now, take me. I was in the best damned outfit and just when we were getting on the train, what happened? I got orders to be physical director in a new division. My God, what I said to them! But it didn't do any good. The whole lot of us went to a physical directors' school. There was Siegel from Brown, and Dunbar from Yale — the one who fumbled on the six-yard line. What happened to you?"

"Well," I began, "I was in the

Half Moon Division — infantry," but Bo-jo did not listen.

"Did I tell you that Dunbar was there? It was a great experience — the war."

"Yes," I said. "It sort of changed me somehow. There's something about seeing people getting killed —" but Bo-jo did not listen.

"You remember Dunbar, don't you? That play in the Yale game?"

"What play?" I asked.

Bo-jo looked at me and scowled.

"The play when Dunbar dropped the ball and when I recovered. Wait. I've got a pencil. Let me draw a diagram. . . ."

He went over the whole play in detail, then sighed reminiscently.

"To hell with Yale," he said.

"That's right," I said. "To hell with Yale."

"And it's certainly time you got back and got in touch with things. I'll see a lot of you now you're back in Boston."

It was the first time I had had to face it, and I cleared my throat.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I'll be working in New York. I'm going into the advertising business."

"The advertising business!" From the way Bo-jo Brown looked at me I could tell what he was thinking. "Suppose you start advertising a cake of soap or a diaper pin!" Bo-jo laughed so that everyone in the car stopped talking. "My God," he said, "wait till I tell the boys! You can't do that." I was not at all sure I could either.

WHEN I got to the house, Mother's first words were, "Darling! How thin you look and what a dirty uniform!"

Father, I remember, was almost shy. He kept looking at me curiously and half respectfully, as though I were a stranger. He seemed very anxious to know if I had been in any fighting. I could not see why it was important to him, until I found that other fathers were telling anecdotes about their sons. Father and Mother looked older and smaller, but my sister Mary was entirely grown up — tall, dark and quite pretty.

"Harry," she asked me, "did you kill any Germans?"

"Yes," I said. "As a matter of fact, I got the D.S.O."

I was rather ashamed of myself when I alluded to it, and I only did so because I wanted them to be pleased. I went upstairs and found the medal and the citation in my bedding roll and gave them to Mother.

"I want you to understand," I said, "that it doesn't really mean anything." I had to go on now that I had started. "If you get me a pencil and paper I'll show you. We were just out there."

It made me feel sick inside to tell about it and it reminded me of Bo-jo on the train. . . . If it had not been for the medal I do not believe that I should have got back to New York, or seen Marvin Myles again.

I Make My Letter

DURING my first weeks in the J. T. Bullard agency, I was in a mental fog. I could not seem to get anything through my mind in any proper proportion and Bill did not have much time to help me, because he was generally in conference over the Coza account. There were Coza Flakes and also several grades of toilet soap. Bill and Mr. Kaufman were working on one of these, trying to make it into a soap which would appeal to men.

"There's no reason for you to understand it," Bill said. "It will come over you in time in a great flash of light. Now, here's what you are going to do," he went on. "Here's a field report of the wash-rooms in the hotels and men's clubs of five key cities. It tells whether they use liquid soap or soap powder or soap cakes, and the brands. You're to tabulate the survey on this big sheet. Just sit here and keep tabulating."

It was a clerical job, one at which I was conscientious and industrious, and I found myself becoming interested in hotel lavatories and in the types of soap containers tacked near the washbowls. After two weeks the thing became such an obsession with me that my mind was loaded with interesting facts about the soap they used in the Elks' Club in Davenport, Iowa, or at the Commercial Hotel at Baton Rouge.

I used to start in with the soap

tabulation every morning right there next to Marvin Myles. I used to say good morning to her and that was about all. It must have been sometime in May, after I had been in New York about three weeks, that I was sent out for a day with her. I had just hung up my hat when Bill called me.

"Kaufman wants to see you," Bill said. Since the day I had met him I had hardly laid eyes on Mr. Kaufman, or on Mr. Bullard either.

"Is he going to fire me, Bill?" I asked.

"He just wants to see you," Bill said. "Act as though you were in a hurry."

Mr. Kaufman was sitting behind his neat, bare desk. Marvin Myles was sitting near the wall, listening while Mr. Kaufman interviewed an artist. They had propped up a pen-and-ink drawing on the table in front of Mr. Kaufman, a full-length figure of a young man in a heavy ulster, carrying field glasses and a Yale banner. When I came in Mr. Kaufman was scowling at the picture and the artist was scowling at Mr. Kaufman.

"I can't tell you what's the matter with it, Mr. Elsmere," Mr. Kaufman was saying. "It simply doesn't convey the idea. For one thing you don't see the buttons and the stitching."

Mr. Elsmere look annoyed.

"May I ask you," he inquired, "if you can ever see the stitching on a coat at such a distance?"

"What do I care about distance?" Mr. Kaufman said. "I'm not paying you for distance."

Then he saw me and scowled at me too. "What do you want?" he said.

"I was told you'd sent for me, Mr. Kaufman," I said.

"Oh," said Mr. Kaufman, "yes. You're Pulham, aren't you? Well, sit over there by Miss Myles: No, don't sit there. Come over and look at this picture. Here's a completely new reaction, Mr. Elsmere. What do you think of when you see that picture, Pulham?"

"I don't know, sir," I said. "I don't know what you mean."

Mr. Kaufman thumped his fist down on the desk.

"There, you have it!" he said. "That answers it, doesn't it? He sees your picture, that you're charging us a thousand dollars for, and he doesn't know what it means."

Mr. Elsmere looked at me and the top of his bald head grew red.

"Perhaps he hasn't any brains," he said.

Mr. Kaufman pointed his finger at Mr. Elsmere.

"Do you think for one moment that the average person who sees this is going to have any brains? My God, Mr. Elsmere, we're not trying to be intellectual. Now, look at that picture again, Pulham. Which is more important in it, the man or the coat?"

They both seemed to be hanging on my reply.

"The man is more important," I said.

"There you are," said Mr. Kaufman. "That settles it. The coat is showing off the man. You must put more *thought* into it, Mr. Elsmere. Put a girl beside the man. Have her looking at that coat. Have the breeze blowing back the bottom of it, showing the inner lining. Take that flag out of his hand and put his hand in the big roomy pocket. Have the extra-size collar turned up around his ears. Have it snowing. It's the coat, not the man. The girl wishes to God she had the coat. She can see him luxuriate in the warm fleecy lining. If you want to do business with us, Mr. Elsmere, you'll have to think. You can take it away now."

Mr. Kaufman turned toward me unsmilingly.

"Now, draw up a chair. You understand, don't you, Miss Myles — a quick cross-section of reaction, something warm, something human, something I can read aloud? Just explain it to Mr. Pulham. Then I'll know if you have my idea."

Marvin Myles turned in her chair to look at me and Mr. Kaufman folded his hands.

"It's on the survey for Coza Flakes," she said. "Mr. Kaufman said you could come with me."

"It will be more apt to make them talk," Mr. Kaufman said. "Now, what are you going to do, Miss Myles?"

"I'm going to ring the bell," Marvin said.

"And when the door is opened Mr. Pulham is going to put down the suitcase so it will be hard to close the door," Mr. Kaufman said. "Now, explain your approach, Miss Myles."

"Well," Marvin Myles answered, "I'm simply going to say, 'Good morning. We haven't come here to sell anything. We wonder if you would mind giving us a few moments to talk about your cleaning problem. We have a remarkable new soap. We want to give you some, to try.'"

"And when she says that," Mr. Kaufman said, "you pull a sample box out of your pocket, Pulham, and hand it to the lady. Go ahead, Miss Myles."

"Then I say," Marvin continued, "'I wonder if you could give me something soiled to wash?' Do I have to do that, Mr. Kaufman?"

"It will be a great experience for you," Mr. Kaufman said. "You have the question form?"

"Yes," said Marvin.

"Well, try to make it informal, a great big party, a lot of fun. But keep your mind on the consumer reaction. You follow me, don't you, Pulham?"

"You mean we're going to knock on somebody's door and ask if we can wash something?" I said. Marvin Myles glanced at me.

"I'll tell him all about it," she said. "We'll start right away."

"Try to get 25 reactions," Mr. Kaufman said, "and make up the report tonight. I'll be here working on footwear."

"All right," Marvin turned to me. "Get the suitcase and I'll meet you at the elevator."

I got an impression, outside, that she was angry. "Come on," she said. "Come on." We began to walk toward the subway. She walked fast, staring straight ahead of her, chin up and shoulders back.

"So I can ask for the dirtiest thing in the house to wash, can I?" she was saying.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"You and I," she said, "are going to the Bronx. We're not going to accomplish anything except to make Mr. Kaufman happy. He thought I wouldn't do it. I'll do it all right."

"You mean we're going to tenement houses to wash clothes?"

She looked at me again. "I wonder," she said, "do you know why you're coming with me, or don't you?"

"No," I said. "It all sounds queer to me."

"All right," she answered. "You're coming with me to see that I go through with it. He thinks I might make the whole thing up."

When we got off the subway we walked into the dingy vestibule of a yellow brick apartment house and examined a row of bells.

"Any of them will do," Marvin said. "We'll try Frenkel."

She rang the bell and a buzzer let us into the main hallway where the air was full of confined odors. Down near the end of the hallway I saw a fat, dark-haired woman clad in a soiled flannel wrapper peering out of a door.

"Good morning," Marvin said. "I hope we are not interrupting you."

"What is it you want?" she asked. "Mr. Frenkel is not at home."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Frenkel," Marvin said. "We're not trying to sell anything."

"Then why are you here for?" Mrs. Frenkel asked. "You better get out or I'll call the police."

"Now, Mrs. Frenkel," I said, "that isn't the way to talk." Mrs. Frenkel's eyes grew round and her loose mouth fell open. "We just came to ask you," I went on, "if we could wash the dirtiest piece of clothing that you have, Mrs. Frenkel."

Mrs. Frenkel made an inarticulate sound and began stepping backward. "My God," she asked, "are you crazy?"

"I don't blame you for asking," I said. "I thought it sounded crazy too when I was sent out here. They want to see what people think of this new soap."

"My God," said Mrs. Frenkel; "you ain't never washed anything."

"That's perfectly true," I said.

"My God," said Mrs. Frenkel, "oh, my God!" And she backed farther away from the door. I fol-

lowed her into a sitting room, put the suitcase on a chair and took out a box of Coza Flakes. Then I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves.

"I'm all ready," I said, "if you'll show me the laundry."

"The laundry!" said Mrs. Frenkel. Then something made her laugh. "If you want to be crazy we can all of us go nuts. You wait here until I get the dishes out of the sink."

She waddled out, and I saw Marvin staring at me.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Have I done anything wrong?"

"No," she said. "I just didn't know there was anything like you and neither did Mrs. Frenkel."

I was only thinking of doing an unpleasant job as well as I could. We stood with Mrs. Frenkel in the kitchen, while she watched me pouring some Coza Flakes into a pan of hot water. Then I washed a pair of Mr. Frenkel's socks, which certainly did need washing. Like most things, once you got started it was not so bad.

"Let me do those," Marvin said.

"No," I told her. "It wouldn't look right."

Everything between Mrs. Frenkel and Marvin and me became quite agreeable after that, so it seemed all right to ask Mrs. Frenkel if she did not have any friends in the building who would like something washed. Mrs. Frenkel said that she did have friends—

as soon as she put on her dress — and she left us in the kitchen.

"Harry," Marvin said, "I'm sorry I was cross."

I was a little confused that she called me by my first name.

"Harry," she said again, "we're going to have a good time." And we did.

At lunchtime in a drugstore she asked: "Would you mind telling me what made you go into Bullard's? You didn't have to, did you?"

I found myself telling her more about myself than was really necessary, and answering strange questions. She wanted to know all about our butler Hugh, and about dances at the club and about Westwood, our place in Brookline.

"You've had everything I've always wanted," she said, "and now you don't want it."

"What sort of things?" I asked.

She sighed and we looked at each other.

"Money," she said, "security. I'm going to get it someday. Someday I'll be a partner in the agency. I'm good. I know I'm good."

IT WAS SIX o'clock when we got back to the office and there were dark shadows under her eyes. Nearly all the desks were deserted, but there was a light in Mr. Kaufman's room. Mr. Kaufman was in his shirt sleeves, looking at proofs of footwear advertising.

"We made the calls," Marvin

Myles said. "I kept the notes. Mr. Pulham did the washing."

"Let's see the notes," Mr. Kaufman said. He ran through the forms like a paying teller in a bank.

"Did they talk?" he asked. "Read that to me Miss Myles," and Marvin picked up the page.

"It's the first time," she read, "that I won't mind when Frenkel takes off his shoes." I remembered that Mrs. Frenkel had said that, but I had not imagined that Marvin had written it.

"That's the stuff," said Mr. Kaufman. "Warmth and color. Have you got any more like that?"

"Plenty more," Marvin said.

"Well, that's fine," said Mr. Kaufman. "Make each interview into a little story. You'd better get going. I'll be here all night. Just wait here a minute, Pulham."

Mr. Kaufman did not speak until Marvin closed the door.

"Now," he said, "just as man to man, Pulham, was there really a woman named Frenkel? You see," he explained, "a number of people have been trying to get these interviews. There's a temptation to rely on the imagination."

"You'll have to take my word for it, Mr. Kaufman," I said.

"But how did you do it?"

"Mrs. Frenkel wanted to call the police and I told her she needn't do that," I said. "I told her I was going to do some washing for her. That was what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"And she listened to you?"

"Why, yes," I said. "Why shouldn't she?"

Mr. Kaufman looked interested.

"Pulham," he said, "you must have a human approach. Now go help Miss Myles with the report."

When I got back to our cubicle Marvin Myles had taken off her hat and was beating on the keys of her typewriter.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

First she looked annoyed and then she smiled.

"Don't look like a babe in the woods," she said. "If you don't take care a robin will come along and cover you up with leaves. What did Kaufman want?"

"He kept asking questions about Mrs. Frenkel and talking about warmth and color."

"You must have made an impression on him."

"I don't see why," I said.

"Never mind," she answered. "You've made an impression on me. I thought you were terrible and now I like you." She pulled a sheet out of her typewriter. "You can go over the grammar of this, and then you can give it to Kaufman's secretary to make a clean copy. And you'd better go out and get some sandwiches and coffee for us. Now, don't talk any more."

I had never seen anyone write so quickly. As time went on, her lips pressed themselves into a thin, stubborn line.

"You can go on home if you want," she said once. "I can handle this. I'm used to it."

"No," I said. "There might be something I could do."

"All right," she said. "Get more coffee."

She finished the report at half-past eleven and stretched her arms over her head and yawned.

"Well," she said, "that's that. God, but I'm tired!" She got up and pulled on her hat. "I'll see you in the morning."

"I'm going to see you home," I told her.

"Don't be silly," she said.

"It's late," I told her. "You ought not to go out alone so late."

"Oh?" she said. "What do you think I generally do?"

She lived in the seventies, and I took her home in a taxi. She leaned back with her eyes half-closed, looking at the lights.

"I'll have a car of my own some day," she said, "with a chauffeur waiting outside when I do night work; and I'll have a mink coat and a French maid, and I'll ask you up to dinner."

"All right," I said.

"And be sure you wear a white tie and be sure you behave yourself," she said. "There'll be lots of interesting people, all the writers and artists and people on the stage. Well, here we are. Will you come up?" She asked me as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

"No, thanks," I said. "I'll just see that you get in all right."

We walked up a flight of brown-stone steps into the vestibule and she took a bunch of keys out of her bag.

"Curiously enough, I have my keys."

"Well," I said, "good night."

"Good night," and she looked at me in the half-light. "Good night," she said, "darling," and she kissed me.

I had not expected any such thing, but somehow she made it seem the only correct thing for her to do.

"Good night," I said.

I sent the cab away, because I suddenly felt like walking. I have never had anything happen to me before or since which was just like that. I was suddenly more alive to everything — the clearness of the night and the way the street lamps each cut a luminous sphere in the darkness. I was sharing something with the city. For once in my life I was where I wanted to be, a part of everything.

As I say, it all seemed perfectly natural. It did not occur to me for quite a while that Marvin Myles might have been in the habit of kissing almost anyone good night who took her home. Even when it did occur to me, it did not bother me. I kept going over, before I went to sleep, what she had said and what I had said, and I remember wondering what I would say to her in the morning.

Bill was at his desk when I arrived, but Marvin was not in yet.

"What did you do to Kaufman?" Bill asked. "He likes your personality."

"Well, I don't like his," I said.

"Neither do I," Bill answered. "But if you're getting on with Kaufman it's fine. Now, where is that tabulation on the washrooms? Bullard wants to see it. Hell is going to pop today."

"What's happened now?" I said.

"We're going to sell the Coza campaign today," he said. "It's going to be some party. And what do you think the crux of the campaign is going to be? Who do you think hit the basic idea?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you who did," Bill said. "I did. It's a great big vital story. Why does mankind use soap?"

"To clean itself," I said.

"Exactly," said Bill. "And why does soap get out dirt?"

"It washes it out," I said.

"And why?" said Bill. "Because of an alkaline reaction. And why is Coza better than any other soap?"

"I don't know why," I said. "Is it?"

"Frankly," said Bill, "that's the tough part. Now, why is it better? Because the Coza chemists, after years of work in the laboratory, have developed a cleaning force, an imponderable. And what do we call that force?"

"What do we call it?" I asked.

"We call it Alkalinity Plus," said

Bill. "Try this test today. Wash something with an ordinary soap, and then wash the same thing with Coza. Coza cleans because of that added imponderable — Alkalinity Plus. Hello, Marvin."

She smiled at us and took off her hat and put it in the green steel cupboard.

"Hello," she said, and our eyes met for a moment.

"They want to see us up front," Bill said. "They're going to use Alkalinity Plus."

From the way she looked I could tell there was something important in the announcement.

"Bill," she said, "I'm awfully glad."

"And I made it perfectly clear," Bill said, "the idea's mine, but the name's yours — Alkalinity Plus."

Marvin took off her gloves and laid them beside her hat.

"Thanks, Bill," she said. "When did they decide on it?"

"Just this morning," Bill answered. "I gave Bullard our idea, and it hit him, right in the solar plexus. And now we're going to try Alkalinity Plus on the client. Come on, Marvin. Bullard's waiting for us."

"But, Bill," I said, "that isn't the way soap cleans. It is due to its property of emulsifying fats, not due to alkali at all."

Bill sat down on the edge of his desk.

"My God," he said, "where did you get that?"

"It's in the encyclopedia," I said. "I looked it up."

Marvin looked at Bill and scowled.

"Do you mean to say," she said, "you got that whole idea without looking anything up?"

"I thought you had looked it up," Bill said. "Wait a minute — wait a minute. The idea is just as good as ever. Here's the way it'll go." Bill looked at the ceiling and drew a deep breath.

"For years, for centuries, makers of soap have gone on the mistaken theory that the cleansing properties of soap were derived from free alkali. Today modern science has revealed a new truth. Leading chemists know today that it's emulsification that cleans — without attacking tender hands and fabrics in the washtubs. That is why the Coza chemists have evolved a soap of a new high emulsifying power, based on the secret property they call Emul. How about that, Marvin? That has eye value — Emul. Coza is rich in Emul. That's why Coza cleans."

There was a moment's silence and Marvin sighed.

"You can talk your way out of anything," she said.

This shows how quickly Bill's mind could work; he was generous too, because he explained to Mr. Bullard that I had studied the whole theory of soap in my spare time. Mr. Bullard called me to his office right after the Coza conference was over.

"Pulham," he said, "I'm going.

to call you Harry, because you've made your letter today. You've been a part of the team. Have you ever thought how strange it is that a great idea is always simple?"

"No, sir," I said.

"I'm just playing with words," Mr. Bullard said, "just playing, you understand. We've been the first to get down to the real essentials of a soap campaign, almost the first to consider basically why soap cleans. Your friend Bill King thought of the general idea, which was in the back of my mind all the time, but I give him credit for it. Miss Myles perfected the idea of the chemists working on the formula — and as a matter of fact Coza chemists work very hard — and then you came in with another suggestion that soap emulsifies. Mr. Kaufman and I finally smoothed these ideas and made them presentable. We were given the ball to run with and we put the ball over. Yes, you've earned your letters."

From that moment I began to feel at home in the Bullard office. I began to understand that to sell soap it was necessary to endow it with some unique quality. What was more, before long they persuaded themselves that Coza had the mysterious, hidden qualities with which their imagination had endowed it. I am quite sure that Bill got himself to believe implicitly that the Coza chemists after years of patient research had developed an element named Emul. . .

I MUST HAVE begun seeing more and more of Marvin Myles without noticing it much, as spring moved on into summer. We used to do all sorts of things together, such as riding through Central Park in one of those Victorias or rowing on the lake. Later I bought a small runabout and I used to take her to the Long Island beaches, and before long she began to worry about my clothes. She used to pick out neckties for me and she made me order three new summer suits, and she went with me to get a picnic basket so that we could have our own lunch if we motored out of town on Sundays. I never realized to what extent I depended on her company. I never thought anything about it until one week-end in July when I asked for a Saturday off so that I could go up to see the family at our summer place in North Harbor. It was the first time since I had moved to New York that I had seen the family. I had talked to her about them a good deal, and I remember what she said that night, when I took her out to dinner.

"I wish you were coming," I told her.

"What would they think of me if you brought me?" Marvin asked.

"They would like you," I said, "as soon as they understood you."

"What is there to understand?"

"Nothing, really," I said. "It's only if you see one type of person all your life you judge everyone else by that type."

She looked at me strangely, and then asked, "Have you packed your bag?"

I told her that I had not, but that the train did not leave until eleven.

"Well, I'm going over to see that you get everything in," she said. "You'll be sure to forget something."

"That's awfully nice of you," I told her, "but I don't know what people would say about your coming up to my room."

"What would they say?" she asked. "I have always wanted to see your room."

I had rented one of the front bedrooms in an old brownstone house on Lexington Avenue. The furniture was sparse and simple — an iron bed, a bureau with a large mirror, a small table and two chairs. No one said anything when we went upstairs, but I still had an uneasy feeling that she should not have been there. Marvin took off her hat and dropped it with her bag and gloves on the table.

"Where's your suitcase?" she asked. "It's getting late."

Then I noticed that she was looking at the pictures on the bureau.

"Who's that?" she asked. "Your mother?"

"Yes," I said, "that's Mother."

"And that's your father?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"And who is the girl? Someone you haven't told me about?"

"I've told you about her," I said. "That's Mary, my sister."

"And what's this picture?"

"The boys in my Club," I said; "my Club at Harvard."

She leaned her hands on the bureau and peered for a while at the pictures.

"All of you is there, isn't it?" she said. "All that you're going back to? It must be queer, being in two places at once."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I answered. "I'm not in two places at once."

"Where are your shirts and socks?" she asked. "If Hugh unpacks your bag I want him to know that you're neat."

It was queer seeing her go over my shirts.

"Now, your evening clothes," she said, "and now that other suit I made you buy. Doesn't anybody do any mending for you here?"

"The laundry is supposed to," I said.

"Well, it doesn't," she said. "I'll take that up with you some other time."

We called a taxicab and she rode with me to the station.

"Harry," she said, "you're coming back, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm coming back," I said. "I'll be at the office Monday."

"You're sure?" she said.

"Yes," I said, "of course I'm sure."

She spoke of it again when we got to the gate of the night train.

"Be sure you come back," she said. "Don't let them take you away."

I did not realize then, or during my visit to North Harbor either, that I was already in love with Marvin Myles.

I Must Go Down to the Seas Again

MY TRAIN reached North Harbor at five in the morning. In the fresh early light everything possessed the vague excitement of old association, for I had alighted on that platform in summers ever since I was eight years old. Patrick met me in the heavy limousine. I saw his round face and his comfortable stomach right away, the same Patrick who used to meet us in the carryall, but now turned into a chauffeur, and not a very good one either.

"Give me them bags, Master Harry," he said.

I told Patrick I would ride in front with him and he told me I should do no such thing, because it would not look right; I should ride in back, but he would lower the window so that we could talk.

"If you do that," I said, "you'll pull the wrong rein and drive us into a tree. How's everyone?"

"Everyone is well," Patrick said. "Praise be to God!"

"How's Mother?"

"Your mother," Patrick said, "ain't what she used to be." He said they had all been missing me, that nothing was the same with me

away, but I did not want to go into that. I was beginning to realize, the nearer we came to North Harbor, how much I had been missing them all too, without really knowing it.

When we came to our summer place, with luxuriant nasturtiums and geraniums in the window boxes, Hugh came hurrying down the piazza steps and my father, in golf trousers, followed him.

"It's nice of you to get up so early," I said.

"No trouble at all," Father said. "You look a little white around the gills. You ought to get more exercise." He took me to the dining room, and Hugh came in with orange juice. "Mary was coming down," Father said, "but she was up late last night. They all keep going to those damned movies."

"How's everyone been?" I asked.

"Your mother isn't very well," Father said. "And Frank Wilding says there's going to be a slump." He paused and drank some coffee. "I'm glad you came here this week-end. There's been a devil of a time at the Club."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You can't believe it," Father said. "They're going to straighten out the dog leg on the 14th hole. That's one of the prettiest, trickiest drives in the country, and they're going to straighten it out."

"Who is?" I asked.

"That man Field. They put him on the Greens Committee."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"That's it," Father said. "Just who is he? God knows who, except that he owns a factory in Ohio, and now he thinks he can change the 14th hole, because he says it's too hard for a normal player."

"They ought not to change that hole," I said.

"Then you'll come down to the meeting before the dance tonight and vote, won't you?" Father said. "I tell you, Harry, this place isn't what it used to be." He looked out of the wide plate-glass windows at the sea. "It's the restlessness after the war." His eyes were on me and he stroked his graying mustache. "Harry, what the devil is it you do in New York?"

He drummed his fingers on the table while I went into the details of the Coza soap campaign, which sounded out of place in the dining room.

"Thunder!" Father said. "You *can't* like anything like that!"

"I like it," I said, "because something is happening all the time."

Father sighed.

"I can't follow you. I don't want things to happen. I've spent all my life trying to fix it so that things wouldn't happen. Well, who do you see in New York?"

"I don't go out much," I said. "We generally work late and I'm pretty tired in the evening."

"Then you'd better see all your old friends, now you're here. Kay

Motford was asking after you. What's the matter, Harry?"

"Nothing, sir," I said.

"Then, don't look like that," he told me. "I want people to know you're alive. That's all."

The dining room door opened and there was Mary in a blue dress with white dots. She gave me a searching look before she kissed me.

"You look awfully tired," she said.

"It's the train," I told her. "I could never sleep on a train."

She walked upstairs with me to my room with her arm linked through mine.

"He wasn't arguing with you, was he?" she asked.

"No," I said, "just talking."

"Because no one's going to argue with you. I've taken it up with all of them. You're just going to have a good time. Everyone's been asking for you."

"Who?" I asked.

"Oh, everyone," she said. "I know a lot of your friends now."

All at once I felt like a stranger. I did not even care whether my friends were interested in me or not.

Hugh was waiting when Mary and I got up to my room, and Hugh himself was like a stranger — an oldish, flaccid, pompous parasite.

"Well, well," said Hugh, "so we're working in the city, are we? Advertising! What a thing now for a gentleman to do."

"Shut up and get me out my golf clothes," I said.

"Well, well," said Hugh, "listen to him, Miss Mary. And Mr. Harry used to be a little gentleman."

"You attend to your business," I said. "You're an old fake and you always were a fake."

We were talking as we had always talked, but somehow, though I tried to use the same old tone, my voice had an unfamiliar edge to it. Instead of grinning back at me Hugh's face grew red.

"If you want anything more, Master Harry, you have only to ring," he said as he closed the door.

"Why, Harry," Mary said, "you hurt Hugh's feelings."

"I don't see why," I said. "It was the way we always used to talk."

Mary sat down in an armchair near the window and I found myself looking at her. She had a supple, sensuous sort of grace which I had never perceived before. "Give me a cigarette," she said, and held out a long delicate hand.

"Are you allowed to smoke?" I asked, and she smiled at me.

"What do you think I am? Everybody's beginning to smoke."

"I suppose that's true," I said. I was thinking of Marvin Myles.

"Harry," she asked, "don't you like us any more?"

"Now, what under the sun makes you say a thing like that?"

"I wonder," she said, "if you and I will ever be the way we used to be? We don't know what to say to each other, do we?"

"That's silly," I said. "We're just the same as we ever were. You're still my little sister."

"Maybe a brother and sister never can know each other," Mary said. "They're all so tangled up. But it would be fun if we knew each other — if I could talk to you about boys and you could talk to me about girls. Perhaps if we got drunk together we could say what we really thought."

"Now, look here, Mary —" I began.

"There you go," Mary said. "It isn't any use. But I must tell you something. Do you know that Mother's going to try to make you stay here? Don't let her. She makes everybody do everything she wants."

MISS PERCIVAL, Mother's day nurse, was standing in the hall in front of Mother's door.

"We've been waiting for you," Miss Percival said. "We've had our nap, but we mustn't talk about anything too exciting."

"How is she?" I asked.

"We are really doing very well," she replied. "We've been talking about our soldier boy, and we've been waiting for his visit, but we must only discuss happy things."

Mother was on her chaise longue and dressed in a lavender negligee.

"Darling," she said, and she held out her arms to me. "Isn't he beautiful, Miss Percival? Now do you see why I am proud of my boy?"

"Yes," said Miss Percival. "We are very proud of our boy, but we must only talk to him for a few minutes."

"Darling," Mother said, "are you having a good time?"

"I am having a fine time," I said. "I'll see all the old crowd at the dance tonight. It's just as though I'd never been away."

"That's just the way I want it to be," Mother said. "You'll see Kay Motford at the dance, won't you? You must have such a good time you won't go away."

"I've got to go back tomorrow night," I said.

I saw Miss Percival move uneasily. Mother's hands dropped in her lap.

"Darling," she said, "I never thought that you were selfish."

"Now," said Miss Percival, "we mustn't have the doctor angry with us, must we? We must only talk about happy things. We must be glad that our Big Boy is with us today and tomorrow."

"Mother," I said, "any time you really want me —"

"I want you now, now, always," Mother said.

"It is time for our boy to be going now," Miss Percival said. "We'll see him again later."

I closed Mother's door behind me. It had been a good deal worse than I had expected. Mary was waiting for me in the hall.

"Was that old bitch, Percival, in there?" Mary whispered.

I started as though she had stuck a pin in me.

"Where did you pick up that word?"

"Well," Mary answered, "it's what I mean. Did Mother try to make you stay?"

"Yes," I said. "I can't. I'm going back tomorrow night."

Then I forgot that she was my little sister. I suppose that I had to speak to someone.

"My God, Mary, I can't stay," I said.

I HAD forgotten how pretty all the girls were. They still wore long dresses at the Club that night, but their dresses had more color to them. And I noticed, during my first dance with Kay Motford, that the beat of the music was more pronounced.

"Harry," Kay said, "can't you keep time to the music?"

"I am keeping time," I said.

"You're not," said Kay, "and you've been drinking."

"Not any more than anyone else," I said.

"Harry," Kay said, "I don't know what's the matter with you."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"You aren't the way you used to be at all," she said. "We used to be such good friends, and now we hardly know what to say to each other. Has anything happened to you?"

"It isn't me," I answered. "It's everything else. Everything —"

Then Joe Bingham cut in on us, and I stood near the wall, watching them dance away. I was thinking that it was about time to cut in on the youngest Frear girl, when Guy Motford came up to me.

"There's a girl that wants to meet you," he said. "Did you ever hear of her — Emmy Kane?"

"What's the matter with her?" I asked.

"Nothing," Guy said. "She's one of the best little neckers you ever saw. Come on." He pulled me a few steps across the floor and stopped a couple that were coming toward us. "Here he is, Emmy. Emmy Kane, this is Harry Pulham."

She was one of the new people at the Club, from one of those families that had come there in the war years.

"I saw you on the beach," she said. "You looked awfully cute in a bathing suit."

Her speech showed that she wasn't one of the old crowd. Certainly none of them would discuss the way I looked in a bathing suit, and when I put my arm around her I must have hesitated.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"I'll bet you've got an awfully good line," she said. "I wish you'd hold me a little closer. I can dance better and it's more cozy."

"All right," I said.

"You act so young," she said. "Is that your line?"

I must have been a good many

years older than she. I had been to the war, where I had seen sights which were unbelievable. The bewildering part was that she was a girl in my own social class and I did not know what she expected.

"Have you got a car?" she asked. "Let's drive somewhere."

"That would be fine," I said, "if it's all right." I had never heard of taking a girl out in a car in the middle of a dance, and as we walked out I was wondering what people would say if we were noticed. I could still hear the music above the crunching of our feet on the blue gravel. The orchestra was playing "Madelon."

"Have you got any rye?" she asked. "I always like rye."

"You mean whisky?" I asked. She began to laugh.

"You have the cutest line," she said. "We'd better go in our car. There's some in the side pocket."

Her car was a new open Cadillac, and she asked me to drive it. She sat close to me, leaning lightly against my shoulder.

"Where shall we go?" I asked.

"Somewhere where we can park," she said. "Out along by the sea. You're Mary's brother, aren't you? Mary's awfully cute." It was a new word to me — "cute." I wished that I felt more familiar with this sort of thing, and that I knew what to do. I remember thinking that Bill King would have known. We drove along the shore road, and she began humming beneath her breath.

"Let's sing," she said, and we sang "Madelon."

"Let's stop here," she said, and when I stopped the car she leaned over and shut off the engine.

"You'd better turn out the lights," she said, "or we'll burn down the battery." Then she reached into a pocket in the door. "Here it is," she said, and she unscrewed the stopper of a silver flask, and took a drink and handed it to me. I took a drink too because it seemed to me exactly what I needed, and it made me feel a good deal better.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I was thinking," I said, "that I had never done anything like this."

She laughed at me through the dark.

"Go ahead," she said, "but don't rumple up my hair."

She put her arm on my shoulder, and I saw her face turned up toward mine, white and hazy in the dark, and I bent down and kissed her. I felt her arms tighten about my neck.

"Darling," she whispered, and I kissed her again.

"I've been wondering," she said, "ever since I saw you on the beach, what you were like. . . . Do you like it?"

"Yes," I told her. "Very much."

"You're so funny," she said. "You act worried."

"Look here," I asked her. "Does everyone do this now?"

She pushed herself away from me and looked at me.

"What ever are you talking about?"

"I don't know," I said. "A lot must have happened since I've been away."

"I guess we'd better go back," she said.

"Oh, no," I said, and I unscrewed the stopper from the flask and took another drink, as long as it was the thing to do. Then I tried to kiss her again.

"No," she said, "you act —" her voice broke, "as though —"

"As though what?" I asked.

"As though I was immoral."

"I didn't mean to act that way," I said. "I'm awfully sorry."

"We'd better be going back," she sobbed. "No, don't touch me."

"Please listen to me," I said. "I don't know what I did, but I want to beg your pardon."

But she only blew her nose and sobbed.

"Please don't," I said, "please."

"Oh, shut up," she sobbed. "You've spoiled it all. We'd better go back."

I have thought often enough of all the things I could have said on the drive back. I suppose everyone has some awkward moment in his life which keeps cropping up uncomfortably through the years, and my ride in the car has always been like that. I have explained to her in my thoughts everything about myself, very volubly and convincingly, but at the time I only said:

"I'm not really as bad as you think I am."

Yet it was true that everything was spoiled.

FATHER was sitting in the parlor, nodding over his paper, and his head straightened up jerkily when I came in.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "Did you have a good time?"

I wished that they did not all keep asking me the same question.

"Yes, a fine time," I said.

"You're not serious about going back tomorrow, are you?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll have to be there Monday morning."

Father tossed his paper on the floor.

"Harry, when are you going to stop all this damned nonsense?"

"Father," I said, "it won't do any good to argue."

I have never forgotten the way he looked at me. First his eyes were hard and incredulous, and then he looked older than I had ever seen him.

"All right," he said. "We won't go over it again, but I'm damned if I know —" He stopped and glanced away from me while I waited for him to go on. "I'm damned if I know what's getting into everybody. I wish you'd talk to Frank Wilding about going back to his brokerage office."

He got up stiffly out of his chair and walked over to me.

"Perhaps around October," he

said, "you'll feel differently. If you're back around October maybe we could go out after woodcock. When you were born I thought there'd be someone I could take shooting. It's funny, isn't it? Nothing turns out the way you think."

"I wish you wouldn't say that, sir," I said.

"Well, it's true," Father said. "All the things you take for granted — there they are, and then they're gone. There you were; and now you're gone."

"I wish you wouldn't say that," I said. "You make me feel —"

"I can't help the way you feel," Father said, "and you can't help the way I feel. I guess neither of us is very bright, Harry. We just have to worry on as best we can. Good night."

"You're not angry with me, are you?" I asked.

"No," said Father. "What's the use of talking? I never could talk." He reached out his hand and we shook hands.

I know now why everything went wrong at North Harbor. I did not want to stay there, because I was in love with Marvin Myles.

When the Girl You Love Loves You

I was back at the Bullard office at nine on Monday morning. Once I heard the typewriters and saw everyone working, it was just as though the week-end in North Harbor had been part of a bad night.

Now I seemed to be wide awake again. Bill King's and Marvin's desks were still vacant and I hoped that Marvin would get there before Bill, and when she did I realized how much I had wanted to see her.

"Hello, Marvin," I said.

"Why, hello," she said, and then we both laughed. "Well, here you are."

"Yes," I said. "It seems so."

"And you don't look any different," she said. "I kept thinking you'd look different. Did you have a good time?"

I don't know why everyone kept asking me that.

"Where's Bill?" I asked.

"They sent him on a trip to Chicago," Marvin said. "Never mind about Bill. We have to see Kaufman at 9:15. What did they do to you up there?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Everyone — the butler and everyone. Did he unpack your things? Did he say anything about them?"

"Why, no," I said.

"Oh, he didn't, didn't he?" Marvin said. "He might have said I packed your bag all right."

"Never mind him," I said.

"I do mind," Marvin answered. "Someday I'm going to have a butler and I want to know how they work. Harry, did you miss me?"

"Yes," I said.

"All right," Marvin said. "Now we'll go in to see Kaufman, and remember he's always bad on Mon-

day mornings. Get some paper and pencils. Come along."

"Marvin," I said, "I want to tell you something."

"Well, tell it quickly," Marvin said.

She was bending over her desk, picking up some pencils and copy paper, and everything seemed absolutely natural, absolutely simple. For once in my life I knew about everything. It was like looking at an examination paper and being prepared for all the questions. It was like hitting a ball exactly right.

"Marvin," I said.

"What is the matter with you?" Marvin asked. "Is it the heat?"

"Yes, it is pretty hot," I said, "but it was cold enough for blankets at North Harbor. It's funny that nothing turns out the way you think it's going to."

"What are you talking about?" Marvin asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Marvin, I love you."

She turned around very quickly, and at first I thought she was annoyed from the way her forehead wrinkled.

"Well," she asked, "whatever put that into your head?"

"I don't know," I said. "Just now when I saw you I wanted to tell you."

"Why, darling," Marvin said, and then she stopped. "Well, that's all right. I love you too, but we can't do much about it right now,

can we? Come ahead. Kaufman's waiting."

There were a lot of details about that period which I thought I would never forget, yet now that I try to recall them, they are all lost. It was the first time that I had ever told a girl that I loved her, and the first time that the girl that I loved loved me. I believe there was a popular tune that went that way in those days.

I know that I was happy, very happy, but there was more to it than that. I was not sure that she really meant it, for she gave no further sign of it, and we were awfully busy that day, so busy that it all became a sort of background. All the time that I was thinking that Marvin had said she loved me, we were discussing the emulsifying properties of soap. I remember now that my love for Marvin Myles was a good deal mixed up with pictures of people washing themselves and with pictures of intimate, filmy garments.

We worked on rough layouts with Mr. Kaufman all that morning and all that afternoon while the perspiration poured down Mr. Kaufman's face, and he tore apart roll after roll of drawings.

"The basic idea is all right," Mr. Kaufman said, at last, "but the trouble is there isn't any sex in it."

"Sex?" I repeated after him.

"Sex," said Mr. Kaufman, and he slapped his hand on the desk. "You can't have a soap campaign

without sex appeal. You get my idea, don't you, Miss Myles?"

"Yes," said Marvin, "I know what you mean."

"Well, that's what you're here for. I've watched Mrs. Kaufman with soap. It's intimate."

Marvin glanced at me across the room and then looked out of the window. It was the first time that I had heard of Mrs. Kaufman, and I wondered if Mrs. Kaufman loved him. If I were ever married I would certainly not bring my wife's name into conversations about soap. If I were ever married . . . It was the first time that I had ever thought about it that way. If I loved Marvin and she loved me, we would get married.

"Daintiness," I heard Marvin saying, "is that what you mean?"

"Daintiness," Mr. Kaufman said. "Now we're getting somewhere. Wait a minute. I'll see if Mr. Bullard is out of conference."

Mr. Kaufman hurried out of the room, and for a moment Marvin and I were alone.

"Marvin," I said, "maybe I didn't understand you when you said —"

"Of course you did," Marvin answered. "But here comes Kaufman. Isn't he terrible?"

"All right," said Mr. Kaufman. "We're going to see Mr. Bullard now."

Mr. Bullard was sitting at his desk with the tips of his fingers pressed together.

"Miss Myles," he said, "I hear you have found a word. I want you to tell it to me. I didn't want Mr. Kaufman to spoil it."

"How do you mean I'd spoil it?" Mr. Kaufman asked.

"Now, Walter," said Mr. Bullard, "you know how it was about that lubricating oil. Occasionally you mangle words."

"Come off it, can't you, J. T.?" said Mr. Kaufman. "You're not talking to a client. We're trying to turn out copy."

"Now, Walter," said Mr. Bullard, "what is copy but words? Every word in perfect balance with another."

"Oh, God," said Mr. Kaufman, "come off it, J. T. You're not trying to sell anybody anything."

"What is the word, Miss Myles?" Mr. Bullard asked.

"The word is 'daintiness,'" Marvin said.

"Wait," said Mr. Bullard. "Wait, don't speak again. I don't want anyone to speak." The room was silent. "Daintiness," Mr. Bullard said softly. "Don't interrupt me. Loveliness. Sheer glowing loveliness. Filminess. Evanescence. Dawn. Mistiness. Don't interrupt me."

Mr. Kaufman stood looking stonily out of the window, his face red and glowing, his shirt sodden and limp. I looked at Marvin. She stood looking straight ahead of her, like a registered nurse in an operating room.

"Daintiness," said Mr. Bullard.

"All right. Use it in all the women's copy. And after this Miss Myles will be in charge of the women's copy. I'll edit it myself."

"Very well," said Mr. Kaufman stiffly. That was all they said, but it meant that Marvin would no longer have to defer to Mr. Kaufman.

It was after five o'clock when we got back to the room where we worked and Marvin put her hand over mine for a moment.

"God, what a day! Everything's happened — everything. I've got to go home and get a bath. Do you see what happened? Kaufman told Bullard to come off it, do you remember? He might as well resign."

"Marvin — " I began.

"Darling," she said, "you've got to learn to keep everything in its place. Go home and put on a dinner coat and stop for me at seven. We're going to the Plaza and we're going to have champagne. Go home now and get dressed. I look awful and so do you."

WHEN I called for Marvin I expected her to come downstairs to meet me, but instead the front door clicked and I walked up three flights to her apartment, a furnished one which she had sublet — a bedroom and a sitting room and a little kitchenette. The door was open and Marvin called to me from the bedroom to wait.

"I've got a new dress," she called. "Wait till you see it!"

I sat there in the sitting room, looking at her shelves of books. Marvin had read a great deal more than I had, and most of those books were strange to me. Now they seemed like my books, simply because they belonged to her. I heard the swish of her dress in the bedroom and then the door opened. I don't remember what the dress was like, because I can never remember about clothes, but she was beautiful.

"Kiss me," she said. "I've been waiting all day." Then she pushed me away and held me by the shoulders.

"You've missed it again," she said.

"Missed what?" I asked.

"The back of your head," she said. "You brush your hair hard in front, but there's a place in back you never touch. Wait a minute."

She went into the bedroom and came back with her hairbrush.

"Now, stand still," she said, "and don't wriggle." I pretended to think that it was funny, but she must have known that I was pleased. And she liked the orchids I had bought — not the ordinary purple ones, but some with little brownish-yellow flowers.

At the Plaza, the headwaiter took us to a good table. It amused me a little to see how much Marvin cared for things which I took for granted.

"Darling," she said, "isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," I said, "it's the first time I ever enjoyed it here."

"Now tell me when you first liked me," she said, and we went over the whole thing, I suppose the way everyone does, remembering what she had said and I had said, and the way she had looked and I had looked.

"I wish I could say things nicely," I told her.

"You do, when you say what you mean," she said.

"I don't know what you see in me."

"You wouldn't," Marvin said. "It's because I can do so much for you. That's what a girl really wants. It's going to be like a symphony. I'm going to like all the things you do."

I began thinking of what I would say when I introduced her to the family. "Marvin," I said, "when are we going to get married?"

"Why, darling," she said, "do you really want us to get married?"

"Why, yes," I said, "of course."

She looked at me across the table, smiling.

"I was wondering why you were worried," she said. "Don't look that way. Of course I want to, but we ought to see what it's like."

"What it's like?" I repeated.

"What everything is like — you and me — everything. I want you — " She reached across the table and touched my hand — "I want you to want to marry me so much that you don't care about

anything else — anything. For once in your life, dear, try to have a good time. Try to think of it all as natural. I'm going to make you do that, if it kills me."

"Marvin — " I began, and then stopped.

"Go ahead," she said.

"You don't mean, Marvin — " I said, "you can't mean what I think."

"Of course," Marvin said, "I mean what you think. I want us to be happy, dear. For once in your life I want you to be happy. Have you ever really been?"

"Happy?" I repeated.

"Tell the truth," Marvin said.

"Have you ever really been happy?"

"No, I guess I never have," I said.

"Well, from now on," Marvin said, "you're going to be."

We rode through the park in a Victoria that night, and afterwards we went in a taxi back to her apartment. It was almost midnight by then. She stood beside me looking at her little living room.

"It looks like the devil, doesn't it?" she said.

"No," I said, "it's awfully nice."

"It isn't," she said. "It's cheap and silly. Some day, I'm going to have a room with nothing but Chippendale in it. You can take me over to England and I'll buy it."

"When do you want to go?" I asked.

"Some day," she said. "We'll sail on the *Berengaria*. I'll want

clothes in Paris too. What do you want?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'll watch you buy them."

"That's because you've always had everything," she said. "I'm tired. Aren't you tired?"

"Perhaps I'd better be going now."

"Now, that's a silly thing to say," she said. "Why do you have to go because I'm tired? I can lie down here on the couch and you can sit beside me, and you can tell me about everything."

"What sort of things?" I asked.

"Tell me about North Harbor; and you might as well turn out the light."

I sat beside her in the dark and the light from the street was something like moonlight. I have always liked street lights ever since. It shone dimly on her face while she looked up at me. I talked for quite a while, and said a good many things which I had never said to anyone.

"Don't," she said all of a sudden, "don't go on about it any more. I want to know all about them, but not now."

"You're tired," I said. "I'd better be going."

"What are you going to go for?" she asked. "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Why, yes," I said, "of course," and then she laughed and I saw that her face was wet. "Marvin, what are you crying about?"

"Darling," she whispered, "promise me something."

"What?" I asked.

"Don't say you've got to be going."

"All right," I said. "I won't."

"Just try to forget that there's anyone but me."

I Remember Marvin Myles

NEXT MORNING the girl at the information desk at J. T. Bulard's did not appear to notice anything unusual about me.

"Good morning," she said. "You're early, Mr. Pulham."

Bill was at his desk, with his hands in his pockets and with his chair tilted back, looking out of the window, but Marvin was not there. I was afraid she might be staying away because she could not bear the sight of me. I thought that Bill would certainly notice something, but he only waved his hand at me languidly.

"Hello, Bill," I said. "What were you doing in Chicago?"

"The rubber webbing account," Bill said. "We got it. How was everybody at home?"

"Fine," I said.

"Did your family want to get you out of this?"

"Yes," I said. "But never mind about it, Bill."

"Well, don't let them," Bill said. "You won't know yourself when you forget that crowd. Where's Marvin? She's late."

"I don't know," I said.

"Well, never mind," Bill said. "Let me ask you a personal question. How do you keep your pants up?"

"What?" I asked. I couldn't get used to the speed of Bill's mind.

"I'm just asking," Bill said patiently. "You wear a belt, don't you?"

"Of course I wear a belt," I answered.

"Well, that's just the point," Bill said. "You wear a belt and I wear a belt. Every day you wear a belt, and every hour, every minute, you're unconsciously weakening your abdomen. Those lazy abdominal muscles, each hour, each minute, are becoming more flabby. A hundred hidden dangers lurk about your waistline."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"About the Winetka Woven Web Company," Bill said. "They're troubled about their suspenders. American manhood is going to be put back into galluses. Abraham Lincoln wore suspenders. He didn't have a weak abdomen. Nearly everyone in Great Britain wears suspenders. A London tailor never even puts belt loops on his pants. You don't see fat, pot-bellied Englishmen with lazy, weakened abdomens. Why? Because they don't wear belts. It's the belt that's ruining the manhood of America."

"Did you think up that yourself?" I asked. Of course I knew that he had. Already everyone was

saying that Bill was a great idea man.

"Anything the matter with it?" Bill asked. "It's going to be a crusade based on fear. If you do it right you can scare off all the belts in the country. A hundred hidden dangers lurk —"

"How do you know there are a hundred hidden dangers?" I asked.

"Well, suppose there are only fifty," Bill said. "It's good enough for a raise." He smiled at me the way he did when he was pleased with himself.

Then Marvin Myles came in. As far as I could see, it might have been any other day.

"Hello, boys," she said.

"I've got to be going while I'm enthusiastic," Bill said. "I'm going to take it in to Bullard," and he pushed himself out of his chair. "Every day — every hour — nature's wall of muscle — Marvin, what's happened to you?"

A silence followed that seemed very long.

"Why?" Marvin said. "What makes you ask?"

"You're looking pretty," said Bill, "awfully, awfully pretty."

"Why, thanks, Bill," she said.

"Well, so long," Bill said. "I'll see you later."

I did not know what to say to Marvin. I did not want to look at her, and everything that Bill had said made it all much worse.

"Marvin," I said, "I suppose you can't help hating me."

Then our glances met and the corners of her lips curled upward.

"Why," she said. "Why should I?"

"You ought to," I said. "I never knew that I could —"

"Could what?" Marvin asked.

"Forget myself so far," I said.

Then I heard her laugh. I could not believe she was laughing.

"Why, you sweet, dear, damn fool!" she said.

Then everything was all right. It was what I've always felt — that everything was always all right whenever Marvin was there.

ONE OF the few times in my life when I stood on my own two feet was at the Bullard agency. I never could hit on ideas the way Bill did and I never could write as well as Marvin Myles, but in some ways I could think more clearly than either of them. There is a tremendous lot in the advertising business which requires common sense and a dull sort of accuracy. They put me to work on scientific data and statistics, and some of the things I did formed the background of two or three of the best merchandising campaigns. For example, I wrote a report on suspenders that made the client offer me a job. I was the one who suggested a certain amount of color in the product and the idea of selling a number of braces to go with every suit. Bill may have invented the dangers that lurk about the waistline, but I was the one

who thought of the idea that suspenders might be something which you need not be ashamed of when you had your coat off in summer. Though the idea did not go very far, I still think there is something to it. Meanwhile the belief that I was getting somewhere, that I could earn my living here, was satisfying — but any such thoughts are always mixed up with Marvin Myles and Bill.

In those days when the speak-easies were beginning to crop up on Murray Hill, we three used to meet at one of them in the afternoon and then have dinner at some queer place. Often it was in Greenwich Village. I suppose there is a time in everyone's life when Greenwich Village exerts a peculiar charm. The ventilation and the food were often pretty bad, and guttering candles on saucers on the table furnished the only illuminations, but everyone could talk about subjects which were usually banned at home, such as free love and trial marriage and symbols in dreams, and motion in art, and Marxism. It did not actually matter, however, whether you had ever heard of the subjects, for you could soon pick up the phrases. Marvin pointed out to me that most of the villagers were no good, just on the fringe of everything, but she rather enjoyed it too, and she said that, bad as it was, it did me good. I know it is the fashion to laugh about Greenwich Village and to say hard things

about it, but for me it still has an especial sort of beauty, because I associate it with Marvin Myles.

IT ALWAYS seemed to amaze Marvin that I had a few simple accomplishments, and when she was surprised it made me happier than anything else. There was the evening when she found that I could play squash and the time when she discovered that I knew how to sail a boat and the day I took her riding in Central Park. I could never tell why it was that she was so anxious to learn to ride.

One Sunday we met Bill in the country and after lunch Bill and I played three sets of tennis while Marvin watched. The games were not exciting, because I was better than Bill.

"You see, I had tennis lessons from the time I was 11," I told her.

"They gave you lessons in everything, didn't they?" she said.

I offered to teach her, but she shook her head.

"No," she said, "they've got to catch you young. Darling, they caught you awfully young."

I asked her why she was so silent when we drove back to town afterwards in that little car of mine.

"I was just thinking," she said. "It makes me jealous."

"Why should it?" I asked. "You know I love you more than anything."

"Harry," she asked, "are you sure of that?"

"Every time I see you everything is better. It's like compound interest. Everything we do keeps being more so."

"Like liquor," Marvin said. "First you take a drink and then you take another."

"No," I said, "it's not that way at all. There's never any morning after."

"Darling," she answered, "you're awfully sweet, but it's hard to be honest when you're in love. Sometimes I'm frightened."

"You needn't be," I said.

"It makes me frightened when I see you do things that I can't do. They take you away from me, all those little things."

I took both her hands and I laughed at her.

"Marvin," I said, "let's get married."

Her hand gripped mine, but she did not answer.

"I'm not good," I went on, "at this business of pretending. I want everyone to know the way I feel about you."

"Darling," Marvin said, "let's not talk about it now. It — might spoil it all."

"It wouldn't," I said. "We've got to talk about it, Marvin; if we don't, this may not last."

As soon as I said it I knew it had been in the back of my mind — that it could not last.

"I know," she said. "We'll have to talk about it soon. It isn't that I don't think about it all the time,

but it's going to be so complicated. There'll be all those people I don't know and all these things I don't know. Someday we'll get it over with — but let's not talk about it now."

It Had to Happen Sometime

ONE MORNING at the office a few weeks later, my phone rang. "Boston's calling you," I heard the switchboard operator say. Then I recognized Mary's voice. "Can you hear me?" she asked. "The doctors say you must come right away."

"Is it Mother?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Mother's quite well — it's Father. Harry, they think he's dying. He has pneumonia."

"All right," I said. "I'll take the ten o'clock. I'll be at the house around three. Tell him I'm coming and give him my love and — Mary —"

"Yes?" she said.

Then I could not think what to tell her. There were a dozen things I wanted to say and none of them made sense.

"Tell him I'm with him all the time."

I hung up the receiver carefully and stood up. Bill and Marvin were watching me.

"They want me," I said. "Father has pneumonia. I guess I'd better be starting."

Marvin did not say anything for a moment. Then she said:

"I'll go up with you. I could stay somewhere."

"There isn't any need to do that," I said. Somehow I still could not understand that anything had happened. I imagine, though, that Marvin must have seen it all without being able to say anything.

"Harry," she said, "have you any rubbers? Well, then, stop at the station and get some."

"All right," I said.

"And call me up tonight," she said.

"All right. Good-bye, Marvin," I said.

"Harry, don't say that. Don't say good-bye."

That ride to Boston has never seemed quite real, in spite of the atmosphere of cold fact which always goes with trains. The truth was that I was so withdrawn inside myself that I seemed to be pulled beneath the surface of something like water, except for occasional moments when I emerged for light and air.

Mother met me at the door of the house.

"Dear, you look awfully cold," she said, and then before I could ask her anything she added, "The doctor's just left. He's a little better. He knows you're coming."

I turned the knob of Father's bedroom door very carefully, and could hear his heavy breathing. The room was full of strange new objects — iron cylinders beside the bed and an oxygen tent. All his

books and pipes, all the little odds and ends he liked to look at, had been taken away, and he lay breathing in long painful gasps. His eyes met mine and I took his hand.

"Hello, Father," I said. "I just got here." I wonder if one always makes some such obvious remark at such a time.

"Don't go away," he said. He spoke with an effort.

"I'm not going anywhere," I answered.

Father moved his head in the pillows.

"It's where you belong," he said. "Some man in the house."

"Mr. Pulham," the nurse said, "I wouldn't speak any more."

Father looked at me and frowned.

"We never did get shooting."

"That's all right," I said. "We'll get there still."

"Don't," he said, "put it off. Do what you want to do."

"Yes, Father," I said.

"You know what I mean?" he asked. "What you -- want to do."

"Yes," I said.

Father said no more. He seemed to have forgotten I was there.

I tiptoed out of the room, and found Mary in the hall. Suddenly she threw her arms around me and began to cry.

"It's going to be all right," I said. Yet I knew there was nothing to do. I had known it from the first instant I entered the room and saw my father's face.

For I'll Come Back to You

I have always kept some of Marvin's letters to me. One is the note that she wrote when Father died. There is a good deal in it which no one could understand but Marvin or me, and perhaps most letters are like that.

My dearest, dearest darling, I've been thinking of you all day long, and I'll think of you all tonight even when I'm asleep. I keep thinking of little things I could do for you. I don't seem to be one person any more, but part of me always seems to be with you. So now when I talk about myself at a time like this you know, don't you, that I'm really talking about you? . . .

It's such a terrible time. I went through it when my mother died. It's so terrible to have someone go and just keep on thinking, "I'll have to tell him that when I see him," and then know that never, never, here, will it happen again. Now, if you and I were ever to quarrel and said we were never going to see each other again, why, I should always think, "Of course it isn't so. Some day I'll see him — right on the street or somewhere and then he would want to kiss me, except that he wouldn't compromise me in public. And then I would tell him I was sorry, and everything would be all right."

You know, don't you, that I'm only running on this way because I love you? Maybe it won't be so bad if you know you have someone, someone forever and always, someone you can always come back to,

dear, any time or anywhere. I love you so. I think you'd better write me again as soon as you can. Don't be too busy. Don't get too lost.

I know what she meant now a good deal better than I knew then, when it was impossible to see anything very clearly. It was hard to realize at first that there was no one else after Father's death to handle the family responsibilities but me. Mother understood nothing about lawyers and investments. At first I imagined that in a week or so, when the house had quieted down and when the lawyers had the details straight, I might reasonably get back to New York. Then I saw there was not a chance — that it would be a long while before I got away.

It touched me that I had been made executor under Father's will, to act with the Pritchard law office. It seemed to me that old Mr. Pritchard worried too much about the state income tax, and I even went so far as to argue with him about the investments, but there is no use going into the details now.

I had intended to talk with Mary about it, too, the night I came back from the interview. We sat down to dinner by ourselves in the big dining room, which did not seem to be made for either of us. The room was ornate and shadowy and gloomy. Mary in her black dress, seated at Mother's end of the table, so far away that I nearly had to raise my voice to speak to her,

looked very small. When Hugh came in with the soup Mary and I seemed to be like children, furtively pretending to be grown up.

"Will you have sherry, sir?" Hugh asked me.

"Yes," I said, "and I want to go over the wine cellar with you tomorrow. I want a list of what there is. There may not be any more."

It occurred to me that I sounded a good deal like old Mr. Pritchard when he had taken off his glasses and tapped them on his desk. Mr. Pritchard's whole life had been devoted to saving things for people, because there might not be any more.

"Harry," Mary said, "I'd like to go abroad somewhere."

"You've been," I said. "You went over with Fraülein."

"I'd like to go by myself," Mary said. "I'll find friends on the boat."

"You never want to do that, Mary," I said. "You can't tell what people are like on boats."

"Now, you needn't try to turn into Father just because he's dead," Mary said. "Sometimes you can be the damnedest fool. I wish you'd please shut up."

We sat quietly eating while Hugh walked around the table. Then when the dessert was finished Mary pushed back her chair.

"Let's go into the library," she said. "I've got to talk to you."

"All right," I said. "We won't want any coffee, Hugh."

We closed the library door and

Mary lighted a cigarette with a self-conscious flourish.

"Sometimes you can be awful," Mary said. "Why are you so poisonous tonight?"

I told her I did not mean to be, but that I had a good many things on my mind.

"Sometimes you're sweet and natural, and then again you drive me crazy," Mary said. I saw as she puffed her cigarette that her lip was trembling.

"You're tired, Mary," I said. "I don't know why women think that someone can be sweet just to order."

"Oh, well," Mary said, "I've got to talk to someone. Harry, I'm in love."

"In love?" I repeated.

"What's so queer about it?" she asked. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Have you told Mother?" I asked.

"No," she said, "of course not."

"Who are you in love with?"

"You wouldn't know him. Roger Priest."

"Priest?" I said. "What does he do?"

"There you are," she said. "What difference does it make? He wasn't in the war and he didn't go to Harvard. If you really want to know, he's in the Harvard Dental School."

"My God," I said. It was the only thing I could think of saying. I tried to think of dentistry as being an exacting and important,

'side of medicine, but it did not seem to help. "He must be perfectly wonderful."

"Harry," she said, "don't tell anyone, will you? It's so awful it's funny, but I can't really do anything about it. You're not laughing, are you?"

"No," I said. "But couldn't he stop being a dentist and turn into a doctor?"

"I've asked him that," Mary said. "He wants to be a dentist. Harry, he's awfully proud."

"Well, it's a hell of a life," I said.

"Now, you're being nice," said Mary.

Sometimes I have wondered whether Mr. Priest did not have a good deal to do with changing the course of my life. He was not in the least peculiar, and was the first person I ever saw who was obsessed with a scientific interest, but I have never been able to see why he wanted to be mixed up with incisors and molars. Yet I could not help being fascinated when he talked of the dental development of primitive man and the dental degeneracy of the human race, and since then I have read of the studies he made with certain eminent anthropologists. Roger Priest finally distinguished himself. But at the time I didn't think he was suitable for Mary.

Though I have often tried to blame the Priest affair for keeping me at home — and he was the only person who could listen intelligently

when I talked about soap and suspenders — there were all sorts of other details. Mother and Mary depended on me too much for me to leave them, and then there was the problem of whether to sell or keep Westwood, and then there was Father's property in the Northwest Wharf and Warehouse, in which I had to represent the family's holdings. There were dozens of similar complications that seemed to wind around me.

One afternoon when I was in the customers' room at Smith and Wilding, looking over the news service reports, Mr. Wilding called me into his office.

"How did Motors close?" he asked.

"Strong, sir," I said. "Up two points."

It was just as though I had never been away from Smith and Wilding.

"All right," said Mr. Wilding. "Tell them to give you a desk inside the rail."

"But I'm not working here, sir," I said.

"No," Mr. Wilding said, "but you need a desk downtown. When you go out find the bootblack for me. He's late."

First I had a desk, and then it seemed to me that everyone in the office took it for granted that I'd be sitting at it. Although nothing was said about employment, I kept going down there more and more, because I did not like to stay

all day in the house and because it was easier to make appointments downtown. Then I began seeing everyone I used to know, and making dates to play squash at the Club, and looking up people.

Sometimes I felt an almost unbearable need to see Marvin Myles and one afternoon toward the end of January, from my desk at Smith and Wilding, I wrote to her:

It's funny to be writing you, because you seem to be right here with me -- right here at the desk where all the tickers are going and Mr. Wilding is looking out at me, drinking his glass of milk. I can't stand not seeing you, but the way things are going I'm not able to get away, even for a day, and so I'm going to ask you something. I've always wanted you to see it here. We've talked about it so much. How would it be if you and Bill came up next week-end?

I knew that she would understand about having Bill, since it would look more natural and casual.

I told Mother what I had done when I came home that afternoon, adding it to all the other pieces of news that I usually gave her.

"By the way, I've asked Bill King up for the week-end, and a friend of ours, a girl named Marvin Myles."

"Why, that's splendid, dear," Mother said. "It's time that you began seeing people. You might take them to Westwood on Sunday.

Who is Marvin Myles? I've never heard you speak of her."

"Just a friend of Bill's and mine," I said.

Good-bye to All That

NOW AND THEN, even as late as 1920, it was not difficult to hear someone humming "Where Do We Go from Here?" Songs like that used to have a way of running through my head for days at a time, falling into rhythm with my footsteps and actions, as this one did while I waited at the Back Bay Station for Bill and Marvin Myles.

"Where do we go from here?" I was humming. "Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier."

Then I saw Bill King down at the end of the platform, and Marvin just getting off the train. She looked so pretty that I wondered how she had ever come on account of me. Bill saw me, and then Marvin was staring through the smoke as I ran toward her. Then right there in front of everyone she threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"Darling," she said, "you look like a Teddy bear."

"Did you have a good trip?" I asked.

"Fine," said Bill. "Boy, you're looking fine."

Marvin squeezed my arm, "You look just the same," she said. "Are you?"

"Of course I am," I answered.

"Well, where do we go from here?" she said.

"Where do we go from here?" I repeated. "Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier."

"Come on," said Bill. "Let's push out of this. Oh, joy, oh boy! Where do we go from here?"

I saw people looking at us and I realized that we were making a good deal of noise. I saw Patrick take a quick look at Marvin when he stood by the door of the car holding the robe. Then inside the car Marvin linked her arm through mine again and I held her hand under the robe and we were all laughing and talking. Bill was explaining Boston to Marvin. I had a feeling that we were all talking a little too much, as though we were afraid that something might happen if we did not all have something to say. I had thought so often of bringing Marvin home.

"Will Hugh be waiting up?" she asked.

"Of course he will," I said.

Mary met us in the hall and took Marvin up to her room while Bill and I waited in the library.

"Bill," I said, "I hope Marvin likes it here."

"Of course she'll like it," Bill said. "Why shouldn't she?"

"I just don't want her to think it's stuffy."

Bill had picked up the paper and was looking at the headlines. Now he put the paper down.

"Listen," he said, "don't act as though you're afraid that Marvin is going to use the wrong fork."

"I'm not acting that way," I said. Just then Marvin and Mary came down the stairs. Marvin was in a tailored traveling suit, all new and perfect, which she must have bought just for the trip. I saw her glance about the room, at the books and Father's prints and at the heavy leather chairs.

"It's awfully nice," she said. "It's just what I thought it would be like."

I rang the bell by the fireplace. Hugh answered it too quickly, showing that he must have been listening in the upper hall.

"We want some ginger ale," I said, "and Mr. King will have a Scotch-and-soda, won't you, Bill?"

"What about me?" Marvin asked.

"Bring up the tray, Hugh," I said.

"And what about me?" Mary asked. "Don't keep worrying about Hugh."

"Why?" asked Marvin. "What's the matter?"

"There's nothing really the matter," I said, "but it might upset him to find you and Mary drinking highballs. It will be all right when he brings up the tray. We can wash out the glasses afterwards."

"You mean he will smell the glasses?" Marvin asked.

"Hugh's an awful sneak," Mary said.

"That's right," said Bill. "We'll have to rinse the glasses. You girls don't want to lose your reputations, do you?"

"It isn't that," I said, "but Hugh would tell everybody downstairs and then somebody would tell Mother."

"Oh," Marvin said.

We spoke softly because Hugh was coming back. He set down the tray on the low table near the fire.

"May I help, sir?" he asked.

"No," I said. "That's all for tonight, Hugh."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Marvin said. "Mary, you and Bill can drink out of one glass and Harry and I can drink out of another. Then we can put some ginger ale in two other glasses and throw it out the window."

"That isn't such a bad idea," I said.

Then everyone was laughing, except Mary who looked annoyed.

"You mustn't mind Harry," she said to Marvin. "Harry's always worrying."

"Yes, I know," Marvin said.

"You wouldn't think, would you," Mary said, "that Harry had been a hero in the war?"

"See here," I said. "I wish you wouldn't all discuss me as though I weren't here at all."

Yet at the same time I knew that I was perfectly right. Mother would have heard about it and it would have made a lot of trouble.

SOMETIMES when I am acutely aware that something is worrying me I find that it is actually some stray thought of that visit

of Marvin Myles's. Even now I find myself going over all the little phases of it, wondering why I behaved as I did. Nothing could have made that visit any better — nothing that she could have done or that I could have done. What gives it such pathos is that both of us tried so hard.

She kept looking at everything, which was perfectly natural, since it was all new to her and important, but that attention of hers made me nervous; I kept feeling that she was a stranger. I kept wanting everyone to see her as I did, and yet I knew that everyone we met saw her as a stranger. That was the way Mary saw her — as something desirable and exotic, and Mary was sweet to her. She often told me afterwards how much she liked her. Mother was nice to her too, but I'm sure Marvin puzzled her.

I took her up to Mother's room after breakfast next morning. Marvin must have noticed that I was looking at her to see that she was all right.

"What's the matter?" she asked me in the upstairs hall. "Is my slip showing?"

As a matter of fact, Mother would not have minded at all if Marvin's slip had been showing. It would have given her something homely to work on, because Mary was always having the same trouble. The difficulty was that nothing was showing. I suppose that Marvin must have been working very

hard on herself before breakfast, though I did not think of it then.

"No," I said, "it isn't that. It's your nose."

"Why," asked Marvin. "Is it shining?"

It would really have been better if it had been, because Mother would have understood a well-scrubbed, shining face.

"No," I said, "just take your handkerchief and rub a little of the powder off."

Marvin rubbed some of the powder off.

"Now," she asked, "how's that?"

I have often wondered what Marvin really thought about Mother. I kept worrying about Mother too, hoping that she would not be gushing and sentimental, hoping that she would not begin to cry about Father. As it turned out, Mother was awfully nice. She said she was glad that Harry knew nice girls in New York—she was sure that Marvin would understand how a mother worries more about a boy than about a girl.

"She's sweet," Marvin told me afterwards. That's all she would say.

I told Marvin we were going out to Westwood for lunch. I wanted her to see Westwood. "We're going to have a picnic," I said, "and go coasting." Marvin didn't have the right clothes, but I told her that Mary had lots of extra tweeds and I gave her my sweater.

"Is anyone coming with us?"

"There'll be Bill and Mary," I said, "and Joe Bingham and Kay Motford, and you and me."

What I recall best about the picnic is the snow, and how it got all over you and melted, and how it kept getting down Marvin's neck, and that Marvin wanted to coast downhill sitting up.

We ate our picnic in front of the fire in Father's old den at Westwood. Somehow when the fire was burning you did not mind the furniture's being covered with sheets. I had managed to bring some whisky and we had plenty of hot coffee and sandwiches and pie, and then we all went out to the barn and got the sleds and dragged them over to the big hill. Joe took Mary down. Bill took Kay, and I took Marvin.

"Don't be like Ethan Frome," she said. "I want to live."

Bill and Kay tipped over halfway to the bottom of the hill. They rolled into a snowdrift and Bill got up first and pulled her up.

"That's what comes of not wearing suspenders," I heard him shout.

Soon I saw that Marvin looked cold.

"Let's go back to the house," she said. "I want to see it all."

"All right," I said.

I wanted to be alone with her and we had never seemed to be alone. We walked down the lane past the stables and up the terraces where the rose bushes were all wrapped in straw. The house looked

sad and deserted, brown and bare among the trees, and I tried to tell her how it looked in summer with the wistaria and ivy over it and all the beeches out. I took her all through the house, telling her little things about it. Her hands were cold when she took her mittens off in front of the fire.

"There wouldn't be anybody who could see us if you kissed me," she said, "only the ghosts in the back entry."

When I kissed her it was not like winter at all. I told her it was like May when all the tulips were out in the garden.

"You're so sweet," she said. "I wish I didn't love you so."

I watched the way the fire struck her face, now that the white winter dusk from the snow was coming through the windows. I loved the way she looked in that sweater of mine that was too big for her.

"You look the way I've always wanted you to," I said.

She leaned toward me and rested her hand on my knee and gazed at me, as though she wanted to remember how I looked.

"You're going to stay here," she said. She was speaking softly, but it sounded absolutely final, incapable of shading or misinterpretation.

"If I stay," I said, "you're staying too."

"God knows why it is you're always so," she said. "You never say the wrong thing, even here."

I might have asked her what she

meant if I had not heard the front door open. The sound of voices in the hall made me get up quickly from the bench where we had been sitting in front of the fire, and then the rest of them came in.

"YOU'RE going to stay here," Marvin had said.

I could catch the exact inflection of her voice, again and again, after she was gone. It might have been easier for us both if Marvin had never mentioned it, easier but not any better.

I always like to go over the rest of it quickly, to put it out of my mind, even now, or to scurry around it when it comes up. Yet all the time I know that I am only fooling myself. Nothing that has ever happened to me was ever worse than that.

I knew when she went away that I wanted to have her always. That was why I went to see her in New York — because I wanted to have her always.

When I called her up after all the times I had thought of calling, I was afraid that she might be away somewhere, until I heard her voice. I sat in the library with the door closed, and I wondered if Hugh might be listening on the extension downstairs, and then I realized that I did not care who might be listening, that it made no difference any longer.

"Marvin," I said, "is that you?"

"Who did you think it was?"

she asked. "Harry, are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said. "It's awfully cold here. The thermometer is down to 20."

I heard her laugh and then she said, "You'd better put on that sweater, even if it itches."

"Marvin," I said, "how are you?"

"I'm bearing up."

"Marvin, I want to see you."

"Then pack your bag," she said. "Come on right away."

"I am," I said. "I'll meet you at the office this afternoon."

There was a silence so long that I thought she was off the wire.

"Hello," I said.

"Harry," she said, and stopped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Never mind," she said. "Hurry, won't you? Harry —"

"What?"

"How's Hugh?" she asked.

I could not understand why she asked about him until I remembered that she always did.

"Hugh's all right," I said.

"Darling," Marvin said, "don't forget to rinse the glasses."

PEOPLE who live there keep saying that the great thing about New York is that you can do anything you like there and no one cares. I once told Bill King, when he made that remark, that you could carry the argument further, that no one cared whether you were there or not.

When I stepped out of the elevator the girl at Bullard's seemed puzzled for a second. She seemed to be thumbing backward through the catalogue of her mind before she retrieved my face from among others she had thrown into the discard.

"Why, hello, Mr. Pulham," she said. "Where are you working now?" Her manner told me that I was through, through with it all for good.

"Go right in," she said.

I walked into that room where I used to work and found Bill sitting at his desk, looking at some layouts of suspenders. Marvin was not there. Bill got up and we shook hands, but I could see that he was thinking of something else.

"Where's Marvin?" I asked.

"Out," Bill said. "She left a note. Sit down and don't talk for a minute." I sat down at Marvin's desk and picked up an envelope and Bill began pacing up and down behind me.

Come up to the apartment, darling [she had written]. The butler will let you in. It's nicer than the office.

Bill was still pacing up and down behind me.

"Swansdown — Ocean Breeze. It's got to be virile — Flyweight — Seafoam . . . Wait a minute," he said. "What's the name of that club you were in at Harvard?"

"The Zephyr Club," I said.

"That's it," said Bill. "There you are: The Zephyr Brace — as chafeless on the shoulders as a summer breeze. That's all right now. How are you, boy?"

"I'm fine," I said.

"What are you doing for dinner?"

"I guess I'll have dinner with Marvin," I said.

He was just asking. He knew that I would want to see her.

"All right," Bill said. "They're running me ragged here. I've got to see Bullard. Call me up tomorrow."

HER DRESS was new, though I cannot recall a single detail of it. Marvin was always more important than her clothes. There was a bottle of champagne and two glasses, on the low table by the couch. I don't know how long it was before we said anything, because words did not make much difference as long as she was glad to see me, and everything was all right as long as she was near me.

"Let's have some of the champagne," she said. "I got it down at Tony's."

"It's a waste," I said. "You and I don't need champagne. We don't need anything."

But there is no use going into what we said. When you are in love with someone, so much you say loses its meaning afterwards.

"Bill called the suspenders Zephyrs," I was saying.

I worked the cork out of the bottle very carefully while she sat with her fingers on her ears, because she never did like sudden noises.

"So he's going to call them Zephyrs," she said. "Did you see Mr. Bullard?"

"No," I said.

"Well, that's all right. You can have a talk with him tomorrow."

"No," I said. "We're getting married tomorrow."

"Why, darling," she said, "we haven't any place to live."

"There'll be room," I said, "until we find some place."

"Where?" she asked. "In a hotel?"

I don't know why I never saw. It all came down like the ceiling above our heads. It all came down like rain.

"Not a hotel," I said. "There's plenty of room at home." I heard her catch her breath sharply; it was just as though a light went out.

"I couldn't," she said. "You belong to me, but I couldn't." She threw her arms around me and I could feel her trembling all over.

"Why, Marvin dear, there's nothing to cry about," I said, "just as long as you love me."

"It wouldn't work," she said. "We only belong to each other *here*. You've got to come back to me *here*."

Then before I could answer she was saying all sorts of things that hurt me. I was such a fool that I had thought that she liked it at

home and instead she was saying that she hated it, that there wouldn't be anything left of her. She was saying that I would be ruined, that I wouldn't be the person she had known, that we would end by despising each other. She wanted me to stay here, right *here*.

"Darling, I could make you like it. If you only gave me the chance I could make you want to stay."

I understood then that it was over, that it had always been impossible.

"I have to live where I belong," I said.

And then we were talking again, interrupting each other. I remember how our voices rose and fell, with neither of us listening to the other, even when there was nothing left to say.

I sat up straight and rubbed the back of my hand across my forehead.

"Perhaps," Marvin said, "it's just as well. You took up a lot of my time."

"You took a good deal of mine," I said.

"Let's not fight any more," she said, and she kissed me, but it was just as though neither of us were there.

"I'd better go now," I said.

"Harry," she called, "wait. I want to tell you something. No matter what happens, no matter how long it is —" Her voice broke and she began to cry — "I'll always be waiting for you, if you want to

come back — from that damned place where you're going."

"Good-bye, Marvin," I said, and then I opened the door.

"Harry," she called. "Harry," she called again, but I knew there was no use going back. The trouble is you can't go back. Then the street door was closing behind me, and I was out on the street alone. I felt sick and absolutely empty, as empty as that bottle of champagne. It was like her to have champagne.

Kiss and Don't Tell

I HAVE never talked with anyone about it, because I have never, as Kay sometimes has told me, been able to express emotion. Moreover it was entirely my own business, mine and Marvin Myles's.

I took the night train home and the next morning I told Mr. Wilding that I had been down to New York and that I was not going back there again.

"Oh," said Mr. Wilding, "so you're all through with that?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm all through with that."

I began to work very hard in the bond department because it kept my mind occupied. I played squash an hour each afternoon so that I would be too tired to think in the evening. I made myself go out and see people, because I never wanted to be by myself.

They say that you can get over anything in time. I don't believe you can, but given enough time

you can put it where it belongs — back in your mind beneath the present. For months I must have been running away from the shadow of Marvin Myles, and if for a moment I stopped running she would catch up to me. I would wake up in the dark and find myself thinking about her. Those were the worst times — when there was no distraction.

IF I had not gone to a house party in Maine over Labor Day I might never have become interested in how Kay Motford felt about things.

It was one of those parties where everyone knew everyone else a great deal better than they knew Kay or me. There were all sorts of local jokes that only people who had been there together could understand and we felt rather out of it all. So I found a boat and took her sailing.

"Harry," Kay said when we caught the breeze, "you'd better trim in the jib. You never keep it flat enough."

"You'll do better if you keep her off a little," I answered.

It was a light breeze and there was not much to do; it was pleasant that neither of us had to make any effort. Kay was in a tennis dress with a soft brownish orange sweater pulled over it. She held the tiller under her left arm, and now and then brushed the hair away from her eyes.

"Harry, we're not either of us happy, are we?" she said suddenly.

"What makes you ask that?" I said. "Kay, have I been acting badly?"

She smiled. I had often thought that her smile was mechanical, but now her whole face looked delicate and sad.

"It isn't anything in the way we act, but if you're unhappy you can tell when someone else is. It's rather nice to find someone else. That's all I mean." There was something in her voice that made me look at her.

"Why, Kay," I said. She was biting her lower lip and rubbing the sleeve of her sweater across her eyes.

"Don't look at me," she said. "I'll be all right in a minute. It's just — it's just — I feel so — damn futile."

"You'd better let me take the boat," I said.

Instead of taking the tiller as I intended I found that I put my arm around her. She did not draw away from me.

"I'm so tired of it," she said, "so sick of it."

"It's all right, Kay," I said. "I know."

"I didn't mean to come out here and make a scene," she said. "I hate people who do that. Do I look all right?"

"You look beautiful," I said.

"You never told me that before," she said. "I didn't mean to be such a fool."

"You haven't been," I began. "It's made me feel a whole lot better seeing someone else —"

I stopped and we did not speak for a moment.

"We ought to be going back now. I'm going to pay her off and jibe."

We began to talk about the boat and the channel. We kept looking at each other and looking away again.

"Harry," she said, "maybe people you've always known are better. You know what they're going to do."

Now that I try to look at it honestly, I frankly think that Kay was only a symbol in a problem and that I was the same to her. Even during that autumn Kay was honest about it, and it all must have puzzled her a little. Once when we had got to seeing a great deal of each other, Kay asked a question which used to bother me.

"Harry," she asked me, "do you think we're falling in love — or just trying to fall in love?"

She got into the habit of calling me up at the office. I don't know when I began to wait for her to telephone or when I began to feel that something was wrong when she didn't.

"Hello," she would say.

"Why, hello, Kay," I would answer, just as though I were surprised to hear her. "What are you doing?"

"I've just finished my orange

juice," Kay would say, "and Rough's been sick on the dining room rug." Kay was fond of dogs and quite a lot of our conversation used to be about Rough's insides.

"Harry," she would say, "what did you do after you went home?" And I would tell her what I had done.

"Well, I kept on with Wells's *Outline of History*," she would say. "Harry, you'll stop in, won't you, on your way to play squash?"

It began to be a habit for me to stop in at the Motfords' on my way home, and they seemed to expect me to do it. The tea tray would always be ready in front of the fire, and sometimes Kay would be alone, and sometimes Mrs. Motford would be there with her. Mrs. Motford would ask how Mother was feeling and sometimes we would discuss Kay in a playful sort of way. Mrs. Motford would tell Kay she thought her dress was too short, even if dresses were getting shorter, and she would ask me to use my influence on Kay about this or that. Sometimes Mr. Motford would come in from the club; he would always shake hands with me as though he were very pleased to see me there but had not expected to see me in the least. This all sounds dull enough, but there was never any effort about it. They just took it for granted that I was there to see Kay and that I liked to be there.

When Christmas came Kay gave me some things that she said she

thought I needed — a pair of socks she had knitted herself and some neckties.

Christmas, I suppose, is always a time when a good many inhibitions and barriers break down. That year it made me think of Marvin Myles. She seemed more real to me than she had been for a long while when I saw the crowds in front of the shop windows. The morning before Christmas there were some letters on my desk, one of them in Marvin's writing. It was so unexpected that I thought everyone must be looking at me when I opened it. It was a card with a picture of a great star over a village, and under it she had written:

"Darling, aren't you coming back?"

I wished she had not sent it. She should have known that I could not come back. She might as well have come right in there to see me. I seemed to be telling her that this was not the time or place — right outside the customers' room, with the market opening in half an hour — but her voice kept rising.

"Darling, aren't you coming back?"

It was just as though she did not want to listen to me, but kept repeating that same appeal, regardless of all the sights and sounds.

"Darling, aren't you coming back?"

Then the telephone on my desk rang. I was relieved to hear it, because once I was speaking I was back where I belonged. It was Kay.

"How are you?" she asked. "Busy?"

"No," I said, "there isn't much to do before the holiday."

"Come over early this afternoon. It's an awful mess over here. We're putting candles in all the front windows."

"All right," I said. "I'll be over early."

"I wish you would," Kay said. "I always get lonely on Christmas Eve."

When I hung up, Marvin's card was still staring at me. I picked it up and tore it across and tore it again and dropped it into the wastebasket. Even so I could not get away from it for quite a while.

"Darling, aren't you coming back?"

I Break the News

ONE OF the nicest times I ever had was when I was engaged to Kay without anyone else's knowing it. There was no sense of responsibility, and nothing vague and uncertain, as there had been with Marvin Myles. Kay and I sat down with a paper and pencil and figured how much we would have to live on, and how we wanted to live. We seemed to have a good many of the same ideas — the same tastes in furniture, the same ways of spending our time. We both wanted a boat and we each wanted a car. We both liked unsalted butter and a lot of cream, and we agreed that it would be fun to have a farm and horses some day.

Still, there is something positive about marriage that must make

anyone falter; and somehow before everything was absolute, I wanted to see Bill King. There was no reason for it, because I was awfully glad that I was going to marry Kay. Nevertheless it seemed to me that if once I saw Bill King I would be absolutely sure. So at last I told Kay that I had to go down to New York just for a day on business.

The new firm where Bill was working was on the 20th floor of a building on Forty-Second Street. Bill had his own office now, and a Jacobean table with three telephones, and his own secretary.

"Hello, Harry," Bill said. "Just sit down and wait a minute," and he began pacing up and down on a soft carpet.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a place like this, Bill?" I asked.

"It's quite a layout, isn't it?" Bill said. "It's all eyewash, though. It gets the boys from Detroit. Don't interrupt me." He began pacing up and down again.

"Miss Prentice, take a memo to get Burton's *Arabian Nights*—every driver his own Caliph of Bagdad."

"Bill," I said, "are you going crazy?"

"Listen, Harry," Bill said, "you've got to get out of here. You know how it is when I'm working. Come around to the apartment at half-past five."

"What apartment?" I asked.

"My new apartment—an apartment and a Jap. His name is Horu-

chi. Call up the apartment, Miss Prentice, and tell Horuchi that Mr. Pulham's going up there. I'll be there at half-past five, and we'll get Marvin."

"Bill," I said, "never mind about Marvin Myles."

"Don't you want to see her?"

"I just want to talk to you, Bill," I said.

"All right," Bill said. "Just snap over to the apartment, Harry. I'll see you at half-past five. . . ."

When I saw his apartment I knew that he must be making a lot of money. There was a big theatrical studio sort of room with a bedroom off it and a Japanese in a white coat. Before Bill arrived a blonde girl came in. She said her name was Franchine Parke, but I could call her Franchine, and I told her I was a friend of Bill's.

"Bill does have some of the damndest friends," she said.

"Bill must be doing awfully well," I said.

"I'll say he's doing well."

"Bill's awfully clever," I said.

"Clever? Why, Bill's as slick as an eel. You can't two-time Bill."

Horuchi gave us each a cocktail, and then another.

"I certainly don't want to two-time Bill," I said.

"Who said I said I wanted to?" Franchine said.

"I didn't say you said you wanted to," I said.

"Well, then what have you been saying?"

"God knows," I said.

"You're kind of dumb," Franchine said, "but you're kind of sweet."

"You know that's funny," I told her. "A lot of girls have said that about me."

"That means you're that way with girls. Are you that way with girls?"

Just then Horuchi hurried to the door and let Bill in. He tossed his hat and coat to Horuchi and then he looked at me and laughed.

"Hello, Billy," Franchine said.

"Hello," Bill said, "how did you get here?"

"Because you asked me," Franchine said, "you big bum."

"I remember now," Bill said. "I can't remember everything," and then he looked at me and laughed again. "Well, well, here we are."

"And what do we do now?" Franchine asked.

"Listen, sweetie," Bill said, "just run into the bedroom and powder your nose. Harry's an out-of-town boy and I want to talk to him."

"I want to talk to Harry, too," Franchine said.

Bill walked over to the couch and picked Franchine up. Horuchi opened the bedroom door.

"Go in there and stay there," Bill said. "Lock her in, Horuchi."

He rubbed the palm of his hand over his hair.

"This has been quite a day," Bill said.

"Who's Franchine?" I asked.

"Oh, she isn't anything," Bill said. "Don't look so worried, boy."

"I'm not worried," I said.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Bill. "You've got to learn to be tolerant."

"I'm perfectly tolerant," I said.

"Well, that's fine," Bill said.

"How are you?"

"I'm all right, Bill. I'm awfully happy."

"Why?" Bill asked. "What should make you happy?"

"Because I'm engaged, Bill," I said.

"Engaged?" Bill repeated. He stopped. Franchine was beating with her fists against the bedroom door. "Do I know her?"

"Yes," I said. "It's Kay."

Bill walked over to the table and set his glass down.

"Kay?" he repeated. "You're engaged to Kay?"

I was surprised that he was so slow about it, when his mind usually worked so fast.

"Yes," I said. "You remember her — Kay — Cornelia Motford."

"Naturally I remember her," Bill answered. "You've certainly tied yourself up if you're engaged to Kay." He stared at me for a minute. "Yes, you've certainly tied yourself up."

His whole attitude, his clothes and his apartment, made me angry.

"If you want to know," I said, "I'm glad that a girl like Kay wants to marry me."

Bill's cheeks grew red.

"Harry," he said, "I don't know why, but I'm awfully fond of you."

"That goes with me, Bill," I said. "You'll be my best man, won't you?"

Then Bill held out his hand.

"Don't think I'm not glad," he said. "Kay's a great girl. Be sure to give her my love."

"Yes, I will," I said.

"Have you told Marvin Myles?"

"No," I said.

"All right," Bill said. "I'll tell her."

It's a Long, Long Walk.

MRS. MOTFORD said that there was nothing like a country wedding and so we were going to be married at the Motford family place at Concord. Bill King came down a day ahead, in time for the ushers' dinner. "You needn't think of anything," he said, "and the less you think, the better." He took charge of the ring and the gold piece for the minister, and saw about having my trunks checked.

"If this ever happens to me," Bill said, "I'll do it before a judge."

"Maybe you're right," I said, "but Kay couldn't do that."

"That's so," Bill agreed.

In the morning just before the wedding Bill said, "You'd better take a drink."

"No," I said. "I never drink in the morning."

"Well, if I were going through what you're going through I would,"

Bill said, and he went into the bathroom for a glass.

"You act as though you were getting married yourself," I told him.

Then Bill and I were out by the altar and everyone was standing up and all the ushers and bridesmaids were walking up the aisle. I saw that Mother and Mrs. Motford were both crying. Then I saw Mr. Motford, and Kay, holding her father's arm and looking straight ahead. Then the music stopped and the clergyman began to read.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here —"

The air was heavy with flowers, the way it always is at funerals and weddings, and I wondered what Kay was thinking as she stood beside me.

"I do," I heard myself saying.

EVEN when Kay and I were on the train in our drawing room, we did not seem to be by ourselves. All we could talk about was the wedding. All the way to New York and over the dinner we had served in the drawing room we talked about it. Every now and then our glances met in a strange sort of astonishment, and I remembered that we would be going away tomorrow on an ocean voyage. I had heard that times like this frighten girls, and I hoped she was not frightened. I wanted to tell her not to be, but she seemed to be taking it all for granted, still talking about the

wedding. When we began to see the city lights in the dark outside the windows little silences fell between us which we both joined in struggling against.

"Kay," I said, "I'm awfully glad we're married." I took her hand.

"So am I," she said. "I wonder what's happened to Bill? I'm afraid he's got awfully drunk."

"Bill's all right," I said.

Then the porter pressed the little button by the door and Kay pulled her hand away.

"Harry," she said, "have you got all the ribbons off the bags?"

"Yes," I said. The porter came in smiling. We would be at the Grand Central in a few minutes now.

"He knows we're just married," Kay said. "I hope everybody isn't going to think that we're just married."

"There's no reason why anyone should," I answered. "I feel as though we had been married for quite a while."

Kay looked at herself in the mirror and pulled on her gloves.

"When we get to the hotel," she said, "I'll take off my glove so they can see my ring."

"It's going to be all right," I said. "You just stay with the bags and I'll go up to the desk."

"Harry," she said, "won't you please kiss me?"

"Why, yes, of course," I said.

"Don't say 'of course'! Just kiss me."

We had a reservation at the hotel. When the bellboys left us, my suitcase rested on the luggage stand in front of one twin bed and Kay's was on the other. The bedroom was clean and impersonal. The bathroom was white and shining.

"Well," Kay said, "it's awfully nice," but she didn't look at me. She sat down in front of the dressing table and took off her hat with a quick decisive little jerk.

"Here's the sitting room," I said. "We haven't seen that yet." We walked into the little sitting room.

"Oh," Kay said, "it's lovely."

"It isn't bad," I said. "You must be awfully tired."

"I'm not tired exactly," she answered, "but I suppose we'll have to get up early tomorrow."

"Well," I said, "I'm not tired at all. I think I'll sit here and read for about half an hour — in case you want to go to bed."

Kay had been examining a picture of Versailles very carefully; when she turned away from it she was smiling.

"Harry," she said, "I'll bet you've been thinking of that speech for hours. Is that why you took the sitting room? Is it?"

"Well, in a way," I said.

"All right," Kay said. "I'll call you."

I sat down and opened a book, but I did not have time to begin reading before she called me from the bedroom.

"Yes," I said, "what is it, Kay?"

Something in her voice had startled me, but nothing was the matter.

"Do you mind leaving the door open so we can talk?"

"Of course," I said. I heard her draw her breath in sharply.

"Harry—" she began. "Oh, never mind."

"Go ahead," I said. "What is it?"

"Harry, I'm not sure we love each other."

"What?" I said.

"I'm not sure. Wouldn't it be awful if we thought we loved each other and really didn't? What I really mean is—if we only got married because we thought we ought to!"

She was thinking just what I was thinking and she had not been afraid to say it.

"Kay," I said, "maybe everybody feels that way. Maybe millions and millions of people always have," and then I put my arms around her and kissed her. "Don't worry. Everything's all right, Kay."

"It's all right as long as you're here," Kay said. "You won't leave me, will you?"

"No," I said.

"Not ever?"

"No," I said.

"And you'll leave the door open, won't you, while you're reading?"

"Yes, of course," I said.

"Darling," Kay said, "it's just a little thing, but could you just stop saying 'of course'?"

"Why, yes, Kay," I said, "of course."

Rhinelanders Four- . . .

IT SEEMS strange that anything like that could come up years later. Kay and I happened to be moving a set of books in our library, and when she picked up a volume of Plutarch two leaves of writing paper fluttered onto the carpet.

"Why, it's a letter," Kay said. She picked up a page, and then I remembered. That was where I had hidden those two letters from Marvin Myles which I should have burned up long ago. Kay was holding the sheet of paper under the light. Her face had changed. Her voice had changed.

"Why, Harry," she said, "oh, Harry! *It's a love letter!*"

I might have known that she would find out about those letters some day, because Kay always accidentally found out everything which I tried to hide.

"*My dearest, dearest darling,*" Kay was reading. "Why, Harry, who ever sent you that? *I've been thinking of you all day long, and I'll think of you all tonight even when I'm asleep.*"

"Kay," I said, "give me that letter."

Kay put the letter behind her back.

"Why, Harry," she said, "I wish you could see yourself! Why, what did you do to her to make her write to you like that?"

"Give me that letter, Kay," I said. "I won't have you read it."

I could tell from the way she looked at me that I had lost all sense of perspective and proportion.

"Oh, won't you?" she said. "Well, I'm going to find out who wrote it."

"Never mind who," I said.

"Well," Kay said, "I know who. It's that thin, overdressed girl from New York, isn't it?"

"Kay," I said, "I should have burnt that letter long ago. Now, give it to me, please."

"Why, Harry," Kay said, "you're still in love with her!"

"How do you mean," I asked, "I'm still in love with her? Why, she's married now, and I haven't seen her for years."

"You're in love with her," Kay said. "She's crazy about you. She's always been."

"Give me that letter," I said. Kay backed away from me. I did not want to be rough, but she was not to have that letter. I took her hand in both of mine and began opening her fingers.

"You're hurting me," she said.

"Then give it to me," I answered.

It was the first time that Kay and I had ever been through anything like that. The letter fell on the floor and she wrenched her hand away.

"Oh, take your damned letter," she said.

Before I could speak she had jerked open the library door. I heard the telephone in the parlor ringing. It rang four times before Kay answered it.

"Oh, Mrs. Smithfield," Kay was

saying, "I'm so glad to hear your voice. No, I'm not a bit busy. . . . Yes, we had a lovely summer. . . . Why, let me see — Friday? . . . Why, no, we're not doing anything at all. We'd love to come to dinner."

I stooped and picked up the letter. I could not remember ever having been so angry. It was like pulling a thread and having a whole piece of cloth unravel.

What shook me most, however, was not my anger. Was it conceivable that I could be in love with Marvin Myles after all these years of being married to Kay? For periods of months I had never thought of her. It's true there had been times when I had called her back deliberately into my thoughts. She had come to me on sleepless nights. She had walked with me invisibly, and I had lived over every hour we had known together. Perhaps this had been wrong, but I do not see how I could have helped it. I knew every word of that letter of hers by heart, and now I found myself reading over a part of it I liked best:

You know, don't you, that I'm only running on this way because I love you? . . . you know you have someone, someone forever and always, someone you can always come back to, dear, any time or anywhere. . . .

I folded the letter carefully, and then I kissed it. The pages smelled old and musty.

When I realized what I was thinking, its absurdity began to bring me to my senses. Yet I could reach for the telephone and call her. . . .

What I needed was some exercise and a good cold shower. I straightened my coat and went through the parlor. Kay was sitting on the sofa with her engagement calendar on her knee.

"Harry," Kay asked, "where are you going?"

Her voice meant that she was going to be nice again, but somehow it made no difference.

"I'm just going over to the Squash Club," I told her. "I want to get some exercise."

"Why, darling," Kay said, "you'll be late for dinner."

"I'm going out for dinner," I said.

"Oh, Harry, dear," Kay said, "please! Please, don't take it out on me."

"I'm going out, Kay," I said.

"Oh, Harry," Kay said, "please!"

"No," I said, "I'm going out."

At the Squash Club I began shouting for Louis. Pretty soon Louis came in a clean white coat and I asked him to call the professional, because I wanted a workout before dinner.

Gus, the professional, played hard, but I was able to give him a good game. The black ball kept going up against the white wall, whang, whang, whang, like a bullet. When you play a game, play it

with all your heart and soul. I was playing it that way, but just the same part of me was somewhere else with Marvin Myles. Wham, the ball went.

"Someone you can always come back to, dear, any time or anywhere."

"Yow," Gus shouted.

I was wondering what would happen if I called her up, just casually, to ask her how she was.

"Thirteen-twelve," Gus called. "Let's go."

I could not understand what was possessing me. In the first place, she was married and I was married and you did not call up married women long distance to New York.

"Darling, aren't you coming back?"

After the game I turned on the cold water hard, and when it struck me it nearly took my breath away. I stayed under it until I was icy cold, but when I was out the blood raced through me. I had a Martini while I was dressing.

"Louis," I called, "have you got a New York telephone directory?"

"Yes, Mr. Pulham," Louis said.

I began turning over the pages of the book. Her married name was Ransome — John Ransome; business address, Broadway; residence, Park Avenue; Rhinelander 4- . . .

"Louis," I said, "give me another Martini."

The number was Rhinelander 4- . . . I was in the booth in the hall dialing the operator; it was too late to stop.

"New York City," I said, "Rhinelander 4- . . ."

"Hold the line, please," the operator answered.

Suppose she was there, what under the sun was I going to say to her? How in God's name could I explain to her why I was calling her up?

"Ready with New York," the operator was saying. "Boston calling Rhinelander 4- . . ."

I heard a resonant voice, saying: "Hello; Mr. Ransome's apartment." That would be the butler. Marvin had always said she was going to have a butler.

"Is Mrs. Ransome in?" I asked.

"Mrs. Ransome is at dinner."

I felt steadier.

"Oh, well, if she's at dinner," I said, "I won't disturb her."

"Who shall I say called, sir?"

"Never mind," I said. "I won't disturb her," and I hung up.

Then I pulled out my handkerchief and mopped my forehead. It was all over, and I had done what I was going to do — I had called her up. It was all over — and that was that. All of a sudden I felt fine. I began to wonder what Kay was doing.

"Well," I said, "that's that." Of course I could call her up in an hour when she had finished dinner, but I knew I would not. I had been on a long and dangerous journey and now I was safely back, and Marvin Myles was gone.

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The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTIETH YEAR

SEPTEMBER 1941

VOLUME 39, NO. 233

¶ An ordeal of endurance which overshadows the classic trip of Captain Bligh and his men of the *Bounty*



A condensation from the book by

Guy Pearce Jones

ON THE NIGHT of Wednesday, August 21, 1940, the *Anglo-Saxon*, a British tramp steamer loaded with coal for South America, had left the Azores 500 miles behind and was making its way steadily in a southwesterly direction through a choppy swell. The night was pitch black, with low clouds scurrying across the sky.

Suddenly four explosions, so close together that they seemed one, shook the ship from stem to stern. A quarter of a mile away a dark shape raced toward her, guns flashing.

The first salvo from the raider killed everyone in the *Anglo-Saxon's* starboard fore-castle. Then a hail of lead and steel raked her fore and

It has seldom happened that a narrative so circumstantial, so entirely stripped of all humbug and false sentiment, has come out of the depths of the sea to inspire us with admiration for human valor. This story of seven men in an open boat, if it proves nothing else, shows how little the breed of seamen has deteriorated since the greatest days of Britain's maritime glory.

—From the introduction by William McFee

aft. The lifeboats were set afire, the radio antennas shot away.

Two men crouching in the lee of the bridge saw the port jolly-boat being lowered and scrambled into

it. When it hit the water three men slid down the life line; a moment later two others dropped in from the boat deck.

The boat cleared the churning propeller blades by inches, and drifted within a hundred feet of the raider. The men crouched like hunted animals and scarcely breathed. Near the *Anglo-Saxon* lights suddenly appeared, bobbing up and down on the waves. The life rafts! The raider swung its guns, and the bobbing lights went out. The rafts and the men clinging to them had been obliterated.

The white finger of a searchlight reached out and swept the stricken *Anglo-Saxon*. Incendiary bullets played on the wreckage of the wireless room; no one was to live to send a message. Then the ship's bow rose almost perpendicular; as she went down by the stern, the raider headed off into the night.

The seven survivors of the *Anglo-Saxon's* crew of 40 huddled miserably through the night in the jolly-boat. At dawn they could see nothing save empty miles of ocean and sky.

The Chief Mate, First Officer C. B. Denny, took over command. His first concern was for the wounded. R. H. Pilcher, the "Second Sparks," was the most severely hurt. Shrapnel had torn through his left foot. With the aid of the Third Engineer, Leslie Hawkes, the Mate cleaned Sparks' mangled foot in sea water

as best he could. They moved him forward into the bowsheets.

Gunner Richard Penny's right hip was badly torn by shrapnel. Leslie Morgan, the second cook, had a jagged tear just above his right ankle. Seaman Robert Tapscott had a front tooth broken off, exposing the nerve, and Seaman Roy Widdicombe's hand had been severely bruised when it was jammed in the block while the boat was being lowered.

With the wounded men fixed as comfortably as possible, the Mate set a course west-southwest for the Leeward Islands — 2800 miles in an 18-foot open boat! But they had to go that way; wind and current were against their going east. The able men bailed the boat, got in the sea anchor, stepped the stubby mast and set sail. Then they took stock of supplies. For food they had three 6-pound tins of boiled mutton, 11 tins of condensed milk and 32 pounds of ship biscuit. The water breaker was a little over half full — about four gallons.

Only Sparks had been able to bring anything away from the ship. He had a Rolls razor, a pound of tobacco, a pipe, his operator's log and time sheets, and a book of Bible quotations, one for every day of the year. The men used the latter for cigarette paper, and always read the "motto" before absorbing it in smoke. The Mate made himself a log book with the back of

Sparks' time sheets. For calendar he cut notches in the gunwale.

They had their first food that evening at six: a ship biscuit apiece. Their first drink came at sunup of the second day. The Mate set half a dipper of water, morning and evening, a little of the condensed milk with it, and half a biscuit, morning and evening; as each man's daily ration.

They made fair progress until Sunday, when the wind dropped and the boat lost way. All that day they drifted aimlessly, the sun shining down intensely on them. Their bodies were already so dehydrated it was impossible to swallow the hard biscuit without wetting it first.

Pilcher and Morgan were suffering increasing pain. Their lacerated feet had swollen and it was necessary to loosen their bandages. When this was done the horrible stench of gangrene permeated the boat.

At six o'clock the Mate doled out water. Then "Sunday treat," he said. "Mutton for dinner today." The men watched fascinated while he opened the tin and divided half its contents. They ate it carefully, making every morsel count. It was more cheering than drink.

But the next day — and the next — the men in the becalmed boat suffered fearfully. The burning sun was torture, and those who took shelter under the canvas boat cover found themselves in an oven. They were very thirsty now. Their pores, denied any liquid to evaporate,

closed up; their skin scorched and crisped; salivation ceased. The morning half-dipper of water, gulped with such eagerness, was like a drop on a blotter.

The able men bailed sea water over the wounded, and then went over the side themselves, being careful to keep their faces out of water lest they yield to the desire to drink. Their bodies took up water through the pores and saliva returned to their mouths, but the relief did not last.

On the evening of the seventh day, to buck up morale, the Mate held a lottery. Seven days — September 9 to 15 — were listed as those upon which they would be picked up or make a landfall. The men's names were then written on slips of paper, scrambled in Sparks' cap, and drawn by the cook. The losers were to buy the winner all the drinks he could consume.

The lottery was a great success. The men were vociferous in cracked and raucous voices over the dates they had drawn, and settled down for the night still arguing the matter. The mere act of holding a lottery based on their rescue seemed, somehow, to assure the fact.

Next day the wind was strong and the sea boisterous. They bowled along handily, making fine time and shipping buckets of water. No one cared about the water. They made ready for a wet night cheerfully. This, they told themselves in voices croaking with thirst, was

the last lap. But they couldn't sleep. Pilcher was delirious, and his bursts of hysterical laughter and singing and invectives gave them no rest.

In the morning they decided that amputation was the only hope of saving his life. But the sole available implement was an axe — dull and rusty — and they had no antiseptic or anesthetic.

Pilcher was lucid, though very weak. He agreed bravely to the operation, but at the last moment even the Mate's resolute nerve failed him.

"Carry on, old boy," he said. "We're certain to be picked up soon and a proper doctor will make it right for you."

Pilcher smiled weakly and closed his eyes. When they took him his ration of water he told them to give it to someone who needed it more than he. At eight o'clock the next morning he died, silently and unobtrusively. The men looked at one another incredulously. So soon! It couldn't be possible. They stood impotently by, overwhelmed by the awful finality of death. In curt, low orders the Mate arranged all that was left to do. Tapscott and the Third lifted the body over the gunwale and lowered it gently into the sea. They had nothing to wrap it in and nothing with which to weight it. It drifted away on the swell. They watched it until they could see it no more.

On the 11th day the Mate suf-

fered some sort of internal collapse. Nausea and cramps seized him. His face was livid and lined with pain. His flesh, even where burned by the sun, had a lifeless, claylike appearance. In a hand that could just trace the letters he made his last log entry: "*Suggestion for life-boat stocks*: At the very least, two breakers of water, tins of fruit such as peaches, apricots, pears, etc."

On September 4 the Mate was so weak he could scarcely move. He could no longer command. They drank their last meager ration of water at noon. A little later the boat suddenly yawed. There was no one at the helm. Penny, the gunner, who had just taken the tiller, was floating face downward some distance from the boat. It was useless to try to reach him.

Two days later there was still no sign of rain. And, as if to put the seal of finality on disaster, the rudder was carried away by a heavy swell. They shipped the steering oar in its stead.

After long hours, the Mate raised himself on his elbow and said from swollen and discolored lips: "I'm going over. Who's coming with me?"

"I'll go," the Third said.

The Mate turned his eyes to the others: one by one they shook their heads. But the dread of what they must see overwhelmed them. They stared at the self-condemned men.

"Just a minute," the Third said, almost gaily. "I'm going to have something to eat and drink." He

dipped a can of water from the sea and gulped it down greedily. Then he softened a biscuit in sea water and ate it.

The Mate drew off his signet ring and handed it to Widdicombe. "Give it — my mother — if you get through," he gasped. "And keep going west —"

The Mate and the Third struggled over to the port gunwale. There was a splash. . . .

THE THREE MEN who now survived had nothing to maintain life — they had no water, and without water the biscuits were useless. Morgan was out of his head most of the time, and Tapscott and Widdicombe were too weak to steer for more than an hour at a stretch. But they clung to life tenaciously, husbanding what little strength remained.

Then one morning Morgan got up from where he had been lying in the bow and announced in a clear, casual voice: "I think I'll go down the street for a drink." He walked aft rapidly, and stepped over the side. When his body reappeared it was being carried away by the swell. He made no more movement, no outcry.¹ Tapscott and Widdicombe stared at each other. Of the seven men who got away from the *Anglo-Saxon* they alone were left.

By noon their thirst was so terrible that Tapscott could stand the torture no longer. He drank a little sea water. Immediately he was shaken with a paroxysm of vomiting, after which he lay quietly for a long time.

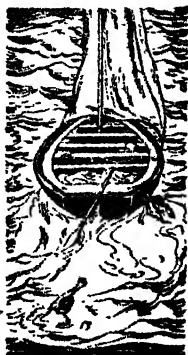
Cramping pains tore at Widdicombe's entrails, stretching him stiff in the bottom of the boat. He rolled about in agony, clutching at his belly and bursting into bellows of insane rage and hysterical imprecation.

The sun crossed the meridian and moved snail-like down the sky. As the heat diminished their suffering lightened and they lay in grateful stupor. When the sun rose the next morning they knew it was day — and little more. The boat had lost all way. It wallowed gently on an oily sea under a hot and humid sky. The tempo of the elements slowed down to the faint pulse of life in the boat.

Tapscott roused himself dully. "Oh, God damn it all," he said.

"I'm going over. Are you with me?"

Widdicombe nodded faintly. He lowered himself over the side and clung to the life line. Tapscott plunged into the water. Automatically, he floated. The cool water seemed to be saturating him; the shock stung his deadened nerves into action. When he looked



up, he was five or six feet behind the boat. Widdicombe was still clinging to the life line.

"Come on," Tapscott called. Widdicombe gave no sign of hearing.

"Let go," Tapscott said. Widdicombe did not move.

Tapscott went into a laborious crawl. He was surprised to find that he could swim. When he came alongside the boat he said: "Why don't you let go?"

Widdicombe shook his head violently.

Tapscott felt a rush of rage. Widdicombe wasn't playing fair! He, too, took hold of the life line.

Hanging from the rope Tapscott and Widdicombe argued the matter. Having once made up his mind, Tapscott was determined to go. But he wasn't going without Widdicombe. And Widdicombe's pain had passed; immersion was making him feel much better.

"If you're strong enough to swim that far," he pointed out, "you're strong enough to go on some more."

Tapscott reflected that this was true. By this time he was quite willing to be convinced. With much effort, they got themselves back into the boat and crawled under the boat cover. They felt that they had been accorded a new lease on life.

Then Tapscott had an idea. Why not drink the alcohol in the compass? They decanted it into two condensed milk tins, about three quarters of a water glass each. As if standing each other a go in a

Newport pub they sat opposite each other on the thwarts and drank. The alcohol rasped their raw throats and burned their intestines. But it was liquid.

Several swallows and they grinned at each other. Peril and pain were forgotten. They laughed and ragged each other in strange, throaty croaks, their misshapen mouths grinning like gargoyles. They recalled famous binges in foreign ports. When the alcohol was gone they rolled over and went to sleep. It was the first relaxed sleep they had had since leaving their blazing ship.

Toward morning they were roused by a terrific peal of thunder. A moment later there was a splatter of drops on the boat cover. Rain!

The fresh water sluiced down in steady, heavy sheets, quickly making a good puddle in the canvas cover they laid across the thwarts. They poured water down their throats by the canful, spilling it out of the corners of their mouths, down their chins and chests, with joyful, gluttonous, animal noises. Never had they known such pleasure in drink. Then they drained the water — about six gallons — off the canvas into a tank.

Their thirst quenched, they were aware of the first recognizable hunger they had felt in days. They soaked sea biscuit in water and ate it. Life flowed back into them. They were very weak, but the tide, definitely, had changed. Widdicombe was jubilant.

"I knew we'd make it," he declared. "I knew it the moment we got back into the boat. If we couldn't go then, it stands to reason we're going to be O.K."

This was September 12, their 23rd day in the boat.

For six days the breeze held, and for six days they had all the water they wanted. They were so profoundly pleased to have cheated death from thirst they laughed at their hunger. They scraped up the shreds of Sparks' tobacco, filled the pipe and managed a few whiffs each.

But now the quality of the heat seemed more punishing, and the air heavier, more humid. The direct rays of noon burned and stung like heated needles. By the morning of September 18 they had reached the bottom of the water tank again. But it did not seem so bad as before. They had learned a technique of suffering. Rain came early on the morning of the 20th. They rigged the cover and drank copiously. While the tank was filling they soaked six biscuits each in rain water. Their supply was getting low, but they had been without food for two days.

They had no suspicion that miles and miles of Atlantic lay between them and the nearest land. On September 24, they dribbled the last of the water into their cans. They fumbled in the biscuit tank, but it yielded only broken bits and crumbs. They were now completely without food or water.

THE FIVE WEEKS that followed were like a long, bad dream. One day followed another in an unvarying pattern of hunger, sun and sea, an indistinguishable blur in the continuity of their suffering.

Rainfall became fairly frequent, but for many days they had nothing to eat. Then one day they heard a thud against the sail, and a desperate flapping in the boat. To their incredulous joy a flying fish had leaped aboard. Tapscott got out Sparks' razor and cut it in two. He took the head half. Widdicombe had the other. They ate every scrap, eyes, bones and fins.

Later they encountered great patches of seaweed, and were delighted to find a tiny variety of crab in its meshes. There were, also, a small shrimp and some shellfish. They winnowed out a large number of these, but it took hours of work to make a meal.

On October 9, a leaden, drizzly day, they sighted a large steamer, not more than a half mile away, bearing south. They stood up in the boat, waving their arms and shouting. They swung their oars, semaphore fashion, and blew the Mate's whistle until they were breathless. The liner steamed steadily ahead.

Tapscott and Widdicombe collapsed on the seats, completely spent. Their hearts were beating as if to burst; their lungs heaved and they gulped down air in sobbing spasms.

Some time after midnight, four days later, they were awakened by the howl of wind and the violent tossing and pitching of the boat. The sea was running high and the boat seemed to have lost buoyancy. Widdicombe clicked on the torch. In the faint light they saw water within a few inches of the thwarts. At that moment the crest of a huge wave poured in over the gunwales. Tapscott seized the bucket and Widdicombe a can, and they started bailing desperately. That night was an eternity of terror.

Dawn came as a lightening in a leaden sky. The gale blasted them with spindrift that stung like shot. It took both of them to manage the steering oar. Ahead was a howling, tumbling chaos of wind and water. All day and all the next night they fought the storm. There was no question of sleep. Drenched, cold and dog-tired they huddled in the stern sheets.

The second day of the storm the wind blew more steadily. The boat raced with the 40-foot waves, driven at express speed.

"At any rate," Widdicombe said grimly, "we're making time."

The rising sun of the following day revealed a turbulent sea, but one they could safely lie to in. They fell exhausted upon the seats. Then they looked at each other and grinned; another great danger successfully passed.

After the storm, pickings from the sea were poor. They became

frantic with hunger. They stripped the peeling skin from their bodies and ate that. They tore the latex lining from Sparks' tobacco pouch and chewed on that. They were very lightheaded now, and their mounting hysteria found morose relief in bitter quarreling.

The next week was almost a blank. Then one night Tapscott thought he heard a fish flapping in the boat. With the first light of dawn he was in the bottom of the boat, looking for it.

"I've found it," he said finally. Widdicombe said nothing.

"I've found that fish," Tapscott repeated, looking up to see why Widdicombe received this important news so apathetically. Widdicombe was staring straight ahead.

"Look," he said, pointing.

Tapscott, holding the fish firmly, raised himself on a thwart to see. Dead ahead lay a long line of lowland and beach.

"Land or no land," Tapscott said, "I'm going to eat this fish." He cut it in half with Sparks' razor and together they ate it, staring at the land.

THAT AFTERNOON the radio flashed the news to the world that Robert George Tapscott, 19, and Wilbert Roy Widdicombe, 21, the sole survivors of the torpedoed *Anglo-Saxon*, had crossed 3000 miles of ocean in an open boat, outliving 70 days of thirst, starvation and storm.

They were found on the beach at

Eleuthera, one of the Bahama Islands east of the southern tip of Florida, by a Negro beachcomber. A rescue party took them to Governor's Harbor, where they were greeted as heroes by the Commissioner and citizens.

In the Bahamas General Hospital it was found that in addition to the physical effects of exposure, starvation and prolonged thirst, their mental and nervous systems were badly deranged. They could not sleep; both were frequently hysterical or

sunk in despondent apathy. However, weeks of skillful treatment and considerate care restored them to some measure of their former nervous and physical stamina.

The final irony of the epic fight for life was reserved for Widdicombe. In February he went to Canada to join a ship, the *Siamese Prince*. On February 18 the ship was torpedoed and sunk off Scotland.

The steamship line reported that "everyone on the *Siamese Prince* must be considered to have been lost."

Don't Stop Us . . .

A DRUNK was walking along the curb with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. A cop followed him for two blocks and then said, "Come along, buddy, and I'll help you home. You're drunk."

"Thank God!" said the drunk. "I thought I was a cripple." *

— Contributed by Harlan E. Read

* TWO MEN FINISHED their drinks at the tavern, said good-bye to their friends and began the 40-mile drive to the city. After a while one of them observed, "We're gettin' closer to town."

"What makes you think so?" countered the other.

"Well," reasoned the first, "we're hittin' more people."

— Contributed by Donald MacGregor

6. A VERY LARGE MAN and a smaller one had been long enough at the bar to reach the confidential stage. "Do you know," remarked the large one, "I weighed only three and a half pounds when I was born?"

"No!" said the small man incredulously. "And did you live?"

"Did I live? Boy! You should see me now!"

— Contributed by R. Constantian

Third in a series of reports on a nation-wide investigation of those who service modern necessities too complicated for the layman himself to repair

The Watch Repair Man Will Gyp You If You Don't Look Out

By

Roger William Riis

In the July Reader's Digest, Roger William Riis reported an inquiry into the honesty of automobile repair men. Three out of five lied or cheated. In the August issue Mr. Riis told about the ethics of radio repair men. Again three out of five tried to take advantage of the customer. The following article recounts the experiences of the same investigators at the hands of watch repairers.

NOT EVEN a man's best friend tells him the truth so un-faillingly as his watch. One might therefore expect the members of the ancient craft of watch-makers to be as honest as the machines with which they deal.

In a tour of the 48 states, The Reader's Digest investigators, John Patric and Miss Lioy May, tested the honesty of 462 watch repairers of every type. In each case they submitted a watch with which one single, easily adjustable thing was wrong. Of the 462 watchmakers, 236 met the test by swiftly correcting the trouble. Eight of these asked a nominal fee; 228 made no charge at all.

But the remaining 226, or 49 percent, lied, overcharged, gave phony

diagnoses or suggested expensive and unnecessary repairs.

Four medium-priced men's watches of well-known American makes were used for the tests and kept in first-class running condition. But before entering each store the investigator would open the back of the watch and loosen the little screw that fastens the winding wheel, which is also called the crown wheel. This disengages the gears so that the watch will no longer wind.

To each repair man the investigator would say that the watch had recently been overhauled and was keeping good time until suddenly it refused to wind. (The investigators had their watches completely examined, sometimes cleaned, by men they found honest.)

In most watches, once the back has been opened, the winding wheel is in full view. In the center of the wheel is a conspicuous, accessible screw. That loosening this screw was a fair test is proved by the 236 watchmakers who spotted and tightened it at once.

The adjustment was so simple as to be apparent to people who

were inexperienced, or not even watchmakers at all. A lad behind the counter in Portland, Ore., a salesgirl in Annapolis, Md., a clerk in Charlotte, N. C., and a youthful apprentice in Austin, Minn. — all of them promptly put the watch to rights. In San Antonio, Texas, the investigators showed the ailing watch to an itinerant knife-grinder. He at once tightened the screw with a razor blade.

As representative of the honest watchmakers, here is a case from Stamford, Conn.:

This man charged nothing. "I could have told you this would be a big job," he said, "but there's work enough to be done that's legitimate." When I mentioned the high estimates other watchmakers had given me, and asked if maybe they hadn't seen the loose screw, he smiled: "Oh, they saw it all right — make no mistake."

When 236 watchmakers immediately discovered why the watch would not wind, can anything be said in defense of the 226 who prescribed 76 new mainsprings, 14 winding springs and gave 52 other often grotesquely different explanations of what was wrong or needed? Among them were the following:

New pinion, new clutch spring, new click spring, new hairspring, new setting wheel, new balance staff, new winder, new ratchet; winding stem broken, shippers spring broken, winding wheel broken, clutch lever broken, "some pieces broke"; loose pivot, loose winding clutch, loose screw under crown

wheel, six loose screws, a dozen loose screws; sleeve gone, threads stripped, screw missing, clutch weak, wheels binding, oil gummed up, watch all out of order.

In none of the 462 tests that form the basis for this article did any of the watches used have any of these things wrong. Three jewelers in one morning, in Los Angeles, told the investigators the mainspring was broken. A fourth, after tightening the screw, suggested that a cigar was payment enough.

Here is how a watchmaker in a small Oregon town accounted for the most common diagnosis:

Case No. 389. An old established shop. The owner said: "You need a new mainspring. It will be \$1.50." Later, in the course of a talk on how honest he was, he said: "It's my custom to charge for a mainspring anyway, even if it isn't broken. Yours really *is* broken, but lots of times you can't explain to customers just what's wrong, because they wouldn't understand. But they all understand a mainspring."

Further light on why so many watchmakers cheat was shed by a man in Cleveland who wanted \$3 for "some new parts." When shown how simple the real trouble was, he confessed:

Case No. 470. "Well, the more honest you try to be the less the public trusts you. I've tried both ways. If I were to tell the average customer that a screw was loose and charge him 25 cents, he wouldn't believe me. The customer judges a fellow's work by his price."

Gyps were found in both modest and pretentious shops. One large

Philadelphia store said the watch needed \$9.00 worth of work. Similarly high estimates were made by top-notch jewelers in Mobile (\$4), Denver and Detroit (\$4.50), Chicago (\$5) and New Orleans (\$6.50). In Wisconsin, watchmakers are licensed. But of 16 tested there, 9 lied.

Chivalry was a dead letter: Miss May was gypped in 56 percent of her tests; Patric in 46 percent. Square dealing was commoner in towns under 10,000 population, where 62 percent of the watchmakers tested were honest.

Case No. 50. Washington, D. C. A large jeweler's store. The repair man opened the watch, tightened the screw, and gave the winder a couple of experimental clicks. Then he loosened the screw again, and said: "You need a new winding spring. It'll be \$3.50."

No. 147. Miami, Fla. A small shop. The owner said I had a stripped winding wheel, which would cost a dollar to fix. I asked if he had the parts. His answer was to take out a little box of winding wheels, and compare several carefully with the wheel from my watch. Then he slyly put back my old winding wheel. When I asked to see the old wheel, he gave me a rusty one that had never been in my watch. Then I showed him how the design on the wheels now in my watch matched, proving that no change at all had been made.

No. 370. San Francisco. The watchmaker tightened the screw, and said: "This watch is all out of order. It'll cost \$3.50 to fix it." "Does it wind

now?" I asked. "It's all out of order," he replied. "But does it wind? That's what I wanted fixed." "I wound it," he said, "but it isn't fixed. It'll go bad right away." I tried again, but still he wouldn't tell me what was wrong. Nothing was, of course, except the loose screw.

When asked for an explanation of the deceitfulness so common in his craft, an honest watchmaker in Topeka, Kansas, commented as follows: "Whenever you find a business the public doesn't know anything about, you'll find men going into that business who trade on the public's ignorance. If you sharpen a man's knives you can't cheat him, because he knows whether you've done a good job for the price."

Obviously it is impossible for people to learn enough about the complicated insides of a watch to protect themselves from the watchmaker's awareness of their ignorance. But you can be skeptical, and demand precise information. Then, if you doubt a diagnosis, try another watchmaker. If they agree, you're on the right track. If they disagree, try a third. If the watchmaker refuses to specify, go somewhere else. In any case, demand an itemized receipt, for most men hesitate to itemize their villainy. But don't be afraid to cross-examine, for it's *your* watch and *your* money.

Reports on other common articles of merchandise, and comments on this series from the public and from the repair men themselves, will appear in later issues of The Reader's Digest.

❧ The empty dream of security by "passive defense" — the dream of a Senate minority whose 20-year veto on foreign policy has brought our nation to the brink of disaster

America's Great Mistake

Condensed from Life

Walter Lippmann

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are making the greatest military effort in their history. They are making it because they find themselves in imminent danger of standing alone in a hostile world. They are preparing for war because they know they must work and fight their way out of this peril. Yet the preparation will never be sufficient until they realize clearly that all this effort is necessary because we have made the most costly mistakes that the American Democracy has ever made.

Twenty years ago we were the

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leading power in the world, our security unchallenged and inviolable. All the most powerful nations on earth were our friends. Today we are encircled by an alliance of great powers of Europe and Asia held in check only by the desperate resistance of the British and the Chinese, and by whatever resistance Russia may be able to make.

These are the consequences of the foreign policy that we have followed. No amount of words, no beating of breasts, no cries about how much we love peace and mean to make ourselves impregnable can alter the fact that the net result of this policy is that we find ourselves surrounded by war and surrounded by enemies, feverishly trying to prepare ourselves against dangers we have not had the wit or the courage to forestall. When a rich and vigorous nation and the leading power in the world falls so quickly into such deadly danger, there can be no disputing the fact that it has been badly led along the wrong road.

The ultimate responsibility is upon all of us. We are free men and

we are responsible for what has happened. But the historic fact is that for more than 20 years the constitutional system of the United States has not been allowed to operate as it was meant to operate in the conduct of foreign affairs. In the summer of 1919 a minority in the Senate obtained control of American foreign policy by a ruthless use of the filibuster. Since that event a Senate minority, exploiting the rule which permits unlimited debate, has exercised a veto on every President and on all the majorities in every Congress. The effect has been to compel every administration to adopt the foreign policy advocated by this minority in the Senate.

The name of this foreign policy is isolationism: the strategical plan of this policy is that of the passive defensive. No President, excepting possibly Harding, has ever been an isolationist while in office, and certainly the commanders of our armed forces have never believed in the strategy of the passive defensive. No competent soldier or sailor in the world believes in it. Yet the isolationists have prevailed.

They, not Wilson, determined the treaty of peace which ended America's part in the other war. They forced Coolidge to insist upon a war debt settlement which undermined postwar reconstruction. They tied the hands of Hoover when he sought to find a solution for world-wide economic collapse.

They wrote the neutrality acts. They opposed the repeal of the arms embargo before the outbreak of the war, thus gravely weakening France and Britain and delaying by many months the development of an airplane and munitions industry in this country. They have resisted every foot of the way the development of aid to Great Britain and China, and the program has been so much delayed by their obstruction that what would have been a mighty contribution twelve months ago is no longer sufficient.

The strategy of defense imposed upon us under isolationist leadership is based upon the same deadly error which has wrecked all the free nations of Europe and has placed Britain in mortal peril. It is the illusion that the defensive is stronger than the offensive.

It is evident enough now why the illusion of the impregnable defensive captured the imagination of the democracies. What the people of England, France and America remembered most vividly of the war of 1914-1918 were the bloody offensives on the Western Front, in which infantry was hurled against barbed wire and machine guns and then massacred by the defenders. It was this memory that caused the French to feel that if they built the Maginot Line they could never again be invaded.

But the Germans were never caught by this illusion of the impregnable defensive. Having been

defeated, what they remembered most vividly were not the three and a half years of bloody stalemate but the final three months when, with tanks and air superiority, the Allies did break the German front. Long before Hitler was heard of, the German army was studying the lessons of its defeat, and the strategic genius shown by the Germans in this war is based upon the real, rather than the imaginary, lessons of the other war.

Thus, while the democracies built Maginot Lines, the Germans organized armored divisions; while the democracies manufactured defensive pursuit planes, the Germans manufactured bombers; while the democracies taught their people to think of passive defense, the Germans got themselves thoroughly ready for the offensive. Nor was it only in strictly military affairs that the Germans took the offensive. They pursued an offensive foreign policy, designed to separate and encircle the democracies one by one and then to compel them when conquered to assist in the offensive against the next victim.

Thus Germany, which until five years ago was disarmed and encircled, had managed, before a shot was fired in open warfare, to break up the world coalition, to separate Russia from France, to envelop Italy, to destroy Czechoslovakia, to isolate Poland, to make an alliance with Japan, and to encourage the United States to go on

thinking that nothing which happened across the ocean or on it could matter.

It was this ruthless political strategy which set the stage for the military victories of the German army. It has been our wooden-headed conception of foreign policy which has brought us to the pass where Germany, recently encircled and isolated, is now threatening to isolate and encircle us.

The passive defensive which the isolationists have imposed upon this country is based on the notion that an armed circle can be drawn around the United States, and that behind the protection of our two oceans we can never be successfully attacked. Therefore we have been induced to think, first, that we needed no allies and, second, that it did not matter how many nations were allied against us.

It is a false theory. Even the isolationists now realize that to defend the United States we must make what amounts to a military alliance with Canada and with Brazil; just why they object to having Britain as an ally, also, no strategist will ever be able to explain. For if we need Canada and Brazil — which do not have navies — to defend the hemisphere against attack from overseas, then surely we need Britain even more to help see to it that no attack from overseas can ever get started.

The isolationists profess to object to entangling alliances. But in

fact they have persuaded us to confine our alliances to weak countries and they have done their utmost to prevent us from making allies of strong countries like Britain and France. All alliances are entangling in the sense that the troubles of one's allies become one's own troubles. A Nazi revolution in Brazil or Mexico would be an entanglement for the United States. There is no sense in a policy that favors alliances with the relatively weak nations of the Western Hemisphere and opposes an alliance with a great power, like Britain, which is able to contribute to the defense of the Western Hemisphere the world's largest organization of total seapower.

Allies are necessary to our defense because no other great power is run by isolationists. Our failure to make allies of potential allies will mean sooner or later that they become conquered by and allied with our enemies. The democracies should have learned this bitter truth at long last. Twenty years ago we had among our allies Great Britain and France. Today we have lost France and she, alas, is in the camp of our enemies. Yet in the face of this, there are still supposedly sane persons at large who want to push Britain also into the other camp.

This political fallacy is derived from an underlying military fallacy that consists in thinking a nation can be defended successfully by standing guard at the frontier, wait-

ing to be attacked and then repelling the attack. This is a certain invitation to military disaster. For if a nation tries to stand guard on its whole frontier all the time, it can never be very strong at every point. The enemy is free to concentrate an overwhelming force at the weakest point, to smash the defenses and force the passive defender to do what he never intended to do: to attack in order to dislodge the invader. To defend the Western Hemisphere by a passive defense not only means patrolling at least 15,000 miles of sea frontier, but it means that when the attack is launched the fighting will occur in American waters and at the expense of American shipping and American ports.

Nor is that all. The passive defense gives the enemy the choice of the place to attack; it also gives him the choice of time. Thus the attacker has the inestimable advantage of forcing the defender to fight at the most inconvenient place and at the most inconvenient time. And since he can compel the defender to divide his forces whereas he can concentrate his own forces, the attacker can be superior on the battlefield — which is the only place where superiority matters.

The theory of the passive defense combined with the policy of political isolation means, therefore, giving the enemy every possible advantage: a nation guided by such a policy deprives itself of allies and

permits its enemies to form alliances. Having practiced isolation, it finds itself encircled. Such a policy is sheer folly.

The great sacrifices we now must make in order to overcome our peril are clearly traceable to a specific cause. The American people have for 20 years been conniving at a violation of the intent of the Constitution. For the American strategy of defense in this disastrous epoch has been determined by a handful of Senators — usually about ten or a dozen — who from the days of Borah and Johnson to the days of Wheeler and Nye have had more to say about the main lines of policy than Wilson, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt, than Hughes, Kellogg, Stimson and Hull, together with their advisers in the State Department and in the General Board of the Navy and in the General Staff of the Army.

The American government was never meant to work that way. If the Presidents and their advisers and the majorities in Congress had been allowed to conduct our foreign policy as the Constitution intended — had a minority of the Senators not used the filibuster, actual and threatened, to control foreign affairs — we should never have been misled into such fearful danger.

We are now repairing our mistake. The price is a gigantic military effort, the conscription of our young men and the regimentation of our industry and of our lives; before the peril is overcome the price may be a long and difficult war. No other nation could commit such errors as we have committed and survive.

We can. For among modern nations America is unique. Germany is a great power on land but, unless she wins this war and subjugates Britain, Germany is without power on the sea. Britain and Japan are island empires. We alone have a great navy based upon the resources of a continent — a combination which Hitler dreams of but which only the American nation actually possesses. This power, once it is fully mobilized and rightly directed, will give us the means to repair our mistakes.

But the bravest men, the most brilliant commanders, the best ships and planes and tanks will not restore the security we had in 1918, and have now lost, unless the American people and the American Congress rid themselves of the illusions and the fallacies and the obsessions which destroyed our victory in the other war and prepared the disasters which we have now to overcome.



THE FRONTIERS are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact. — Thoreau

I Would Not Divorce Him Now

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Anonymous

IF I HAD it to do over again I would not divorce my husband. And I wonder how many other divorcees wish that divorce had never been invented. Few will confess it because it is a human trait to disguise failure, to be reluctant to admit defeat even to oneself — and divorce is defeat. I am acknowledging that defeat, although even to my nearest friends I still carry through the stereotyped bluff, which indicates that I have borne unspeakable anguish with bravery.

Ten years ago I was 30 years old. My boy was eight. My husband was 40. At 20 I had married a man I loved. When the first rapture had inevitably yielded to the attempt at mutual tolerance and understanding, which is mature marriage, there was much that survived. We both thought the same things were amusing. We both were devoted to our child. Jim was reasonably successful in his profession and economically we were comfortable.

To me now, this situation would present a working basis for matrimony. To me then, the fact that Jim drank too much blinded me to all else.

The chief argument I used on

myself to justify divorce was, "I must have freedom to bring up my child in a proper environment." But I now regard Jim's drinking as an insufficient reason to deprive the child of his father. I now believe that divorce between people who have children is not only undesirable but impossible. The child is there: Exhibit A, to prove that the divorced parent *is*. In the face of this fact the arrogance of a woman or a man in determining that the other parent is superfluous is astonishing.

How could I have been so sure that I could be both father and mother, that I had no characteristics difficult to deal with? Had our marriage continued, the boy would have been given a protection against my inadequacies that would have by far outmeasured the harm of meeting directly the shortcomings of his father.

Recently I stopped at the country club to take the boy home. He had been spending with his father the "one day a month" that is legally permitted. They were standing together by the tennis court, the boy lighting his father's pipe and then his own cigarette. There

was a camaraderie, momentary but undeniable. Suddenly I felt like a kidnaper. When I cut my son off from his father I transgressed one of the most fundamental clanships that exist.

No wife, however driven by exasperation or despair to a divorce, escapes scars similar to those I experienced. Civilized convention demands either courage or an attitude of courage: we must hide our hurt and wear a smile. Certainly no one who knows me would guess that, during my husband's absence in Europe while I was instituting divorce proceedings, I went repeatedly back into what had been our house. Emptied of all but Jim's possessions, it was a tragic sight: the child's room, my own room, stripped and bare. It is difficult to reconcile those pilgrimages, and the tears I shed against the suits in his closet, with the cheerful attitude I maintained to the outer world — and more particularly to him and to our lawyers.

If those tears had indicated merely a temporary emotional upheaval, if the divorce that followed had given to him, to the child, or to me any of those advantages which freedom claims to give, then a season of pain would have been worth while. But loneliness following divorce is particularly poignant and enduring. Roots of common experience, of shared days and nights, of mutual parenthood are not shallowly planted. Separation imposed by death has

the dignity of Fate. We bring divorce upon ourselves.

At no time does a mother feed on so harsh a diet of the straw of divorce as when she is forced to discuss important questions about the welfare of her child in the cold light of a lawyer's office. No matter how wise or sympathetic the legal adviser may be, the audience to one's hopes and fears should rightly be the man to whom the child's development is also of paramount importance.

At the railroad station, meeting a train that is to bring "our" son home from college, there is an aloneness which even the boy himself and his excited arrival cannot dispel. I need, and desperately, someone to share my affection for the boy, my pride in the inches he has grown, my delight in the bewildering maturity revealed by his expanding vocabulary. I am aware that his homecoming, despite his joy in being with me again, is not a complete thing. The artificial formality of telephoning "father to let him know you are safely home" is like a chill wind on a warm June day. There is a poignant consciousness of the exiled parent.

To me now, no wrong or indiscretion that a human creature can commit is deserving of this punishment: that a child should grow to manhood unaccompanied, unwittingly by one of the parents responsible for his life.

I do not mean there are no cases

in which the surgery of divorce is imperative. But I know now, as I did not know ten years ago, that divorce is definitely a surgery, agonizingly painful, uncertain in outcome, to be used only in extremity.

I am not sure what conditions I should consider valid for a divorce if I had it to do over again. If my husband possessed a few of those crystals of kindness and generosity which are the essence of all that civilization or religion have given us; if he would be reasonably inclined to live and let live, I should continue my marriage with him.

If he made love to other women I should try to hope that he found happiness in so doing; if he were occasionally cruel or unkind I should seek to trace and understand his motivation; if he failed to support me I should realize that divorce would probably fail to better that circumstance, and I should attempt to support myself and my child as divorce would necessitate; if he drank to excess I should attempt to induce him to accept medical care and to endure concerned but not nagging affection from me.

It would work, I think; for men almost invariably are pitifully eager to make marriage endure. They are the true conservatives to whom divorce, and all that it entails, is unthinkable. More clearly than wives, husbands see through the deplorable attitude of mind which frequently accompanies marriage: a

belief that matrimony will make of life a gala experience.

In looking back over my ten years of marriage and ten years of divorce, I discover that much which I believed was the fault of my husband has proved to be the result of my own misadaptation to the rigors of life. It is amazingly easy to put on marriage the blame for one's personal moods or for one's graver unhappinesses, and a husband is the most inclusively satisfactory object to blame for almost anything that is wrong with life.

But, in her innermost consciousness, the divorcee is aware that she has failed where she most hoped to succeed. To me now, marriage seems the most civilized of all institutions, an institution which demands the continuity of effort to comprehend another human being, with his different dreams, hopes, goals, and despairs. Inescapably nearing middle age, I know that if I were myself of ten years ago I should continue in marriage, even to the man of my mischoice.

We could go on together trying to understand each other, sometimes perhaps succeeding. Always we should wait for our boy's train together, and together do what we could to make the life for which we are mutually responsible a happy one. Together we should give him the comfort he now lacks of united parents — the tragic, desperate need of every child.



¶ He puts racketeers on the spot
with the pen of a crusader

Pegler Throws the Book

Condensed from Who

J. P. McEvoy

IT HAS been said that there are two kinds of journalists — the Gee Whiz and the Aw Nuts. There is a third — the Nuts to You, or Westbrook Pegler. Maybe Woe to You would be closer to the mark, for Pegler, the recent Pulitzer Prize winner, is a journalistic Amos, resembling in his daily scoldings the minor prophet of whom it was said: "The land is not able to bear all his words." When Prophet Pegler isn't thumping his craw over the iniquities of this generation, he is belaboring union racketeers, bunds, the New Deal, the Old Guard, and all isms, ologies and ics (pronounced Ickes).

Pegler, at 46, is tall, tough and truculent, with bristling brows, and an angry glow in his eyes. He spends his days on a Connecticut farm fighting his typewriter, for writing is an onerous chore for Pegler. The raw phrases, to be sure, are blasted out of the quarry by his explosive wrath, but they must be hacked laboriously into shape and piled one on the other until the day's column rises in rude majesty.

Pegler's picturesque vocabulary stems from childhood when he hung around the railroad water tower in Excelsior, Minn., a favorite rendezvous of itinerant bums. Their salty talk and quaint sayings permanently impressed themselves on his little waxlike mind. Now his daily diatribe is a sophisticated orchestration of those early recordings. So Harold Ickes becomes "Honest Hal, the housedick of the New Deal"; royal husbands of American heiresses, "high-born he-trollops"; Los Angeles, "that sprawling, incoherent, slobbering civic idiot in the family of American communities."

When his parents moved to Chicago, Pegler carried papers, jerked sodas, and battled his way through grade school. Lane Tech High was too much for him. He took the same algebra course five times, and was finally passed because they needed his desk. To this day he hates mathematics, makes his wife handle their \$60,000 income.

Pegler's father, Arthur Pegler, was a brilliant newspaperman and despite his frequent exhortation, "For God's sake, son, don't go into the newspaper business," the boy

plodded along in the parental footsteps. He was an office boy and a reporter in Des Moines, later a bureau manager for the United Press. In 1916 he was sent to London by UP, becoming the youngest war correspondent (21), the lowest paid (\$30 a week), and the most irritating.

He quickly got into a series of spectacular jams. Chief of Operations Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, resenting his pointed questions, ejected him from his press conferences. Our own Admiral Sims reprimanded him for disclosing that British and American sailors often blacked each other's eyes while on leave. On the Continent, he ingratiated himself with the authorities by a personal letter to Roy Howard, head of United Press, giving the lowdown on the deplorable situation of the army supply system. For this, Pegler was kicked out of the press corps by every official boot that could reach him. Brooding over man's inhumanity to Pegler, he joined the navy, seeing the world and the war from the Liverpool waterfront.

After the war Pegler decided to get more schooling at the Jesuit Loyola Academy in Chicago. Even then he was never one to do things by halves. Not sure just when he should ring the bell as an altar boy during Mass, he rang it continuously until the priest forcibly took it away.

Pegler quit school after two years and went back to newspaper work as a sports writer. But the Jesuit impress stuck through the years, cropping out first when he launched a morally indignant one-man crusade against the fakery of fight managers, wrestling promoters and the slobbering praise ladled out by conventional sports writers. This idol-smashing was an instantaneous success, zooming Peg to \$30,000 a year. It became evident that such talents were wasted in this limited field. In 1933 Pegler moved into the Washington arena, taking his personal inquisition with him — and soon the country rang with the anguished cries of congressmen writhing on the rack and senators broken on the wheel.

Pegler holds with the old bar-room adage that the guy who hits first and hard has the best chance of winning the argument. No light jabs or airy footwork for Peg. He lays his head on his opponent's shoulder and whams away with both hands. That hollow clunk you hear occasionally is Pegler swinging low. Thus his fellow Americans are "the greatest hard-liquor drinkers on earth, rich, strong, and roaring an offer to lick any so-and-so in the world." They "spend vastly more man-hours in the movies or at ball games than in church or pious works"; and, thanks to Winchell, "the gents' room journalist," they wallow in "smelly witticisms and the romantic, or sexual, problems

of a class of people who appear to exist entirely in drinking resorts."

Pegler and Walter Winchell heckle each other often, for Pegler, a trained reporter, derides the gossip specialists. The feud came to a head when Winchell erroneously reported that a kidnaping threat had driven Pegler to seek safety in a New York hotel. Pegler pointed out that Winchell could easily have verified that claim by a 35-cent phone call. With increased vigor he lit into Winchell, who retaliated last year by publicly requesting that Pegler should not be allowed to attend his funeral.

Pegler gets a thousand letters a week from the readers of his column syndicated in 136 papers. Many letters are anonymously written with blunt pencil on ruled tablet paper. A few dare him to take off his coat and come outside, but most of them holler ecstatically, "Give it to him!" and put the finger on new victims. Through such anonymous tips Pegler first learned that Willie Bioff, Hollywood labor czar, was a fugitive from a Chicago jail sentence as a pander, "which is Ritz for pimp and not a comical Chinese bear as you might think."

From court records Pegler dug the fact that Bioff, convicted of pandering in 1922, had served only five days of a six months' sentence. Pegler's exposé was a national sensation. Bioff was hauled back to Chicago to finish the sentence conveniently forgotten for so long.

Since then Pegler has dive-bombed Bioff's boss, George E. Browne, president of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, "a vicious racket preying on the rank and file of American workers"; Mike Carrozzo, "a more or less Americanized labor racketeer and gunman from Italy," who rose to power and a federal indictment in Chicago; and a flock of other union officials, "low-grade hoodlums, criminals and ex-convicts," all now in New York District Attorney Dewey's clutches.

Letters from exploited scrubwomen tipped him off about George Scalise, president of the Building Service Employees Union. Scalise terrorized New York building and hotel owners for years until, in his own words, he was "Peglerized," convicted of forgery and embezzlement, and sentenced to 10 to 20 years. This one-man campaign won Pegler the honor of being the first columnist to get the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished reporting. Incidentally Willie Bioff, his sentence served, was forgiven by his union, but not forgotten by Pegler. Now both Bioff and Browne have received a federal indictment for allegedly extorting more than half a million dollars from four big movie studios.

While a sports writer, Pegler occasionally was assigned to cover big news stories. He met Julia Harpman, a young crime reporter, while they were both working on

the Elwell murder case in 1920. Two years later they married. For nine years Julia was bedridden with heart trouble. On one of their anniversaries Pegler ordered the biggest pair of silver foxes a messenger could carry. It was doubtful that Julia would ever be out of bed again, but he draped them around her neck and for weeks she sat up in bed all dolled up in silver foxes.

Pegler was at home when a telegram from Columbia University announced that he had won the Pulitzer Prize. Soon the bells were ringing, flowers were arriving, and the yard was full of neighbors, friends and cars. Julia was lying down and Pegler, overcome by all this attention, sneaked upstairs, took her hand and said shyly, "Mom, I didn't mean to do this to you." "He's as gentle as a child," says Julia, which should be news for a lot of mugs.

Living on a 30-acre farm, Pegler does all his work on the top floor of a small barn building. He seldom leaves the farm except to dig for material. After breakfast in bed, during which he reads all the New York papers, Pegler works about five hours, pacing up and down screaming with labor pains as he produces his daily 800 words. "He will agonize for 45 minutes over one word," says Julia. You can imagine what exquisite torture goes into the

fashioning of a little nosegay like this for the AFL: "A great, arrogant, corrupt, hypocritical parasitic racket, a front for panders, thieves, extortioners and thugs."

William Green, AFL head, insinuates that Pegler is a hireling propaganda-monger. But Pegler honestly believes that he is doing organized labor a service by exposing union rackets. He challenges Green: "You great big gorgeous pious friend of the workingman, under what bridge at what time of what night did what enemies of labor pay me how much to smear the movement?" He then suggests further disclosures: "Mr. Green has become jumpy waiting for me to drop that other shoe. As to that I will say that I am a centipede."

However, no centipede has enough feet for the boots that Pegler needs to kick all his pet hates around. Some critics sneer at him as a professional dissenter with a portable Wailing Wall. But Pegler is sincere, he is agin sin, and many things rub his fur the wrong way; he is Irish, pugnacious, devoutly religious -- and a bit of a fanatic.

At times he is a saltier Billy Sunday, at others a secular Savonarola with a sports-page vocabulary, but most of the time he is Amos, saying, "Jehovah took me from following the flock and said unto me, Go prophesy unto my people. . . ."



❊ Marxism is based on an expanding proletariat, but in America today the proletariat is fast diminishing

The Twilight of Communism in the U. S. A.

Condensed from Forbes

Stuart Chase

IF YOU HAVE an oil-burning furnace, you can easily see why communism is not coming to this country. By communism, I mean the standard concept, developed by Karl Marx, of a society where the workers depose the capitalists and set up a dictatorship of the proletariat.

This program has scared the tar out of solid citizens all over the world for many years. But the program is dying, and the thermostat on your wall tells why. Before you had an oil burner you shoveled coal

— and ashes. You — or somebody in your house — used your muscles, grew thoroughly hot, dirty and profane. You were, while you sweated and swore, not a bad illustration of the Marxian proletariat. If you hired a janitor to do the dirty work, he was a real candidate for the proletariat.

Now you flip a pointer on the thermostat, and that is that. You pay nobody to stoke your furnace. If the thing stops, you call Main 6218, and the fixer comes a-running with his tool kit.

Observe how you have ceased to be an example of the proletariat; you watch a dial and never get your clothes dirty. The fixer is not a proletarian either; he knows too much, and would get pretty sore if you called him "masses."

What has happened with your oil burner is happening throughout the industrial system, as we swing from the machine age to the power age. In the machine age, armies of men sweat in huge, smoke-blackened factories, amid a roar of belts and steam. In the power age, a

STUART CHASE writes of communism from the point of view of one who has been alert to defects in our own economic system, and has frequently urged measures to correct its human and material waste. A trained mathematician and economist, Mr. Chase worked for many years as a Federal Trade Commission investigator and as a public accountant for both private companies and governmental agencies. He has made extended studies of national productivity and government finances. Mr. Chase turned to writing some ten years ago, and his vivid style has won him a vastly larger audience than most economists reach. His books include *Men and Machines*, *The Tyranny of Words* and *The New Western Front*.

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few skilled inspectors, dial-watchers and repair men, in fluorescent-lighted modern plants, direct electrical energy through automatic mechanisms, which turn out goods "untouched by human hand."

Modern Marxists have tried hard to fit the inspectors and repair men, as well as clerks, teachers, even artists, into the classic proletarian mold. But most of these people have no desire to join a mass of proletarian brothers to set up barricades in the streets.

Here is a modern powerhouse. That bunker of coal in the yard used to be shoveled from barges into wheelbarrows. Coal-passers would then wheel it in to the boiler room, where brawny firemen, stripped to the waist, stoked it into blazing furnaces. Proletarians all.

You won't find any proletarians around here now. Up in the sky you see a track, supported by latticed steel towers. A little aerial cabin runs on the track. In the cabin sits just one man. He isn't a proletarian slave of a machine, but the master of a machine. He runs his little caboose, and the iron grab hanging from it, out over a waiting barge. He drops the grab plunk into the barge's insides. It gobbles a ton of coal. Then he heads for the powerhouse and pulls a lever in his cabin; *br-r-rump*, the grab opens up and down goes the load into the bunker.

The interior of the powerhouse has the white-tiled, aluminum-

saucepan look of a modern kitchen. There's only one man in it — that chap up on the balcony, in front of all those dials. He is a combustion engineer. The dials tell him about the rise and fall of temperatures in the furnaces, the chemical composition of gases, the flow of air and water. If you wait long enough you might see another man coming around with a long-nosed oilcan. He wanders in every now and then. Of course this plant is already a bit old-fashioned. Some of the new powerhouses have no men inside them at all. Everything is run by remote control from a central station miles away.

Here is an automatic conveyor beside a ship in New York Harbor. Four men operate the mechanism. They can unload as much cargo in a day as 100 longshoremen. Longshoremen are notorious candidates for the class-conscious proletariat.

Around Pittsburgh the steel industry has been introducing the continuous hot-strip mill. Twenty-seven have been built since 1926. The defense program is calling for more. The old method required steel to be handled more than 25 times by hand tongs. The hot-strip mill takes a 6500-pound slab of steel out of the furnace automatically and rolls it into 1000 feet of hot strip at the rate of a third of a mile a minute. The strip is then coiled like thread on a spool and automatically shunted into the pickling vats. To make 15,500,000 tons of

steel in the old machine-age way took 125,000 brawny steelworkers. To make 14,000,000 tons in the 27 new hot-strip mills takes 15,000 workers. There are 100,000 fewer proletarian jobs in those mills.

The hod carrier has been replaced by a hoisting engineer. With his electric motor and tackle, he can lift a hundred times as many bricks in a day, and his work is dignified and interesting. He is a director of power, not a generator of power. He does not consider himself "masses." When the brotherhood of hoisting engineers throws a banquet, the brothers appear in tuxedos.

The brotherhood may go on strike against their employers for higher wages and the Communist party will try to convince the brothers that the strike is part of the Class Struggle. But the brothers rarely see it this way. They are simply raising the price of labor just as builders, contractors and landlords raise their prices when they think the traffic can stand it. They are having a local contest with a specific firm and not a class war.

Factory machines have gone through three stages. First, they supplied more power to skilled handworkers. Second, they subdivided the manufacturing process, allowing unskilled workers to feed the machine by hand. This is the typical machine-age, or "robot," stage. Ford's first assembly line is a good illustration. Third, ma-

chines replaced the human robot with their own steel fingers, doing the feeding, processing, conveying and packaging themselves.

The skilled worker now comes back into the picture, but with an entirely different function. He does not make the thing, he guides the machine which makes it; he must understand the process. His work thus becomes significant to him; he is no longer a cog in a blind mass of clanking gears. He feels important and useful. Human dignity returns; the robot disappears.

The shift to the power age is far from complete, but it is going full speed ahead, especially under the urgency of defense production. Every new automatic mechanism, every new photoelectric cell, reduces the strength of the proletariat and makes communism less probable. Though a great deal of hard manual labor remains, and some will always remain, the trend is strongly in the direction of inanimate energy displacing muscular energy. Of all the energy consumed in the United States today, coal accounts for 57 percent, petroleum for 21 percent, but manpower accounts for only about one percent — approximately the same as windmills.

Since 1920 production has increased greatly, but the number of workers has gone down. Take for a typical example the story in the copper mines: In 1919, 44,000 miners, helped by 522,000 horsepower of energy, got out 36,000,000

tons of ore. In 1939, 24,000 miners, helped by 753,000 horsepower of energy, got out 52,000,000 tons of ore. In these six figures the end of communism is clearly written. According to *Recent Social Trends*: "In 1870 about three quarters of the employed were producing physical goods. In 1930 only about half of the labor supply was so engaged."

What were the other half doing? They had taken off their overalls and put on white collars. They had become clerks, salesmen, stenographers, teachers, engineers, dentists, librarians, advertising men, beauticians, keepers of roadside stands, and, heaven help us, authors.

From 1920 to 1930, those employed in the service trades and the professions showed a gain of over 3,000,000. Thus, as the proletarians decline, the middle class gains. The 1940 Census of Occupations will certainly show a similar trend, perhaps even more rapid.

Service trade folks do not consider themselves "masses." They are the despair of communist organizers. Even when they keep their overalls on, and shift from a robot job in a factory to running a garage, they inevitably take on a middle-class psychology. U. S. Route 1 — or Route 101 — is lined solidly with the new service trades. How many authentic proletarians can you find in its filling stations, tourist camps, Come-on-Inns and "flats fixed" emporiums? A man

who leaves a factory bench and opens a filling station may earn less money than he used to, but he feels he has gone up in the social scale.

All this is enough to make Papa Marx heave in his grave. The whole communist philosophy is based on a proletariat which gets larger — and poorer — pitted against a small but powerful capitalist class, which gets richer and richer. The two great antagonists are supposed to work a squeeze play on the middle class, which is finally exterminated. But the facts show a declining proletariat, getting richer rather than poorer as average wages increase, a capitalist class which lost its top hat in 1929, and a middle class which obstinately refuses to be crushed. It above all others is carrying modern civilization on; it is now the largest and most vital class in existence.

So scientific progress has made the revolutionary theories of Marx obsolete. Look at your thermostat again. Or listen to the old-fashioned jargon of the comrades down on Union Square. They talk about a malignant "Wall Street," which is actually scrambling for pennies; about "oppressed peasants," which is enough to infuriate any American farmer; about "labor creating all wealth" — which simply is not so.

If the comrades really want to dress the part their doctrine plays today, they should grow handle-bar mustaches and ride around Union Square on high-wheeled bicycles.

How to Torture Your Friends



Excerpts from the Collection of Brain Twisters by Peter Storme and Paul Stryfe

(Answers on page 110)

1. Two bicyclists approach each other on a straight road, pedaling at 15 miles an hour. When they are 30 miles apart a horsefly alights on one bicycle, then dashes off to the other. It shuttles back and forth between the two at 20 miles an hour until the riders meet. How far has it traveled?

2. Can you give in five seconds three numbers which give the same total when added as when multiplied together?

3. A tramp finds himself out of cigarettes. He casts about for butts, having learned that seven butts make a cigarette practically as good as new. He gathers 49 stubs. If he smokes one cigarette every three quarters of an hour, how long will his supply last?

4. How far can a dog run into the forest?

5. A man travels to work on a circular railway. His office is at a point diametrically opposite his home. In one direction, at 40 miles an hour, the journey takes him one hour 20 minutes. In the other direction, at the same speed, it takes 80 minutes. Why?

(Lewis Carroll, mathematician and author of *Alice in Wonderland*, is said to have invented the amusement called Mishmash. The problem is to think of a good English word which contains the given letters in their given order without any other letters between. Suppose

you are given GN. *Gnaw* would be a correct answer. Here are a few to whet your appetite on:

1. WKW

3. CHEO

2. KG

4. ERHA

5. LTP

7. There are five apples in a basket and five people in the room. How can you give an apple to each one and have one apple remain in the basket?

8. Suppose you have \$16 and bet half on the toss of a coin. Win or lose, you bet half of what you then have on a second toss; again half of all you then have on a third toss; and so on for six tosses. Now assume you've won three times and lost three times. Will you be ahead, behind, or even?

9. A farmer has $3\frac{7}{9}$ haystacks in one corner of his field, and $4\frac{6}{15}$ haystacks in another corner of his field. If he puts them all together, how many haystacks will he have?

10. Present were a senator, a broker, a lawyer, and a doctor. Their names (not in the same order) were Alfred, Alexander, Albert, and Aloysius. Alfred and the broker were on bad terms with Albert, but Alexander was on the best of terms with the doctor. Albert was related to the lawyer, and the senator was a good friend of Aloysius and the doctor. Can you pair up the profession with the name?

Higher and higher fly the bombers, thanks
to a long-neglected American invention

The Sky's No Limit for Dr. Moss

Condensed from The Toronto Star Weekly

Harland Manchester

DR. SANFORD A. MOSS, a lively old inventor with a pointed beard and a whimsical penchant for matching quarters, was put on the shelf three years ago after the usual farewell banquets and oratory. He was expected to content himself with his hobbies, genealogy and archaeology, the little while longer a bad heart would let him live. To be candid, he had seemed to some a bit of a bore for 20-odd years, always talking about his pet invention to enable planes to fly high. The invention went on the shelf with him.

Then war broke, and it quickly became apparent that the planes which are best for high flying are the planes which will win. They sent for Dr. Moss, dusted off his invention and adopted it. Among the first planes in which it has been used are the American bombers recently delivered to Britain — the ones which are giving Germany a bitter taste of her own medicine. They cruise at extremely high altitudes and, in that rarefied atmosphere which used to make heavy bombers an easy prey for attackers, they show a speed and maneuver-

ability which has astounded the Nazis.

Factories to manufacture millions of dollars' worth of Moss turbine superchargers are being rushed to completion. Dr. Moss, at 69, is back on the job, working hard all day and every day, acclaimed as the genius who is revolutionizing airplane performance.

In an airplane motor, combustion of gasoline calls for a lot of oxygen in a great hurry. At high altitudes the motor's ordinary intake does not supply enough. At 20,000 feet, for example, the motor loses 56 percent of its power, and the speed of the plane drops sharply. A supercharger compresses the thin air of great heights to the density of sea-level air and pumps it into the motor. The usual supercharger is driven by gears from the motor; in the Moss supercharger a turbine spun by exhaust gases drives the pump.

The invention already has opened a new ceiling for American planes, though its full possibilities have not been realized. When the design of other factors has caught up — improved oxygen equipment for

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the crew, to mention one detail — bombers will make top speed at six miles above the earth, and do it as routine. Probably within the year.

Dr. Moss began studying pumps when, as a boy, he became fascinated with an air compressor used by his father, a mining engineer, to drive rock drills. At 16 he apprenticed himself to the manufacturer who made them. He tried to improve the machine, but found that he didn't know enough engineering. College was indicated. He had no money, but at the University of California he got a job as janitor of the machine shop. Every day, after he had swept the floor, finished his stint on a delivery wagon, tutored a blind student and prepared his own lessons, he would go to the shop and plot inventions.

When he was a junior — in 1895 — he invented a gas turbine combining the principles of the internal combustion engine and the steam turbine. In it burning fuel spun the blades of a circular turbine, instead of driving a piston. But when he tried to make the engine do some work it coughed dismally and died. It generated enough power to run itself, but none was left over.

After getting his degree Moss went to Cornell as an instructor to try to discover, among other things, why his gas turbine wouldn't deliver power. On the basis of his Ph.D. thesis, the General Electric

Company signed him up to continue his research at their Lynn, Mass., plant.

After a while Dr. Moss's ambitious plans for a gas turbine had to be put aside for other work. He turned out a new centrifugal air compressor which industry adopted rapidly. He was then put to work on the steam turbine — a mechanical first cousin of his compressors — which has revolutionized stationary and marine steam power. Moss helped perfect it and engineered it from the individually tailored phase into mass production.

In 1917 the Army Air Corps heard of European experiments with turbine superchargers and came to General Electric for help. Dr. Moss trotted out the gas turbine of his student days. It was hooked up to a Liberty motor, the spurting exhaust gases of which turned its blades. The turbine drove a high-speed centrifugal air compressor, and the motor developed new power.

The Army arranged a test on the 14,108-foot crest of Pike's Peak, where the thin air duplicated the atmosphere of what was then high-altitude flying. The turbosupercharger behaved exactly as Dr. Moss had predicted. Without it, the high altitude reduced the motor's 350 horsepower to a bare 230. The supercharger stepped it up to 356.

Soon after the Pike's Peak demonstration, Lieut. John A. McCready

and Major R. W. Schroeder, Army Air Corps pilots, vied with each other in breaking the world's altitude record with Moss supercharged planes. Schroeder set the mark of 36,130 feet and nearly lost his life when he ran out of oxygen to breathe.

Many improvements have been made in that early supercharger, but it was fundamentally the same as the one now being turned out as fast as plants can be built. Today the turbosupercharger enables planes to operate effectively as high as 40,000 feet. High flying is no less important in civil aviation than in military flying. Sober experts look forward to a day not far distant when supercharged planes will zip across the continent in the stratosphere in perhaps six hours. It will be safer than flying low for the planes will be far above storms and mountain peaks.

Of course work on war planes died with the Armistice, but Dr.

Moss kept plugging away, forever buttonholing plane manufacturers and Air Corps officers to preach the merits of the supercharger. Finally under his persistent hammering and that of like-minded enthusiasts, aviation did accept supercharging. But, ironically, it adopted the geared supercharger. Dr. Moss had also helped perfect that but it is not as efficient as his turbosupercharger. It works effectively only at one or two definite altitudes for which it is set, while the turbosupercharger automatically regulates itself at any altitude.

On January 1, 1938, Dr. Moss retired, but his retirement was short. Bombs started falling and aviation discovered it needed him again. He is now looking far beyond the present use of his turbines and compressors. He cannot conceal the fact that he likes what he sees ahead, but he won't talk about it. At 69 he has a big career ahead of him.



Service with a Smile

DRIVING into a Laguna Beach, Calif., service station, a motorist asked for 10 gallons of gas. Three service men hopped to work smartly — cleaning windshield, checking tires and water, etc. The driver paid his bill and drove off.

A few minutes later he returned and asked: "Did any of you put gas in my car?" The three attendants went into a huddle — then confessed nobody had.

— *Newsweek*



—I—

A Lesson from an Eskimo

By

Gontran de Poncins

WE HAD been 30 days on the trail — I and the Eskimo family I traveled with. What with the wind, the cold — it was 50 below — and the Eskimo mentality, it was the toughest trip I had ever experienced.

I felt as if fate were working maliciously to delay us. One day the blizzard would keep us squatting in an igloo. Another, some queer fancy would take my native companions and, though the day was good, they would stop to build a new igloo instead of pushing ahead.

Several times I had asked the old man of the family:

"How many more days is it to King William Land?"

He had never answered directly. Eskimos do not like questions. They think them rude. Only a white man would ask a thing like that. Besides, Eskimos don't like to commit themselves. "What will the weather be tomorrow?" you ask. The Eskimo knows well enough, but he will answer politely: "*Mauna*" — "I don't know" — and pretend to be busy with the dogs, as if to say, "Why should I answer? If my answer is right I shall be no better

for it; if wrong I shall look a fool!"

All the morning, all the afternoon we pushed across the frozen sea, stopping only to untangle the dogs' traces or to light a pipe. We sighted land. Perhaps we would reach it. Then when hope was in sight the wind rose, the land was obscured by whirling snow, lost in what, for me, was the gray despair of nothingness.

We stopped again. Slowly, without haste, with that perfect urbanity in which the Eskimo accepts life and fate, Ohudlerk, the old man, talked with his wife and his little girl. At home in France a peasant in a rainstorm would stop with the same coolness to inspect his plow.

Hardly able to bear my distress, I again asked the old man my question.

"When do you think, now, that we shall get to King William Land?"

Whether this time his patience was at an end, or whether he was really concerned, I shall never know. He turned back to his wife and they had some silent understanding together.

Then he came to me and looked up. He spoke in that light, almost

careless way the natives have when they are prudent and afraid at the same time:

"Don't the dogs go as well as you would like?"

There was silence. The dogs had turned their heads as they do when they pull up, and were looking at me. The woman and the child pretended to be busy but I knew that I was the focus of their attention too. In the instant everything seemed to come to a standstill. Eskimos give you that feeling in their tense moments. They have a way of giving weight to silence. Would they leave it at that? No, it had gone too far. Finally the old man, as if he could not rid himself of his doubts, said:

"Isn't that sled a good sled? Aren't you glad that the snow over the sea is lasting through our journey?"

He kept looking at me with deeply troubled eyes. The stone age with its simplicity, the Orient with its wisdom were looking at me, trying to understand — or, rather, trying to make themselves understood. Then suddenly I saw what the old eyes were saying.

"Why hurry?" they said. "And where is it that you are always wanting to be going? Why concern yourself with the future when the present is so magnificent?"

The old man, that day, taught me a lesson which I have not forgotten. In my feverish thinking of tomorrow I had failed to appreciate

today. In the old man's presence I remembered what someone had said to me: "To think of the past is to regret it; to think of the future is to fear it." But the present! Is not that the only understandable reality?

The world is what your mind makes of it. To me the Arctic had been heartbreaking; to the Eskimos it had been a great empire of which they were the kings. To me the snow had been loathsome; to them it was a blessing and a sacred gift. From the thousand facets of life we are free to choose between sorrow and hope.

We rush along the highways of life, ignoring the landscape. Who was it who said, "Luxury consists in having time to spare" — time to stop and think? The Eskimos stop when they please, though tomorrow holds for them, as for us, the eternal possibility of starvation and death. So death when it comes finds them still happy in the present, and they go without regret.

I have learned, since Ohudlerk spoke to me with his eyes, what poverty of soul I had suffered in the Arctic. I have learned to make each day as rich as if there were to be no tomorrow. Nothing the future may do to me can change what I now possess.

In Vancouver, when the long trek was over, I caught myself rushing to the hotel as if there were no time to lose. Suddenly I stopped in the middle of the traffic. Horns

sounded from all directions but I didn't hear them. It was as if Ohudlerk stood in the street before me, watching me with those wise, ancient, questioning and troubled eyes, asking me if the dogs were not good dogs and was not the snow indeed a gift from heaven.

And I found myself laughing.

"What fools we are!" I thought. I still do.

GONTRAN DE PONCINS, member of a distinguished French family, served as an interpreter with the A.E.F. during the World War and later became a roving newspaper correspondent. He is the author of *Kabloona*, recent best seller.

—II—

Reward of Mercy

By

A. J. Cronin

I WAS RAISED in the strict tradition that if one did wrong one should be punished for it. That was called justice.

In 1921, as a young doctor, I took over the post of medical officer to a fever hospital in a bleak and isolated district of Northumberland. One winter evening, shortly after my arrival, a diphtheria case was admitted: a little boy of six so desperately choked with membrane that an immediate tracheotomy offered the only slender chance of saving him.

Painfully inexperienced, I had never attempted this simple but crucial operation. As I stood in the bare, lamp-lit ward and watched the old sister and the only nurse — a junior probationer — place the

gasping child upon the table I felt myself trembling, cold and sick.

I began the operation: a nervous incision into that thin, congested throat. As I fumbled on, conscious of my own incompetence, a resolution to succeed, to save this suffocating child took possession of me. At last the stem of the trachea showed white and shining under my sweat-dimmed eyes. I slit it and a rush of air filled the child's struggling chest. Again and again the tortured lungs expanded. As new strength flooded the exhausted little body, I could have cried aloud in relief. Quickly I slipped in the tracheotomy tube, completed the sutures, saw the child comfortable in his steam-tented bed. I went back to my own quar-

ters in a glow of triumphant joy.

Four hours later, at two o'clock in the morning, I was roused by a frantic knocking at my door. It was the young nurse. White-faced, hysterical, she stammered: "Doctor, doctor, come quickly."

She had drowsed off by the child's cot and awakened to find that the tube had become blocked. Instead of following instructions and clearing the tube of membrane, a matter of nursing routine, she had lost her head and committed the unpardonable sin of bolting in panic. When I got to the ward the child was dead. Nothing we could do was of any avail.

The sense of loss, the needless, culpable waste of human life overwhelmed me. Worst of all was the thought of my precious case wrecked by the blundering negligence of a frightened nurse. My anger blazed at white heat. Of course her career was finished. I would send a report to the County Health Board, and she would be kicked out of the hospital, expelled from the nursing body to which she belonged.

That evening I dipped my pen in vitriol and wrote the indictment. I summoned her and read it to her in a voice burning with indignation.

A. J. CRONIN was a prosperous London doctor when, in 1931, his health broke. While convalescing he wrote *Hatter's Castle*, which launched him on a literary career. His new novel, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for tonight.

She heard me in pitiful silence. She was a raw Welsh girl, of about 19, thin and rather gawky, with a nervous tremor of her cheek. Anemic and undernourished, she was now half-fainting with shame and misery.

Her failure to make any sort of excuse — she might with some justification have pleaded that she was worn out with overwork — stung me into exclaiming: "Have you nothing to say?"

She shook her head wanly. Suddenly she stammered: "Give me another chance."

I was taken aback. The idea had never entered my head. My sole thought was to make her pay for what she had done. I stared at her, then dismissed her curtly. I signed and sealed my report.

All through that night I was strangely troubled. "Give me another chance." A queer echo kept drumming in my head, an echo which whispered that my justice, that all justice was no more than a primitive desire for revenge. Angrily I told myself not to be a fool.

Yet next morning I went to the letter rack and tore up my report.

That was 20 years ago. Today the nurse who erred so fatally is matron of the largest children's home in Wales. Her career has been a model of service and devotion. Only a week ago I received a photograph showing a middle-aged woman in matron's uniform, surrounded by children, in an air-raid shelter.

She looks harassed and weary; but the childish eyes which gaze at her are filled with trust and love.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we

forgive those that trespass against us." It's hard to practice that simple prayer. But, even in this life, it pays.

— III —

The Lesson of the Old Sock

By

Vicki Baum

WHEN I was five I tried to learn to swim, but the rope which I grasped to keep myself afloat broke. Paralyzed with fear, I sank to the bottom of the pool. They finally brought me up, but for years after, whenever I tried to swim, my heart pounded, every muscle stiffened and I couldn't breathe.

"Relax! Let yourself float!" people shouted — but no one told me *how* to relax, and I didn't learn to swim.

When I was nine I played the harp, and I played very well until I stepped onto a concert platform. Then I became cramped with stage fright; my fingers grew stiff, my instrument sounded harsh and dull. My teacher made faces at me from the wings and hissed: "Keep your fingers loose! Relax!" But I didn't know *how* to relax.

About that time a little old man in funny, old-fashioned clothes

used to feed the birds in the park where we children played. He would sit for hours on a bench and watch us, making jokes that we loved and tossing back our ball with amazing dexterity when it rolled his way. He told us to call him Uncle Pieter. When we found out he had been a famous circus clown he took on added glamour and we clustered eagerly around him.

One day I stumbled and fell, and when Uncle Pieter picked me up my knees were bleeding and my wrist was sprained.

"You hurt yourself because you don't know how to fall," he said. "That's the first thing you must learn in life: to fall without getting hurt. Fall from a chair — from a horse — from success. When I was no older than you, I had fallen so often that almost every bone in my body had been broken. Then I learned to fall without breaking. I'll teach you."

That summer Uncle Pieter taught me the first tricks circus children learn: splits, flip-flops and saltos. You could do them only if you were relaxed but Uncle Pieter didn't yell "Relax!" as the others had done: he showed me *how*.

"You're nothing but a soft, crumpled old sock," he explained. "Get it? When you're an old sock you can fall and not feel it. Old socks can't get hurt and can't get broken. That's the whole secret. Now let's play old sock. Don't resist. All your body soft and floppy? No muscles stiff anywhere?" With that he lifted me from the ground and dropped me. And I wasn't hurt. So I learned my lesson.

It was one of the most important I have ever learned. Later it became not only a physical but a mental discipline.

Most people try to relax merely when resting, but I learned that you also work best when you are relaxed. If I get stuck when writing a story, or have forgotten something, I mentally turn myself into an old sock and everything straightens itself out. Whenever an ordeal is a bit too much for me — a too-heavy lecture schedule, a loss, a danger, a pain — I apply the old-sock technique, and I can "take it."

When I was 15 my mother was taken to the hospital to be operated on, and the doctors gave little hope. Waiting tensely in her room while they operated, I trembled, my hands were cold and numb, every nerve

in my body was painfully cramped. Then I remembered Uncle Pieter. I could almost hear his voice again, cajoling me to turn myself into an old sock. And I began to relax. I made myself completely empty of apprehension; and, as I loosened up, my hands grew warm, the paralysis of fear left me, new thoughts began streaming into my mind as if to fill the vacuum. I asked the nurse for paper and pencil and began to write a story.

Forgetting time and place, I wrote — until they brought my mother from the operating table. The ordeal was over. I sat at her bedside while she was still unconscious, and calmly worked on. Never have I written as easily as I did during those horrible hours.

Later, that story received first prize in an important contest, and thus became the first steppingstone in my career as a writer.

Complete relaxation is not only a lifesaver in crises; we need it every day. When you want to make a good impression, relax. Self-centered people are rarely relaxed and they make others ill at ease. The old-sock condition makes you receptive to other people's joys and woes, and they like you for it. When you're applying for a job, entertaining guests, driving a car, teaching your child, relax, please — be an old sock and relax. We can do nothing really well if we are tense. Just ask dancers, singers, artists, athletes, fighters, fliers, creative

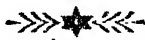
persons in any field and they will tell you of the importance of learning to relax.

You can train yourself to relax. The first step is to get control over yourself, to become conscious of every stiffening and be able to loosen up at once. Get into pajamas and

lie on the floor. Relax each limb. Now search for little muscles that are still tense. As you loosen them up your breath slows down, you feel completely empty and your nerves become tranquil. With practice you will be able to relax any time, anywhere.

I believe the old-sock technique will make easy the most important task anyone has to face. I can picture myself in my dying hour, all relaxed and at peace, saying: "I'm only an old sock, Lord — take me away."

VICKI BAUM was already a noted writer in Vienna when she brought out *Grand Hotel* in 1931. On the wings of that success she came to the United States, and is now a naturalized citizen. Since 1932 she has been writing motion pictures and plays, as well as fiction.



The Cow Came Home

ONE MORNING late in 1940 Jim Moran, America's Number 1 Prankster, picked up a poetry anthology and a verse written years ago by Gelett Burgess fell under his eye:

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!

This lay insinuated itself into Jim's consciousness, and all day long kept singing through his head. Gradually he worked up a fine hate for the author.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of December 31, Burgess was in his apartment in New York. The telephone rang, and he was asked to descend to the lobby. There Moran was waiting for him.

"Mr. Burgess?" Jim asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Burgess.

"Just one moment, please," said Jim. He went out to the street and returned in a few seconds leading a purple cow. Jockeying the animal up to Mr. Burgess, he squared her around and said: "There!"

Mr. Burgess was overwhelmed. The purple cow — so rendered by Jim's use of a government-approved cosmetic dye — was quite gaudy. Three of her teats were gold-tipped, and one was silver. Mr. Burgess swears he will never forget the sight of her as long as he lives.

— H. Allen Smith, *Low Man on a Totem Pole* (Doubleday, Doran)

Democracy on the Short Waves

Condensed from The Living Age

Webb Waldron

"THE NAZIS have forbidden us to listen to foreign radio," says an unsigned letter from Norway to station WRUL, Boston, "but almost every night three families gather under our roof and tune in. Your messages keep our courage up."

In pencil on a scrap of notepaper is a letter smuggled out of France and mailed from Lisbon: "We listen every day. Only from your broadcasts do we learn the truth . . . only thus do we hear about the heroic army of De Gaulle, the courageous British air fighters. You give us hope that France will again be free."

WRUL, the most powerful short-wave station in the Western Hemisphere and this country's only big noncommercial station, works 24 hours a day carrying news and encouragement through Nazi barriers. On seven beams that reach every continent, and in a dozen languages, it broadcasts information the dictators would suppress. It reads the communiqués of all combatants. It tells of America's mighty preparations. It sends morale-building programs to the peoples

under Hitler's heel. "The spiritual help you give us is almost more important than bread or clothing," says a letter from Holland.

And WRUL is heard! It is stirring to watch its mail roll in -- at the rate of 100 letters a day, in every language, censored and uncensored, from Glasgow, Oslo, Lima, Bombay, Rotterdam, Paris, Cape Town, from lonely islands and ships in far ports -- letters full of tragedy, determination, hope. Perhaps a third come from the British Isles. A wall map of France is thickly stuck with pins, representing towns from which letters of thanks have come, even though many French letters, smuggled out, prudently bear no place name. In one week 136 letters came from Norway alone. WRUL thinks it has 750,000 listeners in Britain; in the conquered countries half a million who, of course, spread its messages to millions more.

Dr. Goebbels believes the station is important. Repeatedly the German radio has warned against WRUL's "democratic drivel." "Troublemaker," the Nazis call it, "unjustifiably interfering with the estab-

lishment of the New Order in Europe."

German annoyance is understandable. For one thing WRUL deprived the Nazis of a rich spoil of war — 900 ships. When Norway fell, Norwegian shipowners were compelled to broadcast to their merchant fleet at sea that all was serene, and to come home. But WRUL broadcast the true state of affairs, and not one ship went back to Norway. They now operate under the Norwegian government-in-exile in London and the 25,000 sailors — who can't write home and thus reveal the whereabouts of their ships — send and receive messages from their families through WRUL. Here is a typical request: "Kindly send a greeting to my husband, chief engineer Høkan Berntsen, motorship *Kalkis*. Tell him all is well at home. Anna."

One Norwegian, a six-footer with steel-blue eyes, came to the station to tell how in Norway he had heard from WRUL of the Norwegian battalion forming in Canada. He slipped into Sweden, flew to Moscow, then by train, boat and car he traveled to Bombay, where he caught a Norwegian ship for Boston. Everywhere during his three months' trip he had listened to WRUL. "You're doing a superb job for Norway and for humanity!" he said. Then he strode out to take the train for Canada.

Ever since the Nazis seized Holland, Hendrik Willem Van Loon

has been broadcasting in Dutch. His program is so successful that one morning an iron statue in Delft carried this placard: "Here is the only man in Holland who doesn't listen to WRUL!"

A letter, passed by the German censor, seemed to be from a Dutch Nazi. It denounced the lying democratic propaganda of WRUL, praised the Germans, told how they had done away with unemployment in Holland, etc. But the letter was signed "I. Andersom." Which is thinly disguised Dutch for "read the opposite."

The seamen of the Dutch merchant fleet and their families at home also depend on WRUL for news of each other. "My dear man" — reads one letter — "We do so long for you. Every night when I pray the child sits watching me, and when I have finished he says, 'Papa.' He grows so fast that you will not know him. Your loving wife — Leni von Z." But WRUL has news that this man's ship was sunk with all hands by a Nazi bomb three months ago.

WRUL's Dutch announcer, Onne Liebert, shipped as cook on a boat for Sweden, jumped ship at Stockholm, got to Moscow and across Siberia to the U. S. Recently Liebert had a letter from a young Hollander in England. "I heard you tell over WRUL how you got out of Holland. I tried the same method and now I'm in the Dutch legion in England."

The station does other things to enspirited the beleaguered nations. Walter S. Lemmon, who founded and heads WRUL, organized the Friendship Bridge, an hour on which British children evacuated here speak cheerily to their families and friends back home. Every week a New England town broadcasts to a town of the same name in England — Boston to Boston, Falmouth to Falmouth, Bath to Bath. New Englanders tell the Old Englanders what they are doing, planning and hoping for Britain.

The French hour, "America Speaks to France," is equally intimate and personal. "Why are you boys studying French?" a New England teacher asked his pupils grouped before the microphone. "Well," said one, "my father fought in France in the other war and I've always admired France." "Do you still admire France?" "Yes, I do," the boy said stoutly. "It wasn't the French people that knuckled under. France will come back."

The story of how WRUL came about has straightforward logic and consistency. When the *George Washington* took President Wilson to the Paris Peace Conference in December 1918, Wilson asked for the best available radio officer; 22-year-old Lieutenant Walter Lemmon, U.S.N., was assigned.

"At the Conference," said Lemmon, "I saw the chief trouble was that the people of the different countries didn't understand each

other. They'd never had a chance to. The result was a peace treaty that had the germs of another war."

On the voyage back from Paris, Lemmon suggested to Wilson an international university of the air to bring the common people of the earth together in mutual comprehension and amity.

"Lemmon," said President Wilson, "you have a magnificent idea! I'll work with you on it."

But before that time could come Wilson was a broken man.

Lemmon quit the Navy and became a consulting radio engineer. In 1931 he sold to RCA an important invention — one-dial tuning control. He used most of the proceeds to realize his dream. He chose Boston because he found there the most sympathetic atmosphere for what he hoped to do. Harvard teachers had already offered to help on programs. M.I.T. men helped generously on the technical side.

Through the following years the World Radio University grew steadily toward its high-sounding name. College professors contributed to build a full day and evening of courses in world history, art and literature, in languages, science and engineering. Fundamental in all programs was the drive toward international amity, the breaking down of prejudices, the forgetting of past wrongs.

When war broke in 1939, Lemmon and his co-workers swung WRUL into the fight for democ-

racy. As the Nazi juggernaut swept over Europe, WRUL shaped that fight into spiritual help for Europe's stricken peoples.

Untrammelled by the rigid schedules of advertising contracts, WRUL can shift its emphasis swiftly as war changes. During the week when President Roosevelt appealed to the French people not to follow the "coöperators," WRUL had scheduled nine broadcasts to France and her colonies, but actually gave 21. Our State Department received cabled reports of the tremendous effect these broadcasts had in France.

When the war started in Syria, WRUL quickly arranged broadcasts to Syria in French and Arabic, to encourage the British and the Free French and to draw the Arabs to their side. When Germany attacked Russia, WRUL started broadcasts in Russian to impress the Soviets with our anti-Nazi policy and the magnitude of our war preparations.

When the "V for Victory" campaign began, WRUL put on a series of special broadcasts. "Everywhere in Europe," said WRUL, "V's are being written on walls and pavements and scratched on Germans' cars. Everywhere men are greeting each other with an upraised hand with fingers spread in a V, everywhere V has become the symbol of silent resistance to Nazi tyranny! And everyone knows that V in German doesn't stand for Victory but for *Verboten!*" In the 20-second

intervals of switching from one language to another, the opening bars of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony — resembling the three dots and a dash of V in the Morse code — were played on all WRUL broadcasts.

Latin America is not forgotten. One feature of the World Radio University, a course in Basic English, has been adapted for Spanish-speaking people. Other features are travelogues, covering both continents, and news.

There is no government control of WRUL, but the coöperation is intimate. The government thinks so highly of the station that it recently permitted an increase in power from 20,000 to 50,000 watts, and Lemmon expects this fall to step one of the two transmitters at Scituate, Mass., up to 100,000 watts, making it the world's most powerful short-wave station.

Before the war the \$120,000 a year it costs WRUL to operate was partly met by contributions from its world-wide audience. That source of revenue has virtually disappeared. The Dutch and Norwegian governments-in-exile help pay for broadcasts in their languages. The Rockefeller Foundation, the Alfred Sloan Foundation have contributed; but Lemmon still has to dig in his own pocket, as before, for the balance.

Sometimes gifts come unexpectedly. A New York woman visited the studio. When she got home she

sent a check for \$500. The spirit of WRUL's staff had impressed her. Some work for nothing, the rest for less than they could get elsewhere. Typical is a member of the French faculty at Harvard; he had helped generously through the

scholastic year, and then worked this summer through his whole vacation, preparing French broadcasts all day, every day, for no salary.

"We've all got the bug," said one of the staff.



Party Chatter

► THE BUTLER had announced dinner five times, but the guests persisted in preferring cocktails and chatter. At his sixth attempt, Frank Condon took over for him. "Dinner is served again, Moddom," he bellowed in an auctioneer's voice. "Do you wish it sent to the British Museum or the Smithsonian Institution?" — Contributed by Hugh Wiley

► A HOLLYWOOD writer with a reputation as a Lothario tried to refuse when a witty hostess invited him to a charity affair, pleading that he was working on something important.

"Oh, in that case just bring your work with you," the lady suggested. "We'd love to have her, too."

— Contributed by Robert Arthur

► A WELL-KNOWN New York hostess was saying good-bye at one of her large parties to a number of guests, and a

young man who had crashed the party found himself in the line. "Good-bye," he said coolly. "It has been a marvelous party."

"So glad you liked it," said the hostess cordially. "Remind me to ask you next time." — Contributed by Mona Gardner

► ONE OF THE godfathers at a Hollywood christening party became nervous just before the ceremony began. "What if they give me the baby to hold?" he asked.

"Don't worry," Walter Pidgeon told him soothingly. "Same grip as a cocktail shaker." — Contributed by Mona Gardner

► THERE WAS NO avoiding it: the hostess was going to sing. The new guest looked at his host in surprise. "I didn't know your wife sang," he said.

The host settled himself deeper into his chair for the ordeal.

"Never heard her before?" he grunted. "Then you've got a great deal to look backward to."

— Contributed by Norman Stanley Bortner

¶ Adding 5000 workers a month to federal payrolls, and swarming with officers, job-seekers, tourists and defense specialists, Washington is a city of confusion

U. S. Boom Town Number One

Condensed from The American Mercury

Donald Wilhelm

NEVER BEFORE was Washington such a spectacle, not even in the previous World War. Hotel clerks smile superciliously when you ask for a room. If you're an old customer, they will phone all over town for you and finally get you a bed in some place which, if you weren't so grateful by that time to find anything at all, you'd call a flophouse. Many a businessman flies back to New York for the night, flies down again next morning.

The beautiful Union Station doesn't look so ridiculously oversized any more, with 75,000 passengers a day moving across its great concourse. The airport is busier than any in the United States except New York's. It handles 65,000 passengers a month in 182 scheduled daily flights, and many of these are flights of four to six sections, which is aviation lingo for extra planes.

In the slow-moving traffic jam of the streets, you have plenty of time to note the diversity of license plates; 15,000 tourists a day drive to see the show, or look for jobs, or honeymoon — and this doesn't

count Virginians or Marylanders.

These things the visitor notices, amid Washington's special brand of steamy heat. But the city's workers, stirred though they are with a patriotism that is strikingly apparent, see less pleasant facts. The government employes are crowded and uncomfortable both in their offices and in their living quarters, working long hours with no overtime pay, worried over the impact of rising rents and the rising cost of living on their average \$1500 salaries.

There are 240,000 men and women on the public payroll in Washington now and this is increasing at the rate of 5000 a month. Some 20,000 officers of the Army and Navy are on duty here but you don't notice them for they aren't in uniform.

The government has taken over more than 200 mansions, hotels and apartment houses for office space. It is a bit startling to find an official with whom you have business sitting amid the shiny tiles of what last week was obviously a bathroom. Sometimes the fixtures have been decently

boxed in to serve as chairs or tables; sometimes not.

Girls newly come from Iowa farms are pecking typewriters in mirrored ballrooms. The boss presides in a silk-walled boudoir, if he's lucky. Down in the old 19th Street Auditorium, the typists work in the boxes and balconies. The filing cabinets are backed up against the organ pipes.

Washingtonians took eviction from their dwellings meekly until the government served notice on the 346 occupants of the new and rather snooty Dupont Circle Apartments to clear out. About 100, protected by leases, refused to move and are sticking it out, though the carpets have been stripped from the lobby, and the clack of adding machines insistently leaks through the walls of their beleaguered strongholds. Bearded Congressman Tinkham, surrounded by rooms full of art and other lifetime accumulations, is still holding out in what used to be the Arlington Hotel.

The War Department, with 24,000 personnel that will be 30,000 by the time you read this, is packed into 17 different buildings at enormous cost in lost motion. There is a breath-taking scheme to remedy that by erecting the biggest building in the world at the Virginia end of the Memorial Bridge across the Potomac — 4,000,000 feet of floor space, four times the area of the Department of Commerce Building

that covers three city blocks and was called "Hoover's Folly." Since it will cost a mere \$35,000,000, Congress will probably authorize it.

For all their discomfort and apprehensions, the government folk recoil from the idea of living anywhere else. The Home Owners Loan Corporation is moving its 1200 people to New York, and you should hear the anguished complaints. Recently the Bureau of the Budget questioned every department closely as to the possibility of moving all or part of its personnel out of Washington. What actual transfers will come of that is anyone's guess, but it had immediate effects. Bureau chiefs are now bestirring themselves with comic alacrity to see if, after all, they can't find more desk space right where they are. The Department of Justice, for example, found 20,000 square feet — room for 200 new employes — by such expedients as shoving Thurman Arnold's law library out into a corridor. The inquiry, also, revealed that one quarter of the government's vast floor space is being used for files and dead storage.

Washington is Paper Town. Everything is recorded in duplicate, triplicate — one agency makes 10 copies of everything. And not a scrap of paper can be destroyed without authorization of that famous committee of Congress on the Disposition of Executive Papers. Accumulated carbon copies of

long-forgotten letters and documents, tightly packed in filing cabinets, cover 114 acres — desk space for 50,000 workers.

A law signed a year ago permits the use of microfilm for keeping records. A few of the more alert offices adopted the method. The Civil Service Commission, clearing-house for nearly all government jobs, filmed 2,500,000 records last year. The Baltimore office of the Social Security Board films 250,000 records a day. Savings in file space are as high as 98 percent.

Decentralizing sounds like a bright idea until you begin to look into it. The Social Security Board moved some 500 of its 4500 employees to Baltimore, and isn't happy about its experience. After all, every agency has numerous relationships with others and it is awkward and inefficient to maintain them from a distance.

Moreover, economies are problematical. It develops that it would cost a million dollars to remove the Interstate Commerce Commission to Chicago. For a million dollars, you can still put a lot of office space under roof in Washington, and not upset the lives of thousands of families.

Housing is as scarce as office space. Washington has, in a decade, more than doubled in population. It had 700,000 residents in 1940, and had spilled another 300,000 across District lines into its suburbs. It is a long walk now between

"For Rent" signs, and rents have risen to the highest level of any American city. "It is always a shock to the newcomer to find that a one-room kitchenette and bath apartment costs as much to rent as a whole house in the state from which he came," the Civil Service Commission drily remarked in an official paper.

Still, the job-seekers swarm in. When file clerks are wanted, police have to be called to create orderly queues in the streets outside the Civil Service Commission. Some of these hopefuls help fill the great 1000-car government automobile camp in East Potomac Park; but no one can stay there more than two weeks. Private auto camps up and down U. S. No. 1 for 50 miles are packed. Many workers commute from Baltimore. Some are living in houseboats on the Potomac.

The government is about to build dormitories for women, as it did during the last war, and probably will have to build for men, too. Incidentally, since Uncle Sam began bringing boys and girls together from every state in the Union, the rise in the marriage rate in Washington is startling.

Of all the cities hit by the defense boom, Washington was perhaps the least ready to cope with the problems entailed. The telephone company is struggling fairly successfully with its almost impossible task. Washington instead of Stockholm now has more phones

per capita than any other city in the world. There are 1,800,000 local calls a day — 400,000 more than a year ago. There are 44,000 long-distance calls a day, an increase of 57 percent over last year, and Washington is the greatest user in the world of the overseas phone. Telegrams in and out of Washington have more than doubled in number. Columbia has trebled the staff of its radio station; the five other stations have done about the same.

Other services aren't rising to the emergency so well. Educators do not like even to imagine what the school situation will be this fall. Hospitals are overcrowded and are ejecting chronic sufferers to make beds available for other patients. Many physicians and dentists announce that they cannot serve newcomers; their established practice is already too large.

The capital has been shocked by a series of crimes, including attacks on women. Inevitably, the boom has attracted thousands of floaters to the city, and the great growth in population has spread the police department very thin. Anyway, the police department has been politics-ridden, unprogressive, slovenly, thoroughly accustomed to doing "favors" for Congressmen and Senators whose friends or appointees got caught in jams. In the

home town of the FBI, few Washington cops had ever attended its school for policemen.

Scat of the national government, America's show place, spared the corruption and misrule of a local political ring, Washington should in theory have a model municipal administration. It hasn't. Its citizens have no vote, even on local affairs. It is run by Congress, operating through three commissioners. One of these must be an army engineer; the others are presidential appointees — just now, two former newspapermen.

Assignment to the District Affairs Committee is eagerly avoided by Congressmen. The job takes a lot of time and hard work, and gets you no credit with the folks back home in Pea Hollow. The Indiana Congressman who recently sounded off loudest about the defects of the District police simultaneously announced he was resigning from the committee. He could no longer, he said, neglect the affairs of his own constituency to do District chores.

In the shadow of the Capitol dome, Washington civic affairs provide a striking demonstration of what "taxation without representation" and government *of* instead *of by* the people means at a time when half the world is fighting those very things.



Girls, Take Off Those Masks!

Condensed from Vogue

Paul Gallico

HI, GIRLS! Remember me? That man who sticks his neck out every so often to put you right about your clothes and hats so you can continue to attract us? I'm back again with a complaint.

This time it's about your faces. By and large they look as though you had been going to a subway builder and getting them poured in concrete. Wherever I go I see hardness overlaying your sweet features like shellac, corners of mouths turned down in discontent, faces taut with bitterness or sophistication. For what? You don't think it cheers us guys up, do you? It used to be fun to stroll down the Avenue and watch you, but not since you've acquired those 1941 panzer façades.

You know what I'm driving at — dress by Hattie Carnegie, complexion by Liz Arden, and expression by the Baldwin Locomotive Works. You apparently think that we can't recognize beautiful eyes unless they have lampblack on the upper lids, axle grease underneath, and soot on the lashes. If you could get compassion and tenderness out of that black stuff you rub on with a sawed-off toothbrush, I'd be all

for it. That's what your lovely eyes were made for, to make our hearts beat faster, to make us feel warm and melting and alive.

Another thing — it beats me what you do with your mouths. My angels, your mouth is one of the most stirring things you've got. In a reasonably natural state it is a standing invitation to a guy to lose his head, his heart, his freedom, and his pocketbook. Even contemplating the kissing of fresh, clean, firm female lips is more fun than 18 holes of golf, or sampling a juicy sirloin, or beating the stock market.

And what do you do? You louse up its lines so a guy can't measure where it begins and ends, or follow its sweet and wonderful contours in anticipation, and you bury it under a gooey paste the color of overripe tomatoes, red lead, or that nasty blackish stuff which makes a girl look as though just before she had gone out her old man had let her have it with a blueberry pie.

Do you think it is appetizing to dine with you, when, by the time the consommé arrives, the glassware and table linen remind us of "Calling Dr. Brent, surgery. Calling Dr. Brent, surgery"? And did

you know that when you eat the stuff comes off and gives you a little crimson mustache where no mustache ever grows, between the lower lip and the chin? Well, it does. And I'm tired of it.

I like make-up if it is done with an eye to features and coloring and sanitation. A well-made-up face is a joy to behold and a pleasure to taste. The thing that bothers me is the petulant, dissatisfied, too tight, too small, hard and bitter expression of your mouths — so like the faces painted on the dummies in the shopwindows, which, when they are not gotten up to resemble corpses or vampires, are so tired and bored and ultra, and unhappy. What I miss on your perfectly groomed, completely expressionless pans is what comes from within: freshness, sympathy, humor, understanding.

I'm tired of hearing that you don't dress or make up for men, but for other women. Then why don't you ever show a little graciousness when another woman has done a good job? Why do you stare at other girls with that cold, bitter, appraising look? Did you ever try smiling at that girl at the next table, or on the street, to show that you appreciate how she looks? Chances are she will smile back, and two hearts will be warmed

where there was only coldness before. That warmth coming through will do more for your faces than anything you can squeeze out of a tube.

You're going to have to do something about those complicated coiffures, too. If your hair's long, put it up so that it will stay up. And if it's short, do it simply, then leave it alone so that you don't have to comb it into the cocktail of your gentleman friend. There is nothing quite so depressing as to see one of you beloved lambs hauling out your boudoir kits at the dinner table or in the theater and commencing to hoe your scalp.

It is high time that some of you public combers realized that the languorous movement of a woman running a rake through her tresses is one of the sweeter enchantments of the bedroom. It ought to be kept there. Performing it in public makes just one less reason why a guy would want to know you better.

Speaking as a gent who has been around for a considerable time and can see the storm clouds gathering, I would swap you all the sophistication you can buy for one touch of daintiness, for a cheerful expression on your faces. Ultra-smartness and hard, sour pussies are getting to be a bit of a bore. Cheer up, girls. Loosen up a little. Give us a chance to see how lovely you really are.



☞ The magical substances which play a vital role in normal health and growth

The Body's Mysterious Chemicals'

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

Editor and president of The New Republic

THREE mysterious substances, in minute quantities, control the chemistry of the human body. They were completely unknown only a few years ago, and some of the most important facts about them have been unearthed only within recent months. These substances are the hormones, those powerful chemicals secreted in the body by the endocrine glands; the enzymes, which turn one chemical substance into another; and the vitamins. These magic chemicals maintain an extraordinary balance among forces so powerful that any of them could be destructive if unchecked.

Let me list some of the miraculous ways in which man's internal chemical organization operates. The blood is mildly alkaline; a slight shift to acidity would produce coma and death; a slight shift to greater alkalinity would mean convulsions. Again, the degree of sugar in the blood is extremely exact. If there were less you would have convulsions and coma; if more, the results would be equally serious. Nature has therefore provided a safety valve through which excess sugar

One of a series of articles on "Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with research experts.

is withdrawn promptly by means of the kidneys. In violent exercise the muscles create poisonous acids, and the blood sugar is depleted; yet athletes do not have coma or convulsions. They pant and their heart beat is increased, providing extra oxygen to carry off the acid waste. Surplus starch stored in the liver is turned into sugar and restores the normal level in the blood.

Scattered through the body are seven small glands or pairs of glands, called "endocrine" because they secrete, internally, specific chemicals — hormones — which pass directly into the blood stream and thence are distributed through the body. Some of these chemicals go from one endocrine gland to another and set off new hormones. Together they create for the whole organism the system of checks and balances mentioned above. Note what happens when any of these

secretions goes wrong, as to either excess or insufficiency.

Did you ever see a hopeless idiot? The difference between you and this common type of subnormal being, with head lolling, eyes unfocused, tongue extended, is about a thousandth of an ounce of thyroxin, the secretion of the thyroid gland in your throat.

Some babies, born with a thyroid which is unable to create the necessary minute quantity of thyroxin, exhibit in varying degree the outward signs of idiocy. But if in early infancy they are fed thyroxin or the dried thyroid gland extracted from animals, they become vigorous and intelligent. This improvement is maintained as long as treatments continue; but withhold the thyroxin for a few weeks and a tragic relapse takes place.

Iodine, the most important ingredient in thyroxin, is found widely scattered through the world. It is lacking, however, in certain areas. The thyroid glands of people living in these areas work harder to take advantage of such iodine as exists. They may work so hard that they increase their "conversion plants" into the form of disfiguring goiters. If iodine is added to drinking water in these areas, or if iodized table salt is used, goiter and other types of thyroid disturbance can be avoided.

Another gland which possesses magic powers is the pituitary, situated deep within the skull. The

pituitary controls growth: with too little of one or more of its secretions the individual is a dwarf; with too much he is a giant.

Another function of the pituitary is its role as the "mother love" gland. When the female has produced her offspring there is an increase in the secretion of a pituitary hormone which helps to produce the mother's devotion to the infant, causing her to sacrifice her own interests, even her life if necessary, to protect her baby. This has been shown by numerous experiments, such as those of Dr. Oscar Riddle of the Carnegie Institution Genetics Laboratory, in which the pituitary secretion has been artificially administered in abnormally large amounts. Under this excessive stimulus a chicken not yet old enough to lay eggs will manifest all the characteristics of a broody hen. So will a hen long past her chick-raising period. Even males injected with the hormone show the same characteristics. A pituitary hormone has been isolated which has been used to increase the milk supply of nursing mothers.

Among the most important hormones are those connected with sex. It is not true, as was at first supposed, that the male secretes only male hormones, the female only female hormones. Male and female hormones are secreted by every individual. In the normal male the masculine secretions predominate; in the normal female, the

feminine ones. Deviation from normal male or female characteristics, as when a man is effeminate or a woman masculine, probably results from an excessive secretion of the opposite sex hormones.

Recent as is our knowledge of the hormones, they are already being used in practical ways. I have mentioned the rebuilding of personality through thyroxin. Adrenalin, from the adrenal glands, is in wide use as a powerful heart stimulant. Estrone, one of the female sex hormones, is injected to relieve the mental and physical symptoms which occur in women with the menopause. Testosterone, a male sex hormone, is similarly used to relieve enlargement of the prostate gland.

Women suffering from functional disturbances of the reproductive system have been greatly helped by intravenous injections of the male testosterone. Apparently these conditions are associated with an excess of female sex hormones which can be counterbalanced by injections of the male secretion.

There appears to be a parallel case among men, regarding cancer of the prostate gland. This is sometimes relieved, though not cured, by injections of the female sex hormone, theelin. Scientists believe that the cancer may be associated with overactivity of the male sex element, and that this is cut down by artificial addition of the female hormone.

The secretions of the glands,

especially the pituitary, seem to control the profound rhythms of human and animal behavior, rhythms which vary with the seasons and with age. When the poet wrote, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," this was just another way of saying, "In the spring one of the pituitary secretions, gonadotropin, increases, thereby influencing the secretion of testosterone and other sex hormones." When life's time clock tells us, around the age of 50, that the mating period is coming to a close, it does so by altering the ratio of some of these endocrine secretions.

We come now to the enzymes. Although their effects have long been known, the enzymes themselves were discovered only recently. More than 200 have already been identified and seven have been isolated in crystalline form. The enzymes act on one chemical to turn it into another without themselves being altered in the process. In the human body they take food and turn it into the exact chemicals required for the maintenance of the organism, in the exact amounts needed; the body, with uncanny precision, discards any surplus.

One of the mysteries of nature is what it is that activates an enzyme that does not exist in its chemical constituents separately. For example, there is an enzyme called trypsin, which helps in the process of digestion. Trypsin is formed from another chemical substance which

is inert, possessing none of the digestive power. Place some of this substance in a test tube and introduce even the minutest amount of actual trypsin and the latter will little by little "digest" the entire contents of the test tube into a replica of itself.

The third of the body chemicals is the vitamins, at least 15 of which we require in our food. Deficiency of one or another causes a long list of diseases and disorders, including baldness, premature gray hair, gastrointestinal disturbances, scurvy, rickets, acute mental depression, hemorrhages, some forms of paralysis, neuritis and pellagra.

It is just coming into the consciousness of the research experts that hormones, enzymes and vitamins are tied together in a close relationship. For example, hormones and vitamins are similar in the effects that deficiency of some of them may cause. Depressed mental states are brought about by insufficiency of thiamin (Vitamin B₁) and nicotinic acid, and also by inadequate functioning of the endocrine glands. There are a number of diseased states which could be caused by the malfunctioning of hormones or vitamin insufficiency, or both.

The vitamin which in laboratory experiments has restored gray hair to black seems to be identical with

a chemical which also acts as an enzyme in the growth processes of bacteria. And several of the "respiratory enzymes," which help us to derive energy from the intake of oxygen, contain one or another of the three important vitamins: thiamin, riboflavin and nicotinic acid.

One hopeful inquiry has to do with the theory that some types of cancer may result from the lack of certain vitamins, or an inability of the body to handle them properly. The way in which cancerous tissue utilizes oxygen is markedly different from that of normal tissue, and since some vitamins play a leading part in the way the cells use oxygen a bridge may some day be established here.

It seems certain that science is on the brink of far-reaching discoveries among hormones, enzymes and vitamins — discoveries which may take us into a new world of scientific knowledge and of physical and mental health. When we have filled in the remaining gaps in our knowledge, these mysterious agents of growth ought to solve the mystery of how the cells multiply. If they do we can probably put an end to the menace of cancer and other diseases involving cellular structure. And we shall come far closer to the heart of the mystery of life itself.



Interested parents and their teaching devices play a large part in the "brilliance" of the young marvels of the air

As the Quiz Kids Were Bent

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

J. P. McEvoy

THE "Quiz Kid" radio program was turned down by 12 prospective sponsors. Where, they asked, would you find enough smart children to put new ones on the air week after week? They needn't have worried; the supply seems unlimited. And the investigators who select these unusual youngsters for radio competition have been impressed by the appearance in every case of one factor: back of every unusually bright child you always find an unusually interested grownup who has made it his or her job to encourage and stimulate the youngster.

This is certainly true of the half dozen Quiz Kids whose superior scores have won them the most repeat appearances. Jack Lucal, 14, has been on 31 Quiz Kid programs. When Jack was two his mother started nightly talks with him before he went to sleep. At first they reviewed the day's happenings. As he grew older they discussed famous persons in history or something one of them had been reading, or they exchanged views on current events. The family insisted that Jack consider both sides of an

issue, and they subscribed to newspapers of opposing views. Whenever he expressed an opinion regarding public affairs the family took the opposite side, and Jack would have to battle it out.

Jack's mother and grandmother started early to clip from newspapers and magazines interesting and informative items which they put on his desk. Family dinner-table talk is based on these tidbits. Jack's familiarity with current history, started by the clipping service, has been augmented recently by his own collection of headlines of events which he believes will go down in history. These are all arranged in scrapbooks on shelves, as is his collection of travel bureau pamphlets, for Jack's mother believes that every child should have a place where he can keep his collections in some organized fashion, and that parents should encourage every interest a child shows.

Quiz Kid Van Dyke Tiers, 14 and a popular high school senior, started learning geography early by playing games with his father. "I'll race you to the Galapagos Islands," the father would chal-

lenge, and they would tear across the room to a big wall map. The one who put his finger first on the correct spot won. Papa always left a jigsaw puzzle of a country or a continent lying around so Van could put it together and learn geography the while.

"As soon as he was conscious of objects I began to point out differences," says Papa Tiers. "His high chair, I explained, was made of wood, and wood came from trees; his spoon was made of silver, which was dug out of the ground. I told how the ore was mined and showed him pictures. We would examine trees and I would tell him how they grew. Then I would pick up rocks and teach him to recognize different kinds. In this way he learned a lot of botany and geology long before he knew what those words meant. He also learned not just to look at things but to *see* them. Even at three he was a careful observer. One day I asked him to describe a puppy he had seen. He said it was brown and white and pink. I asked him, 'Are you sure it was partly pink?' and Van replied, 'Yes, on the inside of its mouth.'"

When he was two and a half he had a lesson in mechanics which expanded into physiology. His father took an alarm clock apart and showed Van how it worked. Then he pointed out why people have to have alarm clocks: they don't get enough sleep. Then he made the meaning of the word

"alarm" clear. Pricking Van with a pin he explained that this was pain — a beneficial alarm which woke you not from sleep but to the fact that something was wrong.

Van went to school at seven and was put in the fifth grade. All that he knew he had learned at home, through conversations with his father, listening to discussions at the family table, and reading everything he could — he had learned to read from newspaper headlines, which he followed as his father read them aloud. "Any child of normal intelligence can learn as much if correctly taught," says Papa Tiers.

One of the outstanding Quiz Kids is 15-year-old Cynthia Cline. "I started teaching her when she was a baby," says Mrs. Cline, "by singing her to sleep with German and French songs. Without realizing it she learned entire phrases with the proper pronunciation and rhythm.

"When she was older I read poetry to her — Shelley, Keats, Chaucer, Burns. I would read a line and have Cynthia repeat it. Finally she could memorize entire poems, thus acquiring a rich vocabulary of beautiful words and an appreciation of poetic expression. Later we made up rhyming games to accompany tasks around the house — I would start with a sentence and she would supply the next one.

"I didn't encourage her to read too soon because I feel that a child with her nose in a book misses too much of a child's normal play."

To teach Cynthia to draw, she would herself draw a dog or child and let Cynthia copy it, always helping and correcting her work, never laughing at any effort. Parents often destroy children's interest in creating things, she thinks, by laughing.

"When she was a baby," says Mrs. Cline, "her father and I were separated, and her responsibilities began early." When she was three her mother started a nursery school in their home to support them, and Cynthia soon began helping her in that. Since the age of seven she has done a deal of her own darning and mending.

Joan Bishop is the amazing 14-year-old musical expert of the program. Because she is so gifted her mother has been careful to keep her from becoming one-sided. Consequently her general information is superior to that of most children her age. She was early introduced to good literature, and to give her a background in current affairs Mrs. Bishop started her on the ponderous five volumes of *The World's Greatest Events*, bringing her from Biblical to recent times. She also has been encouraged to make good use of the dictionary and encyclopedia. But her mother thinks that more important to her background is "her early habit of reading thoroughly two newspapers every evening."

How she learned to read will be a body blow to most educators.

Sunday mornings she would lie on the floor and listen to Quin Ryan read the funnies over Station WGN, studiously following him through the comic supplements oogle by oogle and pow by pow.

When 11-year-old Richard Williams, the mathematical Quiz Kid, was three his grandfather used to take him around East Chicago visiting his old cronies. This was the beginning of Dick's education, for the grandfather taught him to play rummy and keep score, and in restaurants to add up the checks before the waitress could total them. Now Dick keeps accurate ledgers on all the family trips.

Since he was three Dick has followed the schoolwork of his older brother, who gave him sympathetic coaching. Dick studied all the maps in his brother's geography, asked for more, and has seldom been without a map in his pocket. Last Christmas the family gave him what was supposed to be a complete atlas. Dick found two small countries missing; Rand McNally admitted the error and gave him another atlas.

Dick's father is a mechanical engineer, and as part of his boys' education he brings engineering problems home and asks the boys to help him solve them. As a result, Dick was doing high school math at seven and today sits at his sixth grade desk and does geometry while the class studies arithmetic. The family keeps him in his school

age group so that he won't be too much out of it socially.

Mowing the lawn, weeding the garden, cleaning the basement are definite chores for both brothers, who assist their mother with the dishes on alternate nights. "They have a small allowance, but we don't pay them for household jobs," she says. "Very early they were made to realize that the house belongs to them as much as to us."

Eight-year-old Gerard Darrow, the baby Quiz Kid, learned the names (English and Latin), customs and habits of 365 birds before he was four. Gerard's mother died when he was an infant, and his Aunt Bessie has devoted every waking moment to his development. She early started reading nature books to him — such profusely illustrated books as Frank G. Ashbrook's *Birds of America*, and the card series of the National

Association of Audubon Societies. Later came *Butterflies of America* and *Bugs of America*, both by Lillian Davids Fazzini, and Jane Harvey's *Wild Flowers of America*.

In this way he was led from birds to insects and thence to rocks, shells and fish. He also started to collect abandoned birds' nests, fossils, pressed flowers, discarded feathers, and the hair of his friends.

Gerard doesn't care much for school. Wading through mud puddles and falling off his bicycle are favorite pastimes. People who would tell you that he is a mental monster don't know what an attractively normal child he is, but the children in the block could tell you.

The Quiz Kids' parents stoutly maintain their children are not prodigies but the result of patient, persistent coöperation at home — something all parents can and should give their children.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 50 —

¶ EXASPERATED by repeated challenges of his statement to a House Committee that reasonable progress was being made in national defense, William S. Knudsen finally summed up the situation thus: "You see, gentlemen, it's like this. Despite your modern hospitals and anesthetics, despite your obstetricians and psychiatrists, despite all your advancements in research, medicine and science — it still takes nine months!"

— Adrien J. Falk in *San Francisco Chronicle*

¶ WHEN I was doing Professor Einstein's bust he had many a jibe at the Nazi professors, one hundred of whom had condemned his theory of relativity in a book. "Were I wrong," he said, "one professor would have been enough!"

— Jacob Epstein, *Let There Be Sculpture* (Putnam)

World or Nothing

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Herbert Agar

WE CANNOT understand the history of our time if we think of today's agony as just another stage in "the same old war." A world revolution is taking place. The war is only an incident in the revolution — a sign that the more dangerous revolutionary weapons have failed to do their full work. These weapons include threats and bribes, as in the Low Countries and the Balkans; they include economic pressure and treason, as in South America; they include soft promises of friendship for whatever nations the revolution is not yet prepared to murder; above all they include an appeal to the dissatisfactions and confusions which infest our world.

HERBERT AGAR, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, is recognized as one of the most courageous and outspoken of newspapermen. He won the Pulitzer Prize for American history in 1933 with his book *The People's Choice*. Mr. Agar was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., and educated at Columbia and Princeton — an education interrupted by service in the Naval Reserve during the World War. For five years he was the *Courier-Journal's* London correspondent; for five more he wrote the syndicated newspaper column "Time and Tide." Among his recent books are *Land of the Free* and *Pursuit of Happiness*.

The roots of the revolution are in the cynicism and despair which for years have been spreading across the world. It is not a revolution in the name of a great new cause, which may be expected to settle down into something tolerable after the violent phase is ended. This is a revolution against great causes, as its origins imply. It is a revolution which says there is no law of God or man which holds in this brave new world. Power alone is to be worshiped; there is nothing which may not be done in the name of mastery.

The belief that the Axis revolution can settle down into something tolerable ignores the simplest and the most universal rule of history. The rule has been stated briefly by Ralph Waldo Emerson: "The ends pre-exist in the means." Or as Eduard Lindeman states it, "We become what we do." This implies that good ends cannot follow from atrocious means.

The means which are used to promote this revolution are treachery, murder, blackmail, the torture and enslavement of the mind as well as of the body. The permanent institution — the end — which must

result from these means is government by the Gestapo.

It is not clever of Americans to think we could "get along all right" in a world run by the Axis. It is like saying that a man with his own private suite of rooms could "get along all right" in a jail or a madhouse.

There is nothing which this revolution of destruction, carried on by torture, can build except a world combining the worst features of prison and asylum. Hitler may cheat and deceive all men; but he cannot cheat history. He may abolish all other laws; but he cannot abolish the law which says that "the ends pre-exist in the means."

This is the revolution of slavery. If we don't fight back we accept destruction, betraying ourselves and also our descendants for generations to come. Some day, somewhere, man will begin again the long ascent from slavery — but not because of any help we gave him. We shall be known forever as the men who would not fight the enemy while there was still time and who therefore handed their world to ruin.

If we turn from morals to economics we find fresh proof that this revolution is one of destruction only. The Axis Powers are not creating an economic system; they are perfecting a system of making war pay for itself. The unemployed millions of capitalism's shame are turned into soldiers and munition

makers. Then comes a period of "guns instead of butter." When the supply of guns is sufficient, the soldiers and their guns are sent abroad to steal the butter. Berlin now boasts it has a higher butter ration than London; but the butter is stolen from the nations whose corpses ring the frontiers of the Third Reich.

This is not an economic system, because it is a system that can only work by continual expansion. A nation which exports soldiers instead of goods and services, a nation whose imports are gained by plunder rather than by exchange, can set no limits to its conquests. It must expand or die. Physically as well as morally, this revolution of nihilism lives on death. The minute it cannot steal new food, new fuel, new slaves — at that minute it collapses. This is why Austria was not enough (though Hitler promised it was enough); this is why the Sudetenland was not enough (although Hitler swore it was his last ambition); this is why Poland was not enough, nor all the little democracies of the North, nor France, nor blackmailed Bulgaria, nor treason-killed Rumania, nor war-killed Greece and Yugoslavia. This is why the British Empire will not be enough, nor the Ukraine, nor Turkey.

South America cannot be enough, either. This revolution is a disease. It is the Black Death of civilization. If it is not halted it must

spread and spread so long as there is still a healthy body to infect. To be sure, as our appeasers say, the disease must some day run its course — but not until the patient is dead. The “new order” of slavery may last a thousand years, as Hitler hopes. And the essential point is that because of its moral and its economic nature the Axis revolution cannot stop.

It is ironic that there should be Americans who assume that the revolution will stop short of our shores. For not only is it incapable of stopping short anywhere until it has conquered the world or been conquered by the world, but we in America are its natural enemies. We are rich, and the revolution lives on plunder. We still hold in our hearts the great tradition of freedom, and the revolution depends on the spread of slavery. The leaders of the revolution hate us as no enemies have ever hated us before. They despise us as only envy can teach men to despise. So as far as we stand for anything we stand for the eternal opposite of their world. It will be a sad day for the Americas if we let them control the Atlantic Ocean. And control it they will if we let the British Empire follow the French Empire into their greedy hands.

Even so brief a review of the nature of this revolution may help to answer the arguments of those who still urge that we make terms with the enemy, who still argue

about whether to “stay out” of the war. Nobody can stay out of a world revolution. The revolution can be resisted or accepted; it cannot be ignored. With her usual calmness and good taste, Anne Lindbergh asks, “Should we not approach our objective more nearly by putting the strength of our influence behind an undefeated England for a negotiated peace than by pushing a hard-pressed empire still farther down the path to ruin?”

The question could only be raised by someone who thinks of this war in terms of a contest for Alsace-Lorraine, or the Cameroons. How can we negotiate a “peace” with people who conquer by torture and terrorism and by the destruction of man’s chance to use his mind or to possess morals?

The Nazis are not reforming capitalist democracy; they are murdering it. They are not substituting a new and vital philosophy; they are substituting plunder and slavery. Their revolution affirms as the rule of life “war itself in its most primitive form.” We shall die if we try to negotiate with this gospel of doom. We shall live if we still have faith in man, without which we can have no faith in America.

“Something has come to an end,” wrote Hitler. He thinks that the “something” which has ended is the brief period of modern democracy, beginning with the invention of the steam engine and ending with

the invention of the dive bomber. He thinks that modern technology, plus the decline of faith in our civilization, has made it possible for a few ambitious leaders to return the plain man to his traditional place as a slave.

Hitler may be right. But there is another answer; the "something" which has come to an end may be not the period when men are so foolish as to strive for democracy but the period when men are so slack as to betray it. Democracy as a cheap and boastful creed that demands no sacrifice is dead. Hitler has murdered it. But democracy as a code of conduct, as the struggle

to make institutions which bring man nearer to his ancient need for "equal rights and no special privileges," is not necessarily dead.

Man everywhere is waiting for a sign that those who believe in freedom are willing to stand together against those who affirm slavery. The revolution is winning because that sign has not been given. Man wants a second chance to make freedom work, to serve the cause of decency. No people but ourselves can supply that chance. It cannot be done by bargaining with the Caesars who despise us. It can be done by beating the Caesars while we still have friends to help us.



The Pace That Saves

¶ "OH, LOOK AT those poor lions pacing up and down and longing to get out!" visitors at my zoo have often exclaimed.

The truth is that the lions were being induced, through hunger, to take the exercise that is almost as necessary for their health as food and water. A wild lion kills his dinner, eats about 60 pounds and retires for 12 hours' sleep, returns for another really good tuck-in and then fasts for 24 to 48 hours.

If lions were fed like that in captivity they would spend most of their time asleep in a corner of the den. The secret of keeping the big cats in condition is to feed them enough to satisfy them for 20 hours. Then, feeling hungry, they begin to hunt the next meal and in a cage, of course, can only walk for the four-hour interval before their next meal.

— Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake, *My Life with Animals* (Blackie)



The Lone Star State Stands By

¶ A DRAFT BOARD official in Texas was asked: "What do you think of the chances of our getting into the war?"

"I can assure you," he replied, "that if the United States gets into the war, Texas will get in too."

— Contributed by Sally Hollowell

¶ Helena Rubinstein combines shrewdness with a showman's talents to make her name known the world over

Princess of the Beauty Business

Condensed from *Life*

Elaine Brown Keiffer

BEAUTY is a commodity. It comes in jars, tubes and bottles. It claims among its customers perhaps 75 percent of U. S. women, is one of our 20 largest industries. In this business Helena Rubinstein started as a girl of 18 and through it has become perhaps the world's most successful businesswoman.

Rubinstein (in private life Princess Gourielli-Tchkonina, wife of a Georgian nobleman) was one of eight daughters of a moderately well-to-do family in Krakow, Poland. Her career, however, began in Melbourne, Australia. While visiting relatives there she noticed how the faces of Australian women, dried and roughened by the climate, contrasted with her own creamy complexion. Exercising for the first time her uncanny talent for sniffing a profit, Rubinstein sent to Krakow for a shipment of face cream, and opened a shop. In a year and a half she left Australia with \$100,000 capital to launch her business in Europe.

During the succeeding 43 years Rubinstein has made, according to her own estimate, \$25,000,000 —

all from the sale of creams and lotions at fancy prices across the counters of stores. The Rubinstein salons in New York and a dozen other cities including Paris, Milan and Buenos Aires all lose money but exist to promote the Rubinstein line and assure its standing in the topmost bracket of a snobbish industry.

Her Fifth Avenue salon is a super-repair shop for feminine faces and bodies. Here ladies come for a Rubinstein "Day of Beauty." They are stretched, exercised, rubbed, scrubbed, wrapped in hot blankets, bathed in infrared rays, massaged dry and massaged under water, and bathed in milk — all before lunch. After a meal of raw things, they get a face treatment, foot masque, wax finger-tip masque, scalp treatment, shampoo and coiffure. The whole thing costs \$25.

Among these leisured ladies under repair, Helena Rubinstein moves with a superior air and now and again a faint chuckle. She has neither time nor desire for such strenuous beautification herself. Her only personal beauty practice is to lunch daily on a health diet of

leeks, kale, kohlrabi and the like, from which she gets up hungry.

Rubinstein holds her position at the top by hard work, showmanship and money shrewdness. She has an innate talent for finance on a grand scale, as the Wall Street firm of Lehman Bros. found out with painful surprise when she outsmarted them. In the rosy days of 1928 the Lehman partners conceived the idea of turning Rubinstein's business into a low-price, mass-production line. It was not her idea but Madame finally agreed and sold the Lehmans two thirds of the U. S. business for \$7,300,000 cash. She sat by for a year watching two successive managers "selling my creams in grocery stores," as she piteously puts it. Then she went to the stockholders with the cry that the business was being ruined. The Lehmans offered her any salary if she would go away and leave them alone, but Madame had a better idea. The market had crashed, so she bought back enough Rubinstein stock in the open market for \$1,500,000 to regain control of the business, and at the same time pocketed a cool \$5,800,000 on the deal. By that time the Lehmans were glad to be rid of the whole business.

The Rubinstein line now comprises 629 items. The best-selling cream is still the one Rubinstein started with. This used to be called Skin Clearing Cream, but in 1938, in accordance with a ruling of the

Food and Drug Administration, the name was changed to Wake-Up Cream. Her salesgirls sometimes tell customers that all 629 items are necessary to provide for every woman's particular beauty needs, but the real reason for the big line is Madame's determination to keep ahead of Elizabeth Arden.

In the high-price field, Arden is Rubinstein's great competitor. They maintain equally swank salons a block apart on Fifth Avenue, and their products are sold side by side on the nation's beauty counters. But for some reason the Arden line seems to have a slight edge in prestige, a fact infuriating to Madame. Salesgirls report that customers often buy Rubinstein preparations for themselves but Arden preparations for gifts. If one gets a new idea such as the Day of Beauty or sun-tan lotion or photographic make-up, the other promptly adopts it. They copy packages, borrow advertising angles.

For years the two have waged a sharp war over personnel. In 1938 Arden hired away Rubinstein's general manager at a \$50,000 salary, and took 11 of his staff to boot. Rubinstein plotted revenge, and the following year had the exquisite pleasure of announcing that T. J. Lewis, former husband and manager of Elizabeth Arden, was the new manager of Helena Rubinstein.

"In ziss bissness you must be vairee smaart," Madame insists in her Polish-French-Australian ac-

cent. "Vot I am rheerly gude at iss promotion." When it comes to getting out a new line such as the House of Rubinstein launches every few months, Madame is indeed a downright whiz.

The most recent of these is the Heaven-Sent line which appeared last spring after 15 months of preparation. Madame sniffed and rejected some 800 odors before she finally fixed on one. She ordered a manufacturer to design a bottle suggesting a feminine figure, "with a light feeling." When the model came back, she put pleats in the skirt and added a round stopper to suggest a head. For the soap, Madame chose a cake in the form of a puffy pink cloud, with white raised angels on the surface. She rejected the first design for the boxes — plain angel figures — as too austere and finally settled on a pattern of angels and clouds.

The marketing campaign was brilliantly launched when 500 pink-and-blue balloons with the Heaven-Sent angels-and-clouds motif were dropped from the roof of Bonwit Teller's store, each with a wicker basket containing a vial of cologne and the message: "Out of the Blue to You." Women filled Fifth Avenue to grab for them.

Rubinstein's greatest promotion is undoubtedly herself. For years no Rubinstein advertisement ever appeared without a picture of Madame, usually in a chemical laboratory. She is portrayed as

"one of the great women scientists of the world," ceaselessly searching for more magical beauty ointments. This picture is so convincing that salon patrons occasionally plead for some special cream which the public cannot buy. If the customer insists, the operators may sell the lady an unlabeled jar for \$50 with the whispered assurance that it is "Madame's own cream."

Until the war Madame was a constant traveler on the international glamour circuit. She maintained five homes — in Paris, Combs-la-Ville, London, New York and Greenwich, Conn. — and crossed from Europe to America six to eight times a year. Always she was dressed in the most spectacular Schiaparelli or Molyneux creations, with great blobs of jewelry. She seldom got off a boat without bringing forth the Empress Catherine's emerald necklace or carrying radioactive bath bricks or announcing with breathless importance that green face powder was being worn in Paris. When she visited India it was made known that Madame had devised a special cream, Pomade Noire, for the muddy complexions of maharanees who, in return, had laden her with jewels.

Madame's guests are entertained in what is perhaps the most arrestingly decorated apartment in New York. The drawing room is French Modern, hung with excellent Picassos and Renoirs, with a purple satin sofa to match Ma-

dame's purple satin skirt. Guests dine in a gold-and-white baroque dining room by candlelight which flickers eerily over the hideous faces of Madame's fine collection of primitive African masks. After dinner, guests sip coffee in the "dream room," done in the wavy style of an underseascape by surrealist Dali. Good bridge players are sometimes thrown off their game by being seated before a statue of an overfed African cannibal with a fringe of human hair still protruding from his lips.

Madame is an extremely generous friend, and plies people she likes with "leedle geefts" of perfume which she has personally selected and of which she thinks no less highly for the fact that they did not sell well in the salon. She lends her collections frequently for charity exhibitions and one summer turned over her Greenwich home to a slight acquaintance who needed a summer place for two children. Her generosity is balanced by an iron determination to eliminate all needless expense. She does her own marketing in Greenwich late Satur-

day afternoon, when she can haggle the storekeepers into cutting prices. She is a light-turner-offer and a plate-licker-cleaner — which is only natural in a woman who saw enough poverty in her youth to give her a horror of waste.

At present Madame is planning a new venture, to be known as the Gourielli Apothecary, around the corner from the Rubinstein salon. Here she plans to introduce, under her husband's name, two new lines of expensive lotions, creams and perfumes, one for women and one for men. She has the idea that perhaps the beauty business has exploited only half its potential market. "Men could be a lot more beautiful," she sagely observes.

If Madame's idea succeeds, U. S. males may soon be subjected to the same devastating sales technique by which the beauty business annually extracts an average of \$12 from every woman in the country — a technique summed up by Madame herself in advice to her salesgirls: "You have got to look right down into their pocketbooks and *get that last nickel.*"



*M*AX SCHLING, a New York florist, ran a whole advertisement in shorthand in *The New York Times*. Many a businessman cut it out and handed it to his secretary to translate. The ad asked secretaries to think of Schling when the boss wanted flowers for his wife.

— *Modern Selling*

¶ Pete Hollis's unique school system has turned a semi-slum into an attractive, alert community

Mill-Town Miracle

Condensed from *School and Society*

George Kent

NOT MANY years ago the 14 mill towns around Greenville, S. C., were as dismal as their names, such names as Union Bleachery or American Spinning. The houses were clapboard boxes standing bleakly at attention within earshot of the factory whistle. Company police kept order; company schools purveyed perfunctory education which ended abruptly in the fifth grade.

Then a man named L. P. Hollis was appointed district school superintendent and things began to brighten up. Hollis, called Pete by everybody, set out to educate each one of the 25,000 inhabitants. "It is not enough to teach children," he said. "You must also teach the parents." To do this he created a school system which is the center of all community life and has made the dreary towns attractive and happy places to live in, changed a listless people into self-respecting, purposeful citizens. The schools now are wholly independent of the mills.

Hollis's community education may be seen at work any day in the 14 towns. It may be the library on

wheels, which rolls from door to door. It may be a schoolmobile with a woman inside baking biscuits to show women the value of electrical appliances. A full-time psychiatrist goes through the district giving parents expert advice on the management of their children. A few years ago illiteracy was a problem: Hollis sent nine teachers to hold classes in homes, schools and factories. At the end of that year 435 adults had learned to read and write.

Broken bottles and tin cans once disfigured the front yards of the towns. Pigpens added reek and ugliness. Today, although family incomes average less than \$1000 a year, you see pleasant lawns, gay and individual with shrubbery, lily pools and home-made garden furniture. Of their own accord the millworkers laid sidewalks, created public rose parks. The cost of these improvements came out of their pockets, voluntarily.

Pete Hollis, who started all this, had never taught school a day in his life. He is a tall 200-pounder now in his middle fifties, the son of a cotton farmer. He came to the

neighborhood as a welfare worker. It was not long after his arrival that everybody realized he was the man to go to in time of trouble. If a house burned down Hollis pledged his personal credit for new furniture and clothing. If expensive sickness came he helped out. His secretary complains, "He never has a dime because he is always lending money." But in all that concerns the schools and the community he is a careful, farsighted planner.

Hollis's appointment as head of the school system was virtually forced on him. When the schools of the 14 towns consolidated as the Parker School District in 1923, no educator could be found to take the job of superintendent. The buildings were run down, the budget meager. In desperation, the job was given to Hollis, the community wheel horse.

The new superintendent first set about to clean the old buildings within an inch of their creaky lives. He ripped out the seats. In the carpenter shop the boys knocked together a lot of plain tables and chairs. These were easily moved, could be stacked in a corner or arranged in a circle informally about the teacher. On these cheap tables no child was afraid to spill paint or smear clay. Small, low-cost improvements, they made a big difference in the attitude of the children.

Before Hollis took charge the youngsters threw stones at the

schoolhouse windows. Today they linger long after dismissal, reluctant to leave their reading, hammering and research work. Scores arrive in the morning before their teachers to get in a lick on some treasured project.

In much the same spirit Hollis overhauled the teaching system. He begged the use of a vacant summer camp and invited his entire staff to spend six weeks there working out plans for improvement. The cost was so low and the possibilities for fun so enticing that 160 teachers came. Mornings were given to study; afternoons and evenings to sport. In this atmosphere most of the 160 became fired with Hollis's enthusiasm for community education.

Hollis pays salaries above the state average, lends teachers money when they are broke, organizes picnics when they go stale. On these occasions Hollis is chef, boyishly proud of his skill with a steak and an open fire. A few years ago he took 26 teachers to New York for the summer session at Teachers College. They all lived at one apartment house, meeting over home-cooked meals to discuss their discoveries. The school paid half the expense and was amply repaid by the ideas that emerged.

One afternoon Hollis was stopped on a Greenville street by a wealthy merchant. "Pete," said the man, "what would you do with \$1000?" Hollis mentally checked down his

list of necessities and remembered the babies born on kitchen tables, the large number of mother and infant deaths due to ignorance and poverty, and replied, "I would do something for women who were going to have babies."

The merchant wrote out a check for \$1000; this enabled Hollis to take over a five-room frame dwelling, put in beds, engage nurses and start in a small way the now famous Maternity Shelter. Later, funds from the Duke Foundation and the American Woman's Hospital enabled him to expand its facilities.

In ten years some 2400 babies have been delivered in this school hospital. Foundlings and ailing infants born elsewhere have been taken care of, and several thousand women have come to its clinics for prenatal attention and birth-control advice.

Senior high school girls go to the Shelter each morning to bathe babies, make up formulas and help mothers. If their parents consent, the girls may watch a delivery. They study nutrition and physiology. In this atmosphere facts of sex and reproduction are learned naturally and wholesomely. After 20 hours at the Shelter the girls earn coif and apron, become Health Couriers. Armed with mask and thermometer they go from house to house preaching the importance of proper screening and eating, reporting any illness that needs attention.

Second only to the Shelter in interest is the People's College, whose slogan is "All sorts of classes for all sorts of people." Some 3200 men and women attended last year, learning everything from how to sing in a choir to the art of setting a table. One class arrived to find quarters of beef hanging from the ceiling and a local meat cutter ready to lecture — as he cut and sawed — on what to look for in a butcher shop. The school lights blaze until past midnight. There is a complete textile plant and machine shop to which mill hands come after work to learn skills that will mean advancement.

In the schools the Hollis system is to supply materials, opportunity and incentive. The rest is up to the boys and girls. Science study begins with some personal interest — an enthusiasm for airplanes or a desire to repair the family electric iron. Whatever it is, it becomes the student's private door opening into the vast world of science. Three boys bought a Model T Ford for a dollar, brought it to the schoolyard, dismantled it, carried the parts one by one to their third-floor shop. There it was reassembled with the aid of blueprints and a visit to an assembly plant. Then the car was again taken apart, again reassembled in the yard, and driven off.

Some years ago a group of boys, after visiting the children's museum at Washington, N. C., proposed to build a museum of their own. It

was to be a log cabin museum; a campaign to sell logs at a dollar each was successful, the museum was built and in the course of time filled with treasures that only curious, ferreting youngsters can find.

One feature of the Parker School District is the year-end science fair. Everything is there from wind-mills which actually pump water to tomatoes grown in chemical solution. At the last fair, visitors were welcomed by a 24-foot-long electric sign, student-built, which spelled out "Parker" in letters four feet high.

When older students quit school Hollis gets them half-time jobs in the careers they wish to pursue. The rest of the day they spend studying subjects tied in with their main interest. At present there are 16 classes meeting in the factories,

under working foremen with a gift for teaching. Hollis's young people wait on you in department stores and beauty parlors. They straighten your fenders, print your visiting cards, work in offices.

The whole program of community education in the Parker District is carried out through funds raised by local taxation supplemented by some state support. And Hollis spends each year only \$54.05 per pupil, whereas education throughout South Carolina costs \$67.21 per pupil.

Here is education without frills at low cost, producing fine citizens and restoring family life. The Hollis achievement can be duplicated in any community. All that is needed is a shoestring for capital and a belief in the willingness of men and women to help themselves.



War Comes to Tennessee

THE CALM ROUTINE of a young lady of Tennessee was interrupted recently by army maneuvers. As she approached a bridge she was in the habit of driving over daily, she was stopped by a sentry.

"Madam," he said earnestly, "you can't drive across this bridge. It has just been demolished."

Leaving her dumfounded, for the bridge was in no way impaired, he walked off.

As she debated the possibility that the sentry was insane, another soldier approached. She beckoned to him. "Young man," she inquired, "can you tell me any reason why I can't cross this bridge?"

"Lady," he replied soberly, "I can't tell you a thing. I've been dead for three days."

— Contributed by Daisy Schwimmer

☛ A striving for better films and Kodaks leads to adventures—and profits—in vitamins, textiles, chemicals

Eastman's Magic Wand of Research

Condensed from Barron's

J. D. Ratcliff

DECADES OF advertising have taught the world that "If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak." Not so well known is the fact that even if it isn't a Kodak it may still be something made by Eastman—a spool of rayon yarn, a bottle of vitamin concentrate, a high-vacuum pump, the fuel that broils your steak on a dining car, or any of 3300 chemicals.

Many of the things made in the Eastman plants at Rochester, N. Y., and subsidiary factories elsewhere, are entirely new products, the results, sometimes unexpected, of the company's extensive research. "Research opens new frontiers," and the Eastman Company's experience demonstrates that no one can predict in which direction the new frontiers lie. Dr. C. E. K. Mees, head of Eastman's research laboratories for 29 years, has a theory about that. The thing to do, he says, is to let the research man poke his inquisitive nose into some problem that fascinates him, and then follow it from fact to fact, no matter how far off the original track it leads.

Take Dr. Kenneth Hickman, an

enthusiastic young Eastman researcher. One hot afternoon, noticing a display of cod-liver oil in a drugstore window, he fell to wondering if the sun wasn't destroying vitamins in the oil. And wouldn't it be better if those vitamins were concentrated, thereby becoming more stable? Neither fish oil nor vegetable oil had ever been distilled before. One research group had vainly spent half a million dollars trying to refine linseed oil in ordinary stills.

Dr. Hickman was working at the time with molecular stills, hoping to develop something that would help on the everlasting problem of film drying. A molecular still operates in a vacuum, which makes it possible to distill some substances that otherwise will not break down. How about trying cod-liver oil in the molecular still—?

Chemically speaking, a miracle happened when Hickman made the experiment. The oil began to break down. Globules of a waxy fat collected on the glass condenser. Hickman forgot all about the problem of film drying. He was off on something far more exciting.

Analysis proved the waxy fat one of the best vitamin concentrates ever made. It was potent and all but tasteless. Together with General Mills, Inc., Eastman set up a new company to make Vitamins A, C, D and E. This company, launched by an unpredictable twist in the long trail of free research, is now the world's largest maker of Vitamin A concentrate.

This sideline of research even had its own sideline. Better vacuum pumps were needed to exhaust air from stills. The new company built them — and they were the most efficient commercial high vacuum pumps ever made. They have hundreds of applications, especially in making better X-ray, television and radio-broadcasting tubes.

Research likewise led Eastman far off the track of photography in its plant at Kingsport, Tenn. Home movies, plus the disastrous fire of X-ray film which killed 124 people at the Cleveland Clinic in 1929, made the manufacture of safety film imperative. The Kingsport plant went to work making this product — slow-burning cellulose acetate.

What else, Eastman research men asked themselves, could you do with cellulose acetate? They had a steady stream of answers: Plastics, acetate rayon, transparent wrapping materials. Nearly \$20,000,000 worth of these Eastman products were sold in 1939, creating jobs for 6000 people.

Eastman research has just given us a radically new optical glass, the first since Germany produced Jena glass in 1886. It is as radical as if someone found out how to make steel without iron. Instead of being made of silica (sand), the new glass is composed almost entirely of such rare elements as thorium, tungsten, lanthanum — and is vastly superior for many special purposes. The research for this glass took seven years. Of course optical glass, needed for range finders and binoculars, is an indispensable defense material.

Eastman has thrived on research since 1912. In that year George Eastman, whose company had been marketing dry plates and flexible film since the '80's, went to England to hire Dr. Mees — world renowned because of the supersensitive photo plates he had developed for a small manufacturer. To get Mees, Eastman had to buy the company.

Mees was quite frank. Research, he told Eastman, wasn't like a sausage mill. You couldn't put brains in one end and grind out profitable ideas at the other. You had to accumulate small ideas patiently, hoping eventually to fit them together into something big. Ten years might elapse before the laboratory produced anything worthwhile. Could Eastman wait that long? He could.

Actually Eastman had to wait 11 years. Home movies, first major

product of Mees's laboratory, were introduced in 1923, after seemingly insurmountable problems had been solved. Professional movie cameras cost \$500 and weighed 40 pounds. Tripods weighed another 30. Raw film cost four cents a foot and a foot lasted one second in a projection machine. Whittling down this bulk and expense was problem No. 1. Problem No. 2 — which took five years — was to find a practical reversal method for finishing a film, so that the negative from the camera became, in the process of developing, a positive for projection on the screen.

An attack on the problem of color for home movies followed naturally. Two amateurs, working in New York, had made a promising start. Both were musicians: Leopold Mannes, pianist, and Leopold Godowsky, violinist. They had begun to experiment with color photography in their schooldays, and had peppered Eastman with so many questions that Dr. Mees invited them to join the research staff. Intending to stay only a short while, they stayed ten years.

Ultimately the two musicians worked out a method of laying several layers of emulsion on a film, each layer sensitive to a primary color. When exposed, these layers blended into a single picture, faithful to all the colors. This film is Kodachrome, which has already netted millions.

The World War launched a chain of investigation that paid off handsomely. On films made by older processes, reds and yellows photograph as black. But when certain dyes are added one gets a "panchromatic" film sensitive to all color shadings. The Germans had developed the only dyes suitable for this purpose; with the war those dyes were cut off. Mees felt sure that other dyes existed. His chemists started a search that lasted eight years. In the end they developed scores of new dyes better than any known before.

In 1914 German supplies of organic chemicals, essential to laboratory research, were also cut off. Mees tried to get others to undertake to synthesize the huge range of exotic chemicals needed. They refused. He took his story to George Eastman, proposing that his own company take on the job. "How much will we lose?" his employer asked. Mees said at least \$100,000. Eastman said go ahead.

Today there are 3300 organics in Eastman's list. Most of them are interesting only to the research chemist. A few are familiar to the layman: synthetic camphor, vanilla, saccharin. Oddest of the lot is a synthetic skunk scent, used for alarm systems in mines. Men working underground with noisy machinery can't hear bells but they can smell powerful skunk odor circulated by ventilating fans.

Dr. Mees insists that his research

men be given complete freedom. "The man who knows most about any project," he says, "is the man doing the job. The man immediately above him knows a little less, the research director considerably less. By the time you get up to a committee of vice-presidents they know precisely nothing."

Eastman has so little to fear from competition that a less farsighted management might have decided years ago to rest on its oars. Instead, budgets for experimental work have climbed at a dizzy rate: from almost nothing in 1912 to \$5,000,000 at present. Current research expenditures represent about 25 cents for every dollar of earnings.

Costly? Yes; but during 1929-39 Eastman's employment rose 75 percent and \$19,000,000 was added

to the annual payroll. "I've never heard of a company going bankrupt because it spent too much on research," says Dr. Mees.

Dr. Mees sees, looming before him, a mountain of work yet to be done. The amateur should have color for his snapshots as cheap as ordinary black-and-white pictures. The motion picture industry wants cheaper color film. More fundamental facts are needed about the theory of photography, which Dr. Mees thinks of as a vast mosaic with half the pieces missing. "Yet we don't know what we want, and certainly don't know how to get it."

No one could have foreseen such by-products as vitamins or plastics. It is equally impossible today to foresee all the products that will be discovered tomorrow.



Endurance

I LIKE the rugged things of earth —
 A gnarled old oak, wind-lashed, unbent;
 A granite cliff of age-old birth;
 The sea whose strength is never spent.

I like the rugged ones of earth
 Who go life's way with heads unbowed,
 Mature in wisdom spiced with mirth,
 Buffeting the years, dauntless, proud.

— Ione Steen Keltner in
Kansas City Star

☛ Polish fighters with the RAF are writing a saga of reckless daring

Poland's Avenging Eagles

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Craig Thompson

FOR THEIR bravery in combat the Poles flying in the Royal Air Force are becoming the legendary heroes of this war. They are demoniac fighters because their lives have lost practically all spiritual values except hatred and thirst for vengeance against Hitler's *Luftwaffe*. They have lost their families, homes, country. Death is to them unimportant as long as in dying they are able to deal a blow at the cause of their tragedy.

Air Ministry communiqués telling of Polish deeds rigidly adhere to a policy of anonymity because most of these men have relatives and friends living under German domination. Only once since last August has this rule been officially relaxed. This was in the case of Sergeant Pilot Josef Franciszek whose identity was revealed only after he had lost his life. The Distinguished Flying Medal was awarded him because in one half day's dogfighting he downed five German planes.

In the beginning Polish eagerness raised a crop of headaches among British commanding officers. On the ground the Poles were

obedient. But in the air they wouldn't stay in formations if there was anything in the sky to fight. Efforts to command them by radio were met with "No speak English" when they answered at all.

While the majority of Polish pilots are scattered throughout the air service, there is one all-Pole fighting squadron and one bomber squadron. The Kosciuszko Squadron is a reincarnation of an old fighting unit. There was a Kosciuszko Squadron in Poland before Hitler's Blitz. Its antiquated crates, insufficiently armed, were utterly inadequate against Hitler's superior planes. Squadron members fought gallantly and then fled, via the Balkans, into France. There, recruiting other flying Poles, they got some equipment and again took to the air as a unit. When France fell they fled to England. The squadron was organized as part of the British Air Force August 1, 1940. It was not scheduled to go into active service until it had a month's training to acquaint members with their Spitfires and Hurricanes. But the boys couldn't stand the delay. It was on August

30, a day before the squadron was supposed to be in actual combat, that Franciszek brought down his bag of five German planes.

The bomber squadron, as a final step in training, was ordered to take off with a full load of gasoline and bombs, just as if it were going on a long raid. The planes lumbered skyward. They should have returned within a short time. But hours passed while the commanding officers worried. Finally the bombers circled the field and landed.

"Where've you been?" the commander demanded.

"Bombing Berlin," the Poles answered with eloquent brevity.

In September 1940, month of the big Blitz, the Kosciuszko Squadron alone knocked down 118 planes. The day King George visited the squadron the Poles celebrated by bagging 13 German planes — one third of all the planes shot down that day by the entire RAF.

The Poles are daredevil pilots. Their bombers scrape the rooftops of German bases in France to carry out their missions in the teeth of the heaviest barrages. Their fight-

ers unhesitatingly attack overwhelming numbers — sweeping, stalling, and spraying destruction all over the sky.

But they are also good pilots. A Polish pilot detailed to a photographic reconnaissance job climbed into his Spitfire and drove skyward without noticing a mechanic straddling the tail. About 500 feet up he discovered he couldn't level off. Pilots on the ground watching the desperate battle between the Pole and the machine saw him skillfully slip tail downward back to earth, gunning the engine when his control was threatened by gravity. He swung around the field and, just as he seemed about to light on his tailfins, miraculously got the plane's nose down, making a good but bumpy two-wheel landing.

"This is an unstable plane," the pilot said as he climbed out. "It is fortunate that I am a test pilot and so accustomed to instability."

Only then he learned that he had been flying one of the most delicately balanced kites ever made, with 180 pounds of terrified mechanic on its tail.



*I*NHABITANTS of a Norwegian fishing village — so a current war story goes — witnessed the forced landing of an airplane offshore. A fisherman set out to rescue the pilots but soon returned without them. "They were Germans," he explained.

"But weren't they alive?" someone in the crowd asked.

"Well, one of them said he was, but you know how these Nazis lie."

☛ Red-headed, moose-voiced, Larry MacPhail has turned a joke team into a pennant contender — and Brooklyn baseball fans adore him

Larruping Larry MacPhail

Condensed from The New Yorker

Robert Lewis Taylor

TO MANY RESIDENTS of Brooklyn the most important man in their community is the president of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball club, bellicose, red-faced, clownish Larry MacPhail. He is their idol chiefly because of his command of vituperation and his eagerness to battle for the team. When Joe Medwick, the Dodger left fielder, was hit by a pitched ball last season, MacPhail galloped out of the stands and across the diamond, waving his arms and roaring in his vibrant voice. MacPhail declared that he had seen the throw and that it had been deliberate. The fact that he had emerged from the press club, which has no view of the field, did not matter to the Brooklyn fans, who felt that he was making a noble effort to protect their rights. Afterwards, in a final righteous gesture, MacPhail tried to have the pitcher put in jail.

When MacPhail took over the Dodgers in 1938, the club had been losing money for six years, and was over a million dollars in debt. The club owed the Brooklyn Trust Company alone so much that the bank was practically running the

team. A year earlier the Dodgers had finished sixth in the National League; the players were listless and the emotional Brooklyn fans were sulking in their homes. To introduce glamour, MacPhail hired a drillmaster to improve his ushers' stance and dressed them in flashy green-and-gold uniforms. "The head usher looked like a rear admiral," one reporter wrote. "Many of the fans saluted him." MacPhail put murals on the walls of the refreshment stands, built a luxurious free bar for the press, and announced that eventually he was going to pipe radio music into the rest-rooms. Then with noisy but inspired strategy, he went to work to build a winning team — so successfully that, as this is written, the Dodgers have a fair chance to win the pennant, are attracting customers in unprecedented numbers, and are the most discussed club in either league.

MacPhail stands slightly over six feet, weighs 195 pounds, and has the neck of a bouncer. His hair is bright red; his red face is liberally freckled; and his habitual expression seems to be a silent appeal for

Bromo-Seltzer. "Larry can't help the way he looks," one of his friends says. "He was born with a built-in leer."

MacPhail's clothes do much to light up the Brooklyn scene. He wears loud check suits or such combinations as pale green trousers with a yellow plaid jacket. When he feels particularly festive he puts on a Windsor tie and lets the ends float over his shoulders as he walks.

His voice, an important part of his equipment, is raspy and carrying and has often been compared, with scientific accuracy, to the call of a moose. On mornings after the Dodgers have lost a game he brays with such effect that his office employes turn pale and crowds collect on the sidewalk three stories below.

MacPhail's competitors consider him one of the canniest operators in baseball, but he is unable to operate without gaudy flourish. During spring training in the South this year he became convinced that the players needed red meat, and ordered 400 sirloin steaks flown down from New York by plane.

Shortly after taking over his job he walked into the office of the president of the Brooklyn Trust Company and said, "I need \$50,000 for a first baseman." Then he opened wide the floodgates of his wonderful syntax. In slightly more than four minutes he had the money. Before MacPhail's arrival the trust company had been in the habit of calling a directors' meeting

to consider the purchase of catchers' mitts or rubbing alcohol.

He next announced that he was going to experiment with night baseball. He went to the General Electric Company and bought \$72,000 worth of lighting equipment. Having no money he told the company to charge it. The first night game in the New York area, between the Dodgers and the Cincinnati Reds, was a bizarre event. MacPhail led off with a monster fireworks display and followed it with a sprinting contest between Jesse Owens, the Negro runner, and several ballplayers. When Johnny Vander Meer that night pitched his second no-hit game in a row, MacPhail acted as if this was no more than he had expected. During the rest of the 1938 season he whooped up attendance by various types of buffoonery. But while successful financially, the team collapsed into seventh place.

MacPhail fired the manager and appointed shortstop Leo Durocher in his place. Durocher was the natural candidate for the job. He is one of the most belligerent men in baseball, his vocal stamina second only to MacPhail's. Alone either of them can shout down almost any two umpires; together they are invincible.

Durocher's gabby truculence has probably been one of the causes of the team's renascence. The Dodgers have taken on the spirit of a college football team. Durocher gives locker-

room pep talks in the best tradition of the cinema coach, and sometimes he punishes a player who has pulled a boner by making him sit alone in the clubhouse for several hours after the others have gone home.

In 1939 MacPhail sprung another innovation when he arranged for Dodger games to be broadcast, selling radio rights for \$1000 a game. He probably would not discontinue them even if they were unprofitable, because he genuinely enjoys them. One day last season a tied score prolonged a game and WOR phoned that the broadcast would be cut off at six on account of a speech by Herbert Hoover. MacPhail came roaring into the radio room, pulling plugs out of their sockets and yelling something that sounded like "The hell with Herbert Hoover!" After he had been quieted WOR was told that MacPhail refused to give way to Hoover and the Dodgers' broadcast was completed.

Soon after the money started flowing into the box office MacPhail went on a shopping spree for players. He hired 15 talent scouts and sent them to look over minor-league and sand-lot players. One of the scouts discovered Pete Reiser playing with a Class D team in Wisconsin. Reiser's contract cost MacPhail \$100 — a good investment since Reiser, now playing center field for the Dodgers and at the moment leading the league in batting, is considered the best rookie

in baseball. In contrast, MacPhail put up \$135,000 to get Joe Medwick from the St. Louis Cardinals. His acumen in trading players is an important factor in the Dodgers' success.

Brooklyn's idol was born Leland Stanford MacPhail, 51 years ago, in Cass City, Mich. An athlete and boy wonder at 16, he entered Beloit College, where he was regarded as one of the loudest debaters in Beloit's history. At 20 he went to work for a Chicago law firm but as they didn't make him a partner after six months he transferred to another firm which did. MacPhail was assigned to reorganize one of its clients, a tool company. As soon as he finished an excellent job he deserted law to work for the client. Within a year he moved to Nashville, Tenn., to become president of a large department store. He was then getting on toward 25.

MacPhail is probably the only man in baseball who ever tried to kidnap a European monarch. In Nashville MacPhail met Luke Lea, founder of the Nashville *Tennessean*. When we entered the war they organized a volunteer regiment, and were sent overseas, Lea being commissioned colonel and MacPhail captain. They fought at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, where MacPhail was wounded and gassed.

Shortly after the armistice Lea, who had been a United States Senator, used his influence with our Minister to Belgium to get a

pass into Holland, claiming official business. His party, including MacPhail and five others, drove up to the Kaiser's residence. A member of the party was about to tap the sentry on the head with a wrench when Lea stopped him. "That's where we made our mistake," MacPhail says. "We should have tunked him." They got inside the castle but before they could accomplish their famous Kaiser-kidnaping mission they were forced by the arrival of Dutch troops to flee.

Returning home, MacPhail became president of the Columbus, Ohio, ball club, a step which led eventually to his Brooklyn post. Realizing that Brooklyn feels inferior to Manhattan, he has capitalized on the borough's sensitivity and has fired the Brooklyn fans with his own bellicose spirit.

MacPhail plays the piano expertly and leans toward the classics. His favorite symphony is T'chaikovsky's fourth and he converted Red Barber, the Dodgers' radio announcer, to a worshipful affection for Tchaikovsky. Last fall, in a flowery speech at a Dodger banquet, Barber drew an analogy between the progress of the Dodgers through the season and the thematic development of Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony. In telling some friends about Barber's speech, MacPhail said, "You remember in the first movement, where those brasses come in? According to Barber, that was me running out on Ebbets Field to holler at an umpire. It was the damndest thing you ever heard. A wonderful speech! I don't believe a soul at the banquet understood it."

Don't Miss

The National Best Seller

Condensed in this issue

THIS ABOVE ALL

By Eric Knight

"A very great novel of our time. Every ingredient of the best fiction is present — plot, wonderful dialogue, plenty of action." — *Boston Transcript*

"A love story of strong, wonderful tenderness." — *N. Y. Times*

"A tribute to human courage and the freedom it defends." — *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

(See page 135)

Youngsters in laboratories the country over are working out inventions for the world of tomorrow

Our Teen-Age Edisons

Condensed from The American Magazine

John D. Greene

ALL OVER America more than 30,000 youngsters, members of junior science and engineering clubs, are staying after school to tackle research problems that have proved too tough for their elders — or haven't even occurred to them. And these boys and girls are getting results.

Not long ago a 17-year-old California lad developed a radio, about the size of the palm of your hand, that will both receive and transmit messages. The National Inventors Council, mobilizing America's inventors for defense, has already recognized its possibilities for army communications. Another youngster has worked out the most accurate method yet devised for determining the acidity or alkalinity of soil or other substances. A boy in Boston has constructed a new type of darkroom — a portable, glassed-in box with sleeves for the photographer's arms. The plates are coated with red gelatine, so you can see what you are doing but the light will not spoil the film. With it you can develop films in a lighted room.

These youthful trail blazers be-

long to 790 scientific clubs that have sprung up under the guidance of the American Institute, founded 113 years ago to promote inventive genius. Their success proves that enthusiastic youngsters must be taken seriously as inventors. Marconi was only 21 when he startled the world with his wireless; William Henry Perkin at 18 developed aniline dyes in a home laboratory. Today our teen-age Edisons are producing inventions that may be just as important. It was a high school boy, working in a New Jersey electric plant during the summer, who developed a new type of switch that helped make fluorescent lamps practical for commercial use.

Most of our short-pants scientists are doing their research in high school laboratories, but in New York two nation-wide corporations recently equipped a laboratory especially for them. There dozens of boys and girls in smocks and white coats work at brain-teasers with the self-assurance of a Curie or a Steinmetz.

A bright-eyed lad of 15 gravely explained to me his experiments on

a process to transmit sound on a beam of light — a project which might revolutionize the acoustics of halls and theaters. Nearby, a 14-year-old boy was working to transform kitchen waste into fertilizers, carbon, and coal-tar substances. Three boys were busy on a new scheme for operating airplanes by radio control. Sure that their idea is better than any grown-up inventor's, they are having their chance to find out. Another boy was trying to discover the cause of fading in ultra high-frequency radio transmission. In the menagerie section one lad is conducting thyroid experiments on tadpoles, a second trying to predetermine the sex of rats, and a third studying genetics and heredity in fruit flies.

Most of the clubs are sponsored by high school teachers, but any adult in any community may serve as club leader. The youngsters pay

dues of 10 cents a year, entitling them to compete for numerous scholarships. At regional annual meetings they exhibit their work, vie for \$3000 in prizes, and read their own scientific papers. Outstanding junior scientists are encouraged to go to New York during vacations to work at the American Institute laboratory.

The businessmen who are supporting the program hope to turn up more and better inventive brains for industry. But the program goes further than that. America's 30,000 junior scientists are also training themselves for duties in the postwar world — rehabilitation in Europe and the creation of new employment-giving industries here and in South America, where there is a growing need for technicians. It looks as if our serious-minded younger generation has found itself a job.

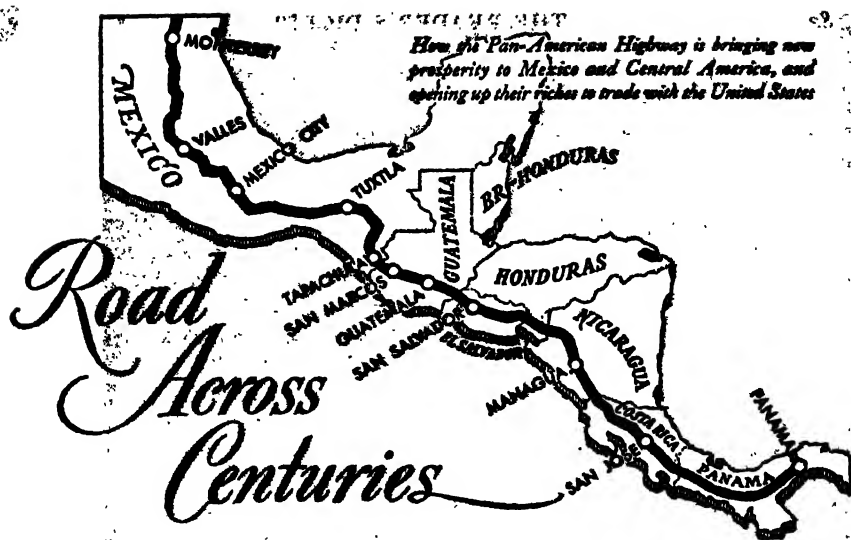


Yo-Ho-Ho

Q THE WARDROBE of the American seaman is in a state of flux: some sailors, we're told, are wearing new fatigue uniforms of white shirts and shorts; according to a newspaper item, Gene Tunney, now in charge of the physical welfare of the men, has advanced such sensational suggestions as the adoption of suspenders, abandonment of the bell bottoms on the pants, and buttoning of the pants in front. Tunney is said to consider the whole naval getup anachronistic.

The long collar on sailors' blouses is an anachronism all right. Back in the days when sailors had pigtails and put tar on them to keep them slick, they wore a sort of apron to protect their blouses. The pigtails are gone, but not the collars.

— *The New Yorker*



Condensed from The Rotarian

Michael Scully

ONLY 300 miles of the 765-mile road were completed when my wife and I first drove from Texas to Mexico City in early 1933. Over much of the distance we plowed through jungle bogs or crawled along raw mountain shelves hardly wider than the car. We carried our own food and water, and one memorable night we shared the dirt-floored home of an Indian family, the only shelter to be had.

Human life was as primitive as the land itself. Towns and villages founded by colonizing Spaniards were so mountain-locked before the road came that they had never seen a wheel — not even an oxcart; ragged

Indians ran like rabbits at the sight of our auto. Little crops of coffee, corn, beans and tobacco, packed over the mountains on burros or poled down to the Gulf in dugouts, provided a scant living for these people who were still in the 17th century.

But life today along that first section of the Pan-American Highway proves that roads are the master key to a vital new era in the republics to the south. It explains why the United States is contributing \$20,000,000 toward completing this trunk road to the Panama Canal — to be matched by a \$10,000,000 expenditure by the Central

American countries. And it gives a bright preview of the mutual benefits expected when the Americas are finally linked by land.

This year, along the highway that in 1933 was just a scar through primeval country, 200,000 American motorists will sleep in modern hotels, eat in air-conditioned restaurants, and have their cars serviced at well-equipped stations.

Already *turismo* is Mexico's first industry. In one year our motorists have taken \$37,000,000 into the country — more than the value of the chief Mexican export, silver. A few years ago Mexico City had three modern hotels; today twelve are inadequate at the peak of the tourist season.

But more important are the changes which only old-timers would note — farms with windmills and fenced fields, electric-lighted homes, radios, girls wearing shoes, boys on bicycles, stores selling manufactured goods the natives had never seen eight years ago.

Population in the highway zone has trebled; wherever a road construction crew pitched camp, a permanent village has sprung up. Valles, midway to the capital, has grown from a thatched village of 3000 people to a neon-lighted town of 10,000, with modern movie house, stores, and sanitation system. Its new hotels house 500 guests. It boasts a thriving Rotary Club.

Scores of crude feeder roads have broadened the highway's influence

by 20 to 40 miles. Built by hand, without government aid, by co-operating villagers or little 10-acre farmers, these roads are proof that in these once isolated and lethargic people there is initiative, ready to respond to modern stimulus.

Farm production along the Pan-American Highway has increased tenfold in volume and variety, the while Mexico's agricultural production as a whole slumped. The beautiful 50-mile valley south of Monterrey, where eight years ago there were only a few orange groves, today is two thirds planted in citrus fruits, pears, truck gardens and cane; the fruit blossoms support a growing honey industry. Farther south fields of tomatoes, onions, carrots and beets are producing new profits and improving the native diet. New roadside schools teach elementary agriculture to Indians whose farming implements until now have been a machete and a planting stick. Most of Mexico has been in bad shape economically; the highway zones have been the exceptions, like rivers in a desert.

The highway has brought improvement also to the social and political patterns of Mexican life. A few years ago the country was a crazy quilt of loosely governed areas bounded by mountains that enclosed each isolated valley. National government was something the mass of peons understood vaguely if at all. Their first allegiance was to a local chief.

Now the peon talks with men from distant places, and even travels occasionally himself. Newspapers and cheap radios reach his village. In the recent presidential campaign millions of people became aware of national issues for the first time, and the country came closer than ever before to a really democratic election.

The United States, too, has shared the benefits of Mexico's roads. More than 1800 American-made passenger buses and 20,000 trucks are plying Mexican highways. Three major Detroit automobile makers have built Mexican assembly plants for passenger cars. Our tourists' dollars come back to buy electrical, plumbing, farm, garage and factory equipment and scores of other items. Motorists, asking for their habitual brands, have introduced American canned and packaged goods to Mexican consumers.

Mexico has finished one third of the 955-mile route from Mexico City to Guatemala, and most of the rest is usable in dry weather. Below Mexico, of the 1532-mile route 400 miles has been paved and another 600 miles is now all-weather road. The United States advanced \$1,000,000 for the most vital bridges, and lent Costa Rica \$4,600,000 and Nicaragua \$4,000,000 for road work. At emergency speed the entire highway can be opened in 1945.

What will this mean to Central America and to the United States?

Similar in soil and climate to the Dutch East Indies and Malaya, Central America can produce, close to our ports, most of the tropical products that we now import from half a world away. Dr. George Curtis Peck, making an economic survey for the U. S. government, found camphor, quinine, hemp, industrial oils and gums, tea, spices, rubber and many of the minerals our industry needs. In favored spots, easily accessible, these commodities are already being produced. He is convinced Central America can be made the most diversified tropical agricultural area in the world. Costa Rica, best developed of the countries, is only seven percent cultivated. In Nicaragua only five percent of 20,000,000 tillable acres are worked. The reason, Dr. Peck concluded, is lack of adequate transportation.

No railroad has ever linked these countries; they have relied on slow coastwise boats and, recently, planes. High transportation costs have made modern living standards impossible for 90 percent of the population. In Guatemala's interior gasoline costs 75 cents a gallon. A 10-cent can of condensed milk brings 45 cents in the Costa Rican highlands. A wealthy Nicaraguan rancher paid \$3100 for a bathroom which would have cost about \$800 in an American city. It is cheaper for Nicaragua and Costa Rica to buy rice from the Orient than to haul their domestic rice over the moun-

tains. Guatemala, with 18,000,000 acres of the world's finest forests, imports pine from Oregon for less than the cost of oxcart haul from its interior.

Costs explain more clearly than climate why the masses are under par physically, unproductive and illiterate. It has been prohibitive to build schools, introduce modern sanitation, or install progressive farming, mining or marketing methods except along the coasts. The highways will develop new products

that will support a larger population on a higher standard of living. Colonizing schemes are already under way.

The road is not a project that awaits the ceremonial cutting of a ribbon before its benefits are apparent. It is already pumping vitality into countries that must become strong if they are to live securely in the world of tomorrow, creating new supplies and new markets within a few hundred miles of our doors.



Table Talk

☞ NEWEST decoration for wedding cakes supplied by a New York shop are realistic miniature wax figures of the bride and groom, shown as they walked down the aisle, with costumes duplicated to the last button. The sculptor catches the likeness of the couple at one sitting; or the figures may be modeled from photographs. Glass globes to fit over teakwood pedestals, sold with the cake, make it possible to preserve the models for a lifetime.

— Clementine Paddleford in N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

☞ THE TOBACCO of Drinkee, the latest thing in cigarettes served at New York night clubs, is liquorized in Martini,

Crème de Menthe, Manhattan and other spirit flavors.

— Alice Hughes in N. Y. *Post*

☞ BY CROSSING the onion with certain types of lily bulbs, Major Harry L. Bateson of Long Beach, Calif., has developed an odorless onion whose flavor is unimpaired.

— *The American Weekly*

☞ FOR PEOPLE who say, "I'd love cooking if it weren't for the dirty dishes," the Shanty Playroom in New York offers a cook-it-yourself-and-we'll-clean-it-up service. You tell the waiter what you want to cook and he brings the ingredients. If things go wrong, the chef takes over.

— *Vogue*

☞ A VITAMIN CAPSULE is part of every lunch sent out to offices by a New York restaurant. "Light lunches seldom have sufficient vitamins," an accompanying note explains. "This capsule will insure a properly balanced diet." — *Business Week*

¶ Appetites, passions, even virtues must be bridled, else health and happiness suffer

What Is Your Intemperance?

Condensed from *Your Life*

Bruce Barton

INTEMPERANCE to most Americans means only one thing: overindulgence in alcohol. But for every man ruined by the bottle, hundreds dig their graves by other forms of intemperance — excessive work, roller-coaster emotionalism, worry, too violent exercise or the feverish pursuit of pleasure. These things drain our vital energies and cruelly punish heart and nerve tissues. No one has ever bettered that 2500-year-old Greek formula for the good life: "Nothing in excess."

The obituary columns in the daily press are spattered with the bloodstains of self-slaughter: "Graduated from medical school, interne at hospital, successful surgeon, died yesterday, age 50." "Clerk, chief clerk, junior partner, founded own business, died yesterday at 49." Why this tragic sacrifice of costly experience and matured judgment? Intemperate idolatry of work! "Hard work" has traditionally been the glory of American life, and certainly no one would advocate the vegetable existence in which responsibilities are shirked and talents run to weed. But the

American worship of hard work, says Lin Yutang, is a national cross on which men crucify themselves. Mercilessly we whip up our flagging energies to achieve a standard of living handed to us ready-made by society. We rarely evaluate this standard according to our own desires or to our ability to achieve it without too great cost in health and happiness.

This drives us to worry, with its bad effects on digestion, blood pressure and nerves. Experiments show that even a little worry increases the tension of the heart and blood vessels. If this tension could be translated into activity some good might result. But worry churns round and round in the same orbit, exhausting precious energy.

Some of us who were proficient worriers in youth have learned to police this particular intemperance. We ask ourselves: Is my worry one that I can do something about? If it isn't, our worry won't alter things. If it is, we try to translate the worry stimulus into constructive action. I recall now three worries that hung over me

like dark branches until I lopped them off with the axe of positive action. One was a stock investment in which I had a loss; the worry was whether to sell and take the loss, or hold on and try to even up. The second was a lawyer's bill, unjustly large; yet I either had to pay it or be sued. The third worry concerned the health of a member of my household.

One morning I decided to clean up my worries all at once. First, I sold the stock, took my loss and forgot it. Then I paid the lawyer's bill and was allowed a good discount for cash. Then I went to the best physician in his field and arranged to have the ailing member of my family examined. His report told us exactly what had to be done. The mental relief was immense; as a result of these releasing decisions my energies were freed from the unproductive treadmill of anxiety.

Right now, how many men are fighting the war alone in their beds at night! And to what end? Worry over great decisions belongs to the leaders who asked to be invested with it. Our best contribution to the common cause is to keep ourselves mentally and physically fit, and introduce efficiency into whatever our daily work is. Most of us have jobs that, well done, fit not insignificantly into the total picture of defense.

We are going to experience some tough times in the near future. We

face inconvenience, shortages of food and material. We may lose most of our money. Young men will give up precious years in military service; parents will see their children's careers interrupted and cast upon the waters of a chaotic future. But these things are not as bad as the cancer of unreasoning fear. Personally, I refuse to live through these terrors again and again in imagination. Shakespeare's lines, "Cowards die many times before their deaths; the valiant never taste of death but once," will be a cooling poultice to many hysterical fears in the days ahead.

Insidious and costly is the intemperance of small annoyances. We often want to show our importance by being fastidious. An acquaintance whose business causes him to travel much and eat often in hotels starts practically every day by battling a waiter on the point of three-and-a-half-minute eggs. If the egg is cooked half a minute either side of this mark he loses his temper. He quarrels with his stenographer about minor erasures on a letter; he fumes when he has to wait 40 seconds for an elevator, and fidgets when a friend is two minutes late for an appointment. His favorite pastime is "checking up" on household and office matters outside his province, thus providing tinder for arguments. His daily marathon of petty irritations has the cumulative effect of producing high blood pressure and

nervous exhaustion — as dangerous, says Dr. W. C. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic, as excessive smoking and drinking.

There are people who have traveled round the world and brought back no vivid memories except of quarrels over small sums with taxi drivers, clerks and waiters. Contrast these with an acquaintance of Ralph Waldo Emerson's who, when he set out on a journey, made a budget of his probable expenses and added a certain percentage "to be robbed of." Having established this reserve in advance, he proceeded in equanimity and peace.

Thrift is an undeniable virtue but, like all virtues, it must be kept within reasonable bounds. I have known men with thousands of dollars in the bank whose stinginess denied their children a college education or their wives a domestic helper. The dogged compulsion to save money became a grindstone that bowed their shoulders prematurely. I've seen housewives slaving themselves over the washtub to save a few cents on the laundry bill. To such people I recommend an occasional spending spree to loosen up the cords that constrict their pocketbooks and their hearts.

Constant hurrying is an intemperance that kills in the end. Artie McGovern, famous physical trainer, warns his middle-aged charges: "Never run upstairs; don't even walk up unless you have to. Save your heart whenever you can." His

advice echoed in my ears when I watched overburdened members of Congress leaping up the Capitol steps to answer a roll call. In every session an undue number of these truly representative Americans die of heart disease. Their lives are hurried and worried past endurance.

Yet there are, in Washington, notable exceptions. Jesse Jones is one of the slowest-moving men in the government; I doubt, however, that any man accomplishes more. I was with him once in his New York hotel while he made half a dozen long-distance telephone calls. Instead of sitting tensely on the edge of a chair, he relaxed on the bed and did several hundred million dollars' worth of business.

A favorite form of intemperance among Americans is violent and spasmodic exercise. For a man over 40 to pour out energy like a college sophomore is utter folly. The violent week-end of golf and tennis, instead of yielding relaxation, may easily breed overfatigue, reflected in irritability, faulty judgment and ultimate physical disaster.

A man with whom I play golf occasionally is over 50 and overweight. When I commented on a noticeable improvement in his game, he said: "I found that 18 holes made me tired. So I resolved to cut out all unnecessary effort. If a ball is lost I will not walk around looking for it; I'll drop another and take my penalty. If a putting-green is on a hill I won't

hurry up that hill. I put no more effort into the game than is actually required. That is why I am relaxed and playing better." Needless to add, he will live longer too.

Hectic dashing about for entertainment is an endemic form of American intemperance. We all know people who apparently cannot sit alone or with members of their own family for an evening of self-entertainment. They must rush off to a movie or bridge party to benumb their intemperate craving for excitement. "When a man goes into company for entertainment, he descends," observes Thoreau. And too frequently he frays already tattered nerves that should be knitted

up with rest and solitude. A touch of self-discipline here might bring us back to the sweetly temperate habit of sitting down long enough to read a book — Thoreau's *Walden*, for instance, the bible of calm self-sufficiency.

To discover your private form of intemperance is a task that requires searching self-analysis. The old monastic habit of a periodic "examination of conscience" would undoubtedly benefit the least and greatest among us. For only by intent self-scrutiny can we see and rectify the intemperances which make our lives ugly and inefficient and may lead us prematurely to the grave.



Sound Investment

RADIO-phonograph-recorder sets, which combine practically all features of a radio broadcasting station, are enabling people to hear how their voices sound to other people — a salutary and not always pleasant experience. The recorders cost as little as \$40 to \$50 each; paper records at ten cents each can be used for temporary recordings. The machines, sold in thousands throughout the country, are used in many schools to teach enunciation and to correct speech defects; politicians are learning what their constituents have been enduring; actors and singers are recording their work for study and improvement.

The sets are fun, too, and are fast be-

coming the modern family album. When little Jane speaks her first piece or baby is learning to talk, their words can be indelibly recorded. Records of comment and explanation can be synchronized with home movies; amateur actors are forming groups to record drama; and one host concealed the microphone in a centerpiece at dinner and afterward played the record of the conversation.

The machines will also record regular broadcast programs which you wish to hear again; and if you desire to entertain along with the professionals, you may add your own gags to those of Jack Benny or Kay Kyser. — T. E. Murphy

From a chance phrase came a unique organization
that dispenses cheer to those who need it most

Flowers for the Flowerless

Condensed from *Woman's Day*

Leigh Mitchell Hodges

FROM AN OFFICE in Philadelphia's City Hall a woman directs, without pay, 4000 volunteer workers in a unique activity — giving away flowers. Last year 41,000 baskets of blossoms were distributed to hospitals, prisons and homes for the aged, crippled and blind.

Early of a summer morning my wife cuts an armful of flowers from our suburban garden. They go to the city on the 9:27 train, the baggage car of which is packed with flowers. By midmorning the pavement in front of Philadelphia's old Municipal Court, the central distributing point, becomes a garden of many colors. From here the baskets of blossoms are taken to 123 institutions and to shut-ins all over the city. The unique organization responsible for this spreading of cheer is Flowers for the Flowerless, directed by Mrs. Ruth Strawbridge.

"You'd hardly believe the excitement caused by the weekly visit of the Flowers for the Flowerless worker," the superintendent of a home for aged couples told me. "They grab like children, trade for

their favorite kinds, then spend hours telling each other of long-ago happenings brought to mind by this or that flower. Recently one old lady who was given a moss rose recalled that she had carried a bunch of them at her wedding, and the other inmates arranged a party for her. I wish the giver of that rose could have seen how much happiness it caused."

The flowers give especial joy to the blind, who love their fragrance. Doctors believe the cheering effect of flowers aids patients' recovery. When a few sprays of trailing arbutus were given to an old man from the country whose listlessness had distressed the hospital staff, he said, "Oh, thank you, ma'am; they remind me of days when I didn't know what trouble was." The flowers marked a turning point in his response to treatment. "Maybe more flowers should be included in the pharmacopoeia," said his doctor.

The nurse in charge of a mental ward claimed a bunch of pansies for Mary — a 14-year-old girl who had lost the urge to live. All attempts to interest her in anything

had been met with, "Nobody cares for me — let me alone." The pansies brought a glimmer of pleasure to her eyes. As the worker turned to go, Mary called, "Those little faces are talking to me. *They* care!" That afternoon she asked for something to sew; gradually her interests broadened until finally she was restored to normal.

Two years ago a boy who had been a problem to his parents was badly hurt in an automobile accident. He paid no attention to the first bouquet placed by his hospital bed. The second had buds that were just opening, and these caught his eye. Slowly his interest in flowers grew and the day before his discharge he said, "I'm goin' to grow those things!" He asked a florist for unsalable flower plants and started a bed in his parents' tiny back yard. The florist became interested and gave the formerly incorrigible youngster a job as helper; now the boy says he's going to be a botanist.

A man who has a small trucking business was so pleased by flowers given him in the hospital that he collects them from homes along his route; last summer he brought 800 buckets of blooms to headquarters. A bookbinder, after a hospital sojourn, got permission to make gardens in three vacant lots near his home, and he and his neighbors have raised flowers for the flowerless ever since. A tinsmith, dis-

charged from a hospital, told his customers about the organization and agreed to count it part of his payment if they would donate flowers. For several years he has been a substantial source of supply.

Through distribution to children in hospitals, interest in flowers has spread to the bleak areas of the city where flowers were almost unknown. Now seeds donated by Philadelphia growers are given out for pot planting or small gardens.

The Flowers for the Flowerless idea was originated by Samuel S. Fleisher, a Philadelphia philanthropist. In the slum district where he had started his Graphic Sketch Club,* Mr. Fleisher noted how eagerly the neighborhood youngsters treasured the blooms given them at club parties. One spring afternoon some years ago a group of women visited the club, and in telling them of the children's interest he remarked that some way should be found to bring flowers to the flowerless.

That phrase struck home; several weeks later these women started a small organization. Interest grew, and in 1937 Flowers for the Flowerless was chartered as a nonprofit association — though you'd have a hard time finding a member, worker, or any one of its thousands of beneficiaries who wouldn't say that it's a highly profitable one.

* See "Every Man His Own Artist," The Reader's Digest, May, '41.

Surgeon's Progress

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Lois Mattox Miller

SWIFT and spectacular as has been recent progress in medical discovery, surgery has quietly kept step. Every day surgeons are performing operations impossible a short while ago. Here are a few of the milestones surgery has recently passed in its quest for surer, safer ways to banish pain and prolong life.

The "Darning Egg" for Veins

FOR YEARS one of the surgeon's most difficult tasks was to stitch together the limp, delicate ends of a severed blood vessel. Last year this problem engaged the attention of young Sidney Smith, then a third-year medical student at the University of Chicago. He decided that what the surgeon needed was something similar to the china egg which his grandmother used when darning socks. With such an implement to hold the vein smooth and in natural tubular form, a neat job of stitching could be done. But what was to become of the "egg" after it was sewed up inside the blood vessel?

Young Smith emerged from the laboratory with the answer. Into sterilized rubber tubes of various

sizes he poured melted dextrose sugar. When these sugar sticks hardened, he cut them into desired lengths, removed the tubing, and coated them with a gelatine that becomes soluble at body temperature. Now the surgeon operating on a blood vessel merely clamps off the blood supply, slips the two ends of the vein over one of these sugar rods of proper diameter, stitches the ends together and removes the clamps. The blood stream dissolves the rod in one minute or less after circulation is reinstated.

Last June Sidney Smith received his M.D. and began internship with honors rare among young doctors: he had received a high professional award and had seen his paper describing the "surgical darning egg" published in the distinguished *Archives of Surgery*.

Vitalium — The Friendly Alloy

INJURIES or infections often destroy the hard ivory-smooth cartilage that lines the socket of the hip joint and allows the thighbone to glide freely against it. The result is a painful, crippling condition in which bone and socket unite solidly and deprive the joint of motion. It

is futile to separate the bones by operation because they reunite long before nature forms new cartilage.

Dr. M. N. Smith-Petersen, Chief Orthopedic Surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital, reasoned that if, after removing the bony growth, he could slip some sort of cup over the head of the thighbone, regrowth of bone could be prevented and in time new cartilage would be formed. Then, later, a second operation could be performed to remove the cup.

Dr. Smith-Petersen first tried a glass cup but it invariably broke under the patient's weight; celluloids, plastics and metals all proved unsatisfactory. Three years ago, a dentist told Dr. Smith-Petersen about a remarkable new metal alloy called vitalium, developed by Dr. Charles S. Venable of San Antonio, Texas. Vitalium is 65 percent cobalt, 30 percent chromium, and 5 percent molybdenum. Unlike other metals, it can be buried deep in the body without irritating the tissues.

Dr. Smith-Petersen inserted his first vitalium hip-cup in 1938. Since then, the operation has been repeated hundreds of times by other surgeons. Within a few days the patient can move his leg without discomfort; within two months he is walking easily on a cane or crutches and soon can discard them.

Dr. Smith-Petersen had to make one happy revision in his plan: since vitalium is completely

"friendly" to human flesh, the cup need never be removed — eliminating the second operation. At the Mayo Clinic, vitalium is now the only metal used in bone surgery.

Nature's "Nerve Glue"

NERVE CELLS do not multiply and replace themselves the way other cells of the body do; when nerves are severed by injury or surgery the stumps must be sewed together so that their tiny tendrils can reunite the fibers. Nerves are ill suited to needlework, and even for an expert surgeon this is a delicate and difficult job.

Last September two Oxford zoologists, working under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, worked out a technique which may do away with nerve stitching entirely. They packed arterial blood from a chicken in ice for 10 minutes, and then spun it in a centrifuge to produce a sticky "mucilage." Nerve stumps are held together, this plasma is poured over them, and in less than 10 minutes a firm jelly is formed which binds the ends together securely. This "nerve glue" lasts just long enough to allow the tissues to form a perfect union, then dissolves and is absorbed by the body.

Heparin—The Blood Solvent

ONE OF the mysteries of blood is its tendency to clot when exposed to air. Without this self-sealing element — the tiny, sticky

platelets in the blood stream — people might bleed to death from even minor cuts, and all surgery would be impossible.

However, clotting sometimes causes trouble. Platelets adhere to slight flaws on the inner walls of blood vessels and form clots that block circulation. An operation to remove such clots often only complicated the condition, since the seam in the repaired vein or artery formed a crevice ideal for further platelet accumulations.

In 1916 Johns Hopkins investigators extracted from dog liver a substance called heparin which tended to slow up blood coagulation, but it was too toxic for use on human beings. The Canadian doctors, C. H. Best (co-discoverer of insulin), A. F. Charles, D. H. Scott and Gordon Murray, revived the experiments at the University of Toronto and found heparin in ox lungs, in a form which could be made nontoxic.

Within the past year it has become possible for surgeons armed with solutions of heparin to operate successfully on clotted blood vessels, even in forms of clotting which formerly caused death in over 85 percent of all cases. Now, after the clot is removed and the blood vessel sutured, heparin is allowed to drip into the blood stream through a hollow needle inserted near the suture. Danger of clot formation thus is removed and healing takes place in due course.

Heparin is also being used experimentally to treat the formerly incurable bacterial infection of the inner lining of the heart called endocarditis. In this disease, clots clutter up the tissues surrounding the heart valves and prevent white blood cells from reaching and destroying the bacteria. Now doctors hope to conquer endocarditis by using heparin to clear the way, followed by sulfanilamide to help the blood cells clear up the infection.



Signs of the Times

❖ *Cryptic sign in the window of a corner drugstore in a famous southern city: If you haven't anything to do, don't do it here.*

❖ *Advertisement on a Cleveland movie theater: Free 5¢ candy bar to all children leaving before 6 p.m.*
— Cleveland Plain Dealer

❖ *Sign on Route 15, near Middletown, Connecticut:*

Sanibel Hospital
Maternity
Chronic and Convalescent

— The New Yorker

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

BUTTERCUPS, making sunlight of their own . . . When a breeze came, the leaves lapped up the silence like the tongues of little creatures drinking (Mary Webb) . . . Water tobogganing over a fall (Robert Kastner) . . . Wind huddled the trees. (Robert Louis Stevenson)

THE CAT chose a sunny spot and melted on the floor (D. B. Wilcox) . . . A moth, hobnobbing with its shadow. (Vladimir Nabokov)

A FACE smudged with fatigue (Ernest Buckler) . . . A faint leaf-curl of a smile. (Herbert Krause)

THE SLOW HONEY of complete happiness poured through me. (Armine von Tempski)

SHE HAS lots of wile power (Mrs. Howard Hommer) . . . He's a victim of mental languish (Mrs. R. E. Osborne) . . . She has delusions of glamour.

HE MUST HAVE a sixth sense — there's no sign of the other five. (Beirne Lay, Jr.)

HE HAS two chins, going on three (M. Menton) . . . A large woman, who seemed not so much dressed as upholstered. (James M. Barrie)

WITH HER it's no sooner done than said. (Daisy Baker Hay)

SHE BELIEVES the only way to hold a man is down. (Lee Shippey)

FOR three quarters of an hour he lay awake all night. (Punch)

LADIES in slacks
Should not turn their backs. (Gwyneth Cobb)

I LEARNED to ski in only ten sittings. (Claudette Colbert)

HE'S NOT himself today — and it's a great improvement. (Col. Stoopnagle)

AS HAPPY as the girl who dreamed she went to Hollywood and lived in a house with seven Gables. (Hugh Herbert)

SOME people's voices are hard to extinguish over the telephone. (Helen P. Estabrook)

NEVER judge a book by its movie. (J. W. Fagan)

I LOVE to see her laugh. So much of her has a good time. (Al Pearce)

SUCCESS used to indicate superior ability, but now people merely wonder what vitamin you're taking. (Robert Quillen)

A NIGHT CLUB, where the tables were reserved and the guests weren't. (Fred Casper)

A MAN'S method of packing is to strangle his clothes and bury them. (Louise Redfield Peattie)

IT IS GOOD to lie in bed and let sleep's drowsy wind blow out the candles of thought. (Ernest Buckler)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

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You Can't Do Business with Hitler

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

Douglas Miller

PROBABLY no book on the world crisis has received so many unsolicited endorsements from prominent Americans as this one by Douglas Miller, now a professor at the University of Denver, who was for 15 years American Commercial Attaché in Berlin. Wendell Willkie writes: "Every person seeking to understand the business aspects of either a negotiated peace or a totalitarian victory should at least expose himself to Mr. Miller's facts." William L. Shirer, famous CBS newscaster and author of *Berlin Diary*, says: "In my time in Berlin Mr. Miller was undoubtedly the best-informed man in our Embassy on all aspects of life under the Nazis. His book ought to be on the desk of every businessman in the country." "Few books that have come out of Germany," writes Sheppard Stone in the N. Y. Times Book Review, "compare with Mr. Miller's. It should be compulsory reading."

Within a month after publication, *You Can't Do Business with Hitler* had forged into a conspicuous position on nonfiction best-seller lists.

IF HITLER defeats Britain, he will have removed the last obstacle to his control over Europe, Africa and Asia Minor. He can monopolize the resources and manpower of this vast area. He will dominate the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean. If America should then seek to call a halt on him, there would be little that we could do. The last base of operations against the vitals of the Reich would have vanished. The Continental blockade would be ended.

Could not we in the United States, however, live by ourselves?

Could we not trade with the Nazis instead of fighting them?

The answer is No!

Because I spent 15 years in the service of American businessmen at the United States Embassy in Berlin—six of them under the Nazi regime—I think I am in a position to do some plain speaking on this subject.

The Nazis hate the United States more poisonously than any other country. They have often said that there are two irreconcilable poles in the world: Germany, the pole of order, discipline, and scientific progress; and the United

States, the pole of democratic anarchy and decadent Christianity. Our very existence disproves their racial and economic theories. We persist in printing and broadcasting truths which they would like to suppress. Above all, we alone possess the loot which would make their world conquest worth while. Hitler's victory is incomplete until we are brought into his world system.

I make these statements on the basis of my close association with Nazi leaders and of a detailed study of National Socialist books, pamphlets, and newspapers from the very beginning when they were less cautious about discussing ultimate objectives. These convictions I formed slowly under the pressure of overwhelming evidence.

If the Nazis defeat Britain, they will surely continue the same sort of activity that has characterized them in the past. There will be no treaty of peace. The war will go on. Totalitarianism is by nature predatory. The whole technique of German commercial policy is one of exploiting the assets of others. Hitler dare not demobilize his armies or end his war economy. He has promised future wars to boys too young to participate in the present struggle. He has written in *Mein Kampf*, "The human race has grown great in war. In peace it would only decay." The fact is that the Nazis are not organized for peace. They are not prepared

for it. They would not know what to do with it if it came.

But just how long could the Nazis enforce their New Order on the conquered people of Europe, Africa, and part of Asia? I feel that they could achieve a stability which might be unbroken for centuries. The Nazis will control supplies of food, clothing, and money throughout the area. Noncompliance with their orders will mean starvation.

They will have in their own hands all education, and all control over manufacture of airplanes, motor vehicles, locomotives, ships, munitions, and scientific instruments. Serfs might manufacture weapons for an uprising in the Middle Ages; but Hitler's victims cannot by any coup seize the centers of production of modern mechanized weapons. They will lack all means, whether intellectual or material, for effective revolt.

I see no reason why a new Caesarism could not be maintained by Nazi methods just as effectively as the Roman emperors held together their subject populations for nearly 500 years. The scientific slave state on a continental scale is not a dream. It is taking shape before our very eyes.

How long could we then maintain our own system of liberty and free enterprise in the Western Hemisphere? Latin America will certainly have to fall in with the

Nazi system. Some Nazi maps I have seen give Germany control of Latin America to a line north of the Equator, some to the Panama Canal, some to the Rio Grande, and some even include all North America in a new German-dominated world.

Europe has been the market for the bulk of Latin-American products, now piled up in warehouses awaiting customers. How can we prevent Latin America from shipping goods to Hitler, who will offer to buy everything in sight? Some may say, "But Europe will be so disorganized that it will have nothing to send in exchange." I want to point out that Hitler will have one sort of commodity which the Latin-American states will desire — *arms*. The triumph of force in Europe will be the signal for every Latin-American nation to arm. They will fear revolution from within and aggression from without. And Germany's war equipment, bearing the blue ribbon of victory, will be offered to them at attractive prices in enormous quantities. It is certain to be snapped up by Latin-American republics waiting anxiously to get something in exchange for their surplus raw products.

This is only a continuation of successful Nazi tactics. For years the export of war equipment was one of Germany's best trading assets. In fact, Hitler is glad to arm even his possible enemies. In the campaign against Greece, the ad-

vancing German soldiers were killed by German bullets. But Hitler didn't mind. Greece had paid for German munitions in raw materials which were worth more to Hitler than the lives of some of his soldiers.

Unfortunately for us, there are several Latin-American countries which must remain outside our trade system, because their commodities are directly competitive with ours. These countries will have no choice but to enter Hitler's system of bilateral agreements. As soon as increased trade with Europe has reached the point where it is absolutely vital to these Latin-American countries, the Germans will insist that all Latin-American trade with the United States be stopped, that American branches in these countries be closed down, and that American salesmen and executives be sent home. Such tactics are precisely the ones which Germany has successfully used in Eastern Europe for several years.

Further, I believe that a Hitler victory over Great Britain would be signalized by a succession of Nazi-inspired revolutions in Latin-American countries, exploding like a packet of firecrackers. The United States cannot call out the Marines to stop Mussolini from sending his daughter on a friendly visit to the president of a Latin-American republic, bringing with her baggage 50 disguised military

and aviation experts to start the training of Nazi Bunds under assumed names.

We cannot forbid revolutions in South America. We cannot interfere without arousing resentment, and thus bringing about the very condition which we hoped to prevent. Already Nazi-sponsored revolutions have been attempted in several countries to the south of us. We must abandon the belief that we can hold back the Nazi tide from the New World after Hitler's victory in the Old.

IF HITLER wins, we can expect our economic picture to be somewhat as follows: An expanded war industry which we must maintain for North American and hemisphere defense; a growing surplus of cotton, grain, and tobacco, for which no export market can be found; a growing shortage of certain critical materials, which up to now have been secured from abroad.

Our foreign trade will come almost to a standstill. At the present time two thirds of it is with the British Empire. We have placed that proportion of our eggs in one basket. Hitler bids fair to smash both basket and eggs. What is left of our foreign trade will be only the small portion which goes to Canada and the Caribbean area. We shall have to find new sources of income to take care of the vast number of workmen and industries

previously employed on sales to Britain, Europe, South America and possibly Japan. We shall be forced either to trade with Hitler or to make a sudden readjustment of our economy which is bound to be painful and distressing to millions of Americans.

But if we try to trade with Hitler, Hitler will out-trade us.

In my office in Berlin I kept framed on the wall a motto from an editorial in Hitler's newspaper, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, which read like this: "Justice and good nature should be limited to one's own people." I used to look at this motto from time to time so as not to forget that it was useless to expect the Nazis to treat us fairly.

An American company operating a large plant in the Rhineland had made heavy shipments from their German factories to Brazil. It so happened that Brazil, like Germany, had exchange restrictions, so that the money owed for these shipments was not allowed to be sent from Brazil to Germany. The American company, however, was rather pleased to have their money in Brazil, which was closer to the United States.

One day the German government gave the firm's officials two weeks to get into Germany the money covering their shipments to Brazil or else every one of the Americans in the German branch would be put into jail. After considerable

negotiation, the parent company in the United States was forced to send a very large sum to Germany to cover these shipments, and now has the money tied up in both Brazil and Germany.

One day before the expiration of our commercial treaty with Germany, containing a promise of equal treatment, I visited the Foreign Office to protest unfair discrimination against U. S. exporters of lard. The Foreign Office official explained that our country had received a quota of 40 percent of its average sales to Germany for the last three years, and that every other country was treated the same. Upon this, the American who accompanied me brought out the text of a secret German agreement by which Denmark had been receiving a quota of 65 percent compared to 40 percent given us. The German official appeared only slightly embarrassed. He explained that things were done that way nowadays. This was the only answer which a high official of the German government could give when his government had been caught in a flat lie and when their signature on our commercial treaty had been flagrantly dishonored.

THE NAZI economists have worked out a thoroughly dishonest method of living on their debts. They negotiated for the entire crops of many smaller countries at attractive prices, and blandly explained

that of course they were not paying cash, but that the little country would certainly obtain from Germany in payment a wide variety of suitable articles.

The small one-crop countries proved to be easy meat for the Germans. For example, the South African government, under pressure from domestic wool growers, sold its entire wool clip to Germany against future delivery of German locomotives, automotive equipment, and similar commodities. Unfortunately, as time elapsed the South Africans were unable to get deliveries of German automobiles at prices in line with cars offered from the United States. German locomotive plants seemed unable to deliver equipment which would suit the South African railroads, and the export of different types of electrical equipment, machinery, and tools was prohibited, as these products were needed for the German army. So, when 12 months had elapsed, the wool sales still remained on the books, and little had been taken by South Africa in payment. Nevertheless, the second and third years' wool clip was marketed in the same way as the first. Germany had obtained its wool, woven it into uniforms for the army; and the South Africans were still whistling for suitable German products in payment.

By such methods the Germans obtained huge supplies of commodities. The German Ministry of Eco-

nomics then used these commodities for resale in cash markets. The price didn't matter, because the goods were obtained on credit, sold for cash; the cash could be used for propaganda or the purchase of war materials, and the bills would not be paid anyway until they were obliterated in the next war.

In this way Germany resold Brazilian coffee, Bulgarian tobacco, Greek currants, etc., and for them obtained cash with which to buy airplane parts from the United States and Great Britain. The representative of an American firm was shown in Hamburg two shiploads of Argentine beef, obtained by Germany on a credit basis at a price of eight cents a pound. The ships were never unloaded, but were redirected to Rotterdam, where the meat was sold to the Dutch for cash at five cents a pound, or a loss of three cents a pound. These funds were then used to purchase a large quantity of straw which the German army apparently needed quickly.

Thus it has been repeatedly proved impossible to have straightforward business relations with the Nazis. Their trade methods are political and military in purpose, and shamelessly unfair or fraudulent in practice.

Americans who believe that we could have satisfactory trade relations with a victorious Germany might read two quotations from the

March 1941 German-American Commerce Bulletin. An editorial says: "Germany could easily buy from the United States each year three to four million bales of cotton, large quantities of wheat, canned meat, fruits, copper, and a great variety of finished products." But on page 12 an official article by Erich Neumann, Secretary of State in the Nazi Ministry of Economics, blurts out this statement of Germany's real economic aims: "All we wish to do is to make ourselves *independent of the outside world in the domains of foodstuffs and indispensable industrial materials*. Other products, particularly those we can do without in times of emergency, will continue to be obtained from foreign sources, in exchange for our own surplus production of manufactured articles."

In other words, the Nazis do *not* propose to purchase foods from us. Neither do they propose to import essential industrial materials, least of all from us. How in the world can we expect to sell cotton, wheat or copper when every one of these items is blocked by the Nazis on the basis of national policy?

WHAT ABOUT the possibilities of barter with a victorious Germany? Probably no American has had the opportunity to see as much negotiation for barter deals with the Nazis as I have. To begin with, the usual barter ratio for our commodities

was set at three to one. For example, American walnut growers tried to arrange a barter of \$100,000 worth of walnuts but found they would have to buy \$300,000 worth of German burlap bags and barbed wire in exchange. This meant that the walnut growers here would have to invest \$200,000 in cash, and hope to be able to recover this money by the resale of the bags and wire in the United States.

In the case of manufactured articles, the barter ratio was set at an even higher figure. The best terms on which the German Ministry of Economics would allow American automobile companies to bring in cars and parts in exchange for German goods were in the ratio of one to ten. In other words, an American automobile company which sold the Nazis \$100,000 worth of cars and parts would have to purchase \$1,000,000 worth of German goods!

Furthermore, in any barter arrangement the price set on German goods was usually high, while the price set on the American goods was arbitrarily low. For example, I worked hard in 1937 to barter 10,000 tons of West Coast prunes for an assortment of German products, but the German government would allow only three cents per pound for our prunes delivered in Hamburg. Even the lowest grade prunes were worth more than that on the Pacific Coast.

In order to save something from

the wreck of their German holdings, many American companies have been forced to accept merchandise which was either unsalable or so different from their usual line of business (like the barbed wire offered the walnut growers) that they could hardly hope to put it on the market except at considerable loss. In this category come the 8,000,000 mouth organs which an oil company took in payment for petroleum, and the 200,000 canaries which a manufacturing company got in exchange for a large press for making automobile bodies.

It is not as if the Germans were unable to pay their debts. The German government suspends interest payments on bonds held in the United States until the market price of the bonds falls to five cents on the dollar. At that point the Germans quietly buy up the bonds, profiting by their own default. In the same way the German government has claimed to be unable to allow payment for American merchandise, shipped long ago to Germany, but it is quite able to finance propaganda in foreign countries. The Nazis learned from Dr. Schacht to run up their debts as high as possible and not worry about them because they aren't planning to pay anyhow.

ANOTHER TROUBLE in dealing with the Nazis is that we never know their last word. Witness the

experience of an American soft-drink firm which had a satisfactory business in Germany for a number of years. After Hitler came into power, the company began to run into trouble. German doctors certified that the American product was "injurious to health." The company approached me and said, "We understand that there is a way of arranging matters with the National Socialist Party headquarters." I passed this on to party headquarters, and a few days later a young man in party uniform came into my office. He explained that nothing would please him better than to assist this American company. "In fact," said he, "I am already helping 17 other companies."

"Just how is that arranged?" I asked.

"The company should first of all appoint me a member of their Board of Directors in Germany."

"How much would this cost?"

"Eight hundred dollars a month."

The company agreed to the proposal, and their troubles miraculously stopped for a while.

But blackmailers always raise their price. Another Nazi official made a new ruling — namely, that this American soft drink was Jewish and would pollute any pure Aryans that might drink it.

The company came to me a second time, and I proposed that we consult Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front. Dr. Ley

suggested that a Nazi delegation visit the United States, at the American firm's expense, in order to investigate whether the product was, in fact, Jewish. This was done, and an official report duly certified that it could be enjoyed by the purest Aryans without racial contamination.

Unfortunately, the official who had made the first ruling came out with another to the effect that, though the beverage was not Jewish, it was nevertheless foreign and could not be consumed by any good Nazi. I then explained to the company that they might approach this official and find out how much it would cost to have him change his ruling; but the course I recommended was that they close their German business and go back to the United States.

Such are the alternatives which present themselves to businessmen who try to deal with the Nazis.

IN CASE of a Hitler victory, just how can American business expect to conduct ordinary day-to-day relations with a government that consistently practices blackmail, that extorts every advantage for itself alone, that dodges the payment of its debts and refuses to be bound by any contract it makes?

The Nazis, if triumphant in Europe, will ruthlessly attack our way of life with every form of economic pressure at their command. Walther Funk, President

of the Reichsbank and Minister of Economics, stated officially that after the war no private international trade would be permitted, that all trade must be between governments. Inevitably, then, the United States government must extend its control over business in order to present a stiff front to the Nazi pressure.

If we attempt to meet the Nazis' trade war with their own weapons we shall have to upset our whole economy as we know it now. The American government would have to enter into all sorts of trading enterprises. It would have to swap stocks of American goods with the Germans at fixed prices. This would lead to a forced allocation of the imported commodities to private individuals and firms in the United States. A quick result would surely be the introduction of fixed prices here covering the imported commodities and those which we exchanged.

How can we maintain our system of free enterprise if our government is thus forced directly into trade with the outside world and

consequently into drastic control of business at home? We should have to create a bureaucratic domination over individual citizens. We should be well on the way to State Socialism.

Over the long future there would be at best a state of undeclared war between our world and Hitler's, and we would have to maintain interminably a ruinous military establishment. Such a long-range hemisphere antagonism would bring with it a revolution in American life. It would tend to shatter our social institutions, and it would drastically revise our hopes for a fuller and freer existence. America would pass from a civilized era into a long night of siege.

This picture of the United States left alone in a friendless totalitarian world, forced to abandon its democratic economy under Nazi pressure, need never become a reality. We have still time — but not too much time — to intervene effectively against Hitler before he conquers Britain. What we do *now* will determine our economic history for years to come.



Expert Criticism

¶ SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, who was an eminent painter before he invented telegraphy, once asked a physician friend to look at his painting of a man in death agony. "Well," Morse inquired after the doctor had scrutinized it carefully, "what is your opinion?"

"Malaria," said the doctor.

Learning in swingtime — the fantastic era of
ballyhoo and hoopla at L.S.U. under Huey Long

Every Student a King

Condensed from "Louisiana Hayride"

Harnett T. Kane

IT IS UNLIKELY that there will ever be, outside of Hollywood sets, another college like Louisiana State University under Huey Long. As Governor, he moved to take it over in 1930, "like any other damned department." He not only honeycombed the faculty with his favorites, and Longized the university's business affairs, from placing insurance to buying ice cream cones; he also took a profound sentimental interest in the school, made it his "baby," and created an unparalleled spectacle of academic hoopla and ballyhoo, of learning in swingtime.

From a small, moderately impecunious institution of 1600 students, L.S.U. grew under Huey and

his heirs to an enrollment of 8500, making it 13th in size among American universities — "right behind Harvard." More than 40 new buildings went up, many of them with federal money, and there was a WPA-dug lake for canoeing. The students had as a mascot a Bengal tiger, housed in a \$12,000 glass-enclosed, air-conditioned cage, with a trailer for use in football travels. Two planes, acquired as part of the athletic equipment, scoured the country seeking football beef on the hoof, and when the school year was over they carried the letter men home.

Huey had three reasons for his phenomenal interest in L.S.U.: sentimental, practical, vindictive. He had always wanted to go to the state university, the country boy's dream. Now he enjoyed an enormous soul-soothing satisfaction in running things on the campus; throwing homely greetings — "Hi ya, boys," "Hi ya, cutie," — to the admiring students who always thronged round him when he appeared, and frequently ordering them to "Help yourself — on me" in the campus store. Too, he was

HARNETT T. KANE was a sophomore at Tulane when Louisiana's Kingfish, Huey Long, splashed into the gubernatorial waters in 1928. That same year Mr. Kane became a reporter on the New Orleans *Item-Tribune*, the while continuing his work at the University. He followed the tumultuous career of the Long machine through the years. One of his major assignments was to cover the trials of the machine's leaders when they were finally brought to justice. Mr. Kane, now 30, is still with the *Item-Tribune*.

using this state university at Baton Rouge as a showcase for his activities, a sounding board for his arguments. Finally, he was getting even with Tulane University at New Orleans, which had refused him an honorary degree. Huey swore he'd reduce Tulane to a little red schoolhouse.

College for all the boys and girls that want it was Huey's platform, and to house the thousands that showed up the new dormitories were inadequate. In this emergency Huey noticed the empty space between the sloping seats and the outer rim of the stadium. Some universities use it for soft-drink concessions. L.S.U. used it for freshmen and sophomores. Concrete, plaster and wood produced narrow cubicles in each of which four men were huddled, with two-decker beds. As one reporter phrased it, the stadium "seats 45,000 and sleeps 2500."

Huey bought a country club for L.S.U., complete from locker room to golf links. Every student a king, or at least a tennis player. He ordered a swimming pool and as construction was nearing completion he strolled by. "This the longest anybody's got?" No, there was one on the West Coast about ten feet longer. "Stretch it!" said the Kingfish.

A million-dollar Huey P. Long Field House popped up, with drugstore, bookshop, clubrooms; training rooms for athletes. Prize play-

ers were to be accommodated there, with the best of feeding and care, like blooded cattle. Someone — assuredly not Huey — decided that this might be somewhat conspicuous, and the boys were shifted to an equally luxurious but more secluded establishment.

Huey wanted a good football team, to beat Tulane and to bring L.S.U. into the national spotlight. He gave the order: buy the best football material available; in the oil fields, in the high schools, in the pirogue country. He helped coach the team himself. One night in Washington a sports writer was in Huey's room. The Kingfish sent down for "22 of them little gilt chairs in the ballroom," lined them up like two football teams, told his friend to "show me the Notre Dame shift."

He cried happy tears when L.S.U. won. He wept when it lost. He strode the side lines, shouted encouragement, beat the ground, seized handfuls of grass. Sometimes the crowd forgot the game and watched Huey, a better show. Between halves he gave pep talks. He promised the team a luxury dormitory atop his skyscraper Capitol if it won an important game. He offered state jobs to those who made touchdowns. When Tulane protested some of these idiosyncrasies, Huey sniffed: "That's Tulane sportsmanship."

When an important game with Vanderbilt was scheduled at Nash-

ville, Tenn., Huey discovered that few L.S.U. students could afford the train fare. He summoned the railroad officials and talked of sending railroad tax assessments to the skies if they did not show proper friendliness to Louisiana's youth. The phenomenal price of \$7 per round trip to Nashville resulted. "Whoever ain't got \$7, lemme know." Huey turned his hotel room into a distribution point, giving out cash to all who filed past him; 4000 students made the trip.

Before the Rice Institute game in Baton Rouge Huey received word that the circus was coming to town and had a parade and an afternoon performance scheduled on the day of the game. He long-distanced the circus management, then in Texas. He wanted no foolishness, no performance until Saturday night. The management demurred. Huey cut the parley short: "I don't think you're a-gonna like Baton Rouge anyway." "Why not?" "Did you ever try to dip a tiger? You got vats big enough for elephants?" "Wh-what do you mean?" "Brother, we got health laws in Loozyanna. The way I interpret 'em, every one of your animals will have to get dipped in sheep dip before they cross the line." There was no afternoon performance.

Huey's football shows were spectacles: 2000 cadets, 200 musicians, 50 "purple jackets" — coeds in

white pleats and blazers — octettes of dancing boy and girl cheerleaders, and 50 sponsors in a row. And the star of the troupe, Huey, swinging, roaring, hightailing it at the head of the march. He led his boys and girls down the main streets of the invaded towns, razzle-dazzled over the field between halves and hovered perilously close to the players during the game.

Huey loved music, the jews' harp, hillbilly band, anything except "them high-toned symphonies"; and he loved his L.S.U. band only slightly less than his team. He went after both in the same way but in music was unhampered by conference rules. He increased the band to 175, to 200, to 210. "Music scholarships" were tossed about like football bait. Other university musical groups were scouted, neighborhoods scoured by ward heelers hunting saxophonists and piccolo players with a high school education. Huey spent hours with the bandmaster, working over arrangements: "Change that eighth to a sixteenth; need some stomp there." He crooned, he hummed themes, he composed *Every Man a King* with his musicians. He gave L.S.U. a music school that was a near wonder for the South: a myriad of studio practice rooms, 80 grand pianos. "Count 'em," begged Huey when he showed guests about.

L.S.U. enrollment swelled enormously; but Huey planned to step it up even further, to make it "the

biggest god-damned university in the country, maybe in the world." He realized that he could not afford to put many more students in conventional dormitories, but he envisioned streets of barracks-like buildings 500 feet long, "cut up inside with cubbyholes where a boy could study, with a little space to sleep. I'd feed 'em in buildings like that, too."

To the Kingfish, the university was his own. He once decided to reward Abe Mickal, star of the football team, by appointing him to a senatorial vacancy from Baton Rouge. Mickal fulfilled none of the requirements; he was under 21, a native of Mississippi, not a resident of the parish. An undergraduate wrote a letter to the campus weekly, terming Huey's action a mockery of democracy. Huey was shown an advance copy, and ordered the 4000 copies of the issue destroyed. He announced, regarding the editor, "I'll fire him and all his family. This is my university. Nobody is going to criticize Huey Long on his money."

In general, however, the undergraduates were docile and made an excellent source of cheap patronage. A lot of the strapping youngsters Huey was seeing through college were getting to voting age and came from large families. So hundreds were "cared for" on the basis not of scholarship or need but of the political faith of their relatives and their ability to convince some-

body that they were political "comers."

As Huey lay dying his last words were said to have been: "I wonder what's going to happen to my poor boys at L.S.U." But as the Long regime remained in power, and the university remained the darling of the legislature, for several years L.S.U. flourished even more luxuriantly than before. Indeed, student affairs took on an extra flamboyance.

Since by obtaining political prominence any bright boy could get the promise of a state job before he left the campus, undergraduate offices were eagerly sought. Airplanes showered the campus with campaign literature, and rival political rallies were broken up with tear gas, heckling and fist fights.

Russell Long, son of Huey, making his bow as a teen-age boss, emphasized his candidacy by engaging especially selected coeds in bathing suits to parade with L-O-N-G painted on their bare backs, and by handing out free ice cream cones and lollypops to all who would promise to vote for him. Other candidates hired magicians to entertain the campus voters. A cheerleader hired Negro bootblacks to give free shines. Acrobats and coed tap dancers gave a lift to torchlight parades. An "anonymous" candidate called himself "The Masked Marvel" and rode about the campus on a horse for a week in black robe and hood, finally revealing himself

in a flashlight explosion in the open-air theater as one of the older law school students.

With so much easy money lying about, L.S.U. boys were determined to reach out and take theirs. When the bubble burst, with the indictment of Huey's henchman, President Jim Smith, for embezzlement of \$500,000 in university funds, more than 50 percent of all L.S.U.

students were on some kind of payroll.

However, as a result of Huey's ministrations L.S.U. acquired a magnificent plant, magnificently maintained; some impressive names on the faculty next to some garden variety mediocrities, or worse; and the framework for what may become, years hence, one of the great southern universities.

Answers to Brain Twisters on Page 29

1. Twenty miles. Since the two bicyclists were traveling at 15 miles an hour and were originally 30 miles apart, when they met they had been on the road for an hour. Accordingly, the fly, traveling at 20 miles an hour, covered 20 miles regardless of how complicated its path.

2. One, two, and three.

3. Six hours. The 49 butts make seven cigarettes, but each of these when smoked is good for a new butt. Thus there are seven additional butts; therefore eight cigarettes.

4. Halfway. After that he's running out.

5. How many minutes in an hour and 20 minutes?

6. 1. Awkward. 2. Backgammon, Blackguard. 3. Luncheon, Truncheon. 4. Perhaps. 5. Saltpeter.

7. One person gets the basket — with the apple still in it.

8. You will have lost \$9.25. It is immaterial which times you win or lose, as long as both occur the same number of times.

9. One big haystack.

10. Four statements of information are made. If they are numbered one to four, it is easier to follow the reasoning. Albert is not the broker (1) nor the lawyer (3). The senator is friendly with two of the other three men (4) while Albert is unfriendly with two of them (1); so Albert cannot be the senator. Hence Albert must be the doctor. The broker is neither Alfred nor Albert (1) and cannot be Alexander since that gentleman is on good terms with the doctor (2) whom we have just proved to be Albert. The broker must therefore be Aloysius. Of the remaining two men, Alfred was not on good terms with Albert (1), and from (4) we can tell that Alfred cannot be the senator. Hence Alexander must be the senator and Alfred the lawyer.

¶ The citizens of Henrico County, Virginia, hire a business manager and get full value for their tax dollars

Common Sense in County Government

Condensed from *National Municipal Review*

Karl Detzer

MOST OF America's 3053 counties charge outrageous taxes for the services they render their citizens; with millions of dollars invested, they often are managed less capably than a small-town store. This is due partly to outmoded, horse-and-buggy methods, politicians hanging on to a good thing, to patronage, pap and overstuffed payrolls—and partly to public lethargy, because you and I are content to foot the bill.

Seven years ago the citizens of Henrico County, Virginia, decided to put common sense in the courthouse. They employed a trained nonpolitical executive to administer their affairs on a business basis. Today they have what many experts call the best county government in America.

Henrico is one of half a dozen counties in the nation to employ the county manager plan effectively, although a handful of others have adopted variations of it. That more have not adopted it is due to the opposition of entrenched political bosses who realize that if the manager plan is inaugurated in their counties they are through.

Today, although the tax rate is lower than it was under the old form of county government, Henrico has increased its services to its people an average of 43 percent. It did this by consolidating departments, abolishing useless jobs, substituting business practice for political expediency.

Henrico County almost surrounds, but does not include, the city of Richmond — thus profits by no city taxes. More than half its 30,000 people make their living from agriculture; 30 percent are Negro. Its 240 square miles embrace a Richmond suburb, 1350 farms, six rural villages. Its soil, population, wealth and industries are average, but its government is not.

First, it operates on a balanced budget. In seven years it has built three waterworks systems, modernized and increased its police force, placed health, sanitation, finance and public works on an efficient basis by transforming a chaotic, unrelated, overlapping group of offices which spent public funds into a modern department of finance. It has abolished a fee sys-

tem whereby five elected officers formerly pocketed \$33,000 a year, has substituted salaries of \$15,800. It has snatched nearly 1000 children out of schoolhouse fire traps, built \$500,000 worth of new schools, raised teachers' salaries 23 percent, wages of other employes an average of 10 percent.

And at the same time it has reduced taxes and is paying off its bonded debt of \$900,000 at the rate of \$37,500 a year.

Its tax rate, based on 45 percent of fair market value of real estate, last year amounted to 49½ cents on each \$100 of assessment, as compared to a state average of 74 cents, a national average of \$1.13. Thus the owner of a \$5000 farm paid \$24.75; a suburbanite in a \$10,000 home paid \$49.50 and got water and sewer service, protection by fire and police departments.

Instead of 25 elected independent officers each running his own department, buying his own supplies, appointing his own deputies, building his own political fences, only seven are now elected: commonwealth attorney, clerk, sheriff and four supervisors. These four (at present an insurance agent, two doctors and a farm manager) receive \$400 a year each, meet twice a month, serve as a county board of directors. They determine broad policies, set tax rates and salaries, and appoint the school board, planning board and county manager. They are not concerned with jobs

for ditchdiggers, clerks or police, or the trivia which too often take up most of a board's time.

Henrico's manager until this year was a lanky engineer named William F. Day who previously had managed the city of Staunton. In Henrico, for \$6000 a year, he worked 12 hours a day, countenanced no political pressures, made his associates work as hard as he did. Perhaps his outstanding quality was a conviction that public funds should be spent just as frugally as John Average Citizen spends his own cash. He believed, too, that the rural taxpayer is entitled to as good schools, roads, police and fire services as his city brother, provided he's willing to pay for them.

Day did no "housecleaning" when he took over. He told county employes: "If you are capable, willing to work and to forget politics, stay and help clean up this mess."

Nearly half the present employes were inherited from the former regime. Others, chiefly political appointees in nonessential jobs, got out fast. This was particularly true of the highway force.

Formerly, as in most counties, the road department was burdened with welfare cases. Scores of these were actually unemployables, men too old or too sick to work, some carried on the payroll at 10 cents an hour, neither expecting nor expected to do any real work.

"Road building's a construction job, not a charity ward," Manager Day said. He ordered the welfare department to handle its own cases, the highway division to employ only able-bodied men. Today the hundred road workers receive from 30 to 50 cents an hour.

Henrico's roads formerly were built and maintained by four separate organizations, each directed by an *elected* supervisor, each with its own labor and equipment. These now are merged into one force, directed by one engineer. He built a single shop to service and repair all road equipment. It also repairs the 36 school buses and 12 police cars. The plant cost \$10,000, saves half that much each year, gives the public better service.

The county several years ago bought 60 acres of farmland, from which it digs sand, gravel and topsoil. It gets gravel at 32 cents a ton, has enough to last 50 years. Average price of gravel from commercial plants previously had been \$1.25 a ton. Savings on this item amount to more than \$10,000 a year.

Henrico has 430 miles of roads, 79 percent hard-surfaced. It buys no land for any highway, no matter how powerful politically an owner may be. "We need plenty of new roads and plenty of widened roads where people are willing to give the land," Day told his board. In the past four years property owners have presented land for 43 miles of new roads, at no charge.

Frugality and political expediency rarely go hand-in-hand. It's hard for an elective officer to turn down a salesman with a thousand votes up his sleeve, even if his price is a few cents high. Henrico buys everything from tractors to thumbtacks through a single purchasing agent. He is an appointive officer. He is not interested in votes, simply in keeping his job, and his job consists in getting more for the money. Last year he shopped carefully on 1565 orders, spent \$250,000, saved 20 percent over old-time methods.

Thirty-three full-time and eight part-time policemen, appointed by the manager, patrol the county highways 24 hours a day in radio cars. The sheriff, nominal head of the department, recently asked to be relieved of that particular duty, and the county employed a trained chief, who installed modern fingerprint and identification systems, sends his men to FBI schools for instruction.

When Farmer Smith demands to know why the tax is higher on his 40 acres than Farmer Jones pays on his 40, the finance officer has the answer ready. From his files he pulls two large cards, one for Smith's farm, one for Jones's.

On each is drawn an accurate map of the assessed property, showing roads, woodland, type of soil, etc. On each is pasted a photograph of farm buildings. Each house is described in detail. The finance

officer is able to point out that the Smith house has a tile bathroom, an oil burner, insulated walls, a glassed porch — none of which blessings belong to Farmer Jones.

"Besides," he may add, "Jones has 17 acres of worthless swamp-land and every inch of yours is good soil. His barn was built in 1894 and is ready to fall down. Yours is only five years old. You are a lucky man, Mr. Smith, compared with Mr. Jones."

Usually the objector is satisfied; if not, he may lay his complaint before a board of appeals.

Delinquent taxes in the county have dropped from 22 percent in 1933 to 10 percent last year, thanks in part to a "budget plan" worked out with local banks. Citizens who find themselves unable to pay their taxes in a lump sum need only drop into the nearest bank, figure out a budget scheme they can afford, pay a portion each month.

Three years ago the finance offi-

cer discovered that a number of county employees and persons with whom the county did business were delinquent. In spite of screams of protest, he quietly withheld salaries and payment of bills until tax payments were arranged under the budget plan.

This year the federal government called Day from Henrico, made him responsible for municipal efficiency in the boom towns around national defense projects. To succeed him the county board appointed 37-year-old S. J. Mahaffey, manager of the town of Franklin, Va. He is carrying on Day's methods with no change in personnel.

Henrico voters like the plan. Last election, every candidate for office went on record approving business methods in county government. They knew that their people would not return to the expensive luxury of political maneuvering at public expense.

Now, in *your* county . . . ?

2015

Tuition Plan, Inc.

SEVEN U. S. colleges this year joined 93 private schools in selling education on the installment plan. The system operates under the name Tuition Plan, Inc. A parent signs a contract with the school, which sells it to Tuition Plan and receives the full tuition price at the beginning of the term. Tuition Plan sends the parent a monthly bill, adding 4 percent for services, collects the money in eight installments. Among several thousand contracts written. Tuition Plan has never had one that failed to pay. — *Time*

¶ That favorite fiction character, the amateur detective, finally has his counterpart in real life

Amateur Crime Busters, Inc.

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Alan Hynd

ONE NIGHT in 1930 Sergeant Gustave R. Steffens of the Elizabeth, N. J., police invited to his home a ballistics expert, a microscopist, an expert photographer and an authority on violet and infrared rays. Steffens himself had just completed a four-year correspondence course in chemistry.

"I asked you here tonight," Steffens explained, "because of an axe. An axe was found in the home of a man who had quarreled with another man who was recently murdered. There were red stains on it, so headquarters decided the owner was the murderer. They spent a week hunting for him before I brought the axe home and found the stains were paint, not blood. As a result of the time lost the guilty man may never be found."

Steffens pointed out that the local police department could not afford to set up a crime detection laboratory. "That's where you gentlemen — and others, I hope — will come in. I want you to contribute, free, your spare time, professional knowledge and valuable equipment to any small police department which needs them."

The visitors agreed. To act as amateur detectives would be fun. Soon they incorporated as The Crime Detection Laboratory of New Jersey, a nonprofit organization. Since then the group, now much enlarged, has worked hand in hand with small-town police units and sheriffs to solve scores of crimes which, without their assistance, might forever have remained mysteries.

At first nobody paid much attention to The Crime Detection Laboratory, with a correspondence school chemist as its president. Then the Elizabeth police picked up a Negro in the railroad yards and accused him of being the burglar who had for some weeks terrorized local residents. The Negro said he had just bummed his way by freight from the ore mines of Pennsylvania.

"Oh, yeah?" said a detective. "How is it you got \$87 on you? Here, try on this cap." The cap had that very night been left at the scene of a burglary. It fitted the Negro.

Because he still refused to confess, headquarters appealed to The Crime Detection Laboratory. Dr.

Paul Walther, microscopist, examined the prisoner's clothes. He reported that the Negro couldn't have been around Elizabeth for 24 hours, let alone several weeks. Neither his suit nor his shoes contained a particle of the red clay soil indigenous to the vicinity. But they did yield willemite and franklinite, minerals abundant in the Pennsylvania ore fields. These findings substantiated the Negro's claim to innocence. As a clincher, they discovered in the cap two light hairs, none of curly black.

By this time local scoffers were silenced. Meanwhile Steffens and his co-workers had lined up new crime hobbyists — dentists, toxicologists, bacteriologists, even lawyers — to guide them as to admissible evidence. The Standard Oil Company agreed to handle an occasional analysis job, without charge, in its nearby laboratory. The amateurs spent many nights making chemical tests for the Elizabeth police and supplying photographs, enlarged for courtroom purposes, of bullets, buttons and other pieces of evidence.

One night in the neighboring town of Woodbridge a two-story building with a ground floor grocery store caught fire. The store proprietor, Frank Gentile, lived with his wife in the rear. The building's owners, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Lanni, who occupied the second floor, were spending the night with friends in New York

Among the spectators was James S. White, assistant county prosecutor. He was impressed by the swift spread of the flames. And when the fire was put out a search of the debris yielded a small piece of carpet which smelled of gasoline. White further discovered that both Lanni and Gentile had loaded up with fire insurance a few weeks before.

The prosecutor's office sent the piece of carpet to The Crime Detection Laboratory. Sergeant Steffens took it to the Standard Oil people. "What brand of gasoline is in this?" he asked. In a few hours he knew not only the brand but the grade; and he learned that the fragment contained synthetic turpentine, dear to the hearts of firebugs.

The authorities then canvassed hardware and paint stores, and service stations handling the brand of gas. At one place they were told that a dark man in his middle fifties, resembling neither Gentile nor Lanni, had recently bought four five-gallon drums of the fuel found in the carpet. In a nearby town a man answering the same description had bought five gallons of synthetic turpentine at a paint shop.

Detectives shadowing Gentile followed him one night to the home of a dark, middle-aged man named Antonio Piscitelli, who turned out to be Gentile's father-in-law. Piscitelli was identified as the buyer of the gasoline and turpentine. A

search of Gentile's garage uncovered a pair of old pants smelling of gasoline — which Steffens found to be the same brand that Piscitelli had bought, indicating that Gentile had helped his father-in-law torch the building. Confronted by this, Gentile confessed, naming Piscitelli as the author of the plot. Lanni had been in on it, too. All three defendants received long prison terms.

After the arson case, police departments and sheriffs in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania began sending Steffens clues from suspicious fires, hit-and-run crimes and mysterious deaths. From as far as 500 miles distant there came, in hermetically sealed containers, parts of human bodies for examination by toxicologists. Pieces of clothing, forged documents, dental work, and chemical and medical questions streamed in. The Labora-

tory cracked — by mail — many cases which never could have been solved by small-town cops.

The Laboratory now numbers over 50 experts — ranging from physicians and X-ray specialists to mineralogists and handwriting experts. None of them has ever accepted anything for his services, though many have worked long hours, nights and Sundays, on tough cases. The Laboratory has handled 570 major cases, solving more than 500 of them. J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI has said of the work: "It far surpasses the attempts which have been made by police departments to organize laboratories within their own organizations — which because of lack of funds and sufficient current work generally result in a lack of expert specialization. The project should be emulated in other communities."



Realist

"*W*ELL, UNCLE JOE," the real estate man said to an old Negro who had just paid the last installment on a small farm, "I'll make you a deed to the farm now it's been paid for."

"Boss," the Negro replied, "if it's all de same to you, I wish you'd give me a mo'gage to de place."

The surprised real estate man protested that Uncle Joe didn't seem to know the difference between a deed and a mortgage.

"Well, mebbe not," said the Negro. "But I owned a fahm once an' I had a deed an' de Fust National Bank had a mo'gage, an' de bank got de fahm!"

— *Banking*

Little People and Big Words

By

Sherwood Anderson

ON MY FARM in Virginia is a man who has been there, as farmer, for twelve years. He works hard, trying to make the farm pay its own way. I live there in the summer and wander around America in the winter. I meet a good many people of the so-called artist class — authors, musicians, poets, painters. Mostly, I have found, they are very sour on life.

They think that civilization is going to pieces. Things are not right with our country nor with the world. I gather that of course none of this is their own fault. It is the fault of the people, they say; the people, who are too dumb.

I think all this would be of no importance except that from these men and women come the books and articles that people read. So they influence the thinking of others.

These writers and poets and painters seem to be in a terrible

hurry. I find that they do not have much time to make acquaintances outside their own circle. So they can never understand the people of whom they complain. The people are "the masses." They dismiss them with a word.

NOT LONG AGO I was walking with a friend along crowded city streets. For an hour he talked of himself, of what a terrible problem life was to him. Civilization, he said, was falling into chaos. Why? He used vague words. "People are too stupid." He spoke of "the people," but he did not mean the hundreds of individuals who passed us as we walked, for he was not aware of them. His ears were filled only with the sound of his own complaint.

We passed a boy and girl and I heard her saying: "You don't want to worry. There've been things worse than this before. We're going to come out all right. Why, if things were all right all the time, we'd never appreciate it!" I saw her smiling at him. The boy's frown changed and I saw him smiling back at her.

"These dumb masses," my friend said, making a sweeping gesture. He had seen nothing but what he had been thinking in his head. "Like cattle! How can you make them understand?"

SHERWOOD ANDERSON died on March 8, at Panama, while on a South American cruise. This bit of homely philosophy, found in longhand in his room and destined for *The Reader's Digest*, was perhaps the last thing he wrote.

Leaving school in Ohio at 14, Sherwood Anderson became first a roving common laborer. He was manager of a paint factory when he began to write about people in the small-town Midwest that he knew so well. *Vinesburg, Ohio* (1919) is possibly the best known of a dozen books from his pen.

Another friend of mine is a young poet. I took him with me once to spend an evening with a certain family. They are what is called "middle class." They had heard that my friend was a poet, and so they were a little overawed. For a while conversation did not go easily.

A boy of perhaps 20 came by to visit one of the daughters. He stood waiting for her and he seemed embarrassed, talking too loudly and saying things he did not mean. After he and the girl had gone out together, I was told that they had been sweethearts from childhood, but that lately the girl had been attracted to an older man with a successful business. The mother favored the older man, but the father liked the boy. The girl's sister favored the boy too. "She wouldn't be happy with Tommy," the mother said. "I don't want to see any more unhappiness."

The girl's sister got up and excused herself; she was smiling, but I saw that her face was strained. "I shouldn't have said that," the mother said. Then I learned that the man this other daughter had been going to marry had suddenly gone insane. She was herself nearly half insane with grief. But she had been sitting there with us, covering up her grief, smiling, talking, trying to come back to normal.

"She'll get over it," the father said. "It's hard for her now, but she won't let it beat her."

When we left my friend the

poet asked me what I saw "in dull middle-class people like that."

THESE ARE the words we hear — "the masses," "the middle class," "the capitalists." Thousands of men working in the great factories; one word, "the masses," makes them all the same, pigeonholed and dismissed. The people who use the word do not see the lines on their faces; they are not aware of the ideas, the problems, the emotions that make these thousands of faces, these thousands of lives each one different from the other, each with its own strivings and ambitions, its sorrows and joys.

"The people are stupid." But there is no such thing as "the people." There is instead the individual. He can be put into this "class" or that "class," but he does not know it. He remains himself, a man or woman shaping his life, living an adventure, striving for happiness, for decency. He knows what he is striving for. He knows so well that he will die for it, if need be. The good fights have never been fought and won by those who use the big empty words and find "the people" dull.

I used to talk with a woman who worked at a machine in a factory. Her husband was dead; there were two children at home to support. She was not a machine that guided another machine. Her children were going to school; she read their school-books and taught herself through

her children's minds. She talked of the machine she worked at. "It is a wonderful thing," she said. "My boy knows how it is made, and he taught me. Some day he is going to make a better machine. I think that is the idea of America. It says, 'Here! There are things to do, things to make better. No one is holding you back. You go out, all you young ones, and learn, and work, and make things better.'"

She was a part of "the masses." Her life was not dull. Her life was joy and adventure.

I SPOKE OF the farmer on my place. He has been struggling for years to improve the half-worn-out soil of my farm. He gains a little, year by year. That poor soil is a living thing to him, a sick thing that he is nourishing and helping back to health. He is a man of few words, but occasionally he talks of what he thinks about.

Once in a while when I have been listening for too long to the big thinkers, I go out to the barn where he is perhaps milking a cow. I talk with him and my mind clears of the big words I have heard, all the complaints and questionings. "This is 'the people,'" I think as I listen to him. "This is what is so ordinary and commonplace." And I wish that I had my friends with me, to listen too. The farmer is talking to me of his life, of the soil he nourishes, of an idea that came to him out in the fields the other day.

Then he talks of the people in the neighborhood. The son of the family down the road has come back from an agricultural college, and he has a lot of new ideas. His father pretends to be dubious, and they argue, but behind his son's back he says to the other farmers, "You ought to come and listen to my boy." And the young man nearby, who married the girl no one thought much of, the girl he found in the city; well, it seems he broke his leg and couldn't work, and this girl got out and did the work, and took care of him too. It seems she is a fine girl, after all.

The farmer tells me all this. He makes me aware, if I had never been aware before, that each individual's life is a world of its own. It may be a very little world, compounded of things that would be of no importance elsewhere; but it is separate, it is individual, it has its own color and adventure.

That is the answer to those who say "the masses," "the classes," who use the words that mean nothing. They do not see beneath the big empty words to what is right next to them, to what is all around them, to the individuals who are "the people," to the adventure of their days, the ever-varied texture of their lives, the dreams and hopes that, slowly, they work to make into reality. The words are dead, empty and bitter; "the people" are unaware of them, for the people are alive.

Shake Hands With the Dragon



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

CARL GLICK

*I*N THIS unique and entertaining study of life in New York's Chinatown, Carl Glick tells how the Chinese-Americans in this country have, by adapting age-old eastern ways to modern western life, solved many of the problems which perplex our society — child training, juvenile delinquency, divorce, social security, the enjoyment of leisure and old age.

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ONE EVENING as I turned the corner into Chinatown, I passed a shop where two old men sat in the doorway. I overheard one of them say, "*Fon qua low, fie nee.*" That means, "Foreign blue-eyed devil man in a hurry."

I slowed down, bowed pleasantly, and replied, "*Ho la ma, bong yin?*" — "How are you, men of China?"

They smiled in return, and that was that, I thought.

Later that night I had dinner in a favorite Chinese restaurant. When I came to pay my bill the cashier informed me it had already been taken care of.

"By whom?" I asked in amazement.

"Your two friends up the street," was the answer. "They hoped you would not hurry out of Chinatown as fast as you hurried in."

And I never do. The Chinese consider hurry uncivilized: and after spending an hour or so with them, sipping tea, chatting quietly, I find that the pressing necessity of the moment grows unimportant and a fresh perspective takes its place — the Chinese perspective that tomorrow will always come; that a culture which has endured for thou-

sands of years will survive even the 20th century.

To Americans the Chinese often seem strange, their ways surprising. But it is worth while getting to know them. I have been acquainted with the Chinese in this country for a number of years now, ever since I was an athletic director at a settlement supported by the Methodist Church on Second Avenue in New York City. And knowing them has been an exciting adventure; one that opens new paths in living to explore.

IT IS ODD that Chinatown should be a refuge of quiet and peacefulness, for it is one of the most congested areas in Manhattan. Some 8000 persons live there, in a few city blocks. We know from our social workers that crime finds a fertile breeding ground in crowded tenements. Yet in this area juvenile delinquency is hardly a problem. In a recent year only one Chinese child was arrested. A police captain gave me a reason: "Chinese children are trained to respect their parents and uphold the family ideals."

I wondered if this was the an-

swer. I went to my friend Eddie Wu, for he had told me that when he was ten he had been arrested for truancy.* Eddie suggested that I talk with his father, and late one afternoon we all met for tea. Mr. Wu was a dignified old gentleman. He rarely smiled, yet there was a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"My son," he told me, "is known in Chinatown as 'Number One Bad Boy.'"

Eddie sadly murmured, "Must I be reminded forever of my wild oat?"

"Yes — for I have eaten it," replied Mr. Wu. "Yet never again will he disgrace me."

"How do you manage him?" I asked.

"Very difficult," said Mr. Wu. "I work hard and perspire freely to set him a good example. I deny myself many foolish pleasures, such as a man of my age is entitled to. But it is worth it. If I do not set him a good example, who will?"

He explained that the first of all virtues is filial piety. It begins with serving one's parents, leads to serving one's kind, and ends in establishing one's character.

"When a child in Chinatown is bad-mannered and misbehaves," Mr. Wu went on, "it is the father who is criticized. It is his first duty to his country, his neighbors and himself to train his children properly."

"But suppose he is too busy, or doesn't care?" I asked.

"Then he loses face. His neighbors, his cousins, his friends and business associates would no longer invite him into their homes, nor would he be asked to feasts. And if he loses face with his family and friends he might as well go out and make a gun go pop into his heart.

"So we Chinese are very strict. What happened to you, my son, when you were arrested?" asked Mr. Wu, chuckling.

Eddie looked sheepish. "My father did not speak to me for two months. He took away all my playthings. I was not allowed to leave the house after school hours. My friends all laughed at me. I was very unhappy."

Strict as Chinese parents are, I have been unable to find a single record of one being charged with cruelty to children. The Chinese believe youth and old age should be the two happiest times of a man's life. And so, for the first four to six years, a Chinese child is petted by everyone. The Chinese believe that because this is a sad world, with tears more plentiful than laughter, a child should start upon his journey through life smiling. Teach him in his earliest years that life is gay, and ten to one, despite ill fortune, he'll go through manhood with unflinching courage and at the end again find peace and have memories of laughter.

As Mr. Wu said, "The parents

* See "As the Chinese Twig Is Bent," *The Reader's Digest*, April, '38.

do all they can to make their children happy, and later the children, remembering a happy childhood, do all they can to make their parents happy."

Thus there are no repressions for a baby. I have never yet heard a Chinese father say "Don't" to a very young child. Instead, it's always a positive statement, "Do." The way to learn, the Chinese say, is by positive action. And they begin this instruction as soon as the baby is able to toddle. The father himself is the teacher.

Nothing gives a Chinese father more pleasure after a day's hard work than to go home and play with his babies. And no father in the world is more proud than a Chinese. As soon as the child is able to toddle the father takes him to visit his friends. A son to carry on after he has gone—that is his final answer to life. It is a better investment against a lonely old age than money in a bank.

But by the time the son is six years old the coddling ceases. It is time to train him to become a man. From now on, unquestioning respect for his elders is firmly planted in his life. It is even carried into the manner of addressing each other in the family circle. Members of the same family do not address each other by their given names. It is "Elder Brother," or "Younger Brother," and so on. When boys are playing together the oldest is always appointed leader. It is up to

him to decide what the game is to be, and settle all disputes. Should one of his group get into mischief, the leader must accept the punishment.

This respect for the elder makes for ready obedience, and a serene home life. Household discipline is strict. Training in stoicism begins at an early age, and forces upon the Chinese child an acceptance of life and death that he never loses.

ASK A CHINESE BOY what he intends to be when he grows up, and the answer is invariably, "A scholar like my father." For in Chinese life the scholar is given the highest rank. But the scholarship for which children strive is not learning for the sake of learning but learning for the enjoyment, in their old age, of books and poetry, art and music. This makes for a rich, not a lonely, life when a man retires.

Chinese children spend practically all day in school. Their I. Q.'s, by the way, average from 115 up, with many as high as 130 and 140. When they are dismissed from the American public schools at three o'clock, they go home for an hour's play in the streets, an older person watching quietly to see that they do not misbehave. Then from four until seven they attend the Chinese schools, built by the Chinese themselves. Here they are taught the precepts of Confucius and other philosophers, Chinese history and

language, and other cultural subjects.

At home, after the evening meal, the father or elder tells them stories of ancient China's heroes, poets and philosophers; and of the glories of the family in past generations, handed down by word of mouth. Many are parables which have a bearing on the problems of the day.

I think that the peace found behind the closed doors of Chinatown is due to the fact that the eldest present sets the pace: since he was trained properly in his youth, he now trains his sons and grandsons in the same manner.

ONE DAY Eddie Wu telephoned me. He had finished college the year before and was now in business with his father.

"My bride is coming to town tomorrow," he announced. "Come with me to the Grand Central. I want to see what she looks like."

"Don't you know?" I asked, somewhat bewildered.

"Certainly not," and he hung up.

I met Eddie at the appointed time. Though it was midwinter, tiny beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. He hid himself in the crowd, growing visibly more nervous as the moments passed. Suddenly he stopped fidgeting. Coming from the train was an elderly Chinese man, and following respectfully a few feet behind him a young Chinese girl. Eddie stepped im-

pulsively forward. The girl gave him a quick glance, then demurely lowered her eyes and continued on her way.

"Whew!" said Eddie. "I shouldn't have done that. Very bad manners. My father would be cross if he knew."

As I learned later, this was no mail-order bride. Eddie Wu's marriage had been arranged in the orthodox Chinese manner, and the selection of his wife had involved many months of careful research.

Mr. Wu explained it to me: "Americans fall in love and then marry. We Chinese marry first — then fall in love. It is much better that way. More lasting."

I knew that divorce among the Chinese was so rare as to be practically non-existent. But to marry a girl you'd never spoken to!

I asked Eddie how he felt about it, and his answer was surprising. "My grandfather selected my mother for my father. He didn't see her until his wedding day — and I'm here. So it's all right. My father has good judgment. I trust him. I shall be happy with the wife he chooses for me."

"Finding the one wife best suited to my son was too delicate a problem for me to undertake myself," said Mr. Wu. "To go about interviewing young women and their parents would not be good manners. I hired a professional go-between — Mrs. Wong, the mother of four grown sons. I paid her \$100

and expenses. And if there are sons the first few years, she'll wheedle more out of me!"

Mrs. Wong was an expert character analyst, with an understanding of human nature based on experience. Her first duty was to find out all she could about Eddie. She talked with his friends, neighbors and business associates, and with people who didn't like him. Ultimately she knew all about the boy. He had many good qualities that should be encouraged. He also had faults that must be overcome.

Then she drew a chart of Eddie's character and was ready to apply to her selection of a wife the ancient Principle of the Yang and Yin—simply, the missing half needed to complete Eddie's whole, a woman strong where he was weak, and weak where he was strong. As Eddie was extravagant, Mrs. Wong sought a thrifty wife. Eddie was fond of gadding about; Eddie's wife therefore should be home-loving, shy. Married to Eddie she might overcome her shyness, and Eddie might find more delights in his home than he found before.

It was in Boston that Mrs. Wong, after an equally careful inquiry, discovered such a young woman. Mrs. Wong's report satisfied Mr. Wu. Gifts were exchanged between the parents, and the engagement was sealed. Eddie sent his future wife his picture, and she responded with a like courtesy. Save for Eddie's unorthodox peek

at Grand Central, he didn't see his bride-to-be until after the Chinese ceremony. This preceded the American marriage as prescribed by law, and was held at Eddie's home. He would continue to live with his parents, of course, until his family became too large. Then he might move across the hall.

THE DOOR to the outside world in the apartment building had been given a new coat of red paint, symbolizing good luck. The wedding was set for noon. Slowly the guests assembled. Eddie sat in his room, which was from now on to be the bridal chamber. He had removed his own trappings; in their place was the furniture the bride's parents had sent: a red bureau, a red chair, and a red bed. Her clothes were neatly packed in a red chest.

Noon came and went. We waited an hour, two hours. Eddie became more and more pleased. "She is displaying the proper modesty," he whispered. "She will be here before sundown."

Finally came a low knock. Eddie made no sign. But someone quickly dropped a match into a large bowl filled with straw by the door. Bright flames shot upward as the door was opened and Mrs. Wong entered with the bride. The girl was lovely to look at, dressed in a black coat and red satin skirt, rings and bracelets of jade and

gold, holding a fan before her face. Mrs. Wong dodged the bowl with its burning straw, but the bride stepped quickly over it, thus signifying that she burned her past behind her. She was taken into an inner room and Eddie, who had been looking discreetly at the floor, stepped bravely forward.

In the ceremony which followed, Eddie thanked his father and his mother separately, with the nine bows of ultimate respect, for having been given life, and pledged himself to live up to the traditions of his ancestors, to give them many grandchildren, and to be honorable in his treatment of his fellow men. Then he retired to another room and it was the bride's turn to pledge filial obedience.

This done, Mrs. Wu led the bride into the bridal chamber. The ceremony was over. Eddie was a married man. And the guests congratulated the parents, not the young couple.

At a banquet that evening, to introduce the bride to all the family and friends, Eddie was toasted in Chinese wine while his bride sat alone, neglected. But at midnight she rose and went from table to table, shyly offering each guest a cup of tea — the cup of hospitality, her first courtesy. As we accepted the cup we each placed on the tray, folded in red paper, some money — the wedding present. A nice way of doing it, I thought. There was no wav of knowing who

gave which, and the couple could buy what they wanted. The bride then presented each guest with a betel nut, which was promptly eaten. That meant that we accepted her as Eddie's wife. We again congratulated the proud parents, and staggered home.

But I wondered. Here was Eddie, married to someone he had never seen before, and the same thing was true of his bride. How would they come to an adjustment and understanding? I later was bold enough to ask Mr. Wu.

He was patient with me. "The Chinese have a saying," he said, "'To keep afloat in a leaky boat both must bail.' My son and his wife must learn to make compromises. It will develop their characters. Of great importance are the first courtesies he pays her. He will have to be gentle and kind with her. And she will respond with similar kindnesses. My son is starting out on a great adventure, the adventure of discovering what his wife is like. The Chinese believe that courtship should start *after* marriage — not end with it, as is your custom."

A year after Eddie was married to that girl he had never met I saw him one day in Chinatown. He was pushing a baby carriage, and displaying to his friends his tiny eldest son. "See what I got!" he said proudly.

I'm inclined to believe his marriage is a success.

ONE OF THE TIMES I like Chinatown best is after midnight. Then it is one sees the elders—the leaders of Chinatown, the proud old Chinese who cling to their native customs. They remain at home during the day with their scrolls and books. But at night they visit with their friends in restaurants where foreigners never go, drink tea and discuss politics and philosophical problems. They are clad in old trousers, loose black jackets and soft Chinese slippers. You wouldn't think they had a dollar. Yet these are Chinatown's wealthiest citizens. The Chinese reason that the wealthier a man becomes the better he can afford to dress badly and comfortably.

Their great enjoyment at this midnight hour is talk. Never violent, always quiet and humorous, one of them may hold the floor for a solid hour without stopping. Sometimes their sons and grandsons drift in, sit at my table and translate the stories. Sometimes these old men speak to me, sometimes not. It doesn't matter. They are living in their own world now, a world of old China, and why should anyone intrude?

At the first glimpse of dawn they drift to the bulletin boards on the corner, where the latest news is posted. Then without comment they wander on home. By night they have pondered over the turn of events and prepared the proper expression of their opinions.

It wasn't long after Eddie Wu got married that Mr. Wu retired from his importing business and joined the group of elders. Now at last he could settle down to a happy old age devoted to his books and scrolls. This was what he'd been working for all these years. He started to translate the poems of Wang Wei, who lived in the seventh century. That was his "project," and he often spent the whole day looking through his Chinese and English dictionaries for the exact word to express the subtleties of the thought. Besides the business and the balance in the bank, he wanted to leave behind him a bit of scholarship that could be admired by great-grandsons long after the last dollar he had earned had been spent. Should he not live long enough to complete his work, Eddie would take it up when he in turn retired.

"I laid aside my books for a time after I had graduated from college," Mr. Wu told me. "Now I can return to them with a deeper understanding of the wisdom of the poets, because I have been in the midst of life. I can now become a scholar as my father was before me." The spectacle of a retired businessman setting out at long last to enjoy life and then not knowing what to do with himself is unknown among the Chinese. That's why in every Chinatown in this country you will see old men sitting in the teahouses, or on hot summer

days fanning themselves idly in doorways. They have learned that simple pleasures are the best, and that inviting one's soul is the greatest of man's achievements.

IT WAS a cold night in February, the eve of *Sun Nin Toy*, the Chinese New Year, that we sat down to a banquet in the friendly warmth of Eddie Wu's apartment in Chinatown, where every door was decked with gaily colored lanterns. For 4600 years, Chinese families have reunited on this evening.

What a banquet! Roast duck, into whose interior spicy juices had been poured, and then forced into the meat itself by pressure from a bicycle pump! We gorged ourselves; we played the game of verse, where one tries to think of apt poetic phrases for otherwise dull ways of saying things. We glanced, now and then, at the clock—but no one spoke of the Dragon. He had been asleep since this time last year, and his hiding place was a secret. One didn't know he even existed!

Suddenly, on the stroke of midnight, came the thunderous rattle of firecrackers. Even Mr. Wu looked up. "This is amazing!" he murmured. "What is going on at this hour of the night?"

Wrapping up warmly, we rushed down the stairs. People were flocking out of their homes. Spits of flame from exploding crackers and red flares added to the excitement.

"It's the Dragon!" everyone cried with great surprise.

At the moment the New Year was born, he had come down from his hiding place in the temple. He was a playful Dragon, joyful in his ferocity, with ears that flapped and a great yawning mouth, red eyes that twinkled, and a long tail covered with tinsel and sparkling jewels. Ahead of him stepped a dancer, clad in ancient Chinese costume, waving a knotted piece of red silk in rhythm to the thunder of drums and crashing of cymbals. On each side walked protectors, armed with tall old battle-axes. Two dancers managed the Dragon, one concealed in his head, the other in his long tail; and others waited in the crowd to take their places—never once must he stop his fanciful dance.

Bowing low, then rising on his hind legs and shaking his head with charming ferociousness, he pranced up the long street, firecrackers exploding around his feet. Never once did he show the least fright. He made it clear that he was thoroughly enjoying himself.

He didn't remain long this eve, for the next day he was to dance in the streets from morning to night. Then he is out for a purpose. Dangling on long red strings from the balconies of the stores and association headquarters are heads of lettuce and oranges. Tied near the tempting food are bits of folded red paper, concealing money. The

Dragon sees the lettuce. He is hungry; but he is polite, he takes his time. He does his dance, and then, drums and cymbals reaching their climax of noise, with increasing fervor he shakes himself, rises high, and gobbles the lettuce. His attendant thrusts the folded paper with money into the box he is carrying, and they go on until by night every orange and every bit of lettuce has been consumed, and the hungry Dragon has been fed for another year. Then he goes back to sleep.

The money is turned over to the Chinese Benevolent Association. It is the Chinese community chest. All civic improvements come from this fund, and from it the Chinese schools have been built, contributions to the Relief for China Associations made. No one knows, save the Dragon himself, just how much each contributor placed in the little red paper.

To the Chinese, so Mr. Wu told me, the Dragon is a symbol of all that is good in nature and life. He is a symbol of the creative spirit of man escaping from a too realistic world to rediscover again his own soul; his ultimate acceptance of his identity with all nature.

For the Dragon is like nature. The rolling hills resemble his back; the waves of the ocean rush upon the shores like a hungry, devouring Dragon. The rivers twist as he does. Even the earth roars when there's an earthquake, and volcanoes spit

forth fire and smoke from their Dragon nostrils. But he is man's servant, not his master. And if you treat him kindly, he will be your friend. So the Chinese dance with the Dragon, twist his tail in good-natured fun, and make of him a playful, kindly beast.

"If," as Mr. Wu said, "the Dragon is nature in all her terror and majesty, let us not be afraid. Let us go out and meet that fear. It is only the unknown that frightens us: we are afraid of what lies beyond the hill. Once we explore that unknown country, our fear of it vanishes. Shake hands with the Dragon — that's the way of peace."

WHEN the Chinese came to this country they brought with them their own age-old ways of doing things — ways so strange to our eyes that instead of trying to understand we have withdrawn in distrust and fear. But in adapting their own customs to our western civilization they have evolved a way of living that contains the answers to many social problems puzzling us today.

To explain how they solve the question of social security, for instance, I have only to tell the story of Charlie Sing. During the '20's Charlie had a flourishing laundry. He worked hard, sassed his customers in soft-spoken Chinese, flattered them in pidgin English, and prospered.

But in 1932 the bundles of laun-

dry dwindled. Charlie saw others turning to the relief agencies. He knew assistance would be given him, an American born, were he to apply. But instead he put a sign in his laundry window which read, "No more wash. Be back subsequently. Good-bye, please." Then he paid all his bills and went to the headquarters of his *Kung Saw*, or family organization. Charlie did not have to go on relief; thanks to the Kung Saws, the Chinese were the one group of so-called foreigners in this country who did not look to the government for assistance during the depression.

Charlie invited me to visit him at his Kung Saw. It was like stepping into another world. The club-room was furnished with beautifully carved teakwood chairs, and the walls were hung with scrolls of Chinese writing, some elaborate with flowers, birds and landscapes embroidered in silk. Colored lanterns gave warmth and richness to the room, and carved screens inlaid with gold and silver leaf made its beauty complete. At one end was an altar where stood the statue of the family god. Staunch and benign, a quizzical smile on his peaceful face, he appeared wise enough to answer any question. He was, I was told, the original Sing, founder of the family.

In a corner near the door that led to the kitchen was the one incongruous note in the whole room: a plain burlap bag of rice. It con-

tained 100 pounds, and was never empty. Charlie could help himself whenever he got hungry.

"This is my family guild," Charlie said. "I became a member the day I was born. So did my father and grandfather, the day each was born. So all my cousins."

These cousins are not necessarily blood relatives. They have the same family name, that's all. It's as if all the Smiths called each other cousin and were accordingly all members of the Smith clan.

In China there are only about 200 different clans altogether; in this country, about 60. As a general rule, each family guild has club-rooms in every city where there is a Chinatown. Your laundryman probably spends his Sundays there, feasting with his friends, playing Mah Jong and quietly reveling in the Chinese companionship he has been without all week. The name Kung Saw means "I am with you, all pulling together."

Ever since Charlie was old enough to work he has been paying — as did his father and grandfather before him — the sum of \$12 a year to his family guild. And so has every member of each Kung Saw, no matter if he be a wealthy importer or a humble laundryman. This money becomes a trust fund, administered by the elders of the clan to help the cousins in distress. If a member dies and leaves no money, the Kung Saw gives him decent burial; and if his widow has no sons

she is taken care of as long as she lives.

"Suppose a man can't pay this \$12 a year?" I asked Charlie.

He pointed to a bulletin board on which were tacked long strips of red paper covered with Chinese writing. "There hangs my debt, until it is paid. If I die without paying, my sons or nearest relatives will pay until my paper is removed from the wall."

Charlie was soon given a job by one of his cousins — for his food, a place to sleep, a few dollars a week.

WAGES MAY BE small in hard times, but what profit there is is shared. Chinese employers take on more men in a depression. If there are four or five busy ironing in a shop where you have always seen but one or two, you can know that times are bad. The prosperous laundryman is doing his duty by his "cousins" and his Kung Saw.

The Kung Saw will send a man clear across the country if necessary. Should a Chinese in Boston, say, lack work but have a prosperous blood cousin in San Francisco, he will be passed from one Kung headquarters to the next until he finally reaches that city.

The principle of extending aid to those who need it is deeply ingrained in the Chinese. In 1936 New York's Chinatown gave \$1530 to the Red Cross for the relief of the Mississippi flood sufferers. Furthermore, the Chinese government sent

\$30,000. The American Red Cross has been very generous to other nations in times of disaster; but in the year of our great flood China was the only government that remembered and came to our help.

Charlie has his laundry back now. His debt paper is removed from the wall of his Kung Saw. I don't think we have to worry about him or his "cousins": they will never be a burden to Uncle Sam.

MR. WU EXPLAINED to me the Chinese method of coöperative ownership in business. When he was a young man he inherited some \$3000. He wanted to start a restaurant but needed \$5000. So he went to the Wu Kung Saw and, since his father had been an honored member, they raised for him the \$2000.

As most of the capital was his, he naturally became the manager. The workers were the "cousins" who had invested with him. In short, the workers were all shareholders in the business. (In some restaurants a waiter is the principal owner and the manager merely the man who can best greet the guests.)

Across the street from Mr. Wu's restaurant was another, with just as tempting prices, just as bright a sign, and just as good a cook. It was Mr. Wu's most obvious rival.

The manager was also Mr. Wu's friend. One evening over teacups the two of them had a long talk, ending with a very pleasing ac-

rangement. They traded a few shares in each other's business. Instead of gazing enviously from behind the window shades when customers flocked into one restaurant and not the other, they both sat down undisturbed, knowing that no matter where visitors dined they'd both have a profit.

WHEN the Chinese first settled in this country, certain families, because of their numbers, were having things pretty much their own way. Observing how the Californians controlled turmoil by forming "vigilante" committees, the Chinese sought an equivalent to enforce justice and fair play. They formed the first Tong. It was a combination of several small and oppressed family clans, and like the vigilantes it set out to combat evil by methods not wholly those of sweetness and prayer. The cleansing process was effective, but the Tongs received a black name. Today, let a Chinese be found stabbed and immediately the newspapers cry, "Tong killing!"

Today, the Tongs of our modern Chinatowns actually correspond to our own service clubs, Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis. They are composed of businessmen banded together for mutual benefit. They have headquarters, national officers, their own charities. The day of Tong warfare is over. Any trouble among members of one family is composed by the Kung Saw. Arguments be-

tween members of different families are settled in the Tong clubrooms. And disputes that in the old days would have led to bloodshed are today brought before the Chinese Benevolent Association, which, composed of elders from all the organizations in Chinatown, is their supreme authority.

I was told a story which illustrates the present-day "Tong warfare." It seems that recently two Chinese got into an argument. Words were bandied about and finally blows were struck. The fighters were immediately taken to the clubrooms, where the affair was aired in the open.

For fighting in public, both men were fined. But the man who struck the first blow was fined more heavily. He was the real offender.

"What was the matter with your father?" it was asked him. "Was he so lacking in scholarship that he did not teach you the proper use of words? Are you so lacking in arguments, so poor in the knowledge of poetic phrases, that you must strike a blow to win your point?"

THE CHINESE who came to this country before the turn of the century didn't want to be a part of American life. They remembered the California race riots of the '80's, and they shut their doors upon our ways, and continued to live as their ancestors had lived in China.

Young Chinese-Americans today have a different outlook. They were

born here, and have graduated from our high schools and colleges. They are just as American as any of the other "foreigners" who have made this their home. But the question they so often ask is, "What employment outside of restaurants and laundries is open to us?" For our American businesses are closed to them.

If I were an American employer I think somewhere on my staff I would have a Chinese youth, if for no other reason than the new slant I would get on my business. But I also know I'd find more joy and more good humor about my shop than I dreamed could exist there. Imagine a Chinese receptionist in an executive's office: how poised, how equal to any emergency; how swiftly but soothingly he would get rid of the obnoxious visitor; how honest and faithful he would be.

The Chinese in America do not despair of some day being understood and accepted. They organize study clubs, with speakers to acquaint them with the problems of youth in a new world in the making. They are patient.

"We want to stay here in America," they say. "We want to be a part of this democracy, with the same chance for progress as all other seekers of freedom who have come to these shores."

ON THAT October day in 1940 when the young men of this country, Americans all, immigrants all, were called upon to register for Selective Service, the registration board at the public school in New York's Chinatown met with a surprise. When the board arrived at six o'clock in the morning they found, lined up four deep for more than a block, waiting and ready, over 1000 young Chinese-Americans. They had come from all parts of the city to stand together.

I asked Eddie Wu why. He smiled. "It's a secret. But we wanted everybody to see that we Chinese are ready to do our part. We are American citizens—we vote here, we live here. We young men want to prove, not only to our elders but also to the American people, that we wish to do our share in making democracy work."




ERIC KNIGHT, author of *This Above All* (condensed in the following pages), was born in Yorkshire, England. His father was killed in the Boer War, and he began to support himself in the mills at the age of 12. In the World War he served throughout the four years in the thick of the fighting in France. He came through unscathed, but both his brothers were killed.



The No. 1 National Best Seller

THIS ABOVE ALL

*A Stirring and Courageous Novel
of England's Most Desperate Hour*





IT WAS to be their last evening together — their last respite from the war. Tomorrow Clive must rejoin his regiment near London; and Prudence, wearing the mannish uniform of the W.A.A.F., would return to the camp at Gosley.

It seemed hard to believe now that they had first met less than a fortnight ago. Strange how an acquaintance begun so casually — a chance meeting after a concert, between a girl in the W.A.A.F. and a soldier on leave — could have grown so intimate in these few short days! But then, the war was changing so many things, so many conventions, so many lives. Even here, in this little South Coast village, the war went grimly on. The bombers had been over; they might be over again tonight.

Monty — who had been in France with Clive — had come up from London for the afternoon, and they had gone to the village pub for dinner. After Monty had left them to catch his train back, Clive had seemed moody. At closing time they came out, stepping from the fogginess of tobacco smoke and bright lights into the fresh night

air. In the blackout, Prudence grasped Clive's arm and he shortened his step to her pace.

"It was a nice farewell party," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Watch the curb." They stepped down and then up, together.

"Monty was so solemn," she said. "He kept saying 'No matter what he tells you, remember there wasn't a better soldier that came out of Dunkirk than Clive here.' What did he mean?"

"How should I know? Maybe he was tight. Lots of 'em fight the war over when they have a skinful."

"No. I mean about that 'no matter what he tells you.' Does he mean you're going to tell me a horrible secret?"

He walked silently. His mind was saying: Now it comes. Here it is! Get it over with! Here it comes! Here . . .

"He meant — I told him this afternoon — that I'm not going back."

He kept his voice cold and casual, and she did not understand.

"Not going back? Where?"

"To the army," he said. "After my leave's up. I'm never going

back. Now that's all there is to it."

Only then did she drag his arm.

"Wait a moment, Clive! You're joking. No! No, you're not. You mean you're going to desert?"

"Not going to. I have."

"But — but — you're on leave!"

"I'm not. Oh, I have a pass. But mentally and morally I've been a deserter for the last ten days. I'm not going back and that's all there is to it, and let's forget it."

She pulled him toward a bench by the sea-wall, but he stood stiffly. She sat, resting her hands on her knees. "Clive — are you — you're not joking?"

"No — I've told you. I'm not going back, that's all. I had to tell you . . ."

"If you had to tell me, then you have to tell me *why*."

"Simple. Because I don't want to get killed. I'm a coward, that's why."

"You *are* a coward," she said. "You can do things in the excitement of war — but that's not being brave. Anyone who wouldn't serve his country the first time things don't go right — he's a coward. You're a coward."

He laughed, quickly.

"All right, you want to get me angry so I'll spill a lot of words. But I won't. Have it your way. I'm a coward, I'm a rat — but all the same, I'm not — going — back!"

She sat silently a long time.

Then she stood up and faced him.

"What can I do, Clive? What can

I do?" She began to walk down the Esplanade, and he walked beside her.

"You can forget it, that's all. It isn't cataclysmal. The world will go on just the same."

She did not answer.

"Look," he said. "If I hadn't met you, you'd never worry. You'd never have worried about one man who resolves not to go back."

"But I have met you, Clive. And that's it, don't you see? I have met you. I have — more than met you."

After that they went on, unspeaking, going miserably. They went up the path toward the cliff top, walking together but with a world between them, until, at last, they faced the sea. In the darkness, he touched her arm.

"What are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying."

"You are."

"Oh, Clive. I'm not a wailing woman. Not really. But what can I do?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's a bloody mess. I'm sorry you had the bad luck to take up with me. I suppose I don't have those noble instincts that . . ."

"But you do, Clive. That's why I can't understand it. Tell me your *real* reason, and then I can understand too." Her head was lifted now, and her voice was clear.

"Prue," he said. "I've lived for 27 years. And I think it would take me 27 years to tell you why. I don't

want to tell you because I don't want to destroy your faiths and beliefs, any more than I'd want to tell a child of three that his belief in Father Christmas is a lot of lies."

"I'm not a child of three."

"I can't argue," he said. "Let's forget it."

He put his arm around her and they sat quietly.

"Clive," she said, suddenly. "You're not a coward. I'm sorry I said that. I know you're not. Even if Monty hadn't told me how you gave another man your place in the boat at Dunkirk — I'd have known it, because I have felt it. You have so much courage that it flows over into other people, and gives them strength. And that's why I don't understand why you won't go back. Why? Can't you tell me?"

He stared into the blackness.

"I'm not asking for argument, Clive. I'm asking for — understanding. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I can see that."

"Then you'll tell me?"

"All right — I'll try." He paused, breathing heavily as if searching for a beginning point.

"Look," he said. "You remember Monty said men'll die all right if they see sense to it?"

"Yes."

"That's true. We were willing to go and die in France. Not heroically or falsely, as that sounds. But every man somehow had thought of it, and was willing. Well.

I see now that it doesn't make sense. So I'm not willing to be killed any more. That's all."

"But the elementals are still the same, Clive. We didn't get beaten in France! If you knew how people think with pride — pride in their hearts — about all you men who were at Dunkirk. It wasn't a retreat! It was . . ."

"No, I don't mean it that way. When we went to France, we went, believing something. Well — but when we, or at least I, came out of Dunkirk, we knew that something wasn't true. We knew that we weren't being asked to die for justice. We were being asked to die because other people had been blind and blundering and smug."

"But Clive, no one could foresee . . ."

"No, listen to me now, and don't ever forget. We were there with rifles, bayonets, machine guns and artillery — yes. But *be* was there with tanks — thousands of them. With thousands of planes. With motorized divisions. And most of all — with new techniques of employing these superior arms.

"Why were we put against such ungodly odds? Hadn't our side seen the terrible military lessons of Poland? Then why were those lessons ignored? They said, really, within their hearts: 'Oh, of course. The Poles! Backward people, the Poles! Not to be compared to the fiber of real British troops.'"

"By the Lord God above us.

did they think that a British body is any more impervious to bullets, to *flammenwerfers*, to fleets of tanks, to skies black with dive bombers, than Polish bodies? Is there something, then, in the blood of these men called British that means their flesh won't rend, or their bowels can't be torn out? Our wounded were ground to unrecognizable pulp under the treads of tanks almost before the useless rifles could fall from their hands -- my own eyes saw that done!

"And who did that? Who sent us out to pit our bodies against steel? It was the men of words. They said: 'The British Tommy will pit his skill against the wicked and unholy brute force of the enemy and by his will power and courage he'll hold the line.'

"Those men committed a crime against public trust, against common sense, against life itself. For even a child knows that will power of the dying cannot slow down the approaching tank one fraction of an inch; nor can fortitude clear the sky of a sun-stopping plague of Stukas. Who was it who failed? Was it the men who thrust their very bodies into the gaps around Dunkirk -- or who lay out on the beach there and never rose again? Who failed?"

He looked into the blackness, and saw it all again. This dreadful picture, forming in his mind, cried for some expression, but he felt pity for her. It were better to make

things seem brighter -- and even then they were dark enough.

"We had some planes," he said, slowly. "The chaps that flew them -- they were as good as any who ever went up. But they were one against twenty. Who made that mistake? Who said British kids in planes were worth ten of any other breed? Who sent those kids up to die? Me? Monty? The men of Dunkirk? The chaps in the planes?"

"No! By God, no! Never us! We die! But the other fellows made mistakes -- and their mistakes didn't even give us a bloody sporting chance.

"So -- I don't believe in 'em any more. And I refuse to die to perpetuate their incompetence.

"Now! That's all! I've told you! It's finished."

She sat silently for a while and when she spoke out to the darkness, her voice was unsteady and low.

"I've tried to think how it was, Clive. I know how you've suffered and I know you're not a coward. And I also know that even the words I am going to say will sound empty and silly and false.

"But there are bigger things than you, Clive -- and than me. And we've got to win for the sake of those things. We've made great mistakes. But you can't blame everything on us. You can't blame us for the French collapse -- and the Belgians surrendering -- you can't blame that on us."

"Why not?" he said, harshly.

"Why not? Why didn't we know France was internally rotten? Leopold lukewarm? Who's been running our foreign policy and our military affairs in these last years? If they didn't know — how is it Hitler always seems to know? Why does he always know surely in advance — and we only know at the last second when we have to use human bodies as a stopgap?"

"I tell you it goes back to the entire government of Britain ever since the last war — a series of governments internally hollow and externally vain and smug. Dozing — thinking that because we're the British Empire nothing unsporting can happen to us! Sitting contentedly on an internal industrial and social scheme that has stunk of its own stagnation. Paralyzed by one blind, unreasoning fear — that British labor might revolt from the stink of the dole.

"I believe with all my heart — and forgive me for making a speech — that the rulers of Britain, in my lifetime, motivated by greed and fear of social change, have destroyed what strong generations and great men have worked and fought and died to attain. I hold these men guilty and accountable before every British lad who's put on a uniform and offered to die. They're guilty — guilty — guilty!"

"But Clive," she cried. "Don't you see! Don't you see! We still must fight! Granting there is justice in what you say — to be con-

quered by Hitler would be worse."

"There's the rub, Prudence! There's the rub! That's the question that tortures me. If Hitler won, could it be worse, or weaker, or more shameful?"

"But there's not a doubt! Think of — of his persecution of the Jews, as one thing. You can't deny that his cruelty . . ."

"I don't deny it. It was the cruel work of a demagogue who used fearful guttersnipe methods as he climbed to power. It was the work of a panderer. A man who pandered to mass prejudices as surely as any Roman emperor burning Christians.

"But hating him for that isn't going to blind history to the other things he's done. He's built and reconstructed. He's got no such thing as unemployment. He's given a nation hope. He's given a nation something to make it work for him, slave for him, march with him! Call it evil if you wish. But I say he's given his people something that our leaders haven't given us."

"You want to see this country Nazified!" He felt the horror in her voice.

"If the stricken areas and the stagnant economic slums of the dole towns in the last twenty years has been democracy — yes!"

"I don't believe you want it. You're just arguing! It would be the end of freedom!"

"Prue, a man will die for his own freedom and never complain. But

when his children's guts ache with hunger, he'll swap it for a loaf of bread and call it a better bargain."

"I want both freedom and bread."

"So do I. But democracy in Britain has been making us ask ourselves for years which one of the two we want."

"I," she said, "would fight for both to the end."

"You don't know what it means to fight to the end," he replied. "At this moment we stand alone — without an ally. We cannot take an army to the Continent and beat him. Unless he can bomb us into weakness, he cannot bring an army over here and defeat us. So what will it be? Think — think now!"

"It will be a stalemate — the most horrible thing in war. It will be both sides trying to starve the populace of the other. It will be sinking ships. It will be cutting off food supplies. This war will become the long-drawn-out misery of mass starvation. And it will become open and ghastly bombing of cities where civilians — women, children — will be torn and smashed into horrible pieces of flesh, into such repulsiveness that you'll turn your head away as you walk on the street."

"No, no," said Prue. "They won't dare bomb towns like that — they know we'd both be able to do the same."

"They wouldn't dare bomb us? Oh, Prue, Prue! You are akin to the generals who think British bodies will stop more armaments than Polish ones. What — what makes you think the men who bombed Warsaw and Rotterdam to stinking piles of rubble and flesh will suddenly refrain nobly from doing the same to a British town? Hear me out: let me tell

you two words. I have told you one: malnutrition. I will tell you another: reprisals. Learn it! Reprisals! It is a word that Britain shall know, the crocodile tear that will be shed by the sanctionious of both nations — and damned be he who cries it first.



"We shall bomb his railways. He will bomb our docks. A fragment shall hit a hospital. We shall both cry out aloud to the world. The way we shall shout, one will believe that the only targets ever struck by the enemy were hospitals, maternity homes and asylums. We shall both play that game.

"And when we both have shouted loud enough and long enough to convince even ourselves of his wanton monstrosity, we shall fling off the mask. We shall say: Reprisal!"

His voice sank low as he spoke.

"Then we shall go into something that will make the work of the Visigoths and Red Indians,

even the exploits of Tamerlane who built a pyramid of a million skulls, look like antique amateurishness. Then we shall slaughter truly. Oh, he will do it first — of that I am confident. For he has more planes. And we are British. We are honorable."

She moved from his arm and lay down on the grass. He felt her withdrawn from him, coldly. She was miles away.

"All right," he said. "I didn't want to talk about it. It was you who insisted."

She did not answer. He turned angrily, and then his anger sank.

"All right, Prue," he said. "I may be all wrong. But those are the things that give me no peace. I cannot believe in the guilty men who have let the British Empire decay in the last twenty years. And, believing my own beliefs truly — what is there for me to fight for in this war?"

She lay still a while, and then her voice came, clearly, flatly.

"You must fight for England," she said.

"England," he said, quietly.

She sat up, suddenly, and began talking vehemently.

"Yes, England," she said. "You've told me all the things your mind tells you you won't fight for. What about all the things your heart tells you you should fight for?"

"What things?"

"Ask your heart!"

"I don't think with my heart.

Tell me just a few. Mention six."

"Ah, don't talk like a glib debater," she said. "Not to me."

They sat quietly, feeling their anger. At last she spoke, slowly.

"All right. I'll try to tell you a few. If anyone asks me what Britain is, he robs me of answer — because everything it is can't be spoken about — and if you do, it's like pulling a flower apart to analyze it. But because you — and I — we're what we are, — I want to say them . . ." She paused, finding words. He looked into the blackness over the Channel.

"If I said it was Shakespeare — and thatched roofs — and the countryside, you could mock. If I said it meant the Magna Carta and all that went into it, and speaking your mind without fear, and the knowledge that your own home, no matter how wretched, is still your castle — you could laugh because it's been said before.

"If I said England was the thump of a bat at cricket, and the New Forest deep in ferns and holly trees standing tall; if I said it was May blossoms rich in spring and bluebells like a God-sent carpet, and the rain and the shine and the green of our blessed land — if I said it was the larks that will sing here tomorrow, high in the sun, tomorrow and forever — if I said it was the polite bobbies on the corner, or the quick, clipped cheerful talk of a cockney passing in the dark, or the sense of fair

play that we've given to the world — if I said it was all those, you could mock because words have said it so often before that they have tarnished the things.

"If I tried to say it is all the things that make the pride and joy and gentle gladness of the British people — I would use words badly and shame the things themselves by doing so."

She was quiet, and then her voice went on, more calmly.

"You tell me that we've had bad rulers — and I add that they've come and gone. You could laugh at me if I said that my poor intangible things are England. You could debate and out-argue me and destroy those shining things that are there — always there — somehow eternal like spring — and falling in love. Things that always exist and always keep on happening."

"I can't tell you of them if you won't see them beyond the emptiness of words. But I'll make you see, Clive. I'll make you see!"

"England, Clive, is all of us. England is you, Clive, standing up to your neck in water at Dunkirk. And England is helping the weaker men into the boats instead of getting in yourself — and seeing the last boatload filled up and knowing you'd have to go back for another day and lie on the beach, firing a single-action Lee-Enfield against dive bombers. That is England, Clive. When I say the word Eng-

land, I can feel it warm in my breast here, like music.

"You've got to go back and fight for these things. Because — that's England, too — knowing we shan't be beaten — knowing we'll never give in if every last one of us dies — we won't be beaten, we won't! We just won't!"

Then she was so long silent that he reached out his hand and touched her in the dark.

"If England means that to you," he said, "I'm glad for you. I wish it meant that to me, but it doesn't."

"Why doesn't it mean that to you, Clive? It could!"

"No, it can't. Because England has meant other things to me — other things, different and bitter."

"Then — tell me. You are speaking to no one — but me."

He drew a breath.

"All right. I'll try to tell you, Prue. You've told me what England means to you. Now I'll tell you what England means to me."

She heard his voice turn harsh and sharp-edged.

"It means walking around until your boot soles are thin, and hoping against hope that the next place you go there'll be a job. It means taking any old job, no matter how ugly. It's meant a furtive childhood — when life most of all should have been splendid and strong. It's meant the dirty side of life and none of the rewards."

"Pink hunting jackets! Week ends in the country! Tennis flan-

nels and jolly times boating — and pass the '94 Port, old man! D'ye ken John Peel in the morning!

"Yes — there's that England somewhere, for some of you. But it hasn't been the England I've shared."

"I know, darling," she said. "Being hard up and not having a billet is fearfully upsetting . . ."

"Fearfully upsetting! Good God, you don't even understand what I'm talking about. Filth, poverty, want, hunger!"

"Oh, come now. Don't you exaggerate? You've got health, and you've got an education and . . ."

He sat in the dark and laughed.

"God forgive me for being angry at you," he said. "But now I'll tell you. I see I haven't used words that are clear enough. So help me God, I'll tell you. You deserve it for your middle-class smugness — for your blind inability to conceive what life is like beyond your own little ring. As I've never told another person, I'll tell you."

He bowed his head.

"You know where I've spent most of my life? In slums! England's green fair land? I was born in the back street of an industrial slum, amid corroding jerry-built brick and flushless privies.

"Do you know the smell of poverty? Do you know what life is like there? Did you ever sit by the hour as a child with your feet in the oven to cure chilblains and know the hopelessness of your own

crying because you were too poor to have boots that didn't leak?

"Did you ever sit for days by the hearth holding a bread poultice to your distended jaw where bones splintered by inept and careless work at the free dental clinic rotted their way out — sit there for days in misery afraid to go back where they treated you so, bidding it because you knew you were too poor to have a doctor, bidding it until the whole mass burst, and blood and pus and splintered jawbone and all cascaded down into your own small, trembling hands?

"Do you want to hear of poverty so real that every factor of life is measured against the reply of: 'We've no money?'"

She put out her hand.

"It's what you are now," she said. "That's how I see you. You don't have to tell me of — of the other."

He moved his hand.

"No. I'm petty. I'll have my revenge. I'll tell you. Now. I — I'll say things I don't even say to myself. Do you know what it's like to grow up as a bastard child?"

She drew her breath quickly and put out her hand.

"You're a human being, Clive. People — these days — don't hold illegitimacy against the child born out of wedlock. We use sense nowadays . . ."

"Oh, don't they? Perhaps in your life, yes. But not among my people. We have narrower codes

and sterner moralities. A bastard! Something to find out slowly and painfully when you're too young to carry the knowledge philosophically — why neighbors never speak to your mother, why every other child in your street is superior to you. Something to find out when you start going to school, on the sudden day when the other children, with the infinite cruelty of children, call the word out at you on the street as you go home. And you go home and ask what the word means — and you are not — and cannot be — answered."

He lay back quietly; then he laughed.

"School! I wonder what that word means to you! For me it was gray buildings, concrete play yards where we slid in monotonous rotation on candle-waxed slides during a five-minute interval that was known, so help me, as playtime.

"In those schools — ah, the playing fields of non-Eton — there was rote-taught education under men bored by the utter dreariness of the system — men who didn't care — too often hack workers who had in their weariness developed a streak of sadism.

"Men who started the school day by ostentatiously taking out a cane, setting it carefully and in full view, with its end in a bottle of water so that capillary action should make it three times as heavy.

"There! The cane is in the water,

and the water is in the cane. So now the day is set to begin that noblest of enterprises — the education of our British youth.

"Prue, I don't think I ever would have had an inkling of what education might really be, except for the accident of one man. One man, there by haphazard luck, to change the course of your whole life. One man, by chance — and amid all the muck of your life he suddenly prompts you to look over the rim into a place so beautifully vast that there seems no horizon — the field of reasoning.

"You know, we don't go in for toys much in my world. I think the only toy I ever had was a pair of roller skates. Those skates, and that one year of school, are tangled hopelessly and sillily in my memory as the only truly happy parts of childhood.

"And then — the year is over. Just when you're beginning to burst with your desire to know more, learn more, think more — you're fourteen. You've been too bright, Prue. You've passed Standard eight a year ahead of time, and so it snaps off. You're a worker. You're finished with education.

"Working certificate and your first pair of long trousers. You don't fight against it. You don't say: 'My mind is alive — I want to know, to understand, to learn.' You've seen your mother count pennies from the vase on the mantelpiece too long. And now you're a

man of fourteen. Education is a dream; but life — that is real! You are going to earn your living.

"You know how to do it. You've been working for years — after school. You've been paper boy, butcher boy, peddler. You've shouted hot peas at night. You've minded neighbors' children. You've pushed prams. You've scrubbed neighborhood privies. You're the bastard child of the neighborhood, and so you're thankful that kind people let you have such opportunities.

"Somehow it is glorious. For you're old enough now to begin to see objectively, and this fortifies your pride. You're starting at the bottom, but you'll show them! You'll make everyone proud of you!

"I started out to be an apprentice printer — or we hoped I could work up to that. It was funny! But I started.

"I remember that morning — how we got dressed — how Mother took me — how we both trembled in the factory office. Suppose they should say I was too weak-looking. We both, I think, trembled over that. . . ."

He paused and seemed to consider.

"Am I stacking the cards? I don't know. I don't think I am just telling a story to you, to touch your sympathy. I want you to understand my weaknesses, my prejudices, my strengths.

"It cannot be bad fiction, for it is

less futile or grubby or hopeless." It was easy to remember it — sitting in the dark — looking back.

"I got the job. I made duplication jelly! Do you know duplication jelly, madame? It's used to make duplicate menus in cheap eating houses — those menus that are always so faded violet that you can't read them. But have you ever thought about its consistency? How it got into cans? Have you ever touched it, smelled it, boiled it, splashed in it, struggled in it, reeked of it?

"Beautiful stuff! Made by the experts of our letter-duplication jelly department in our modern and up-to-date factory! That was me. I was the whole blasted bloody department — a bright and willing boy."

Bright and willing! Yes, that had been himself — that filthy, reeking, grubby child there. Silly pipstem arms on a man-size shovel. So many shovels of this sack. So much coloring. So many sheets of the glistening gelatin. Dump them into the set-pot in the yard. It couldn't be made inside — the far-above aristocracy of printers and binders and rulers would have died of the stench that came up when the cow hoofs started to boil.

You made an efficient system of it, though. You stoked the fire with the packing cases the cans came in. You set the cans in a great row on a board. You shoveled. You boiled. You ladled out the bubbling pink

ing rot. It splashed. It burned. It got into your hair, your clothes. You became a walking mass of damned jelly.

And a pariah, too. The first day, at noon, when you sidled into the building to eat your bread and margarine — you saw it: the girls and the pressmen and the compositors wrinkling their noses — and you knew you were an offense to them. They couldn't eat and stand your stench.

After that you ate always outside — built yourself a small shelter high up in the packing crates. You wormed in there, and like an animal — ate alone. You were shut off from society by a stench. At night, when you went home, you learned to go in by the cellar, to strip off your clothes there, to scrub in the half-barrel that was your washtub. You changed to the clean clothes your mother had hanging there. And that always made you feel somehow proud.

He said: "I made letter-copying jelly. After that I got a job in a sawmill, and . . ."

"But — weren't you to be apprenticed as a printer?" she said. "Did you get the sack?"

He smiled, and lay back in the grass.

"Prue, I never got the sack in all my life — unless the plant shut off. But there are always slack times and layoffs and so on."

"And what did you do next?"

What did he do? Taker-off behind the saw at the sawmill. A bob-

bin setter, a doffer in worsted. A brass foundry. No, that was after assistant in the fried fish shop. Then the bicycle and motorcycle repair shop . . .

"Oh, I did various things, you know," he said. "And I never got the sack. You see, my lower-class pride is still there. I never got the sack. Always had a very fine set of recommends. My recommends! To whom it may concern. May I not say that the bearer . . . and so on."

"You learn to hunt work. You get quite expert at the hardest job of all — hunting a job. A job is a job, but getting one is an art. You learn to bluff — to tell the employment managers that you know the job thoroughly. Then when you get in, if you're quick, you look around. The other chaps know. You don't even have to say: 'Hey, chum. Show us how it goes.' They know the minute you stand up to your machine. Generally they're very decent — and when the foreman's not looking, they'll nip over and show you. Working men understand each other curiously that way. They don't like to see you steal a job and rob them of work. But they know what it is to be laik-ing, as we say in Yorkshire. So they'll tell you so much — and if you're bright enough to pick the rest up, they won't say anything."

"Stealing trades. I've stolen more trades — I can wire a house or put in plumbing, read a blueprint and machine a part to fine

precision clearances. I can run a ship's wireless or stand in front of any industrial machine and have it figured out in ten minutes.

"So you keep working, shifting, looking for the big chance — until suddenly you run into something. Bump! Head on. The production bosses like you, and there's a good job up above you that you can move into if —

"Then you suddenly see where life has fooled you. You haven't got the if. The technical knowledge. Brightness, willingness, energy -- they're not enough. You think you see it. A chap has to have education, too. Education is — it is something other people have and you haven't. And the desire for it is something that makes fortunes for men who have schools that advertise in magazines: 'Do you want to be a wireless expert, a hydraulic engineer, a motor mechanic? These men make high wages. Enroll now for our course. Hundreds of jobs waiting . . .'

"It's pitiful — that whole business. Kids burning with ambition, studying nights — and so many of them are never able to finish paying for the courses. Or suddenly they run smack up against the fact that you can't do it. You left school too early. No amount of willing brightness alters the fact that there are

geometry and chemistry that are great, blank areas.

"Perhaps you give up at that point. Or perhaps you flower into a wild gorge of reading — a blaze of desire to know it all. You're driven from a machine to mathematics, from math to industrial development, from industrial development to history, to political economy, to science, art, religion . . .

"You read it all, wanting to swallow the world entire, and building a religion of books — until you have mental stomach-ache.

"And that isn't cured until the next great day dawns. The day when suddenly you see that reading alone won't help.

You must learn to think and reason independently. All the accumulated knowledge of the earth only comes to us so that we can go on reasoning with greater clarity — reasoning things out -- being wrong so many times — being right so very few times. But at least, knowing before your own conscience that you are not mouthing the words of other men — that at least, you have tried to see clearly.

"And that is where I stand now — here, in the dark, with you, a girl named Prudence Cathaway. Talking to you — trying to tell you truthfully why I am what I am. I've told you, with, I hope, neither



as truly as I could because — because my own mean, grubby, dirty, useless little makeshift life has been so much like twenty or thirty million other lives in this land. Make-shift, paltry, aimless.

"I told you — because you made me angry — with your false picture of Britain. A part of England is as you describe it. But for every one of your kind, Britain has a hundred living, longing, ill-educated, and usually thwarted little brats such as I was. And what have we to fight for in your England? Why should we preserve the rose we've never been allowed to smell?"

"Good people of England! Oh, good, brave, patient people of England! I want something so much better for you than always showing the world how patiently you can want in peace, and how uncomplainingly you can die in war! Something — so much better."

He lay still in the darkness, until he heard a sound. He turned and put his arm around her.

"Oh, come, come now. It's nothing to cry over." He laughed and comforted her. "If you're like that, I'll never, never in my life again sit on a cliff top during a long night and tell you stories."

He felt her sitting up, shaking her head. Then she was speaking, her voice a ludicrous mixture of tears and laughing.

"I can't help it," she said. "I keep thinking of the poor little boy who only had one pair of skates."

He laughed with her.

"Now what a thing to remember — out of all I've told you. One pair was grand. If I'd had ten pairs — I'd have forgotten what a joy they were."

"But that horrible dentist. Why didn't you make a case of it?"

"He'd made enough of a case of it, I suppose. And everybody knows in my world that in a free clinic they use poor people for experiments so that they can do better operations on the rich. So when I got manhandled, no one was surprised."

"I know," she said. "It's terrible. Father has seen a lot of it as a doctor. He has told me that parts of London are like that."

They were silent. Then he said: "One more thing I must tell you, and it's more cheerful. About a fine old chap named Vollenbee. Ever hear of him?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps your father has, if he's a doctor. I happened to meet him when he came to a machine shop to see if anyone could make a part for a high-speed camera he was rigging up. I got interested, and just for fun, I worked on it for him in my spare time. You know, you can't have butcher machine parts for a precision instrument like a fine camera. It was — well, you know what a stroboscope is?"

"No."

"It doesn't matter. At all events, I got this high-speed camera right

for him, and he was fearfully pleased about it. So he let me in on what he was really working on and — well he asked me to chuck in with him. You see, Vollenbee's after a new microscope. Something so vast — that all other types of microscopes will be ancient history. You know how a microscope works?"

"I've looked through my father's."

"Well, your father's will probably give you 2000 powers. A light microscope. Then there's an ultra-violet-ray type gives you up to 5000 diameters on photos. But Vollenbee's after something gigantic — revolutionary — an atomic microscope. He was in touch with men in Germany on it — but the war's killed that, now. But you see, building it — you've got to machine parts of — oh — infinite exactitude and — well, I've told you I'm pretty good at machines — and Vollenbee's so damned patient with a chap. You see — he likes me. So he let me work on the construction.

"He's a great old bird. If he gets what he's after — he'll get microphotographs of 250,000 diameters. A quarter of a million — to your father's 2000. You see what that means?"

"Why, yes, you'll be able to find out about diseases . . ."

"Well, *we* won't, but other chaps will — bacteria, viruses, germs we've only suspected — perhaps soon atoms — we'll see them."

They sat a moment, unspeaking. Then she said:

"Clive . . . with that work before you, and hating the war — what in the name of Heaven made you join up in the first place?"

"I didn't feel like that about it then, Prue. You see, we wanted to go. We wanted to do it long ago. We were the people of liberal thought, if you want to call it that. When Munich came, we wanted to fight. When Czechoslovakia was torn apart, we wanted to go.

"But now I see that it was too late — and I see that they're going to bumble along in this war just as they did in peace. If the Empire dies, it will go down with the classic remark of Hitler missing the bus as the death-knell note of crass stupidity.

"I believe they are perverting the goals of this war. They could only make it a true crusade by stating our goals and aims. What *are* we fighting for? They say 'We shall think of peace when we have won the war.' That isn't good enough — not for me. I refuse to die for a pig in a poke."

"Clive, you may have had a rotten childhood, but that's no reason to let resentment be the driving force of your life, and delight in everything that's anti-British."

"Anti-British. Ah, Prue, I am not anti-British. For I tell you truly, I want no other land, I want no other people to live among. The common people of this land have virtues that — well, when the real bombing begins, all the world will

see the mettle of this island's pasture. Not generals, not statesmen, but people of the slums and industrial warrens from which I came, will show the world something as shining and clear as a beacon head. Their bravery and cheerfulness and calm of spirit will stir the world to admiration."

The gray light of dawn was breaking over the cliff, and she could see him, sitting, nursing his knees, the tweed of his suit smelling damply from the dew, his keen-edged, cheerful type of face drawn with the intensity of his long speaking.

"If I ever do go back," he said, "it will be not to die to win a war, one half as much as it will be to live to see that justice doesn't get lost in the shuffle — justice, not for England, nor for Germany, but justice for poor, living, bleeding, bloody humanity."

"And who can give a justice for all?"

"I don't know."

They were quiet, watching the cool dawn, hearing the first sea gulls screeching. At last he spoke.

"Ah, well. We've talked a whole night away." He looked at her, and then, seeing her clearly for the first time in many hours, and knowing again her beauty and the peace of her spirit, he smiled, quickly. She put out her hand, and he took it, and helped her up. She clung to his arm, and they went down from the cliffs, along the empty dawn

streets, to the cold-looking hotel. She turned, and took a last look at the sea.

"Clive, I'm so glad you talked. I know it was hard to do it."

"I *did* talk once I got started."

"But I'm glad you told me — you got rid of a lot of it."

"It wasn't exactly getting rid of it."

"Just having told someone will get rid of it." She looked at the sea as she spoke.

"And — and so — I know you're going back."

"Oh, now look here. If we start . . ."

"No. Let me say it. I've heard all you've said, and so I know you're going back. There's something will make you."

"What?"

"You've told me only one side of you," she said. "There are two sides of you — in conflict. And I know which side's going to triumph in the conflict. The one you're repressing and denying. You'll go back."

He shook his head, slowly. "No," he said, "I'm not going back."

THE MORNING sun shone brightly as they stood on the station platform, waiting for her train. He was staring at her, seeing the sweet symmetry of her features beneath her uniform cap, the silver edging of light on the ashen hair that was almost covered. He saw also the utter dejection in her eyes.

"Hey," he said. "Where's the old school tie? Thumbs up! There'll always be an England, eh?" He lifted her chin with his clenched fist. "You know, stiff upper lip -- what?"

She laughed slowly at his mocking. "Clive," she said, "you must be careful. Don't get into trouble. Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"I've told you -- I'll have to figure it out."

"But where will you go? Have you plenty of money?"

The train came sweeping splendidly round the curve, and the noise was greater than his voice. He nodded, and then spoke in her ear.

"I'll write you."

"When?"

"When -- when something gets settled."

She was in the train, leaning from the window. He held her hand.

"Look," he said. "Worrying never helps. Don't worry. Just remember this is the way it had to be: Your conviction carries you one way -- and mine carries me another, that's all. We're both being honest."

She started to speak, and then the train was moving, cruelly. He saw her lift her hands and let them fall in a gesture of helplessness. Then he turned and went quickly from the station.

On the street, he took out his pocketbook and counted his money. Two pounds, and some change. As

long as that lasted, it was all right. He could live, eat and be free. But after that -- it would get harder. His leave was up at midnight tonight. After that -- hare and hounds.

He walked steadily through the Sabbath calm of the streets. Soon he left the town behind.

THERE WAS a railway bridge going over the road. Under it the young soldier stood, feeling lost and alone in the blackness. He thought it rare funny to be living a life that woke him up at odd hours and set him to standing there. There was really nothing to do. If anyone came along, you stood in the darkness and said: "Halt, who goes there?" According to the Sergeant they should say, "Friend," and you said: "Advance, friend, and be recognized." But they never said that. They said: "What the bloody hell -- I'm on my way home." And you had to let them go. You couldn't do anything else.

He hunched his shoulders, and counted the time. Surely his relief was almost due. Then he heard a sound on the road. Someone coming toward the town. He drew himself together, and advanced his left foot.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Friend," the voice said.

Private Davis stood confused. For once the answer had been correct. Perhaps it was an officer of some sort. He sniffed. The footsteps

had stopped. What was next? Now he had it.

"Advance, friend, and be reco'nized!"

He waited. He could hear faint, mysterious sounds out in the dark. He could half see a movement by the hedge.

"Come on," he said, coaxingly. "Advance and be reco'nized."

There was still no answer. Yet there had certainly been someone out there — and now they were gone — through the bleeding hedge and up the hill, no doubt.

Now who would do that? A German spy! A parachute troop chap. That was it! Those Germans would have studied everything up. Only a German spy would know enough to say "friend" correctly. But what should he do? Fire his rifle? It would make a bloody awful row — and then there'd be the trouble of cleaning it in the morning. But you had to do something.

"Corporal!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. "Corporal! Corporal o' the Guard!"

Clive, bent double, ran quickly up the hill.

His mind said: Now — at last it's started. You've been expecting it — waiting for it. Now it's started. You're on the run. Do it well. Give them a long run — a long, hard run. Do it well, please.

Then he laughed to himself as another part of him spoke at the silliness of what he was doing. It seemed ridiculous — melodramatic.

But if he'd gone on, perhaps the sentry would have asked for papers — and he'd have been arrested.

Then his heart quickened, for he heard the sentry calling for the Corporal of the Guard. Why should his heart jump and his throat go suddenly dry? The reaction of being hunted. That was it. It was as old as man — the fear when being hunted, the fear of the quarry. A terror, to be dreamed of.

Suddenly he swore as he felt himself stumbling into a flock of sheep. He heard them scampering and baaing as they eddied away from him like waves before the prow of a ship.

Knee-deep in sheep — better than kneec-deep in June.

A new sound rose, sudden and menacing: a dog's voice lifted to his left. He veered to the right and then felt the shock of his shins striking stone. A wall!

He stood, expelling his breath at the pain of it. There was the voice of a man, urging the dog. That was too bad. Clive trotted away from that sound until his lungs began to ache from the exertion of running.

"Look here, you're damned tired," he said. He must have covered over 50 miles in the last two days. You couldn't keep that up forever.

He half saw a hedge before him. He felt it with his hand — tall hawthorn! He found a gap in it and went through to the road. It ran east and west. Which should it be?

West — go west, young man. West it was.

He walked along until he noticed that he was limping. He sat by the hedge and pulled up his trousers leg. He could feel the stickiness of blood on his hand. He wet his finger with saliva and rubbed the wound tentatively. And then he heard a new sound, carrying far in the night stillness. The distant, shattering noise of a motorcycle being started. Then another.

He got up, the fear of the hunted quick in his throat for a second again. Then he quieted it. Motorcycles meant merely that he must leave the road. He climbed a stone wall. There was pasture under his feet. He'd find some place to sleep.

He'd never wanted to sleep as much — not since Douai. Dunkirk — that had been beyond any desire. But coming up to Douai — then he'd been tired. And there was a haystack. He sank to his knees, and rested there a moment. He was asleep before he fell the rest of the way.

GRIMLY, slowly, his mind straggled up. He started to close his eyes against too-strong light again, and then he remembered with a sort of anger that there was a pain in his side. A foot had kicked him.

He blinked his eyes, and, looking up, saw the man. Instantly the flash came into his mind that it was so the peasant-worker hero was

always photographed in the Soviet pictures — from below so that the figure loomed against the sky.

Then the aching came into his flank like a delayed message, and he sat up, holding the aching spot. "You filthy swine," he said.

That was what had awakened him. The man had kicked him. Not stirring him with his foot, but kicking so that the heavy toe drove against the bone. Then he saw the man was holding a pitchfork within a foot of his face, and grinning, triumphant over his advantage. His eyes were narrow, piggyish.

Arise noble peasant, Clive thought. The noble peasant. The evil, cunning swine.

"What t'hell d'ye think y're doing there?"

"I slept here," Clive said. He began patting and smacking his tweeds into cleanliness, rising from his knees, bending over, not looking at the man. "I've been taking a walking trip."

"Agrrrh — y're no walking tripper."

"How do you know?"

The man thrust his chin forward triumphantly.

"Because y'got no 'aversack!"

There it was. Finality. Haversack: walking tripper. No haversack: no walking tripper. How could one argue beyond such simplicity?

"You could go on a walking trip without a haversack," Clive said. His head ached furiously and his

weary mind drove him into fine debates.

"They don't," the man said, cunningly.

"But you could. Look here—you're a free Englishman, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Then, if you wanted to, you could go without a haversack, couldn't you? No one could *make* you take a haversack."

"That they couldn't."

"Well, there you are," Clive said.

He started away, casually and quickly. The man, belatedly, moved the pitchfork as if it were a bayonet, at Clive's throat.

"Hold on," he said. "There's been a spy round 'ere loose all night. Y'd better come along o' me and see the Colonel."

"Don't be silly," Clive said, gently.

He put out his hand, quietly, and took the tines of the pitchfork and brushed them aside. Then he walked past. The man, undecided, puzzled, let him push the weapon aside. But then he clutched Clive's coat.

"Ere!" he said.

Unreasoning anger possessed Clive. He twisted away, savagely.

"Now don't pull me around," he said.

They tussled, quickly, and Clive struck the man in the hollow space below the meeting of the ribs.

The man gasped out an oath. As he reeled back, he swung the fork viciously, and Clive, trying to dodge

the blow, felt the tines crashing against his skull behind the ear. There was a roaring in his head from the concussion. He did not know until he saw the man, lying by the haystack, clutching his bleeding mouth, that he had lashed out and caught him fully on the face. He rubbed his knuckles, a slow tentative rubbing.

"There," he said, quietly. "Now, let me alone."

He turned and walked away to the north. He was halfway to the hedge when he felt sudden nausea from the pain on the side of his head. He bent, holding his stomach, retching. He spat, and straightened. Looking back, he saw the man running to the farm buildings. He felt too sick to go on, so he retraced his footsteps and went back to the haystack and sat down.

The next time he looked round the stack, the man was pedaling furiously down the side lane on a bicycle.

Now, Clive thought, it is all up. I'm too tired to get up and walk, and they'll have men all over. At least, though, I'll have a good rest. If he didn't see me come back, they won't search this haystack till later. When they don't find me, they'll doubt his story, and he'll come back here to show just where I slept and what he said and what I said. And by that time I'll have more strength. I'll give 'em a run yet.

Half idly his mind became quite de-

tached and interested in what was happening — as if it were another person. Lying by the haystack, he watched the road for nearly a half hour. Then he saw figures coming up the road — the man and a constable, both on bicycles. Soon after there was a car, with men clinging to the running boards. They turned into the farmyard. Then he saw the men debouching from the farm buildings, spreading out, doubling toward the sky line at the north.

It was so pretty he smiled. When they had gone over the brow of the land, he felt sudden disappointment, as at the end of a game. Lazily, he got up and strolled to the farm. He felt lightheaded and confident as he came into the yard. A chained dog barked and the farmer's wife came to the kitchen door.

"Good morning," he said.

"Did you get him?" the woman called.

"I don't think so."

"Oh."

She would wonder . . .

"They sent me back to guard the transport."

"Oh, is that it? You look as if you'd been in a mess."

"Yes — I fell on a wall."

"Would y'like a cup o'tea?"

"I would," he said. "But — I can't leave my post, and . . ."

"There's some ready now," she said. "I'll just bring y'a cup out to th' step."

She brought him the tea, and he drank, the warmth bringing tears to his eyes. He gave her the thick mug back, and walked over to the bicycles. The constable's was the better machine — but heavier.

He got on the other one, rode steadily down the lane, and turned west along the highway. At a curve, another carload of men flashed past him, but when he waved his hand, there were answering waves.

No use worrying, he said, calmly. He came to a crossroad of five corners. He took the road going southeast, pedaling without hurry.

THE GIRL stood beside the little car, so intent on what she was doing that she did not hear the man on the bicycle dismount beside her.

"What's up?" Clive said. She glanced around, too annoyed to be startled.

"I'm stuck. And don't ask me if I've got petrol. I have!"

He went to the tiny car and looked under the lifted hood.

"Get in and step on it," he said.

"Do you know anything about a car?"

She was staring at his crumpled clothes.

"I'm a wizard with them. Step on the starter."

The girl got in the car and he heard the starter whirr. He flipped his hand back as the hot spark from the plug stung his outstretched finger.

"Those things'll give you a shock," the girl said.

"I know, I know," he said, angrily. "It's the quickest way. I'm in a hurry. Choke it with the ignition on."

He heard the whirr, the cough, half-fire, and shuddering dying away. Then he laughed, remembering the particular faults of that make of car. He locked the bonnet.

"Move over," he said.

The young woman stared at him, antagonistically.

"It won't start," she said.

"What'll you bet?" he laughed.

She flounced over in the seat. He got in, took off the brake, and let the car roll back down the gentle slope. He slipped in the gear.

"That's high speed forward," she snapped.

He did not answer. He let out the clutch, and heard the pistons going backward, driving air into the carburetor. He stopped the car, then stepped on the starter. The engine coughed and then roared.

He meshed in the gears, and started the car down the road, easing into top gear and going along with the engine humming.

She tapped his arm.

"All right. Thank you."

"I'll drive for a bit," he said.

"I'm going this way."

"But — but your bicycle."

"It isn't mine," he said. "Just borrowed."

She was quiet a moment. Then she blazed:

"Look here! Stop this car and get out! If you don't, I'll — I'll have you arrested by the first policeman I see."

"Don't do that," he said. "It would make me angry. I'm tired. I'm a Jack the Ripper — a very dangerous sort of chap — unless I'm let alone."

She was quiet, and then he heard her sobbing. He slowed the car.

"Look here," he said. "Don't be frightened. Or are you just pretending so that I'll get out?"

She sat up as if she'd been stuck with a pin, and he saw her face was dry.

"I'm damned well not afraid of any man," she said. "If you had any decency you'd get out."

"And if you had decency you wouldn't have pretended to cry."

He drove silently.

"How far are you going?" he said.

"To Little Reshmore — about thirty miles west of here. And when we get there I'll have you turned in."

"Oh, dear," he said, wearily. "You know you won't."

"I will. So help me I will."

He drove carefully, knowing he was tired and afraid his coördination might be below par.

"Who are you running away from?" she snapped.

"I'm not running away from anything. In fact, I'm running after something. A man in pursuit of his conscience."

"Running away from your conscience, most likely."

"That's the usual case, but I'm an unusual one."

She studied him.

"Look, would you mind driving a little faster? I'm late now. I drive much faster than this."

"Women do," he said. "These clockwork cars fall apart after a year if you push them."

"What's wrong with this car?"

"Sorry. I didn't mean to insult your car. What do you do in Little Reshmore?"

She stared straight ahead.

"I'm a district nurse."

"Have you been out on a case?"

"No. Yes."

"Which?"

"No. I've been visiting a friend."

He turned his head and glanced at her quickly.

"Why do you wear those terrible horned-rimmed glasses?" he asked.

"For my eyesight," she snapped.

"You needn't have those goggle rims."

She sighed.

"It makes me more professional-looking. Makes the damned people more liable to do what I tell 'em."

"It's a shame," he said. "You'd be quite good-looking without them."

"Eyewash," she snapped.

"You know it's true. You're very pretty."

"I should have someone to tell me that every morning," she said slowly. "It would help."

"Doesn't he tell you?"

"Who?"

"The friend that you visited?"

"I . . . I didn't say it was a he."

"It's all right," he said. "Living can be a bloody mess, can't it? And full of trouble, and posing. It's none of my business. Forgive me."

She sat quietly. Then she studied him, carefully.

"You know," she said. "You're a queer sort. Who's after you?"

"That's my worry," he said.

"I suppose you know you've got a nasty laceration behind your ear."

"Is the skin broken?"

"It is."

"Look," he said. "What's this town?"

"I won't give information . . ."

"I don't care, but I want to know — are you going to make a fuss?"

"I must. It's my duty."

"Ah, duty," he said. "In that case, I must drive round the town some way. You'll be later than ever."

She did not answer.

"Look," he said. "I'll make a compact. You keep quiet, I'll drive you to Little Reshmore and get out quietly. If I do that, what will you do then?"

"Report you," she said. "I have to. There's a war on. I don't know who you are."

He nodded.

"You'll not do anything in this town we're coming to?"

"All right."

"Then here we go."

They went through the town, not speaking, and came out onto the open highway.

"How far now?" he asked.

"About five miles."

"You're still going to turn me in?"

"I must."

"Look," he said. "Give me ten minutes' grace. Even animals get that, don't they? Don't they let the fox have some grace or something like that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'm not interested in hunting. If you saw as much filth and neglect and poverty as I do, you'd not be very interested in pink coats, either."

"We are traveling together in more ways than one now," he said. "Bravo, and up the rebels. Then give me ten minutes' start. It's sporting."

She was silent.

"We're almost there," he said. "Ten minutes?"

"All right," she said. "You understand. I'm sorry. But I must."

"Every man must follow his convictions," he said. "It's all right. I've not done anything bad. I just want time, that's all."

"Park over there," she said.

He eased the car to a stop and opened the door.

"Thank you," he said. "You've been decent."

He saw she was holding back the cuff on her left arm with her right forefinger, staring at her watch.

"Nine minutes and forty seconds," she intoned.

He grinned, and looked at her face.

"I still insist, without the glasses, you'd be very pretty."

She bit her lip.

"Nine minutes and thirty seconds."

Then she looked up.

"Oh, please don't try my patience," she said. "I . . . I . . ."

"I'll go. I'm sorry."

"Wait. Get in this car."

He got in again, slowly.

"Don't tell me you're going to drive me further?" he said.

"No!" She was opening her bag. "Turn your head."

He twisted his chin toward his shoulder, and then felt the bite of medication stinging behind his ear. She painted quickly about the bruised swelling. Then he felt her pressing the taped ends of a bandage. When it was done he turned to her.

"Why did you do that — tell me — I always wonder about people."

"It's my training — you neglect cuts and scratches, and get infections and sores, and then . . . It's my duty to do it, that's all." She looked up fiercely. "But it's my duty to turn you in, too, and I'm going to — and don't think I'm not. Now this time I really won't stop. It's ten minutes."

She looked at her watch.

"Go," she said, almost as if starting a childhood race.

He slipped from the car and walked along the pavement. At the corner, he halted. Then he came back.

"Nine minutes and twenty seconds," she said. "Please go!"

"I know," he said. "I just want to tell you. This car—it's the garageman's delight. They make fortunes on that carburetor. It's the bug in the design—a spot of dust can put it blooey."

"Nine minutes and five seconds."

"Garagemen know it—hail it with delight. I'll bet you've had the same trouble a dozen times—and paid five bob every time. All you do . . ."

"Eight minutes and fifty seconds."

" . . . is get to a slope when it begins to cough, let it roll, and put it in an opposite gear. Understand?"

"Eight minutes and twenty-five seconds. Yes. I've heard what you said and thank you."

"That's for fixing my head—my duty, too, you know. Good-bye."

"Eight minutes and ten seconds. Good-bye."

He went quickly away, round the corner to the public square. At one side a knot of busses eddied toward the pavement. He ran over, and caught one that was moving away.

He could still feel the girl count-

ing. He put his hand to his ear, and felt the bandage. She would have to report that, too, of course. Duty! He pulled it off, quickly, feeling the throb in his head as the gummed tape tugged at the skin.

HE CAME into reluctant wakening, tasting his mouth and feeling the warmth of his face on one side where it had lain on his hands.

He saw the mug of beer before him, still untasted, and then remembered coming into the pub. The man behind him shook his shoulder again.

"Come on. Closing time!"

He felt the man's tone—the brusque one that

publicans used to drunks and vagrants—people who fell asleep in pubs.

He walked sleepily from the place, and went into the blackness. His mind was reiterating a foolish song—one that a lad had sung at the billiards in France before it all started:

Don't send my boy to Eton!

Please send him down to Limehouse instead.

Before I'd see him sigh about the old school tie,

I'd sooner see the little blighter dead . . .

He walked along briskly to the unsung tune. But soon he found himself sitting weakly on the edge



of the roadside ditch. He lay down and went to sleep.

With no halt in time he was awake again, hearing a noise that he knew he had heard many times in half-waking. It was broad daylight and the sun was high. He lay, eyes open, until the noise came again: the sound of a motorcar racing past within a few feet of his head — a whooshing of torn air and the thrum of the motor droning away. Going past: Hhhhhhwoowhh!

He thought: Curious none of them saw me.

Then he remembered how the speed of a car strangely disengaged its driver from the world he was moving through.

He got up and continued walking, steadily.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when he sat down to rest on a churchyard wall. He sat staring at the gravestones quite contentedly until dusk. He wanted nothing, desired to do nothing.

His mind was roused from this curious blank contentedness only when he saw the minister coming from the church to the rectory. Clive watched him, thinking the white surplice, blowing gently, made him look like a moth in the dusk. Then he saw the man was looking at him, inquiringly.

"Oh, I'm not a parachute trooper — or a German disguised as anything — you can search me for weapons if you wish."

Clive heard his words and mentally played the record of them back to himself in a sort of astonishment. He was protesting too much. He should have said something else. The man had stopped. Clive looked at him and smiled.

"The trouble is," Clive said, "that you look too much the part."

That did not seem clear, either.

"What I mean is — too much like the ones who play the roles in the cinema."

He thought that did make sense, for it was so true. There was the complete makeup: the delicately silvered hair, the calm eyes, the inner peace that molded the face into tranquillity.

But the man was startled. He hadn't said the right thing again. He must concentrate.

"Can I do anything for you?" the minister said.

Ah, Christianity! The helping hand!

Clive got down from the wall.

"No," he said, coldly. "You can't help any of us."

His eye saw the dim words on the gravestone. He read aloud:

"Here rests with God Aram Fletcher of the Parish of Wythe. B. 1742. D. 1821."

He looked up.

"Now he lived through Napoleon," he went on. "He must have gone through just the same . . ."

The thought trickled away and he followed another.

"It's funny," he said. "All over

they've pulled down thousands of signposts — for safety. Just think thousands of parachuters dropping from the sky and, being a very methodical race, marching to the first signpost — and it isn't there. So they'll be baffled. They'll stop and say: 'We're lost! Heil Hitler! We can go no further!'

"Because you don't think the Hun'd sink so low as to read these gravestones and know he was in Wythe. If so — out with the gravestones —"

He saw the pain on the man's face.

"Oh, now," he said. "I didn't mean destroy them. Don't destroy old England. Stain not the old school tie. Because . . ."

He looked at the church, rapidly becoming a silhouette in the twilight.

"It's beautiful — Norman, isn't it?" he said. "Truly old."

"Yes, truly old," the minister said, slowly.

Clive leaned on the wall with his arms folded. He was conscious of a trancelike weariness, and yet his tongue ran on.

"You know," he said, "they must have believed in those days. Really and truly believed — to make yielding flesh shape stubborn stone — and nice words I'm using about it, too — putting one piece on another to remind us that faith lives longer than mortal body."

"A moment ago you were willing to see such things destroyed."

"That's right," Clive said. "I am talking in circles, aren't I? But I mean no one has faith today. Not that kind of faith."

"Perhaps you speak only for yourself, my boy."

"How nicely you reprove me. You're a nice chap. You're not a pipe-smoking parson, nor a horsy one, nor a backslapper, nor a Holy Joe — have you seen the kind that say damn and slap you on the back to show you they're almost as human as you are? Don't you want to convert me?"

"I only feel rather sorry for you my boy. For your rudeness, and — no, that is a little thing. I'm sorry for anyone who hasn't the comfort of faith — and the peace of belief in prayer."

"Oh, but I have. I have found peace in prayer." He laughed, quickly. "Don't let anyone kid you, padre. When you're in a jam you pray — even chaps like me. At Douai I prayed to God and Jesus and Buddha and the Pope and the Virgin Mary — every one. I was a bit too tired to pray later on. But when I could pray, I didn't miss any of 'em — it's no use taking chances when it doesn't cost any more, is it?"

The minister turned away, and then looked back, quickly.

"You were in France?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here?"

"I was going to get round to the pleasure of deciding that when I had a free moment."

"But you were in France?"

"Oh, yes, truly. Very truly I was. Does that make a difference? It makes me — one of our boys, doesn't it? You should ask me in to tea. That's what's supposed to happen."

"You're — not in uniform."

"No. You see — I'm a deserter."

The minister looked at the ground.

"Now you should ask me in to tea," Clive said. "It's the thing — almost like 'so that the scriptures might be fulfilled.'"

The minister frowned, and motioned for Clive to follow him. "Please don't walk on the graves," he said.

"We shall soon trample on the dying, but we shall always keep off the dead. Isn't it easy to talk this way? It's perhaps the religious influence."

He felt himself swallowed in a pit of sickness, and he walked, conserving his strength. He followed through doors, to a room with a fire burning. He sat in a chair before it, feeling the warmth drug-ging him. He did not know when he went to sleep. He only remembered waking. The minister had changed from his robes. He looked much frailer in his dark-gray suit. A woman was placing a tray on the table. Then she was gone.

"My name is Polkingthorne," the minister said, soberly.

"And mine's Halliburton — Richard Halliburton — alias Clive Hanley, a famous explorer. Deserters always use aliases."

"Sugar?"

"It doesn't matter. Just as long as it's something warm. It's funny being famished and very tired. Makes you feel religious."

"It isn't necessary to talk like that."

"I'm sorry. I've talked too much lately. Far, far too much. I wouldn't talk like this if I weren't tired. It puts you in a floating sort of space and the tongue wags — but you think you're seeing with great clarity. I see now why the saints fasted — you get into an ecstasy and — I might pop off a revelation any moment."

The minister handed the tea.

"Your tongue must have been your worst enemy all your life," he said. "It's a knotted whip flagellating your own back."

"No, I've been a pretty quiet chap. It's just recently that I've started vomiting so many words. It's getting to be a habit. I wouldn't gabble now except — you know — the tiredness. Makes me most un-British, doesn't it?"

"You might eat instead of talking."

Clive ate, silently, and then felt suddenly too full.

"I can't — eat any more," he said.

"Rest a moment, and then try again."

"No. It's all right. I'm sorry I was so glib and petty. I should go."

"Where?"

"Oh — just along. There's no-

where — I can't stay here. Or — I could. I come in and cry sanctuary. Isn't that it? Sanctuary! Then no one can take me away."

"There is a sanctuary in the church — not a physical one any more. A greater one. A spiritual one."

"No," said Clive, "not for me. The church failed in the last war. You played politics so that God was on both sides. The church has blessed too many wars in the name of justice for both sides."

He rose and picked up his crumpled felt hat. "I should go. Thanks for being patient. And keep your fine old church meaningless and empty while all the vermin . . ." He paused seeming to forget what he was going to say, and then went on: ". . . now infesting the wounds of the old, diseased lion slowly eat him to death."

"The lion isn't dead yet, my boy. It's alone — but not dead. And come the four corners of the earth and we shall shock them."

"It's three corners, padre. Quote correctly — and then finish it. Finish it. If England to herself — do — rest — but — true!

"Do rest but true! There's the rub. England has been true to some things — but she hasn't been true to the people who are herself. Well, good-bye and thank you. It's been a very enlightening conversation I — you'll report me?"

"That is for my own conscience."

"Don't let your conscience work

too quickly, padre. A nurse, the other morning, gave me ten minutes' grace. The church can hardly do less than the laity."

"You know, you're sick, my boy. Is there anything. . . ."

"Just a bit lightheaded, padre."

"Wait. You've said things that make me very angry — if I were younger — years ago . . ."

"I'm sorry."

"No, that doesn't matter. But I want to make you understand one thing. I see you as a symbol of your age. You're a product of the age of reason — not the age of faith. Because you have no intellectual belief in a hereafter, you deny yourself the lifelong comfort of faith in the soul's immortality."

Clive passed his hand over his face.

"You're mixing me up — and I'm tired," he said. "Do you mean that you'd have us have faith in a thing when our reason tells us we can't believe in it?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in the soul and the hereafter — heaven, hell, God's throne?"

"I do not believe intellectually in them, and yet I have faith in them. Any fool can have faith in what reason tells him is certain. Faith is the quality of believing beyond reason."

"Remember that — and when the world has faith again — so many troubles will vanish and problems be solved. Communism,

Fascism, these are mere intellectual conclusions. But conclusions of faith will solve what these cannot. That's all you are looking for now. You're looking for something — something — in which to have faith. You're trying to find it by intellectual processes — and that's what the world is doing.

"Don't think, my boy. Feel! Consult your feelings, not your reasonings. If you do — your problem will be over. You'll — you'll go back to your regiment or post or whatever it is in the army."

"Ah, there was a girl who said that — a beautiful girl who believed that . . ."

Clive put his hand against the wall and turned his head, feeling suddenly sick.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Sorry I had to talk to you like that."

He stumbled away, but heard the man call. So he halted by the door without turning round. He heard the minister speaking.

"God go with you. I — I shall pray for you."

"Yes," he answered, without looking back into the room. "Pray for me. Pray for yourself, too. Why not take in a little more ground while you're at it. Pray for England — all poor, bloody England. No — pray for humanity. For every last poor devil who's going to blow somebody up — or be blown up himself; or who's going to be torn or wounded or drowned or buried or burned or gassed in this war.

Pray for poor, stinking, lost humanity."

He went out quickly into the close, feeling the burn of his own anger and shame for having talked like an orator. He saw the twilight had faded, and the bats were flying, diving toward the portal light, making their squeaky sounds as they plunged and rose.

The grass smelled newly fresh and the dew was heavy. In the distance somewhere he heard the sound of a girl's laugh. Suddenly his longing for Prudence swept him so that he felt it in the pit of his stomach.

He turned down the road toward the south, going through the town and out along the highroad.

A LITTLE WAY out of the town he came to a crossroad, with a tall beech tree to one side which seemed familiar. He stared at its dark outline, and then laughed in sudden recognition. So that's what you've been doing, he said mentally — circling back like a lost animal toward the place from which you started. Well then, the cliff where he and Prue had talked through the whole night was only a short distance away, across the fields to the left.

He felt lightheaded again. But he nodded in appreciation, almost, of his own astuteness in working to such a goal. He swung from the road to the open downs, going through the tough grass steadily, wearily, but with a certain great

satisfaction. Tonight he would sleep on that same cliff.

"You have walked a long way to get here," he said. "Tomorrow --- tomorrow . . . There is nowhere else to go tomorrow. This is the end. You have got here. There is nowhere to go afterwards."

This seemed like quite satisfactory and pleasing reasoning. He nodded his head at it.

"But — tomorrow — what are you going to do?" he said. "Reason it out now. Now that you're thinking clearly. Decide on your next move."

Then suddenly, blazingly, triumphantly, it all became very clear.

"Tomorrow you go and give yourself up!"

It was such a delightful idea that he laughed inside himself. Truth was, he thought, a very simple thing — not complex or chaotic.

"You're not running away because you are a coward," he said. "But you can't prove that to anyone else. All your reasons for going back and not going back cancel out. Therefore it's a draw. Maybe the minister was right about reason versus faith.

"The reason in you says you don't want to fight in such a warped and ill-defined war. The faith in you says you must fight so that Britain won't lose. Brain and emotion, deadlocked in a struggle — your body the battle ground.

"See how simple and clear it is? You can't go on running any more

— you're too tired, exhausted. So you give yourself up, present your mental and emotional opponents to headquarters, and throw the whole mess in their laps. They'll have to decide."

He smiled secretly again. It was such a good joke — putting the whole mess up to them. Let them have the worry.

"Look here, this chap has two opposing selves that cancel out. What can we do with him?" Nothing in Army Regulations, nothing in the King's Rules and Orders, no precedent. "Well, if he cancels out, the chap isn't there. He's dead. Report him missing in action."

He smiled happily at the simplicity of it all.

THE DAWN broke splendidly from the cliff where he had slept. Clive felt refreshed and strangely at peace with himself as he came down the path into the town and went to the hotel. He had left the handbag containing his uniform with the clerk, and he wondered if the luggage agent might have been notified to watch for him. But to his relief the bag was handed over without comment.

He went to the ticket office and said: "What time's the next London train?"

"From or to?"

The voice made him conscious of the man — the voice of a person who loves to talk, to quibble.

"To."

"In about — five and twenty minutes, sir."

"Thanks. Where's the lavatory?"

"Over there."

Clive went into the place, which smelled as only such places smell. He peeled off his coat, took his small kit from the handbag, and washed and shaved carefully. He felt much better and more capable after washing. Then he changed into his uniform. He stuffed the civilian clothes in the handbag, put his washing kit into his haversack and slung it over his shoulder.

"There. That part's finished," his mind said. "Now you've burned that bridge behind you." He returned to the ticket window.

"One for London," he said.

"Oh-er," said the man, "so you're a soldier; have to see yer pass."

Clive handed it over and the man studied it. He shook his head. Clive prompted him.

"Yes, I know it's overdue, but you don't have to report me. I want to get back to my regiment . . ."

"Was y'in Frawnce?"

"Yes."

"Oh-er!" The man cuddled the pass and leaned forward on his elbows. "How was it, mate?"

"Bloody hell."

"I bet." He rubbed his smudged chin.

"Look here, mate," he said at

last. "I should turn you over to the R.T.O., y'know — but — I'm an old soldier meself. I know what it's like. Yer go on leave — and go on a bloody good rickety-rack — and there y'are — a few days overdue."

"You'll sell me the ticket, then?"

"I shouldn't," the man said.

"But . . ."

He passed over the ticket and Clive handed him the last pound note.

"Thank you," he said.

"Where can I get paper and envelope?"

"Ah, want to write your girl?"

"Yes."

"That's what I like to see. You write her, and get it off yer chest and go on back — you can't get above a few days C.B. at most. Right down on the platform — at the news counter. The girl'll sell you some."

"Thanks. Look — there's a good pigskin bag in the lavatory — got a good tweed suit in it. Pair of shoes, too. You can have the lot."

He turned away abruptly, went to the stall on the platform and bought a cheap ruled pad and envelopes. Sitting on a bench, he began writing, quickly.

DEAR PRUE:

I couldn't write you until I had decided — had something to say. Now I have.

You were right in a way. I am going back. But only partially right.



I'm going back to tell them what I told you — or as much of it as they'll listen to.

I don't do it as a martyr — wouldn't make a good martyr, I'm afraid. I do it, truly, because I can't go on being a hare to their hounds. I make a bad criminal. I loathe being chased and hate myself for hiding every time I see a uniform. It's a sort of unclean feeling.

Good-bye — and our coming from darkness into the light of knowing each other was very *very* sweet. What will happen to me in the great machine of the Army, I don't know. I don't care. I am tired. But don't worry. I'll let you know what happens. Some day we'll be out of all this. And until that day I hope you are my friend, as I am

Yours,

Private 2265657
QODLI, I.T.D.,
B.E.F.

It crushes the ego to know that that collection of figures and letters means me — and me alone of all the people in the world. That's what man rebels about in all life — being letters and figures — a symbol.

Shall we meet again after this war's over? I hope so.

— CLIVE.

He addressed the envelope to the W.A.A.F. camp at Gosley, and gave the letter to the girl at the counter.

Now everything was over. He had only to wait for the train.

It was on the train that he knew. He knew it with blinding clarity.

He had been asleep, and woke feeling that he was smiling in his contentment. Then he had let his mind play softly, as he lay back, his eyes closed. His mind, at peace at last, played with memories. Prue. He must talk to Prue again. He must tell Prue what he felt. It was all so clear to him now. . . .

Suddenly a great impatience consumed him.

He beat his fist on his knee. If only the train would hurry to London. If only the damned, crawling train would move. There was so much to do before he gave himself up!

At London, he half-ran down the platform. He was almost at the ticket-taker's gate before he saw the M.P. and remembered then that part of his existence. He had forgotten about that.

If he got arrested now — but he mustn't be arrested yet! Not until he talked to Prue.

He went back to his empty carriage, opened the far window, dropped to the tracks, and walked up a deserted platform. Ahead, the gates were locked, but to one side he saw a handrail, where a bridge crossed a street. He crawled through the railing, hung for a moment over the sidewalk, and then dropped. The jar as he landed seemed to shake every bone. As he got up, painfully, from the pavement, a man and two women half-paused, looking at him — hesitating.

He lifted his hand to them,

smiling, and then walked away quickly into the London crowd, not looking back.

AT LAST the door was opening. "Why, Mr. Hanley!"

"Hello, Mrs. Anderson. I was ringing Mr. Vollenbee's bell. He isn't home?"

"Why now, you've just missed him. He went out a half hour ago."

"Oh, hang it," he said. "I wanted to put a call through on his telephone."

"That's all right," the woman said. "Come in."

He went into the dim vestibule and she clicked on the light and fumbled with a ring of keys.

"I never expected to see you," she went on. "He told me you was wounded and went to hospital."

"No, I wasn't wounded. Just pneumonia."

"If you ask me," she said, "you still look awful poorly. A shame sending the boys out of hospital before they're all hale and hearty again. You just make yourself right at home, Mr. Hanley. Is there anything you want?"

"No — just the telephone. Thank you."

He heard the door close, and almost ran to the telephone. He began the struggle against the cheerful impersonality of telephone girls. He waited for the call to go through, pushing the cap back from his head, feeling his forehead heavy with sweat. Then he began the next

battle — against the insensate coldness of petty military officialdom.

"We cannot bring anyone to the telephone for personal calls," the voice trilled it, happily, and as if by long rote. It sounded so final.

"This call's from London. It's important."

"Who is calling?"

"It's — it's a member of her family."

"Will you leave the message?"

"I can't — it's too complicated."

He heard voices, far away, discussing the case, languidly. The voice of the operator dinned, close, in his ear.

"Please don't ring me off, operator," he said.

"Are you throooooough?" drooled another voice.

"Oh, my God," he groaned.

"Please get off the line."

Tinny officialdom came back in the person of another voice.

"We-cannot-bring-anyone-to-the-telephone-for-personal-calls," she chanted, happily.

He felt desperate. "Then please write this down: Mr. Hanley is calling. Will you write that down and have it delivered to her? Ask her to call me at . . ."

He looked at the telephone.

". . . at Oxford double-seven oh three. Have you got that number?"

"Oxford double-seven oh thrrrrree!" trilled the voice.

"That's right. It's very important. I'll be here, waiting." He hung up and wiped his forehead.

He had told himself so many times that there was no use hoping the message would get to Prue, that when he finally found himself picking up the receiver in the bell-loud room, his strength left him. He was hearing her voice and feeling as if there were nothing in the world he could do but be sick — not a word to speak — only cry or be dreadfully and violently sick — hearing her voice.

"Prudence," he cried. "Oh, Prudence!"

"Darling — are you ill?"

Alarm was in her voice, and he gathered his nerves and will and controlled his tone.

"No," he said. "No. It's just — I've waited so long."

"I came down to the Ram's Head to call — I couldn't talk from camp with everyone listening."

"No, of course not. You're a bright girl."

"Oh, darling, what are you doing — where are you in London?"

"I'm — I'm at Vollenbee's — did you get my letter?"

"No, I didn't get any . . ."

"Oh, no. Of course. I only posted it today. I'm going to give myself up. Nothing matters about that. I want you to come here — now. We'll get married."

He heard her breathing over the telephone. Then she said:

"When?"

"Now. Come now — can you get away — get leave?"

"Never mind leave," she said.

"I'm coming — don't give yourself up, Clive — don't get arrested — don't do anything until I see you."

"Of course not, Prue. If I gave myself up, God knows when we'd have a chance to get married. But I'll go back after and have it all out. I don't know how long it takes to get married — I'll have to find out . . ."

He began to laugh, happily.

"Oh, Prue," he said. "You're — you're so beautiful — and I love you."

She did not answer.

"You believe me, don't you? You do believe me?"

"Yes. I believe you. Because you never said you loved me before . . ."

"But I was an ox — I didn't know. I know now — it's so plain. And — but do you love me?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes — I'm very sure."

"But why did you just go away — oh, come up here, and we'll get married and then I'll go back and tell them how I feel, and I don't give a damn what they do."

He waited for her to speak, and when she didn't, he said:

"You do want to marry me, don't you?"

"You know I do, darling. But — there's licenses and banns . . ."

"Oh, not in wartime. You can wangle these things — don't you know someone who . . ."

"Father would know someone, I suppose."

"Well, come on, then. What time can you get here?"

"I can catch a bus to town — and there's a train about seven. Yes, I can get to London at twenty minutes to ten. Then I'll be a deserter, too."

"I'll be waiting at the station, Mary Ann."

He felt as if the line were from a happy, popular song. He felt light-headed with happiness.

"Well, hadn't you better go, then? Don't miss the train."

"The bus doesn't go for nearly half an hour yet," she said. "Talk to me. You know, when a girl's said yes to a proposal — she must talk to somebody about it. And you're the only one — unless I go in the bar and . . ."

"No, I'll talk to you." He laughed. "How are you, Prue?"

"Oh, I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm fine. I'm so happy."

"Me, too. I don't even mind that I'm all messed up — because I've been crying . . ."

"Ah, Prue — Prue. I love you. I do love you. What an ass I was not to recognize it before. When I could do something about it."

"No, it's wonderful this way. Because — it's like everything else we've done. Not every girl is proposed to by telephone — with probably hundreds of people listening in. You're wonderful to have thought of it, darling."

"Yes, I'm a wonderful chap, all right."

"You are. I feel so . . ."

"So what?"

"Delirious, in a way. Like the first time at the panto when the curtain goes up."

"Is that what love's like?"

"Oh, many other things. It's like seeing the first daffodils in spring — and oranges in your stocking at Christmas — and going to church on Easter in your new, beautiful dress."

"Love's quite a lot of things, isn't it? I feel terribly responsible."

"Well, what's love to you?"

"Oh, it's like having worked all week and the whistle goes, and it's payday."

"Anything else?"

He sat quietly a moment. "It's like — like having walked all your life in darkness, and dirt — and suddenly breaking through a curtain and seeing a great valley before you in the sun — and you know it's a new world and a new life from then on — forever."

"That's beautiful, Clive, — about it being a new world. I don't want to talk any more now, darling. Say good-bye, Clive, and — I love you."

"I love you, too, Prue. You'll be on that train?"

"Darling, come armies, Waffs, hell, or high water — I'll come on that train."

"And come hell or high water, I'll meet you."

The telephone clicked, and Clive looked at his watch. Two hours and forty-five minutes to wait. Two

hours and forty-five minutes to wish away as he'd never wished for time to go before.

He came down through the black-out feeling weak and lightheaded, but also quite elated. His mind ran ahead, and then with a twinge of discomfort he remembered that there'd be M.P.'s at the station. Well, he would fool the M.P. somehow. Perhaps it would be safer to arrive just on time, then he wouldn't have to loiter at the station.

He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to go. Plenty of time yet.

He made his anxious feet dawdle. He tried to find something for his mind to dwell on, to ease it of its impatience. When he heard the sirens go, he was almost pleased. They screeched, rising and falling in short banshee wailings. The lights were beginning to leap and swing to the east. There was a faint rumble of gunfire there. But the planes weren't over central London.

Then as he stood watching, he heard the sound.

It was the whining drone of a German bomber, coming as if in a dive. Even as he heard that, his ear distinguished the sound of a dying engine, going as if fighting for waning life. He stood tensely, assaying the sound, hearing the engine fight — *Brrrrr — brrrr — brrrr — brrrrrrrr!*

He felt himself in the cockpit, trying to gun a shattered motor, desperately opening the throttle, coaxing the engine.

So completely was he one with the unknown German above that he felt himself go weak in the stomach as the motor faded into a crackle of guttering backfires. The plane was losing altitude — low, now — passing almost overhead. Low! Almost at the chimney-tops. And then the houses across the street leaped into silhouette as the night bloomed into an instant of white light, and at the same time the crash came.

At that instant he started running. As he turned a corner, he saw the street breaking into yellow light. The plane had struck the slanting roof of a three-story row of small shop-fronts, and had been driven almost completely down into the building. The tail of the plane still showed at a brave angle in the light of flames that were beginning to lick upwards. At that moment he heard a dull, dignified boom, and he knew a petrol-tank had exploded.

When he reached the building, the fire was already crackling viciously. He saw that the flames were not pointed tongues, but great billows, round-topped like smoke. But it wasn't smoke. It was mushrooming clouds of bubbling fire.

He stood, thinking it strange that the street should still be deserted except for himself. Then, he saw a man pulling with his bare hands at a mass of shattered tile and rubble.

Clive knelt beside him.

"My wife — my kid!" said the man, "they're in the cellar!"

The man never stopped his frantic scrabbling. Clive stood up, brushing at the man's shirt. In the back it was glowing. The thin, smoldering line was creeping in an ever-widening circle. The man had not felt it. Then Clive saw that the man's hair and eyebrows had been singed away.

"Here — look out," he said.

He began kicking the rubble away, his heavy boots going in arcs, pushing aside the debris. He found an iron grating. Just then the beam of a torch flashed down and he saw a helmeted policeman.

"What's it?" the policeman said.

Clive kept on kicking the grating free.

"His wife and his kid's down here."

"Whose?"

Clive looked round.

"I don't know. Chap was here a minute ago. Chap in his shirt-sleeves. Burned."

The policeman shone the torch. There was a small cellar window below the grate.

"Grab hold, there, soldier. See if we can pull it up."

They bent and tugged together. Suddenly, without warning the grating tore loose, and they staggered back, trying to keep balance.

"There," the policeman said. Together they peered at the smashed window below, gazing as men do

when judging a problem that needs nice assessment. The heat of the fire was growing more intense.

"By God, I couldn't get through there," the policeman said. He looked at Clive. "And you're bloody near as big as me."

"What's up?" a new voice said behind them.

"There's a woman and a kid down there — and it's too small."

"Who says so?"

"A chap — he was round here. In his shirt-sleeves."

"Oh, must be the man they just picked up at the corner. He was wandering round."

The new man threw his torch on the window. Then he looked at more men behind him.

"'Ere — let's 'ave a look at it!"

A wizened cockney whose helmet came down over his head with a sort of variety-hall comedy effect knelt before the gap.

"I c'n make that," he said, almost proudly. "'Ere! — 'old me 'elmet."

"Good old Snod," someone said. Clive watched the little man's face contort into a grimace as he squeezed himself through the window. Then there was nothing to do but wait.

At last he heard the men calling down into the airway. They were pulling at something — a very small child. The cockney was shouting up.

"I cawn't find nobody else."

Clive knelt quickly by the airway.

"There must be another there," he shouted. "The chap said his wife was down there too."

The face of the cockney stared up. "All right. I'll look agyne," he said.

Clive lay beside the window, waiting. The time seemed to crawl. Another helmeted figure knelt beside him.

"We ought to be getting him out of there," the man said. "Snod! Hi — Snodgrass!"

Just then Clive heard the cheerful voice:

"I got 'er. Way at the back. 'Ere — grab 'old."

Quickly the man above reached down in the airway. As his head and shoulders went from view, Clive knelt and knotted his hands in the man's coat-tails. He heard the cockney below.

"'Op to it, Chief. It ain't nice down 'ere."

The man struggled, wriggling backward, pulling the woman by her arms. Her head rolled loosely on her neck. Her shoulders wedged in the window frame.

"Grab her hand and pull," the man said.

There was urgency in his voice.

Just as Clive grasped the thick plumpness of the wrist, and began to pull, he heard it. The hard, high cries that cut clearly into consciousness.

"Look out!"

"Look out! The wall!"

Frantically he tugged with the

man beside him. The body was jammed. Clive looked up above.

The wall was still there. It hadn't moved. Perhaps they had made a mistake. With his head thrown back, his feet braced against the building, he tugged so that he felt sickened that the woman's bones and flesh should be put to such straining. The wall was still there. It was still . . .

Then he saw that it wasn't the same. The wall was edging outward. It was beginning to slant. It was all happening with the horrible time-distortion of a nightmare.

Like a man pulling on a rope at tug-o'-war, he strained at the arms of the woman. "It's worse for Snod," he thought. "I made him go back."

He looked up again. The wall was bowing, gravely and courteously, falling . . . falling . . .

There was a rending of cloth as the shattered edge of the window tore at the clothes of the woman, and then her body came free.

Only then, as if the reaching of this goal of freeing the woman had also freed his mind from immediate happenings, did Clive remember. He let the woman's arm fall.

Prudence! He had said that, hell or high water, he'd be there.

You said you'd be there, his mind accused.

Well, hell . . .

A new thought came and he held it with almost triumphant pleasure.

There would still be time. They'd hold up the trains in an air raid. He had plenty of time, if . . .

If he ran! If he got away.

"Oh God," he thought. "I can't get out. I can't. I'm too tired."

There they were, the four of them — the man beside him, the woman, perhaps dead, the little cockney looking up from the cellar, and himself. All caught together, hearing now the roar of the collapsing wall, waiting for the torrent of stone and brick that would come in that second to cover them.

There was a first crash, a sense of sudden pain, and then, miraculously, Clive felt himself standing. He looked about him.

There had been no passage of time, and yet he knew time had elapsed, for he was being half-carried, half-led by two men.

Forcibly he stopped, and pushed them away with his hands. Then he understood. He had come out alive. They had dug him out — no worse than getting knocked out at football. He had been knocked unconscious, but he was all right now. There was no pain.

He gathered his words as he drew his arms free.

"No," he said. "I'm all right now. I've got to go."

It was harder to talk than he'd imagined.

"Go? Where?"

"To the railway station," he said, slowly. "I've got to meet someone — at — the railway station."

He started away and then felt himself on a tilting world. He had to walk in a slight half-circle to keep from falling. But the world tilted still further so that he fell.

He lay there, not feeling the men pick him up.

PRUDENCE sat, her face turned toward the great clock. A lethargy possessed her, a sense of unreality. This sitting here alone, waiting — this could not be true.

"What train are you waiting for, Miss?" A Military Policeman was standing before her. He had seen her sitting there for hours.

She looked at her wristwatch with a simulated motion. It was idiotic to sit there, to pretend any more that time had not gone past. She got up, slowly.

"I seem," she said, "to have missed — someone. Yes, I've missed them."

She picked up her bag and walked away.

ROGER CATHAWAY went quickly to the waiting-room door and threw it open.

"Well, Prue!" he said. "When the nurse said you were here . . ."

Even as he went to her, he felt the shock that always came on him now as he saw his daughter. Somehow, in his mind, she always lived as a girl of nine — with honey-toffee plaits down her back — riding with him in his car on his calls. "Come on in the sanctum," he said.

"What on earth brings you . . ."
As he closed the door he looked at her.

"Why, you look tired."

A fugitive smile passed and she said: "I didn't sleep last night. I've been sitting in Lyons."

"Then we'd better pack you off home and let you get some sleep. How much leave have you got?"

"I haven't got leave," she said.

He went to her quickly and took her hand.

"What's the matter?"

She looked at his hand and smiled.

"Bedside manner," she said.

He nodded, and went back to his chair. He took out a cigar and lit it.

"Prue, you know, people come from all over to sit in that chair — hundreds of 'em — and pay a lot of money, too, by Godfrey. And sometimes it's surgery; but most of the time — there's nothing wrong, and you just have to talk. And what would be the use of me if I couldn't help my own daughter . . ."

He swung in his chair and patted his left shoulder.

"That," he said, "is my public crying shoulder. A few odd thousand people have cried on that one. But this . . ."

She saw the lean fingers of his left hand touching his right shoulder.

". . . this one's a private one —

reserved for members of my own family."

Like a child, she sat on his lap, and put her head on his shoulder.

"You know," he said, and his voice sounded far away, "it's funny. I always think of you as a kid in pigtails."

"Well, I'm not," she said. "I'm quite a bit heavier. Suppose anyone walked in and saw you with a woman on your lap."

"Scandal," he whispered. "But no one will come in."

She lay quietly, her face feeling the roughness of his coat.

"Father."

"Yes?"

"Has anyone the right to unload troubles on anyone else? Passing troubles and responsibilities on . . ."

"You have a right to pass them on to your parents," he said.

"I've had my leave," she said, suddenly. Her voice was flat. "I went away with a soldier. We stayed on the South Coast. Then — yesterday he called up and asked me to come to London — and we'd get married. But — he wasn't at the station. So — I walked around all night. And came here. That's all."

He did not say anything.

"Are you shocked?" she asked.

He sighed. "I was talking about being a good father," he said. "You know what I think it is — being a



good father? It's loving your children — loving them when they're good — and loving them just as much when they're bad. No matter what you did — that wouldn't make any difference to my essential love for you. You know, I really mean that."

"I know you do," she said. "It's funny talking like this."

"Yes," he said. "Who is the chap? I'd like to wring his neck."

"No," she said. "You wouldn't know him. He's — just a private soldier. That doesn't sound nice, does it? A girl in the Waffs runs off with a private soldier and then he leaves her waiting at the church. Does it sound hackneyed and sordid — the servant girl's tragedy?"

"You needn't talk about it if you don't want to. It's all right. You're — still you."

"No," she said. "I don't mind talking. I want to now. I'm not ashamed. The moment I met him I knew I'd do whatever he asked me to. Why is it like that? We weren't in love — then. What makes it like that?"

He rocked slightly, as if she were a tiny child.

"The wisest of us don't know that," he said. "It's so many things. It's how old you are. — whether your body is rebelling against physical restraints imposed by custom — most people are physically ready to be married long, long before the age they're able to sustain and support a home. Or it's how the

moon is — what your emotional state is — what tune an orchestra has played and left ringing in your head — what smells or scents there are in the air — everything you've ever done or sensed or thought in your entire life somehow has created a contributory stream that pours into that one moment. You see?"

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't been a bad girl — or casual — even in kissing. And yet — I knew he would ask me, and I wanted him to. So it wasn't his fault, was it?"

"It's something removed beyond blame. And it's best to forget it all. A private soldier — and a physical encounter. The only thing to blame was his not keeping his promise — and your wanting to sustain a purely physical relationship by . . ."

"No," she said. "He wasn't like that. He was a private soldier but — but . . . Look, suppose you were to have photographs — microscopic photographs a quarter of a million times as large as things are. Could you have that?"

"No. What for?"

"That's what he was working on. Photographing with electrons instead of light. That's possible, isn't it?"

"Theoretically it may be. But in practice . . ."

"But he says they're doing it. Not him — but an old man — oh, I forget his name. Follenbee or something. I forget."

"Vollenbee?"

"Yes, that's it. Do you know him?"

"I know of him. He's a crazy old coot — and so brilliant that he might do it."

"Well then, it's true. You see? What he said — it's true. Couldn't we get in touch with Vollenbee and — and find out where he is?"

"I don't know," he said. "Do you want to, Prue? This chap, whoever he is — well, it seems pretty plain it's just been a casual encounter . . ."

"No," she said. "It can't be that. He wouldn't have asked me to come here unless he . . . you see . . . I know he wouldn't."

"You think he wouldn't."

"No. I *know* he wouldn't. You see, it wasn't just — just the other thing. It was when we started, but not afterwards. He'd been in the mess at Dunkirk. It had — upset him. We stayed awake and talked at night. Of course, we made love, too."

He laughed, warmly.

"Yes, of course," he said. "That sounds fairly true."

"And he didn't want to go back. So, we argued about it. And we had a quarrel about it. But we made it up — and we left it at that. And then, yesterday, he called me. He said he'd solved it and was going to go back and have it out — but first, we'd get married. And I came — but he wasn't there."

She felt herself crying — from weariness, she thought.

"I don't want to cry — or — or be a fool. But . . ."

"That's all right," he said. He patted her comfortingly. "You have to tell someone. And now — what do you want to do?"

"I don't want to do anything," she said. "I can't seem to want to do anything. And I'm absent from camp and . . ."

"There, there," he said. "Don't worry. I'll attend to it — you're ill and can't go back — until you want to. I think you'd better take a cab home, and get some rest. . . ."

"Must I tell Mother?" she asked.

"No," he smiled. "I don't think you should just yet."

CLIVE HEARD a rustling sound, but when he opened his eyes, the sound was gone and Prudence was there.

He gathered speech from the weakness inside him, and said:

"Hello."

"Hello," she said. "You mustn't talk."

He smiled at the silliness of this and shut his eyes.

WHEN HE opened his eyes again, Prudence was gone. A lamp was burning dimly and the nurse was going away. The rustling sound was there.

Almost gleefully he arrived at the fact that the rustling was the sound of the starched skirts of the nurses — and he knew he had heard it a long time and that it was now

familiar. He felt sorry for their legs, brushing against the harshness of unflowing material.

He nodded, and closed his eyes.

HE WOKE and saw Prudence was there again, and he thought the interlude had been a trick of the mind.

"Hello," he said. "Still here?"

"No, don't talk."

"But we've just been through all that," he said.

He watched her face and smiled.

"Here, here," he said. "There's nothing to cry about, now."

"I won't," she said. "I'm not crying. Are you all right?"

"Yes. How did we get here?"

"You were in an accident. They brought you here."

He lay thinking.

"I didn't mean that," he said.

"What I meant was — how did you get here? I didn't meet you and . . ."

"Your pay book — and your pass. The hospital notified military police. My father traced you and it's all straightened out now. Don't worry — and go to sleep."

"I've been asleep."

"But you've got to get strong."

"I am strong," he said. "What's wrong with me?"

"A little concussion, that's all."

He lost focus of her and saw only the blankness of walls. He tried to rivet attention on something he wanted to say, but then he saw it was dark again, and the light was burning, and she wasn't there.

HE OPENED his eyes, feeling someone holding his wrist. A broad bearded man was there, taking his pulse.

"Hello," he said.

The man did not answer. He just looked at him, and winked.

"I know you," Clive said. It seemed extremely funny. "You're Prue's father."

The man nodded, still not speaking.

"You know how I could tell? The nose. It has a flat snub part below the bridge just like hers."

The man began to laugh, silently and curiously as if it were a tremendous joke. Then he put Clive's hand down carefully.

Clive felt tremendously happy over his success. He wanted to go on talking but the putting down of his hand was like a final curtain that put an end to it all.

THE CAR was halfway home before Prue dared to ask the question. "Please — what about him, Father?" she said.

"Well," he said, slowly, "we'll operate tomorrow at eleven. Then we'll soon have him all fixed up."

She kept her eyes ahead.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked. "It isn't a simple concussion, is it? You have names for things . . ."

"Oh, no," he laughed. "If I told you, then you'd go home and look it up and get worried. There's danger in half-knowledge. You know,

years ago when we knew less about cancer, I read about it and I was sure I had it. Cancer of the throat. Nothing could convince me I hadn't. I still have it, regularly — twice a year. I go and get examined, and nothing will convince me . . .”

She knew he had taken the conversation away to make it easier for her.

“Please,” she said. “It’s worse not knowing.”

“Well, there’s a subdural hemorrhage at the left-rear of the skull.”

“What’s that? What’s subdural?”

“Oh, you know — the dura’s one of the three coatings over the brain — and there’s a hemorrhage under it — giving some intracranial pressure.”

“And you cut through and relieve the pressure.”

“Yes, I’ll take the clot away. Everything that can be done, will be done — try not to worry about it.” For some minutes he was curiously silent.

“You told me not to worry,” she said, “but aren’t you worried yourself? You seem to be.”

“Well, I always worry a little, you know. If I didn’t worry — perhaps I wouldn’t be a good doctor. This chap — he’s never been sick, has he?” he asked.

“No. I remember he said he’d never been sick a day in his life. But he had pneumonia after Dunkirk.”

“Pneumonia? Of course. A lot of them did. Exhaustion and exposure, no doubt. He was a nice chap?”

She smiled and nodded.

“Yes,” he said. “Of course. But I don’t know much about him. Merry fellow, was he?”

“Oh, yes. We used to laugh and have a good time.”

“Not all the time, though. You were serious sometimes?”

“Oh, yes, often.”

“Quarrel sometimes?”

“Oh, well. One does — it’s human.”

“Yes, of course. But — violently?”

“Sometimes. You see, he was tense and edgy because he had been through so much. He gave up his place in the boat at Dunkirk to let another man escape. They suffered so terribly there, and he didn’t seem able to forget it.”

“Oh, did he tell you that?”

“Not at first. He didn’t even say he’d been there, but I knew. At night — he’d grind his teeth terribly and shout out things about the war.”

“But he was always perfectly rational?”

“Of course. That is — well, it’s nothing, but sometimes, when he was talking, he’d stop — just as if everything were blank. And then he’d go on — right where he left off.”

“Start talking, stop, and then go on?”

"Yes. Is that bad? Does it mean anything?"

He sought words quickly.

"Oh, no, no. Most of us do that, you know. If we're thinking — only a fool goes right on babbling."

"Yes. He's got a good mind, Father."

"Did he ever have headaches?"

"Why, yes, he had. Is that a symptom of something?"

"No," he said. "Not necessarily. . . . Ah, there it goes!"

They heard the banshee wail of the alarm. She looked at her luminous watch.

"Nine-eighteen — and third to-night," she said. "And that's more terrifying than the raid itself."

He knew she hated the scream of the alarm.

"No," he said. "You wouldn't say that if . . ."

"Are there many injured?"

"Yes. It's getting heavier every night. We're beginning to get quite a good many."

"I hope you aren't called to-night," she said. "You've got to have a good rest for tomorrow."

"Yes," he said slowly.

ROGER Cathaway soaped his hands mechanically. He was thinking of Prudence, standing in the corridor below, waiting for the operation to be over.

"We're ready, doctor."

He went into the operating room. There was the flood of light. Beyond that, nothing existed — the

glass partitions, the outer theater — just black space. There was some dim movement. The medical students — assembled for a Cathaway operation. He felt suddenly tired.

He walked toward the whiteness of the tent and stood, looking at the bluish-gray on the shaven scalp showing through the apex of the tent. This skull — this man — and Prudence. This man —

"We're ready, doctor," the assistant said.

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

He held out his hand for the hypodermic syringe. Quickly he infiltrated the scalp with the novocaine. Then he straightened and spoke clearly.

"From the history of this case and from our physical findings we believe this to be a subdural hemorrhage affecting the left parietal region."

He held out his hand for the scalpel, and drew it over the blue-gray in the first, swift, biting line

"However," he said, "there are inescapable indications that the case may be further complicated."

He was thinking: It is always like a thin-lipped mouth, breaking into a gentle smile: the way the scalp creeps back showing the skull.

He watched his hands, working strongly and firmly.

This man, the beloved of his child. His daughter. The little girl in pigtails . . .

"The patient is a soldier, who experienced the recent action. Undoubtedly

he was affected by the strain of the war . . ."

The beloved — not a girl in pig-tails. The blonde-aureoled young woman he had left waiting in the corridor. Prudence. Prudence . . . Lord alive, the word has no meaning or sense. What in heaven's name had made them christen her with such a meaningless sound? Imprudence might have come closer . . .

"You may notice, incidentally," he said, "the great care taken to avoid haemostasis. We are checking the hemorrhages with the clips . . ."

He heard his voice droning on, and saw his hands moving, and thought: Get back to the point. You'll have to sooner or later. He set the Hudson burr against the white bone, feeling the warmth in his throat that was always there when metal first ate at bone.

"There were signs of spasticity on the part of the patient. This should be remembered in conjunction with the fact that the patient has also suffered pneumonia recently, and that X ray reveals a fibroid tuberculosis of the right lung."

There, it was said. He went on working, now silent, lost in the concentration of the operation itself. As he set the instrument for the fourth time, he spoke again.

"The Hudson burr," he said. "Extremely efficient — making it impossible to penetrate any deeper than the thickness of the skull itself."

His mind returned to Prudence, but he forced it away again, and found almost release in speaking aloud.

"This is, of course, the Gigli saw."

He bent, now again rapt in his work, passing the wirelike saw through the aperture and under the skull. He caught the end, and began the back-and-forth sawing, pulling the flexible toothed band steadily.

"We may expect the pressure of the hemorrhage to push the brain into the aperture. There is usually great intracranial pressure. Yes — frequently quite great."

The rectangle of skull came away and hung attached to its hinge of scalp. As if obedient to his words the gray pulp rose tightly.

Something in him said: You knew it would be so. You knew it. You thought luck . . . luck . . . there is no luck! Prudence . . . you can't even do this much for Prudence.

He spoke, slowly, steadily.

"Unfortunately," he said, "you at that distance are unable to observe what we have here. But those of us here can see a certain thickness of the meninges . . ."

He watched his hands at work, feeling that he was plodding along an endless road.

HE SAW her sitting by the window in the hall. He was searching for words to say, and then felt somehow cheated when she spoke

first. She smiled and said clearly: "They took him into his room. He looked — rather done in."

"Of course," he said, irritably, thinking that she knew better than to expect a patient to be lively directly after such an operation. "Of course. In the morning . . ."

"Yes. In the morning," she said. "Shall we — go?"

He thought: If she'd only given me a chance, I'd have told her. I've got to sooner or later. But . . .

They went silently from the hospital. As he climbed into the car, he passed his hand over his forehead.

"You're tired, aren't you?" she said. "I know — nearly four hours it took. It's a very long operation, isn't it?"

Now! This is the time to tell her . . . if she were only looking away from him.

"You know," he said, and his own dawning thought gave him surprise. "If I weren't — a respected doctor — I'd go out and get blotto! Absolutely blotto!"

"All right," she said. "Let's. Me too."

"Ah, but Prue . . ."

"No," she said. "I couldn't possibly go home. I couldn't — I'd yell — I couldn't . . ."

"But Prue — I wouldn't know where . . ."

"That's all right. I'll take you," she said. "I'll take you."

He felt the curious end-of-the-world feeling — as when he had been a young man and had gone off on irresponsible rickety-rackety crew jaunts around London. He was surprised that that world still existed — it hadn't ended when he had left it — the world of dancers and well-gowned women and laughter into wine cups. How staid he had grown!

"Sorry," he said. "I don't do so well."

"You're dancing wonderfully," she said. "You'd learn in no time. You're so light on your feet."

"I used," he almost boasted, "to dance the maxixe."

Then the dance was over and they sat at the table. "You'd make a wonderful dancer," she said.

"Huh!"

"You would. I bet people are saying 'Look at that distinguished-looking man — how well he dances.'"

"No, they're saying 'Look at that old codger with the beautiful young girl. Must be his money that does it.'"

Suddenly he was tired.

"Shall we go?"

"All right. It's almost closing here."

When they were outside in the cool darkness, she said:

"I don't want to go home — let's keep on going."

"Where? I thought you said



everything closes at this time."

"I'll bet it doesn't," she said.
"Wait here."

When she came back she took his arm. "I knew I could find something — the doorman told me. You'll have to say you're a member of the club."

It was only a short distance, and then he was knocking at the door, seeing a pair of eyes inspect him through the sliding panel. The door opened.

Inside he sat at the table, looking at the small place, packed with men in uniform, and amply supplied with enough hostesses to go all round.

"My word," he said. "Illegal places like this — right in the heart of London!"

The whisky was horrible. He shuddered and watched Prudence drink, quickly.

"Don't make yourself ill," he said.

He felt ashamed of himself and of the place. It was all right for the others — all the young men with wings on the chests of their uniforms. Youth couldn't be sullied by it — but he — age turned it tawdry.

He watched the girls — pitiful in the bright frowziness of soiled evening dresses. There wasn't one who — who could make a man's pulse-beat rise a fraction — unless he were tight. Prue — she was the only clean-looking thing here.

"Poor drabs," he said.

"Don't pick on them," she said.

"They're doing their best. Can we have another?"

He was surprised at her tone. But then he nodded. He couldn't scold. If a man took his daughter out — he couldn't change in the middle of it all and suddenly become the restraining parent. He watched her drink, and then they sat moodily at the table.

"It's no use," she said, suddenly. He looked up to smile at her, and saw her face.

"Now, Prue — don't cry, please."

"It's all right," she said. "They're used to crying women in places like this. No one will pay any attention."

She took the handkerchief he offered and wiped her face, quickly. "How long will he live?" she said.

"Why," he began. "The — he's in . . ."

"It's all right," she said. "I know. I went in and watched, and I heard you."

He bowed his head.

"Yes — I felt sure you were there."

"One of the nurses let me in — she didn't know who it was — it wasn't her fault."

She looked at him and smiled.

"Poor you. Knowing your daughter was out there — and yet knowing that that mustn't make any difference."

He was silent.

"What's spasticity?" she asked.

"His muscular responses on the right side . . ."

"Can't you do anything for him?"

"All we can do is — give him twenty grains of sulfanilamide four times a day," he said. He recited it as if mocking the words.

"Then what will happen?"

"Tomorrow morning — it's this morning now — he'll appear much better. That's the relief of the hemorrhage pressure. He may be quite rational — and quite relieved."

"And then?"

"Toward evening we should expect certain — signals to display themselves. Rising temperature. Moments of irrationality."

"And then?"

He went on, as if reciting a lecture. "In the following twenty-four hours, we should expect to see the fever mounting. Twelve hours later pyrexia will be well advanced. The patient will become stuporous.

"In from forty-eight to seventy-two hours, the — death will take place. Death will take place." He stared down at the table, waiting.

"Thank you," she said. "Can we — this is such a very loathsome place — can we go home?"

"I think we'd better," he said.

COMING through the morning quietness she had thought: Suppose he has died. Suppose he has died in the night! Hurry! Suppose he has died!

But when she opened the door and saw his eyes turn toward her, such a gladness swept her that she forgot everything else.

He said: "I've been waiting a long time for you."

"Oh, you look so fine," she said. "You look so much better."

"I am better," he said. "I feel so clearheaded. Just a bit squiffy in the stomach, that's all."

As she heard the aliveness of his voice a cry rose within her: It isn't true. Perhaps luck is with us. Perhaps somehow — miraculously — he's going to get better. Perhaps they were wrong! There were mistakes sometimes . . .

While the wild hope was being born in her it died, and she heard the voice of her father in remembrance going tonelessly: "Tomorrow morning — he'll appear much better. That's the relief of the hemorrhage . . ."

The hope was gone and a cold sickness passed down into her as if she had swallowed it.

"I feel better than I have for months — really," he was saying. "Really, Prue. He certainly is a good doctor. I could hear him lecturing — quite plainly at first. Afterwards — I got a bit sleepy, I think."

"He's the best there is — I told you that."

"But I feel so good!"

"Then don't talk."

He turned his head and they looked at each other for a long space.

"I'm all bandages," he said. "I must look a mess."

"Vanity. Lie quietly."

"I don't want to be quiet . . ."

"For me."

"All right," he said.

She heard him become quiet and unmoving. Then he spoke again.

"Prue, after this is all over we're going to live very placid, normal lives. Sound citizens. Legally married. Hearth and home, and six bouncing children that look like you . . ."

"Six, good heavens!"

"Of course, six. I think that's a very nice round number."

He laughed to himself, warmly.

"Six babies, and furniture on the hire-purchase, and the gas bill to pay, and the insurance man coming round once a week."

His voice dropped.

"I haven't got anything," he said. "Could you put up with it?"

She turned her head away.

"You know that," she said.

"It won't be so bad. When this war's over, I'll get my job back — and we'll have fun. You'll like 'em. We'll have old Monty drop around. And you'll like Vollenbee. . . ."

He held out his hand and she took it, and felt sudden horror that it was so warm. Then she thought: People's hands are always warm when they lie in bed. . . .

When he was asleep she put his hand under the covers and sat watching the sunlight move and the dust motes whirl.

THE NURSE set the tray on the stand.

"I brought some tea and toast

for you, too," she said to Prudence.

She went to the bed and stood, looking down. Then she touched his shoulder. Prue heard his voice.

"I'm — I'm thirsty."

The nurse's voice came brisk in a nearly calloused cheerfulness.

"Of course you are. I brought you some nice tea. Miss Cathaway will give it to you."

She smiled at Prudence and went away. Prudence took the small, spouted cup, and poured the tea into his mouth. She waited for him to swallow, and he smiled up at her. Then he hiccupped.

"So sorry," he said. "Isn't that rude!"

"You can't help it. Here, some more."

She gave him tea until he shook his head.

"You take yours," he said; and his eyes closed as he watched her.

LATE in the afternoon the nurse came in with the chart clipped to the board. She went to the head of the bed and looked at him.

He said: "Hello!"

"Hello," she said. "I think Miss Cathaway ought to go now."

"No," he said. "Please — let her stay."

"Don't be so selfish," she said, as to a child. "You don't want her to get tired and get ill too, do you? She's got to get some dinner."

"That's right," he said. "I'm sorry. Will you come back later, Prue?"

"Yes. I'll come back," she said. As she went out he called after her.

"Knock when you come, Prue. I might be flirting with the nurse."

She smiled as she closed the door.

"My, you are feeling better today," the nurse said. "Open your mouth."

He moved his head to escape the thermometer.

"We're going to get married, nurse. You can be first to congratulate us. We've been planning it this afternoon — six babies and a home in suburbia. As soon as I get out of here, we'll be married."

The nurse flicked the thermometer dry with a snapping movement of the wrist.

"That's — that's very nice," she snapped. "You mustn't talk. Open your mouth." She took his wrist; then looked at the thermometer.

"Am I going to get better?"

"Of course you are," she snapped. "Of course — if you stop talking and rest."

He lay still.

"Thank you," he said, at last.

THE NEXT MORNING when Prudence came the nurse was sitting by the bed.

"I'll stay here now," she said.

The nurse went away. Prudence listened to his breathing, now tense. He seemed as in a troubled sleep. He woke up twice and she gave him a drink. When the nurse came in to take the temperature, Pru-

dence watched him turn his head from side to side to avoid the thermometer, in a petulant, tired sort of way.

After the nurse had gone she sat by the window again, letting time dribble past. At last he spoke, clearly and strongly. She went to him.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I said, do you know Old Monty?"

"Yes," she said. "I know him."

"A good chap," he said. "A very good chap."

He shook his head as if in some secret satisfaction, and closed his eyes again.

She sat, feeling the aloneness of a room where an ill person lies. Her father came in and smiled at her. Then he held the hand on the bed, feeling the pulse. He folded it back neatly under the bedclothes.

"How is he?" she asked. He hesitated, and she went on: "No, that's a silly question to ask. It doesn't give you anything to say, does it?"

"You'd better let me take you out for some lunch."

She nodded.

"You look tired," she said. "Were you busy last night?"

"Quite busy," he said. "Rather a heavy casualty list last night — the heaviest yet."

They went down the hall.

"People'll have to learn to wear helmets. I had one with a falling splinter right in here."

He pointed with his finger sticking straight down toward the top

of his head. "We took it out — very peculiar case."

"I suppose you'll get some very interesting cases now."

He nodded. "It seems quite probable."

After lunch she went back. As she came in he was stirring, turning his head from side to side and breathing heavily. She took the water cup and dribbled drops onto his lips. She noticed that they were cracked and dry from the fever.

When she heard him speak again the sound was harsh and unintelligible. She went to him, and his eyes were alive. He moved his lips.

"Water?" she said.

He shook his head from side to side. Then his voice came rasping.

"No. Your hat," he said.

She put her hand to the beret.

"Oh, this? You mean I'm not in uniform."

He shook his head, almost in disgust.

"Your hat. Take it off," he said.

"Why, of course."

She took it off and smoothed her hair in an unconscious gesture.

"There, is that better?"

He smiled and nodded his head.

THE NEXT MORNING Clive was still alive. The day nurse came in and said: "Shouldn't you rest? It's no use . . . Well — here's the paper."

She left the newspaper, but Prudence could not read it. It seemed meaningless.

Again the cycle of sounds moved through the hospital: the stiff skirts everlastingly whispering near the door as the nurses hurried past, a woman's cry lifted in labor, the punctual squalling of babies in the wing below as feeding time drew near, a piece of china crashing somewhere in a kitchen.

But, always, closest of all, was the sound of his breathing. She sat with her hands folded, listening to it.

In the late afternoon, her father came in and held the pulse of a hand that had no meaning or connection with anything. She knew it was an idle gesture, meant to comfort her.

"You'd better come home, Prue," he said. "You can't help him. He doesn't know you're there."

She nodded. "I know. But — you can't let anyone die alone. Even if they don't know."

"All right," he said. He kissed her, quickly and clumsily, and then he was gone.

She walked to the bedside. The face under the bandages was unmoving, gray, waxy.

A NURSE came in and said: "Would you like me to bring you tea, Miss Cathaway?"

"No," she said, "thank you." One couldn't eat here in this room. "I'll run out and get some tea," Prudence said. "Then I'll come back."

She went out to the street, to the city alive. She went to Lyons, where

the cakes and buns stood in wonderful pyramids in the glass cases in the imposing entryway. Inside, the orchestra fought its daily battle with opposing sound: the mass volume of talk and called orders and thundering of chinaware.

She drank tea and tried to eat the buns. The orchestra crashed in their ears. One tune seemed very popular.

Roll out the barrel,
We'll have a barrel of fun.

She walked back to the hospital in the gathering dusk. The city seemed to have a new air, a feeling of a race against time. The night air raids were making people anxious to get home before the first planes came over. There was a tenser tempo as the crowds poured into the Underground and caught busses on the run and pedaled furiously on bicycles and streamed along the pavements.

AS DEEPER DARKNESS fell, the city outside grew into a new quietness — as if hushed as it lay in wait for the raid. Then she heard the sirens wail, and the muttering of the archies over in the East. The cannonade began — more unanimous, louder even, than the night before. The door opened and the nurse said, quickly:

"There's another bad one on. Do you want . . ."

"No, it's just as well to stay here."

The nurse went out, and Prudence felt anger — that the woman had spoken to her as if there were no one else in the room — no other living creature. Ignoring the one in the bed. Discounted already.

She got up and turned the small light out and sat by the window, watching the familiar sight from behind the thick curtain: The sky alive with darting, rushing searchlights — leaping, waving, like tentacles of some sea monster fishing at random from a lair.

She heard the shudder of bombs falling, and felt glad and a little elated. It was only just. If he had to lie there dying — somehow it made it more equal that she should sit here living under a raid.

She felt the window shudder in front of her as a bomb fell some streets away. There was a grunting sound of the air, and then, after it, a tinkling of glass — going on, tinkling, falling, showering below. Even before her mind had grasped these details, the world jumped in to a dimension beyond sound. There was a staggering blaze of light that somehow made the eyeballs ache even in the darkened room. She felt her head pulsating as if it had been crushed between giant nut-crackers.

The world seemed utterly noiseless for a second, and then, as the sense of sound returned, she heard the rising lamentation, the outburst of wailing of frightened children, a woman's cry. The glass tinkled

again below in an endless shower, and then the hospital became alive to a rushing sound — as if all the nurses with their sounding skirts, running without consciousness of dignity, had united to give the world a great, rushing whisper.

The door opened and the cone of a torch shone on the floor. In the reflected light Prudence saw a nurse and an orderly.

"Those who can't go downstairs — we've got to put them under the bed," the nurse said.

"Under the bed?"

"Yes, it'll be some protection."

"No, please. It won't make any difference now. Please!"

She wanted to say: You can't give him the indignity of dying — on a floor — under a bed. Why force on him in death what he wouldn't have done in life?

The nurse turned away and the orderly followed her, closing the door.

She listened to the barrage. Then, in a lull, his breathing sounded, rasping, high. The ugly sound rose higher and then died. She felt his pulse. There was no pulse. No heart action.

Then it came, the pulse leaping and fluttering, as he drew in great, agonized gasps.

She put his hand back under the covers, and went to the dark hall. She called and the nurse walked to her, with a flashlight.

"He's — he's dying now. Doesn't someone want to know about it?"

The nurse stood, hesitatingly.

"I — we'll try to get down there, Miss Cathaway . . ."

"No. I suppose it doesn't matter. It wouldn't do any good — but I thought someone — it's all right."

She went back and began counting the spaces between the gasping fight for breath. She did it without any feeling. There was no feeling left in her. She counted — waiting — and the counting went on this time without end. The breathing did not come.

She felt for the pulse again. Then she put the hand back under the cover, and felt in her bag for her small torchlight.

Holding it in one hand, she bent over the bed and looked down. She knew she should feel sorrow somehow, but there was nothing to feel. The face — it was not Clive's. Clive — he was something alive, intense.

She picked up the chart, studied her watch, and wrote, carefully: "Patient died at 2:17 a.m." She put the date underneath. Then she went out and found the nurse.

"He's dead," she said. "I marked it on the chart."

Their two torches formed twin pools of light at their feet.

"Is there anything I can do now?" Prudence asked. "Do you need any help?"

"No, thank you, Miss Cathaway. We're getting things settled on this floor; the hit was in the contagious ward."

She went out of the hospital into a city somehow deserted and yet madly alive with urgency and action. In the courtyard steel-helmeted men moved through the moonlit night. She saw the shattered wing of the hospital. The bomb had sliced away a front wall and left the building open to view — like an opened front of a doll's house. Men were scrabbling at the foot of the rubble brick and stone.

It had no meaning. She turned away, and went on walking toward the east where the sky was ruddy with blazes.

The guns wakened again to a full-voiced roar, and she thought: Another wave's coming over.

A man with black helmet glistening called to her:

"Here, you. Get under cover!"

She wondered at his rude way of speaking. Then she thought: He thinks I'm a streetwalker. It must be hard for them, being spoken to like that.

"All right," she said. "I'm going now."

She went along the streets, echoing with gunfire. Sometimes there was the harsh drone of motors, and the ambulances streaked past in the empty streets. The fire engines roared along, racing through the night from one fire to another.

She thought: Poor auxiliary firemen. Everyone joked about them

— but now they're not a joke any more.

Poor men — perhaps they'd been like her — not knowing what they were letting themselves in for. You took an action — one little action — and after that life swept you away.

Perhaps it would be good for them all to be swept away — torn from habit and routine. So many people tried to live on the bank of life — and life really was in the stream. Yes, that was life — head over heels in the current, torn along, trying to get breath.

She halted, for suddenly the sky before her lifted with light, and a great blaze sent tongues high. There was another blaze to the left. One to the right. She felt heat on her face, and water from the fire hoses poured over her feet — water filthy with the tossing mass of charred wood fragments.

She heard a voice beside her.

"If ye stand over 'ere, Miss."

It was a little, middle-aged man — his billycock set at a firm angle.

"It's a do for fair, ain't it? They lights the fires, and then they can see to 'it with the bombs."

She nodded.

"Why ain't you 'ome?" he said.

"Why aren't you?"

He put back his hat and scratched his head, as if the thought had just occurred to him.



"Blimey if I know. I come out 'ere — and I've been 'ere for howers. And I've got me Sunday best on, too. Ah, bombing women and children! I won't 'alf catch it when the old woman sees me. But — you just stay, y'know. I've been watching 'em — look at 'em. Bombs and fire and everything. They can stick it, can't they? Can't they stick it?"

The pathetic pride in his voice stirred her, and woke her feelings for the first time that night, and she suddenly became aware again — aware of body and tiredness and mental weariness.

She looked at the little Cockney, and suddenly she felt the hotness rush up in her body and through her throat. Without bidding or forbidding her eyes welled over, and hot tears streaked runnels on her face. She had not cried for Clive dying, but now she cried for this little man who stood, not knowing why he stayed.

"'Ere, 'ere," he said, in embarrassment.

She turned away. Now at last she felt again. Suddenly, as she walked, she put her hand below her heart. She was glad that no one knew yet that there was to be a baby — Clive's baby.

There was nothing to be done about it. She could carry on. She'd go back into uniform — go back to camp and serve until — as long as they'd let her. Then — the baby!

The thought struck her suddenly

— and she had not thought of it before — that now he must be fatherless. Fatherless like his father. The finality of that had meaning, and only at that moment did she feel that Clive had died — and from then on he was dead.

In that moment his death became real, and so it also became fitting in some way that the flames should rise, the earth erupt, the buildings topple. She stood quietly in the deserted, sound-mad street.

"Without a father — like your father," she said. "But you're going to have a better time of it than he did. You're going to have a better England to live in! Because we were both right. Both right! We have to fight now for what I believe in. And after that, we'll fight for what he believed in.

"We'll win this war because — because we can stick it. And then, God help us, we're going to win the peace, too.

"You won't have it like him. You'll live in a better England than he did, because you deserve it! Everyone deserves it!"

She began walking home in a night that was alive only to flame and to noise — noise that no longer seemed insane, but stubbornly defiant. And she was somehow proud to be in it and a part of it.

For she knew she was hearing a sound that no man had heard for long centuries — the roar of London, her back to the wall, defending herself.

The Reader's Digest

An article a day—of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

TWENTIETH YEAR



OCTOBER 1941



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What must be done to give us government representing national interests

Pressure Groups Within Government

By William Hard

Washington political observer

Now is the time for us to get ourselves a government that will be good. We have the task of all-out national defense. When peace returns, along with all its prospective depression and unemployment, we shall have the task of all-out national recovery. We cannot accomplish it with the sort of government we have now.

To accomplish either national defense or national recovery, we have to have a governmental organization that represents national economic unity. Today it actually represents national *dis*unity.

We talk about private "pressure groups" in Washington. We denounce them. We investigate them. Nothing happens. Why? Because the "pressure group" idea is embedded in our government itself.

Till 1889, our governmental departments—State, Treasury, War, Navy, Justice, Post Office, Interior

—served the general *national* interest. Then came the special-interest era. The Department of Agriculture was erected to promote the welfare of *one* interest.

Every Secretary of Agriculture has been a farmer or a specialized farm student and advocate. The department was created for the purpose of helping agriculture only. Inevitably it became a vast organization of special pleaders for one section of our economy. Its attention was riveted on getting all it could for the farmer.

The special-interest precedent was set. In 1903 we got a department to promote industry alone, irrespective of other interests. It was called the Department of Commerce and Labor. The name implied recognition of the fact that it takes both the office and the work bench to produce something. But that was too much unity for us. So

in 1913 the department was split and we got a Department of Commerce by itself and a Department of Labor by itself.

Virtually every Secretary of Commerce has been a businessman. Just as in the Department of Agriculture the farmer has always been right, so in the Department of Commerce the businessman has always been right.

Meanwhile the Department of Labor became the missionary not only broadly of labor but specifically of organized labor. We have had four Secretaries of Labor, three of them union-card men, one a union-card fan.

The most vital section of the Department of Labor is the Conciliation Service. It exists to prevent strikes. But the whole Conciliation Service was immediately packed from top to bottom with trade-union officials and ex-officials. This was done under Republican just as under Democratic Presidents.

Imagine! There was a dispute between a management and a union. The government sent a "conciliator," an umpire. And from the start this umpire, with a union card in his pocket, was emotionally on the side of one of the two contending teams. It was the climax of the absurdity of special-interest government.

Yet that climax lasted on into our new National Labor Relations Board in 1935. Just about every

bright young man from a good law school who adolescently thought that management was always wrong and labor always right seemed to be able to get a job with that board.

An ex-judge from Virginia once volunteered to go to work for it. He said he had often been chosen by both sides in management-labor disputes to make impartial decisions. It was made clear to him that the board did not want impartial people. It wanted employees who were for labor.

From 1889 to date we have torn the seamless web of American national economic unity into shreds. We are giving the United States the same chaos of divided interests that wrecked France in the face of oncoming Nazi Germany.

It has been done by both parties. It gives us our almost lunatical clutter of separate unintegrated "commissions," "boards," "bureaus," and — the word is very appropriate — "divisions" in Washington. It takes no less than 16 federal agencies, for instance, to tell us about our financial system.

Our social economy is a unity, all its parts interdependent. Our government, contrariwise, is a disunity. That is the menace and the problem. You cannot govern a unity with a disunity. The attempt to do so is the prime temptation of democracy. It can also be the final epitaph of democracy throughout the world. What can be done? I venture three suggestions.

One. All our officials must be trained into being professional neutrals toward all special interests, all pressure groups, all political parties. Progress is being made in that direction. We can permit ourselves some optimism.

The present head of the Labor Department's Conciliation Service, John R. Steelman, is neither a labor man nor a management man. He is a scholar by trade and a neutral by temper. He has added other neutrals to the Conciliation Service staff. The old-time union-card men on the staff have caught the new spirit. More and more they are reconcilers, not partisans.

The same sort of thing is happening in the staff of the National Labor Relations Board under those eminent professional neutrals Dr. Harry A. Millis and Dr. William M. Leiserson. There has been a shake-up of personnel. Economic partisanship has passed from being encouraged to being discouraged. The results have been happy for the President. Complaints against the board used to come to the White House in torrents. Now they come only in a trickle. Impartiality pays — even politically.

Then there is the new Ramspeck Civil Service Law. It will help. On the first of next year almost all government jobs will be Civil Service jobs, the holders protected against political pressure and debarred from political activity. But Civil Service does not touch de-

partment heads or members of commissions or other officeholders who are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Politics and economic partisanship can still reign among them.

A high example was set in this matter by President Hoover in his appointments to the Supreme Court. He appointed Hughes, an economic middle-of-the-roader, and Roberts, an economic right-winger. Then, deliberately, in order to balance the Court and not to pack it, he appointed Cardozo, an economic left-winger.

Public sentiment should vigorously demand that all Presidents make all appointments, whether to courts or to boards and commissions, on that same principle of economic impartiality.

More and more the members of our boards and commissions have duties which are quasi-judicial. More and more they have to have the spirit of judges. They may well remember Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Theodore Roosevelt. Shortly afterwards Roosevelt said to him: "I would like to discuss a pending case with you." Holmes drew himself up to his full Civil War height, glared, said, "By God, sir, I am a *judge*," turned on his heel and walked out of the White House.

That spirit must animate our quasi-judicial officials. We must have a government personnel that

shall be above all improper pressures whatsoever. Every citizen can do something about it, by demanding that spirit.

Two. Our higher officeholders should be more permanent.

The Securities and Exchange Commission, since its start in 1934, has had five chairmen. No sooner does one of them learn his duties than he springboards off into an ambassadorship or a judgeship or a law school deanship. This example is followed by the staff. So far 150 lawyers, accountants and engineers in the SEC's top ranks have resigned to sell their talents and their public knowledge to private business.

We need more government men like Daniel W. Bell. Dan entered the Treasury Department in 1911 as a clerk. Step by step he has risen to the post of Under Secretary of the Treasury, second only to Mr. Morgenthau himself. He has done it at the cost of refusing much more money offered by private employers.

It is not possible for everybody to be so public-spirited. The top Civil Service salary is \$9000. Scores of \$9000 government men have resigned to get more in private employ. Why not raise the top Civil Service salary to \$15,000? That and the prestige of public office might turn the trick. We must keep our good public servants for life.

Three. We now have no central

spot from which our production — agriculture, commerce and labor — can be viewed as a unit, few or no men trained by experience to cope with such problems of integration. We need an Economic General Staff to advise as to national economic policy. Its officials should be farm experts, commerce experts and labor experts, all at once.

We should recruit a democratic equivalent to the German Supreme Economic Council. It would have no power to coerce the people. It *would* have the power and the duty to weld the activities of all our governmental groups into what does not now exist: a consistent, coherent plan and purpose.

Till we get that sort of unity, we shall not have done our best to make democracy work.

Let us not be afraid of unity or of strength in government. It is not united strong democratic government that produces totalitarian government. It is just the contrary. Look at Russia, Italy, Germany, and now Vichy, France. In each case the thing that produced totalitarianism was a democratic government disunited, weak and futile. It is not order, it is disorder, that gives the dictator his chance.

We are going to have a government which in any case will be big. Our choice is simply between having the government big and bad, or big and good. If we have it big and bad and foolish and worthless, we can expect some Caesar to take

it over. It is only if we have it big and good and informed and effective that we can expect it to remain free and to keep the country free.

That is the instant task of democracy through the world: to give itself governments really worthy of freedom.



☞ *Heartening courage for distressing days*

A Philosophy for You in These Times

By

Bertrand Russell

TODAY'S WORLD is full of painful things. The hopes for mankind which once were universal have come to seem illusory; instead of progress, there has been a revival of ancient savagery.

How can we avoid becoming discouraged and hopeless? What is the use of caring for children if the world is to be such that existence is intolerable for them? Is all hope for human happiness and improvement, indeed, merely self-deception?

I am sure the answer to these questions is not to be found in despair.

IT MAY SEEM to you conceited to suppose that you can do anything important toward improving the lot of mankind. But this is a fallacy. You must believe that you

The editors of The Reader's Digest proposed to Lord Russell: "Suppose some evening you were able to make a super-broadcast to 130 million Americans. What would you say?"

This is his inspired message.

can help bring about a better world. A good society is produced only by good individuals, just as truly as a majority in a presidential election is produced by the votes of single electors. Everybody can do something toward creating in his own environment kindly feelings rather than anger, reasonableness rather than hysteria, happiness rather than misery. The sum of such actions makes the difference between a good and a bad world. If you are an eminent statesman, your en-

vironment is large; if you are obscure, it is small. In the one case you can do much; in the other, little. But you can always do *something*.

Every parent who brings up a child in such a way that he becomes rational and kindly is achieving part of what must be done to make a happy world. Everyone who resists the temptations to intolerance which beset us all is helping to create a community in which differing groups can live side by side in mutual amity. One man can do little against a vast evil, but vast evils arise from adding together many little evils, and vast goods arise in the same way.

You may say: "What can one man do against a world?" But if you were wicked you could do equally little for evil. Good and evil alike, however vast, spring from the efforts of individuals — not only of eminent individuals, but of the ordinary men and women of whom communities are composed.

Never before in the history of the world has the independent thought and conscience of every human being been so necessary and important. We need — each of us — to make a serious and determined effort toward something better than the present. There must be the hope of a world with less cruelty and suffering, and there must be a firm will to do whatever is possible toward bringing it into

A NATION is made great, not by its fruitful acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its mines, but by the men who work in them; not by its railways, but by the men who build and run them. America was a great land when Columbus discovered it; Americans have made of it a great nation.

— Dr. Lyman Abbott

existence. We cannot combat the immense dynamic forces of communist and fascist fanaticism without something equally dynamic and at least as resolute.

We can set our faces against injustice, prejudice, falsehood, and cruelty. But it is not enough merely to go about overflowing with vague benevolence. Our emotion must lead to work that is somehow connected, however indirectly, with the creation of a better world.

THEN, TOO, if one is to keep sane and balanced in times of disaster, it is necessary to remember constantly what is good in the world as well as what is bad. The only adequate way for us to endure large evils is to find large consolations. If there is to be any way out of despair, it must be by remembering more things, not fewer, by enlarging our horizon, not by narrowing it, by being more aware of what is good, not by seeing only what is bad.

The human race is a strange mix-

ture of the divine and the diabolic, making both good and evil inevitable. Complete despair is no more rational than blind optimism. There is not only cruelty and suffering. There is poetry and music and love and aspiration, rising triumphant over pain — showing us how splendid man can be at his best, inspiring us to live up to what is noble and turn away from what is petty and mean. There are the sublimities of man's achievements with pure intellect; thus have we learned what we know of the ways of nature, thus are we able to contemplate the great and timeless universe in which the eddies of the present seem of small account. There are courage and endurance in many millions of human beings, heroism in countless humble homes scattered throughout the land. There is heroism in serving mankind. I am thinking of the doctors and nurses who expose themselves to infection in dangerous epidemics, of scientists who risk their lives in experiments to save others suffering, of firemen and lifeboat crews,

of gallant rescues, of facing unpopularity for a cause, and innumerable other forms of bravery.

There have been, in history, good periods and bad periods, but neither have been lasting. It is our misfortune to live in a bad period, but it will end. And it will end the sooner if we as individuals keep hope alive.

And so, to the man tempted by despair, I say: Remind yourself that the world is what we make it, and that to the making of it each one of us can contribute something. This thought makes hope possible; and in this hope, though life will still be painful, it will be no longer purposeless.

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An Eye for Trouble

THE ENGLISH tell a story about a reluctant conscript asked by the army oculist to read a chart. "What chart?" asked the draftee. "Just sit down in that chair and I'll show you." "What chair?" asked the man. Deferred because of bad eyesight, the draftee went to a nearby movie. When the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist in the next seat. "Excuse me," said the conscript as calmly as he could, "does this bus go to Shipley?"

— *Newsweek*

The inside story of how Hitler gagged and bound the greatest of German publishing houses, then appropriated its properties

The Fall of the House of Ullstein

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Herman Ullstein

ON THE morning of April 1, 1933, I drew up before the Ullstein Building in the heart of Berlin. Wittkopp, our doorman, an obsequious giant, greeted me as usual with a respectful good morning. As I entered, the familiar bustle of a newspaper office surged around me. Throbbing under everything else was the rumble of gigantic presses, turning out millions of pages. The great publishing house was launched on another day.

But promptly at 10 o'clock all work stopped and the building fell into ominous silence. Then I heard voices and the tramp of feet. I stepped into the corridor and saw 150 of our employes, Wittkopp at their head, marching in goose step, chanting: "Down with the Jews! Down with the Jews!" They averted their eyes as they passed me and kept their voices low; it was obvious many were acting under orders and ashamed. It was a "token" demonstration of race hatred, the first the Nazis had staged. I went back to my desk, heavy with forebodings.

Within two weeks the majority of our employes, willingly or un-

willingly, had become party members. Wittkopp was their leader. His obsequiousness turned to arrogance. Daily he roared into our offices with peremptory demands for dismissals, for changes in policy or administration.

Then there was Kleinmichel, a small, dried-up man, head of the messengers. One day he appeared in a magnificent Storm Trooper uniform a little too large. He stationed Troopers in the composing rooms to see that nothing against Nazism was printed. Kleinmichel — a rabbit in a lion's skin!

Soon the office was honeycombed with spies and treachery. My telephone was tapped. One of our sub-editors assigned a Nazi agent to shadow me in our own building, another to write down the names of all my office visitors. Employes that I had trusted and befriended now struck blows of sickening disloyalty in order to advance their own interests with the Nazi party.

But the heaviest burden of all was the realization that the House of Ullstein had not been without blame in bringing this tragedy on itself.

The free press of Germany slept while Hitler rose to power. We were absorbed in the day-to-day business of meeting competition, getting advertising, building circulation. We took the freedom of the press and private enterprise for granted. How wrong we were!

Certainly the House of Ullstein should have been in the thick of the fight against dictatorship. Established in 1877, we owned four daily newspapers, including the *Berliner Morgenpost* with a circulation of 600,000. The largest of our six magazines were the *Illustrierte Zeitung*, which had 2,000,000 readers, and the *Grüne Post*, which had 1,000,000. Our book department published 2,000,000 volumes annually. And yet despite our liberal, democratic policy, and all this power to influence public opinion, we did little to oppose the rise of Hitler or to maintain the republic.

It is difficult, perhaps, for Americans to understand the political ferment in Germany between 1921 and 1933. There were at least 20 parties grappling for power. Three of them — Nationalists, Nazis and Socialists — had private, uniformed armies. The most vocal and intolerant of these were the Nazi legions.

Early in 1928 an army officer, let me call him Major Wendt, came to me to say that Hitler was being underestimated and that the Nazi movement, begun in rowdyism, was now a national menace. He

wanted the Ullsteins to put up 2,000,000 marks to finance the secret arming of the Stahlhelm, the "private army" of the Nationalist party. He promised me Nazism would thereupon meet an abrupt and bloody end.

Of course I would not agree to put up money for an illegal enterprise. But if Major Wendt and his rough-and-ready group were afraid of Hitler, I told myself that we *all* should be afraid of him. I decided then that it was the duty of the Ullsteins to combat Hitler by every legitimate means.

I told the directors of our company of Wendt's visit. I wanted to use our newspapers and magazines to fight Nazism. The directors, including my four brothers, demurred. They said that our periodicals had achieved tremendous circulation because we were neutral in politics; if we chose sides in this confused situation we should lose half of our readers. "We can't afford to have opinions," they said. I thought we couldn't afford *not* to have opinions. I was voted down.

Not yet discouraged, I called a conference which almost every editor and owner of the liberal-democratic and neutral newspapers attended. If Germany is to be saved, I told them, a concerted effort must be made to educate the people to see the fallacies and contradictions of Hitler's promises. If this campaign were not started at once, it would be too late.

They agreed and we began organizing an all-out offensive against Hitler. Just then the afternoon papers arrived. Headlines announced the seizure in a raid on Nazi headquarters of a document signed by Hitler which proclaimed that if he came to power he would crush all opponents and pay off with blood his debts of revenge. That, of course, simply backed up what I had been saying, and I felt considerable satisfaction — until I noticed that some of my fellow editors were leaving, one by one. They weren't indignant, they were frightened. The press committee to oppose Hitler died right there.

The Ullstein Press died a slower death. We had no major trouble during the first year of Hitler's regime. Göring was then in charge of the press; like many a terrible man, he was not too difficult. Yet it was Göring's own vanity that led directly to our downfall.

One day we were informed that we were to have the "privilege" of publishing Göring's memoirs in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* — which still had the largest magazine circulation in Germany. We had gumption enough to protest but were quickly advised that a Göring suggestion was equivalent to a command. The day before the first chapter was to appear we announced our serial. Hell broke loose in the Nazi party. Goebbels, who hates and envies Göring, went immediately to Hitler with a protest

about the scandal of giving the memoirs of a Nazi leader to a non-Nazi magazine. One chapter of the memoirs appeared, then Hitler stopped them. The fateful sequel was that Goebbels was put in charge of the entire German press.

That was March 1934, a date to be carved on the gravestone of German liberty. The era of easy censorship ended. Goebbels now required all editors to appear in his office every morning for an hour of instruction. They were told what news they must print and what they must avoid; the size of headlines and actual number of words were prescribed. No breath of criticism could be directed at the Nazi state or any member of the government.

My brothers and I soon found that we were puppets in our own firm. We paid the salaries but had no control over our staff or what was printed. Editors were assigned to us from party headquarters. I felt that a crisis was approaching.

The blow fell obliquely, and was cushioned with the velvet fiction of legality. One day Richard Müller, one of our directors, said Goebbels had demanded that he, Müller, be given power of attorney for our firm. We trusted Müller. He had been with us from young manhood and held the highest paying job in European journalism. If anyone had to have power of attorney, it might as well be Müller.

A short time later he told us that

Goebbels had summoned him to come at once, bringing along another Aryan director of the Ullstein Company. In a few hours Müller came back with the Goebbels decree: The Ullsteins must sell their publishing business within two weeks!

"But it will be impossible to find a buyer within that time!" I exclaimed. "Our business is worth 60,000,000 marks [\$24,000,000]. No individual or corporation in Germany has anything like that amount of money."

In a few days the representatives of a semi-official bureau came to say that they had a purchaser satisfactory to the government. Who was this purchaser? We could not be told. We were informed that he would pay 12,000,000 marks — take it or leave it. My brothers and I knew there was no point in resisting; the alternative was the concentration camp. We handed over our property.

The transfer was all very legal; many papers were signed before notaries. The bitterest stipulation was that no member of my family should ever again enter the Ullstein Building.

I kept asking myself, "Who is this purchaser whose name cannot be told?" Soon Herr Amann, publisher of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, began to give orders in the Ullstein offices. But everyone in Germany knew who the real owner of Amann's

publishing house was. My question was answered: the mysterious purchaser, the only man in all Germany who could raise 12,000,000 marks in two weeks, was Adolf Hitler, who still controls the great publishing house and enjoys its profits.

The four-million-odd dollars received by my family was a great deal of money — even when shared five ways. But it was astonishing how fast it disappeared. Most of it went back in the form of taxes, fines and special levies to the man from whom it came, or to his party or the exchequer.

Then began the ordeal of getting out of Germany. I do not think I could live through that again. For nearly a year I sat in anterooms begging and waiting for the necessary documents, paying taxes, fines and bribes. After months of costly negotiation I learned that I might go. My entire fortune was now reduced to 100,000 marks, but almost joyously I went to police headquarters in Berlin to get my final papers. There I learned that Count Hell-dorf, police commissioner, had held up my passport. His secretary explained the situation politely. He said that he was sure matters could be arranged if I made a small gift to the commissioner.

"A gift?" I asked. "How much?"

His secretary smiled. "One hundred thousand marks," he said. And that is what I paid.

Divorces While You Play

Condensed from
The American Magazine

Gordon Gaskill

AMERICA's divorce capital has shifted from Nevada's mountains to Florida's sunny shores. Reno in 1940 rang up 2300 divorces — no small total — but Miami's new mill ground out 4000.

Miami makes no secret of it. She frankly set out to get the business. Her new divorce factory has the streamlined efficiency of an auto plant. About all Miami asks is that you live there 90 days and cross Miami palms with silver. Ninety days make a nice vacation. If you have the time and money solicitous lawyers, landlords and bartenders will make the three months pass like a lazy, golden dream. Then, just before you leave, you drop by the courthouse to pick up your divorce. It's almost that casual.

The hurdy-gurdy started in 1935, when Governor Dave Sholtz — a former president of the state chamber of commerce — okayed a law which lets you become a Floridian after living in the state 90 days. Reno requires only 42 days, but Florida shrewdly decided that it could keep the customers happy



over the longer period. And as one tourist-hungry gentleman remarked, "If we're going to lure them here, let's keep 'em long enough to make it worth while."

Florida's divorce law was already broad-minded. "In 99 marriages out of 100," one lawyer told me, "some argument has occurred that could be considered grounds for divorce in this state."

The grounds include the customary adultery, habitual drunkenness, desertion, and so on. But most popular are "a violent and ungovernable temper" and "extreme cruelty." These can mean almost anything. It has been considered "extreme cruelty" in Florida for a woman to smoke cigars, or eat crackers in bed, or for a man to make his wife diet or himself take up the habit of chewing tobacco. So, with that 90-day law, the rush was on.

Outside lawyers, scenting fat fees, have swarmed in. Competition is fierce, and there is a cut-rate war among the 900 members of the bar. A needy newcomer, with only a hat for an office, will get you a divorce for \$50, all expenses included. The average is about \$150, excluding the husky wad it takes to live in Miami long enough to become a "bona fide resident."

Miami's six judges haven't time to hear evidence in all the cases. So they appoint attorneys as "special masters" to take testimony and recommend whether divorce should be granted. I witnessed one hearing. It was held in a lawyer's office. The man seeking the divorce raised his right hand, swore to tell the truth. Then the special master asked, "Mr. K——, have you lived in the state of Florida for 90 days and do you intend remaining a permanent resident of this state?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. K—— replied, with a straight face.

To corroborate the all-important "residence," the master then summoned the landlord of a swank Miami Beach apartment hotel, who dutifully testified that Mr. K—— had been his tenant for at least 90 days. That hurdle crossed, everybody seemed relieved.

Mr. K—— charged his wife with desertion. He told his story briefly: His wife had walked out on him two years before. She had drawn a large check on their joint account and probably had enough money. She

had no living relatives and he was unable to trace her.

It took just nine minutes. Next morning the few pages of testimony were handed to a judge who scanned them hastily, found everything shipshape, and scribbled his name on the divorce decree.

Mrs. K—— didn't know she was being divorced. The only effort made to notify her was a notice in a little paper read almost exclusively by Miami lawyers.

The catch in the whole Miami setup is that matter of "bona fide residence." The courts hold that if you come to Florida just to get a divorce, and don't honestly intend to live there permanently, that's fraud and your decree is worthless. In most cases the liars are safe: the divorces are usually uncontested and there's nobody to challenge the decree. But some who hold these easy divorces may get a rude awakening one day, especially if they have a lot of money and didn't arrange airtight property settlements.

"Even if both parents accept the divorce," one lawyer told me, "their children can contest it years later. If they can show fraud they might inherit all the property. Subsequent marriages may be voided and children declared illegitimate, the parents prosecuted for bigamy, adultery and perjury. That has already happened in some Reno cases."

Despite this, an astonishing number of people risk it. For impatient gentry who can't wait 90 days

there's an illicit market where you can buy evidence as you would potatoes. In one case an outraged judge learned that a man had never even seen the apartment he claimed as his permanent Florida residence. He just gave the landlord a check for three months' rent, in return for which the landlord agreed to swear the man had lived there the required time. Several divorces have been annulled because the judge happened to stumble over fraud.

The cruelest skulduggery of all was engineered by a lovable character we'll call Mr. Jones. He and his wife lived together in New York, apparently happy. One day he told her he had to go to Chicago on business. Instead he flew to Miami, rented an apartment and hired a lawyer.

"My wife and I have agreed to a divorce," Mr. Jones explained. "I've retired and I'm going to spend the rest of my life in Florida."

"All right," the lawyer said. "I'll draw up the papers and telephone you when I want to see you again."

"I don't have a phone," Mr. Jones smiled. "I'd never get any rest if I had one. Just drop me a letter and I'll be right over."

That night Mr. Jones flew back to New York, told his wife what a fine trip he'd had to Chicago, and waited. Every once in a while the lawyer would write, asking him to come in. The letter would go to the Miami address and be forwarded by air mail; and Mr. Jones, plead-

ing another "business trip," would catch a plane to Miami.

Eventually he was able to confront his stunned wife with what appeared to be a valid divorce decree. But two years later she happened to mention the affair to a Miami attorney she met in New York. He had the divorce annulled.

Even easygoing Miami was shocked by a recent case. A woman obtained a divorce after "residing" in Florida less than two weeks. Somebody spilled the beans the day the decree was signed. But the judge affirmed the decree anyway! Miami newspapers howled, and a few days later all the judges met in a long, secret session. From it emerged stricter rules.

One abolishes the custom of permitting lawyers to select a friendly attorney to act as special master. Another rule makes you wait 14 days between the time you file your suit and the day you get your decree — time for investigation.

"The Florida judiciary," one judge told me, "is getting sick of this monkey business."

The mass of Floridians, especially in the country areas, don't like their state to have the gaudy reputation of "divorce mill." But in the popular resorts, where tourist trade is bread and butter, a lot of people who are not in favor of easy divorce keep their mouths shut.

"Sure, we resent this divorce racket," one eminent lawyer said, "but resentment is dulled by greed."

The Reader's Digest has the honor to present a new feature



TWICE TOLD TALES

By Alexander Woolcott

I—Our Lady's Juggler

This beautiful legend dating back to medieval times has stirred the imagination of many writers and storytellers. Anatole France based a famous short story upon it and Massenet set it to music in a well-known opera, "La Jongleur de Notre Dame."



ONCE upon a time — hundreds and hundreds of years ago — there dwelt in the untroubled land of France a little man who was by trade a juggler. In all that fair countryside which lies between the Marne and the Loire, the villages knew him. For on fête days he would give his show in their squares for such coppers as good nature would throw to him.

First he would spread out his shabby rug, a legacy from the old juggler to whom, as a lad, he had

been apprenticed. Then he would set out the dishes and knives and balls that were his stock in trade, all the time tossing off the poor little jokes which, word for word, had also been left him by the old juggler. As he turned a few cartwheels, and spun some plates into the air, the crowd would gather. When, as a climax, he stood on his hands and juggled six balls with his feet, the sous would shower round him. But never enough to keep him in food and shelter through the winter.

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT has earned renown in many fields but primarily as a storyteller. After becoming a top-flight newspaper reporter, dramatic critic and columnist, he won a vast audience during eleven years of spinning yarns as radio's "Town Crier." Some of his inexhaustible fund of stories appeared in the best-selling *While Rome Burns*. Others — minor masterpieces he discovered in literary by-paths — he collected in *The Woolcott Reader* and *Woolcott's Second Reader*. Mr. Woolcott was burlesqued in the hit comedy *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, in which he himself acted the title role on the road.

It was a desperately weak little juggler who was found one cold day, half-starved in a ditch beside a road — found by a kindly monk who, in his arms, carried him to the nearby monastery. There throughout the long winter he was nursed back to health. When spring came down the road he was almost himself again.

But by then the monks had no time for the likes of him. Everyone was busy night and day, preparing

for the month that is dedicated to the special glory of the Virgin. Each was at work on some gift for Our Lady. Here was one modeling a delicate statue. Others worked far into the night on lovely illuminations for the vellum pages of a missal. Another wrote Latin verses in Mary's honor and others fitted the final pieces of stained glass for a new rose window in Her chapel — a breastpin for Her to wear. When the sunlight streamed through, it would glow with myriad fires.

Among these happy workers the little juggler moved disconsolate. In his heart he felt he loved the Mother of Jesus more than any of them could love Her. So beautiful She was. So mild. So understanding. Often the thought of Her had warmed him when he was cold, given him courage when he was frightened. How could these sheltered monks really love the Blessed Virgin when they'd never known fear or cold? If only he, too, could do something to please Her. But he could neither read nor write nor paint nor carve. Of such were his thoughts as the month of May drew near and he, his strength regained, would soon again be taking to the road.

On the last night of April, a monk, passing by the chapel on his way to the refectory, heard from the open doorway sounds which puzzled him. He tiptoed over to investigate. By the light of the candles burning before the figure

of Mary, he saw the little juggler. Spread out on the stone flagging of the chapel floor was the gaudy old rug. On the edges of the rug, the knives and balls and dishes waited for him. The juggler was telling the Blessed Virgin an old, old joke and next he turned a cartwheel. Desecration!

The horrified monk ran to the refectory. In another moment the abbot, with all the brothers following after, was striding toward the chapel. They pressed at his heels as he led the way in. There they paused aghast. On the floor before the statue of the Virgin, the little juggler was doing the best of all the tricks he knew — standing on his hands and, with his feet, keeping all six balls in the air at once. So intent was he on this, his masterpiece, that he never heard, never noticed, the gasps and the shuffling of the monks. They formed a shuddering semicircle in the dusk beyond the candlelight — all waiting for the abbot who, with upraised hand, was just about to call down the wrath of Heaven upon this blasphemy, when something happened.

You know what happened? Oh, yes, yes. The figure of Mary bent forward as if in benediction upon the little juggler. With his gift to Her that day *She* seemed well pleased. And all the monks fell to their knees when, with their own wondering eyes, they saw Her smile upon him.

An Englishwoman Pleads:

Must the World Destroy Itself?

From Common Sense

Freda Utley

A YEAR HENCE it may seem to most English people that England's friends in the United States were more dangerous to her than those Americans called isolationists. For too many American friends of Britain, swayed entirely by their emotions, refuse to consider England's present sit-

FREDA UTLEY, well known as an author and lecturer on three continents, has firsthand knowledge of most of the world's present battlefronts. As correspondent for the *London News Chronicle* she covered Japan's war against China. For six years she lived in Russia, a convinced believer in the Soviet experiment, and labored as a government official in the Comintern, the Commissariat of Foreign Trade and the Institute of World Economy and Politics. Her resulting complete disillusionment with the Communist Utopia is graphically described in her recent book, *The Dream We Lost*. Coming to America, Miss Utley has devoted herself to publicizing the truth about Communism as it was revealed to her in Moscow. Among her other books are *Japan's Feet of Clay*, *Lancashire and the Far East* and *China at War*. Miss Utley was born in The Temple, London. Her father came from the little village of Utley, in Yorkshire, named for the family. He was able to trace his ancestry back to the conquest of Britain by the Vikings. The author asked to revise and expand this article for *The Reader's Digest*.

uation realistically. They speak as if the defeat of Germany were a foregone conclusion, simply because the Americans have decided upon it. Would-be saviors, not only of Britain and her Empire, but of the whole world, they exhort the British not to give up the fight "until Hitlerism is destroyed," although by now it should be obvious to any keen observer that England cannot reconquer the Continent of Europe. Yet anyone who dares to face such facts is denounced as an appeaser, or worse.

In England, forums of intelligent citizens debate the terms of the eventual compromise peace. Yet so fearful are Americans of being called defeatists or appeasers that hardly anyone in this country will admit that the best chance of saving both England and some democracy in the world is for the United States to back England at the proper moment in a negotiated peace, before the balance of forces turns itself yet more heavily in Germany's favor.

Being an Englishwoman, I hope fervently, of course, that the United States will continue all-out aid to England. For the defeat of England would be a catastrophic disaster

for America. But I also hope Americans will realize that in due season the United States must be prepared to back England in negotiating peace. It is time that Americans of good will and intelligence discuss realistically the pros and cons of a not too distant peace without letting wishful thinking obscure their judgment.

Take first the question of war supplies. Many people imagine that Britain, by her stupendous efforts since Dunkirk, is catching up with Germany in armament production, and that the mighty industrial power of the United States will soon enable her to achieve decisive superiority. Yet it seems more probable that Germany has actually been getting about twice as much in the way of war material out of occupied France as Britain has been getting from the United States; while, as regards British production, it is manifestly incapable of matching Germany's. Because of Germany's tremendous head start — by many years — not even the thousands of planes to come from American factories in 1942 and 1943 can give England enough superiority to win the war. And after all, what sense does it make for nations to concentrate all their power on the single aim of destroying each other when neither side can win complete victory?

Next, consider the question of manpower. "The Germans," General Sir Archibald Wavell said re-

cently, "must be beaten on their own soil, exactly the way Napoleon was beaten. And if that is the way it is to turn out, we certainly are going to need American manpower, just as we did in the last war." The other outstanding British general in this war, Auchinleck, has similarly stated that American manpower is essential. General de Gaulle has publicly given an identical opinion. Competent military authority attests that at least six or seven million American soldiers would be needed for the job. But is there any evidence to support the supposition that the American people would submit voluntarily to a sufficiently drastic curtailment of their standard of living to make possible the equipment of such a gigantic expeditionary force, and the building of the huge quantity of ship-tonnage necessary to transport it across the Atlantic and supply it, while also keeping England going with war supplies until the war is fought to a finish?

If Americans felt that their own country were to be invaded, they would no doubt make every necessary sacrifice; but no amount of propaganda and exhortation has so far been able to convince them that such is the case. The interventionists have proceeded on the assumption — without seeming to note the obvious contradiction — that England cannot be invaded by Germany across 22 miles of water, but that the United States *can* be

invaded by Germany across 3000 miles of ocean; and that the United States can conquer Hitler now if she declares war, but that she can't defend herself against him if she doesn't.

The great majority of Americans, however, remain skeptical of the proposition. They ask this embarrassing question: If Hitler can invade America across 3000 miles of ocean — should he be able to capture the British navy as the interventionists insist — *why cannot England, which already has the British navy, and boasts of 3,000,000 men under arms, invade the Continent of Europe across 22 miles of channel?*

Germany is engaged in a desperate struggle with Russia on her other frontier; yet England does not move. What is the answer? Simply this: If this war has proved anything, it has established the fact that no naval power, however strong, can force a landing on a hostile shore adequately defended by armies, guns and land-based air-power. Knowing this, the American people have not been taken in. Instead, the most recent Gallup poll (August 17) shows that 83 percent are opposed to the sending of an American expeditionary force to Europe.

But even if we assume that the American people will eventually be persuaded to attempt the conquest of Europe, what prospect is there that such full-scale participation would defeat Germany? Russia had

millions of fully-trained soldiers right on the German borders — they did not have to be transported or supplied by ships. *Russia had more planes, more tanks, more big guns than the United States will have by 1943.* For 12 years the U.S.S.R. had concentrated the whole of her economy on armaments, her people forced to endure the hardest privations by a dictator using the most ruthless measures of compulsion. Yet all this gigantic armament, all these millions of men, all this aid flung in on Britain's side at the scene of conflict, is not proving sufficient to open the way for a British invasion of the Continent. If England and Russia together thus make no important impression on the Nazi military machine, how can we assume that England and America together — the latter 3000 miles away from Europe — will be able to put troops ashore in Europe and defeat Hitler?

Wishful thinkers will reply that an American expeditionary force will not be needed, that Germany can be defeated by unlimited bombing, until civilian morale is shattered. The answer to this was recently supplied by Bernard Shaw when he pointed out that the wholesale bombing of cities, whether in Germany or Britain, does not destroy morale *but instead improves it*, for it makes a people fighting mad. The German bombing of England, as we all know, has made Englishmen more determined than ever

to carry on; and nothing in history justifies the assumption that the German people are less tough than the British. Even the poor, unwarlike Chinese, without airplanes or anti-aircraft guns to protect them, have not been bombed into submission by Japan. Nor were the Spanish driven to surrender in bomb-torn Barcelona. Recently Lord Beaverbrook himself stated emphatically that he did not believe the British could count upon victory simply by air attack.

As for those who imagine that, merely by offering the German people vague promises and platitudes of a better world after the war, Hitler can be overthrown by a revolution of dissidents from within, let them remember that the German people down to the last man believe that they are fighting for their very existence. Moreover, they remember that after 1918, when the Germans were disarmed and helpless, their conquerors did not live up to solemn promises. The German people today fear a vengeful super-Versailles as the penalty of defeat, and even Hitler's bitterest enemies in Germany will fight to prevent that.

The stubborn nature of Russia's current defense is in itself proof that hatred of a tyranny which rules a people does not stop them from fighting for their country; for certainly Stalin is no less hated than Hitler, the Russian people having suffered an even worse fate

at Stalin's hands than have the Germans under Nazidom.

Again, we are told that, if Europe is hermetically blockaded, starvation and distress will cause Hitler's victims in the occupied countries to rise up against the Nazis and fight them with their bare hands. Unfortunately this is not the lesson of history. When the conquered starve they do not become heroes, especially in the face of modern weapons of war. Men who see their children dying of hunger are more likely to accept slavery for bread than to rise in rebellion.

Finally, it may be well to recollect that the wishful thinkers, who now tell us that Germany can be conquered by these other-than-orthodox military means, have been proved tragically wrong in their past judgments. When the war began, they were certain that Germany would soon collapse from within on account of the hatred of the people for the Nazi regime. They insisted the Maginot Line was impregnable, that the German army lacked trained officers, that Germany lacked oil, iron and supplies, and today they are confident that Russia will fight on indefinitely. They must learn before it is too late that *this war cannot be won by words, or economic blockades, or the building of unlimited numbers of bombing planes; only superior armed might, on the actual field of battle, can overcome the German war machine.*

Most certainly England will never be able to do the job alone. Is England, then, to fight on, *at the risk of losing all without hope of total victory?* Or should those Americans who wish to save her face the facts and, at a favorable moment, seek a peace which would salvage from the ruins of Europe as much as may be possible under existing circumstances? Are not Americans doing an incalculable harm not only to Britain but also to themselves by refusing to face these grim realities of the situation? Remember that if England is encouraged by her friends to reject any thought of peace until Germany is destroyed, and to risk defeat without hope of victory, she may yet find herself in France's position — forced to turn *against* her friends in order to exist. Is not the surest guarantee of America's future safety to be found in a peace which would preserve England's sovereignty and that of her Dominions?

To those who reply to every rational argument for a negotiated peace with the phrase that "You can't trust Hitler," I say: "Granted — and a thousand times so!" Instead, we must rely upon our own strength and upon the superiority of our own social and economic systems. A fully armed America and a reformed and rejuvenated British Empire would be strong enough to maintain the integrity of our territories and spheres of influence. If we can keep better than half the

world free from Hitler, we shall in the future be more than a match for a German Empire wasting its strength on the gigantic task of making slaves productive.

For America and Britain to remain two out of four great powers would seem far easier and surer of attainment than for America and Britain to destroy Germany and Japan and to make themselves the only two great powers in the world. To say that Britain and America can remain great powers only if they make themselves the sole two great powers in the world is to argue against all the precedents and experience of the past. If America and Britain cannot hold their own as equals of Germany and Japan in the future, they certainly cannot defeat Germany and Japan at present.

And what peace terms can we have? Although the United States is not in a position to give victory to England, her potential influence is so enormous that by placing herself unequivocally behind Britain, but not insisting on the impossible aim of freeing the Continent of Europe by war, she could in all probability force Germany to make a peace of equals with Britain.

The common idea that the fear of America is so great in Germany that an American declaration of war would lead to an internal German collapse is of course fantastic; but it would seem true that the Germans are sufficiently doubtful

of their ability to *win* a war against the United States — as distinct from their fear of losing it — as to make it almost certain that an American offer to mediate peace on the basis of hands-off-Britain-and-her-Empire would have such an effect in Germany as to force Hitler to negotiate. The desire for peace with England which exists even in the ranks of the Nazi party was strikingly proved by Hess's spectacular flight to England. As William Shirer shows in his *Berlin Diary*, written on the spot, so long as the Nazis can say that the war goes on because England refuses to make peace, and that Germans are fighting for their very lives, their hold on the people cannot be weakened.

But unfortunately for England, and for the whole world, most Americans have not yet realized how great is their influence. Half in and half out of Europe, they have been saying that they shouldn't be compelled to fight again in Europe's wars, and yet insist that Europeans should continue to fight among themselves even at the cost of the ruin of both Europe and England. Hence, Britain is today in a position in which she is not only practically compelled by American interventionist opinion to continue indefinitely "fighting for the right" — and to the bitter end — against unsurmountable odds, but is also still told by the overwhelming majority of the American people that

no American blood is to be shed on European battlefields. And since only wholehearted American support can enable Britain to survive, she cannot afford to alienate American opinion by any suggestion that she may eventually be compelled to make a peace which, although it would leave the Continent of Europe under German domination, would at least save Britain and her Empire. Only an Englishwoman like myself dares make this statement.

As an Englishwoman, I hope that the United States will not unwittingly play toward England the same role that England found herself playing toward Poland and Norway, Greece and Jugoslavia. I hope that America will not promise aid which she will not be in a position to give for years, and bring England into a position in which all is lost when much might have been saved. There are times when there is only a choice of evils, and today the evil of accepting the fact of Nazi domination of continental Europe is less than the evil which is likely to result from encouraging England to continue indefinitely a hopeless fight until English liberties also are destroyed — either from without or from within.

If English policy is to be as realistic and intelligent and as free from outside interference as it was in the days of Napoleon, Britain will eventually compromise with Hitler, just as she compromised

with the "Corsican ogre" in 1802.

For what will it profit England to have held out against Hitler, and to be able to inflict upon the Germans the same sufferings she herself is enduring, if all her sacrifices cannot give her victory, and if in the meantime her trade, her productive plant, her very life-blood have been destroyed? Wishful thinkers may reply that she will at least have preserved her freedom. But is even this sure? Is it likely that an England suffering the universal impoverishment brought about by total war would escape the fate of Germany after the last war? It is hard to see how our liberal and humanitarian values can survive the aftermath of a long and increasingly bitter war.

Can we expect that there is some peculiar virtue in the Anglo-Saxon peoples which will prevent them from reacting from great fear, misery and privation differently from other people? Tolerance and moderation, respect for law and the rights of individuals — these qualities cannot long survive a war which demands the same regimentation of men's bodies and minds as has been instituted in Nazi Germany, nor are they likely to survive even a victory which had bled Britain white, destroyed her cities, and created economic problems insoluble by democratic means.

Britain is less a part of Europe than a great world Empire, and is not necessarily doomed if she cuts

herself off from the Continent of Europe as a few men like Lord Lothian and Lord Beaverbrook wished her to do before the war began.

Out of universal war on the total scale no good can come, only perhaps an even worse, or a more universal, evil than Hitlerism. But there is at least some hope that, with peace, the foundations of Hitler's tyranny may be destroyed. The German people are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves and must yearn for something else in life besides sacrifices and death, bloody glory, and the hatred of their neighbors. The universal testimony is that the older Nazi soldiers — the married men — in the occupied countries are restless and want peace. German morale, which alone can preserve the German Reich, will not endure if Hitler's promise of a peaceful, prosperous and better-ordered world fails to materialize.

It is possible to hope that, after her victories have wiped out the memory of past defeats, national humiliation, and the material privations of the past quarter of a century, and once she has no cause to envy the great territorial possessions of Britain and France, Germany may rid herself of the gangsters who now rule her, and revert to the civilized values which alone can give a people permanent satisfaction. The prospect is less hopeless than continuation of the war

until there is universal wretchedness and despair.

While the disarmed millions in the occupied countries cannot revolt, the German people may find means of changing their government. There is the reasonable hope that her leaders, bloody-minded men, may divide. In war the Nazis go from strength to strength, for their power is founded upon the emotions which war breeds. Peace might give a chance to other elements in Germany to assert themselves. The army may transfer its allegiance to new leaders when peace shall have brought the Germans to think as citizens rather than as soldiers. This happened in both Germany and Russia after the last war.

Perhaps it is an unconscious realization of all these real factors which is keeping the American people from participation in the war as belligerents. The last war having resulted in the destruction of democracy over all Europe east of the Rhine, there is now an underlying distrust among Americans as to the possibility of saving democracy by once again sacrificing millions of young men in Europe's wars. The idea was well expressed by the late Lord Lothian: "The lesson of the last war is that we get neither democracy, nor liberty, nor peace out of a world war, however noble the end for which it is fought."

A reply to this article will appear in the November Reader's Digest.



Retorts

¶ GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, doing his duty at a benefit affair, asked a dowager to dance. As they waltzed, she simpered, "Oh, Mr. Shaw, whatever made you ask poor little me to dance?" Replied the gallant G.B.S.: "This is a charity ball, isn't it?"

¶ A YOUNG ACTRESS had redecorated her New York apartment in ultramodern style. She was showing it one day to Ethel Barrymore. "Do tell me how you like it," she said proudly.

"How wonderful," the great actress exclaimed, "to be young enough to have the stamina to live with it!"

— Contributed by Mona Gardner

¶ DOUGLAS JERROLD, 19th-century wit, was approached one day by a chatty bore. "Well, well, Jerrold!" he said. "What's going on?"

"I am," said Jerrold, and did.

— Jack Goodman and Albert Rice, *I Wish I'd Said That!* (Simon and Schuster)

We Like Our Trailer Neighbors

Condensed from Liberty *

Norma Lee Browning

“PEOPLE who live in trailers are bums,” friends had told us. But when, some months later, my husband sought a job in Missouri he was informed: “There’s work at a construction camp in the Ozarks but no houses to live in; you can’t have the job unless you own a trailer.” So our pet dream came true; we decided that if more than half a million people in America endure trailer life we certainly could.

When the construction camp job ended we headed for Detroit, where we knew there’d be steady work. Because of defense boom and housing shortage, thousands of families there live in trailers.

We pulled our 16-foot Indian Scout into the All-American Trailer Park, a six-acre camp occupied by about 400 trailerites. Rent in most camps is \$2 or \$2.50 a week, which includes water, toilet and laundry facilities. Only electricity is extra. The All-American charges \$3 because it is within the city limits, convenient to bus lines, shopping centers and jobs.

While Russell unhitched the

*The author has furnished additional material not included in the *Liberty* article.

trailer, put up the light connection, and replaced the sink bucket, I explored the camp, following the cinder paths along which our neighbors were parked in neat rows. Through lighted windows I saw one woman ironing, another in bed reading a magazine, men in undershirts listening to radio commentators. In a dollhouse of a trailer a man sat at a tiny piano, playing softly and singing to himself.

In the next morning’s light we saw that each trailer had its own lawn, freshly mowed and enclosed with a tiny white picket fence; pansies beamed in the gardens, roses climbed over trellises. Under big umbrellas, or gay awnings stretched from trailer tops, were beach chairs and tables. Ice cards stood in the windows, the milkman was making his deliveries, and a woman in a pink sunbonnet was weeding a pint-sized vegetable garden. The camp seemed a normal, peaceful community, undisturbed by the roar of trolley cars and factories all around it.

I walked over to the “Shed” — the large community building — to inspect the washrooms. There was

a row of washbasins against the wall, and several women in housecoats bent over them, washing their hair. One looked up and said, "You're new here, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes, are you?"

"No, I'm a hillbilly," she replied, "but I been living here six years." She dried her hair, tied a kerchief around it, told me her name was Lily, and invited me to her trailer. A clean-swept boardwalk led up to the small secondhand job in which Lily, her husband and their two boys lived. In one corner inside was a dinette table which could be made into a bed for two; in the other end was a studio couch and a built-in bunk above it.

I learned that Lily and her husband, David, had saved to build a home in Kentucky, but the day before they were to move in, it burned down. So in the dead of winter, with only \$8, David loaded Lily and the kids in an old car and brought them to Detroit where he got a good job.

The next day at the washroom I met Mrs. Kemp, the wife of a lumber company official. Their luxurious trailer was complete with separate bedroom, writing desk and even a telephone. Maybe Russell could get on at the lumber company, she said, adding, "But don't go there now — they're on strike."

We needed money right away, so Russell went to work as a dock walloper, unloading kegs of bolts, steel wire, and crude rubber. I got a job in the blueprint division of the

body parts plant of a motor company. It wasn't long before our \$750 trailer was paid for.

In Detroit, most trailer dwellers are skilled craftsmen such as tool-makers and lathe operators. Some are migratory construction workers who follow government jobs — carpenters, electricians, plumbers.

There is a simple, homey friendliness here, and it is inspiring to see 400 people living together so closely and yet so harmoniously. In the mornings you join the long march of women in housecoats and hair-curlers, to and from the Shed, teakettle in hand. You get accustomed to bumping into men in undershirts or bathrobes, with a towel over one shoulder. You speak casually to your neighbors the first time; then later you meet again at the water pump, a favorite rendezvous, and soon you are admitted to trailer society.

The Shermans go fishing and divide their catch with the next-door people. Charlie brings rhubarb from his uncle's farm for his neighbors. Bernadine shares her home-canned green beans with her friends. Mrs. Goyette has a new baby; her neighbors take care of her and her other two children, do the housework, and feed the dog.

The women are immaculate housekeepers. Every morning the bedding is aired; rugs are shaken, and sofas vacuumed. Once a week, the walls, inside and out, are washed and the stoves polished.

Many of the women make their

clothes on little portable sewing machines. Most of them do their laundry in the Shed, where a washing machine can be rented for 25 cents an hour, an electric iron for five cents. Heeding a sign in the laundry, "Do unto others as you wish to be done by," each one scours the tubs out for the next user.

A bill collector is a rarity. Records show that of all durable goods sold on the installment plan, trailers have the lowest percentage of reposessions.

Trailer children grow up hardy, self-reliant and well mannered. Small boys go fishing and sell their catch. For three cents a bucket they will fill your water tank; for a nickel a day they'll empty your garbage, run your errands. Bobby Thomas went to eight different schools last year, but finished with the highest marks in his class. When Dickie Fitzgerald got infantile paralysis the doctor said, "A trailer's the best place for him; he'll get sunshine and fresh air."

Little money is needed for entertainment. Trailerites spend much of their leisure in their gardens. In the afternoons the women get together for crocheting, embroidering, or rummy. And always in the evening, pinochle.

Most trailerites, we find, choose their mode of life for two reasons: to keep the family together when the man's work requires him to travel, and to save money.

Trailer dwellers make about \$60 a week; living expenses for two — food, electricity, fuel, and rent — average \$10 or \$15 a week. Most of these people have seen hard times. Drastically cutting the cost of living, trailer life enables them to pay off debts and get back on their feet. Mrs. Turner said, "We've seen some mighty black days in Detroit, and we're saltin' something away to buy a little piece of land we can grow things on if worse comes to worst." The Ericksons want a sheep farm. Sundays they look at farms and figure how many sheep they should start with, and how soon. Blondie, whose husband owns trucks which he leases to building contractors, said, "We're going to buy one more truck, and then by gosh I'm going to have me a baby."

Homes, babies, farms, savings accounts — these are the dreams that trailer folk are translating into realities. They are a kindly brotherhood among whom no policemen are needed to enforce order. No law compels fellow trailerites to help you when you're in trouble, yet they always do.

Life in a trailer gives us a feeling of independence; we own the roof over our heads and can take that roof with us when we are impelled to move. It gives us a feeling of security because in trailer people we have found a world where the Golden Rule is a law — unspoken, unwritten, but lived by.



Excerpts from a regular department in Collier's, The National Weekly

By Freling Foster

- **W**HEN a country enters a war, its suicide rate immediately decreases one third. A chief reason is that the new interest and excitement counteracts the frustration and boredom that many people find difficult to bear in time of peace.
- Bridge-table arguments have caused an annual average of five murders and about 500 divorces in this country for years.
- Japanese musical show programs usually contain the name, address and telephone number of every girl in the chorus.
- In the British Isles every city and town is within 75 miles of the sea, and houses in the farthest inland places have been drenched with salt spray during gales.
- Despite its high mountains and great ocean depths, the surface of the earth is relatively smooth. If the earth were reduced to a sphere a foot in diameter, it would be smoother than the average bowling ball.
- As it is too dangerous to release pigeons from army planes traveling at high speed, the birds are to be launched in metal cages equipped with parachutes. The door of the cage opens automatically as soon as its forward speed is sufficiently checked.
- After being searched for hours, a recently captured spy was found to be carrying a secret message, written minutely with invisible ink on transparent paper, pasted on his eyeglasses.
- Although salt is one of the world's most abundant substances, it is so universally taxed that more than half of the world's people regard it as a luxury.
- Most quart cans of motor oil contain an extra two thirds of an ounce to compensate the purchaser for oil that clings to the inside of the can when emptied.
- The Manu moral code which governs the lives of 250,000,000 Hindus condones lying only when saving a life and when paying a compliment to a woman.
- Many orthodox Brahmins of India are so fearful of pollution by animal flesh that they take a purifying bath even after receiving a letter from a meat-eating country.
- Testimony of 20,000 persons asked to describe the man they saw commit a crime revealed that, on the average, they overestimated the height by five inches, the age by eight years and gave the wrong color hair in 83 percent of the cases.

¶ *The builder of Pan American Airways, America's chief stake in the coming commercial battle of the skies*

Juan Trippe: Modern Magellan

Condensed from Who

J. D. Ratcliff

AT 42, Juan Terry Trippe heads one of the world's most amazing transportation companies. Pan American Airways touches 54 countries and colonies as far flung as West Africa and Alaska, Peru and the Straits Settlements. It has twice as many route miles as all U. S. domestic airlines combined and is twice as large as its next foreign competitor. Trippe built it piece by piece, starting with a feeble little affair owning one plane and flying 90 miles from Key West to Havana — and he has built it all in the short space of 14 years.

Today Trippe is preparing for the struggle, after the war, for commercial supremacy of the skies. Every important country will throw leftover troop transports and an expanded aircraft industry into the fight for passengers and freight. He looks forward to the struggle, for the tradition of American sailing ships is in his blood. He knows how we won and lost commercial supremacy on the seas. He intends to keep his clippers flying.



Trippe himself is big, lumbering, quiet. He listens a lot, talks little. His horse trades with foreign governments have been masterpieces of commercial diplomacy. Thinking almost a decade ahead, he was negotiating for transatlantic landing rights in 1930. A year later he imagined his way across the Pacific — via island steppingstones. Planes capable of flying either of these routes weren't even on drawing boards.

Juan Trippe's Latin name has been of inestimable benefit in pushing his airline into every country south of the Rio Grande. But he comes from an old Maryland family — his ancestors seafaring men. He was named Juan after his Spanish-born great-aunt Juanita, whom a great-uncle married in Venezuela.

Trippe had the typical education visited on young men of wealth and social position: Hill School, Yale. He followed the pattern by marrying Elizabeth Stettinius, daughter of a Morgan partner. His story might have ended in the obscurity of society columns but for a

tremendous store of quiet energy and a love of flying.

Trippe learned to fly with the Navy in 1917. He returned to Yale to launch the first collegiate aviation club. After graduation he bought six old navy planes and started Long Island Airways, where he learned all phases of operation: bookkeeping, repair, flying.

In 1926, with backing from Boston bankers, he organized Colonial Air Transport. It flew from Boston to New York and held the first domestic air-mail contract. Trippe insisted that a 200-mile airline was as uneconomic as a 10-mile railroad. He wanted to extend the line to Havana. The bankers refused. He resigned.

Trippe realized that if America was to have any standing in the world picture it had best get started. In 1927, with funds provided by wealthy friends, Trippe founded the country's first international airline — one trimotored Fokker flying from Key West to Havana. With this beginning he went to work to expand operations; getting a landing permit here, a mail concession there. He constantly bedeviled plane builders to produce big ships which would carry passengers safely and economically over long distances.

He headed south: through the West Indies and Central America. Ex-State Department men negotiated for him along the way. Whenever government officials politely

suggested that a small "gift" might expedite matters the proposal was rejected. This policy has been rigidly followed and has proved successful. Even in China, where bribery is as common as rice, PAA has never paid *cumshaw*. PAA route miles climbed: to 17,000 in 1930; 30,000 in 1933; 40,000 in 1935; 75,000 miles today.

PAA is an expression of Trippe's calm self. Pilots have one idea relentlessly drummed into them: flying is business, not adventure. This explains why they come home from inaugural flights over the Andes, through the war zone of China, and into the heart of the Brazilian jungle with a two-word report: "Everything routine." Pressed for colorful details by reporters, one pilot explained: "You know where you are going. You know what you are going to encounter. You fly there and land. That's all there is to it."

PAA has set records for speed and safety unequalled elsewhere. No slackness is tolerated at any point. For example, a shop picture from Nicaragua arrived in New York. It showed a group of mechanics. One of them wore dirty overalls. Cable instructions went out: Fire him. Repair shops must have a scrubbed-kitchen neatness.

The late famous Edwin Musick landed one of PAA's giant flying boats in a West Indian harbor. Its wake upset a skiff, spilling a native into the water. A shark started after him. Just as the shark was

nibbling at his heels, the swimming man clambered up on one of the plane's pontoons. Musick leaned out of the cockpit and barked: "Don't scratch that paint!"

A transatlantic clipper lands in New York. A few minutes later it is in a hangar, a three-story work platform alongside; 185 servicemen swarm over the plane; within 48 hours it is overhauled, ready to fly again. Precision extends to the smallest details. Precooked filet mignons, frozen rock-hard, are put aboard clippers, timed to thaw by mealtime.

PAA pilots are far more rigorously trained than those on any domestic airline. They have to be. Instead of following a well-defined radio beam, they must be able to navigate by the stars, cross 2000 miles of water and hit a minute volcanic island on the nose.

In most cases the PAA pilot has an engineering degree, has been trained to fly by the Army or Navy, and has spent about three years in commercial flying. Yet he signs on as an apprentice pilot and starts to school all over again. It will take him at least five years to get the top PAA rating: master pilot. He must know meteorology, navigation, marine law, at least one foreign language, the history of the countries he flies over—and how to handle a 10-man crew. Because of the completeness of this course, PAA was chosen by the British and United States armies to train 1600

pilots for long-range bombing operations at the line's Miami base.

Trippe has developed a pat formula for extending Pan-American's territory: Do all survey work necessary, build radio and weather stations, construct passenger accommodations, start flying planes. Then, and then only, seek the mail contracts that are absolutely vital. This procedure has reduced his competition to a minimum. Others may *think* they can fly proposed routes; Trippe knows he can because he is doing it.

Trippe foresees a network of PAA airlines linking the trade centers of the earth. Think of any spot which might provide air passengers, mail, or express, and the chances are he has a file on it. He has estimates on potential airline revenues out of Java, has even had a survey party in Tibet. He moves swiftly and silently, and speaks only when a thing is accomplished. PAA executives joke about "Trippe's franchise to the moon."

In the last year PAA has extended its lines from Honolulu to New Zealand, from Manila to Singapore, from Seattle to Alaska, from Lisbon to West Africa. Now it is seeking a new route from New Orleans to Central America, one from New York to Capetown, and other African extensions.

In South America PAA has met stiff competition from lines subsidized by the German and Italian governments. The latter has a route

from Rome across the South Atlantic. The German lines — maintained by planes and parts sent by blockade runner — resort to uneconomically low rates and similar trade-winning tactics. Trippe is stringing lines to parallel those of the Germans, and providing better service. Aided by friendly governments, he has already ousted German competition from Colombia, Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia.

Preparing for the postwar struggle, PAA has ordered \$35,000,000 worth of planes: 40-ton Boeing boats which will provide daily service across the Atlantic; strato-clippers to fly the new cutoff to southern South America across Brazil's hump; sleek little Lockheeds for Alaska and elsewhere. One new plane will carry 28 sleeping passengers or 46 sit-ups. The largest, fastest passenger ship ever built, it will bring Europe within 10½ hours of the United States. Australia will be only 24 hours away; China, 26; Buenos Aires, 22.

The PAA has been criticized as a monopoly. Against that charge Trippe has a stout defense. In almost every instance his opposition is a monopoly controlled by a foreign government; competition enough, he says.

Trippe asks critics to examine figures. As a rule PAA has successfully bid the maximum amount allowed for carrying foreign mail — \$2 a mile. This is about five times the amount paid domestic carriers.

Yet there is a wide difference between the two situations. PAA's larger planes carry more mail per trip than domestic airlines. And the government has provided domestic lines with a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of radio stations, weather bureaus and landing fields. PAA had to build all such facilities for itself: 191 radio stations, fields along the Burma Road, weather stations on mid-Pacific islands.

To date, mail payments to PAA total about \$75,000,000. Over half this sum has been returned as stamp revenues. On two services — the Atlantic and Caribbean — the government is making money. The situation, then, comes down to this: Has 30-odd million been too much to pay for an American airline twice as large as any foreign competitor? The French government has spent four times what this government has; British and German expenditures far exceed those of the United States.

Trippe is sure that in this situation government-controlled monopoly is the only answer. His airline, he insists, "is an instrument of national policy." * Let alone, it can do a tremendous job. It can give America the prestige in the air that Britain has enjoyed on the seas for a century. That is the big dream that Trippe is dreaming.

* President Roosevelt's disclosure on August 18 that PAA would ferry American-made bombers to West Africa and thence to the British in the Middle East lends weight to this conception.



THE WELL KNOWN HUMAN RACE

As Reflected in This Album of Cartoons from The New Yorker

"How do they do it?" is the most frequently heard comment about The New Yorker, referring to the excellence of its humor, year after year, in both text and cartoon.



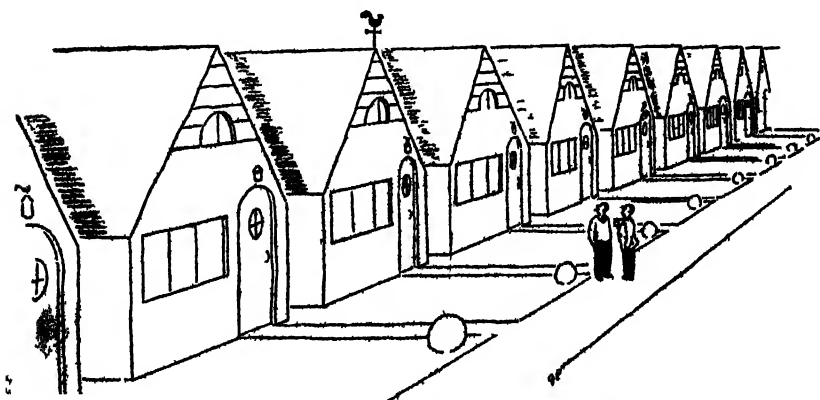
"Pardon me. Could you tell us how to get to West Eighwood?"



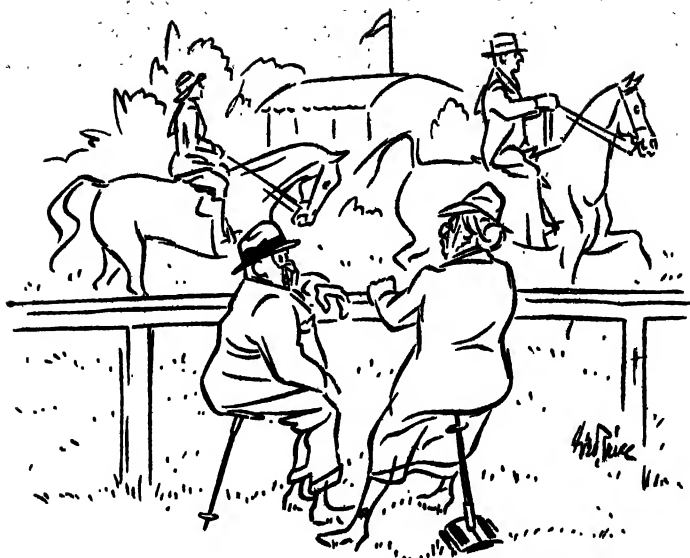
*"I suppose that some of these attachments
eventually ripen into lasting friendships."*



"I don't know what made me do it — some sort of vitamin deficiency, maybe."



"I hear he's eccentric in lots of ways."



"Well, maybe you're sitting on the wrong end."



"You needn't wait, Benson. I'll be some time."



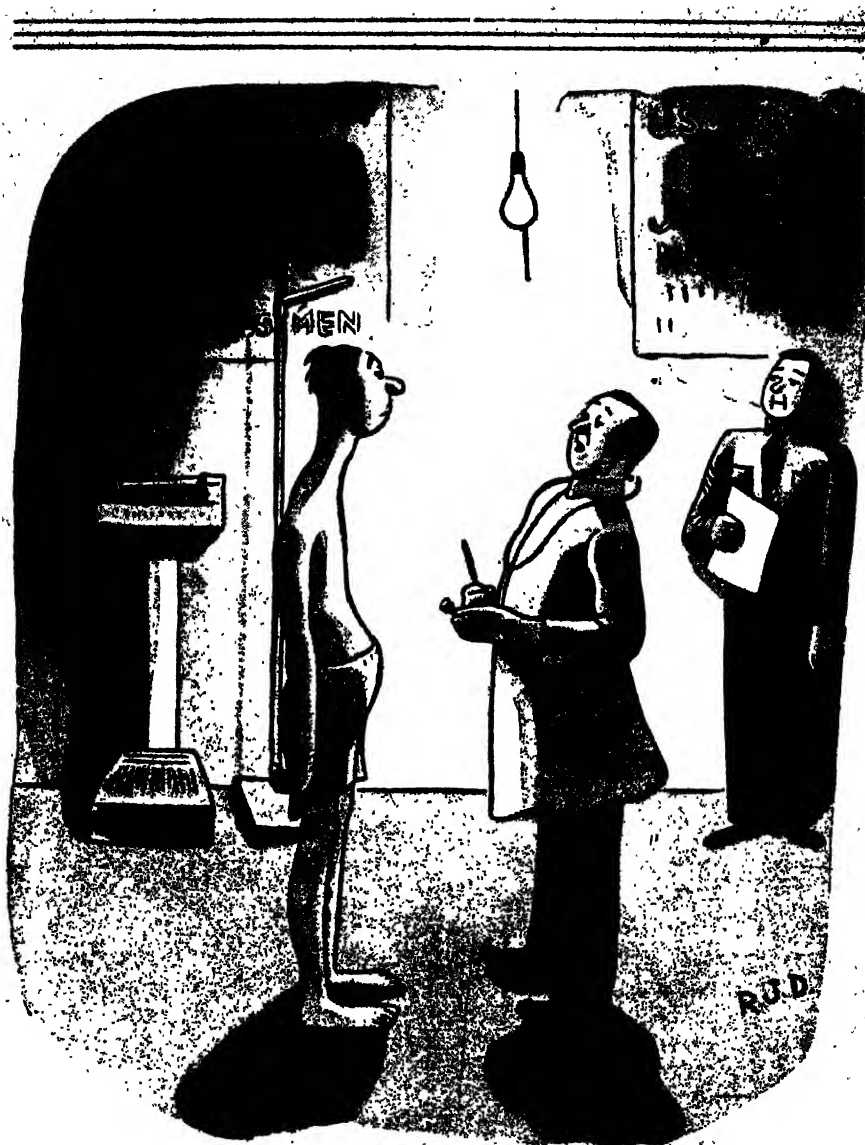
"A simple 'yes' or 'no' will be sufficient, Madame."



*"I've withdrawn.
Ye wot, do I apologise?"*



"I told you we should have given him something for Christmas."



*"We can't use you now, but you might come around again
if there's an invasion."*





"We're planning a good-will tour through South America."



*"Yes, your mother and I think it would be a good idea for you to knock about
" on your own for a while — just on the estate, of course."*



"Smile."



First then: the bulk of my estate, excepting certain specific bequests as hereinafter
 made, I leave to my true friend and companion, one of God's noblest creatures.



and he has
been brought up carefully. I'm sure you
will find him responsive to kindness
I will appreciate anything you can do
to make Bunny happy in his new life

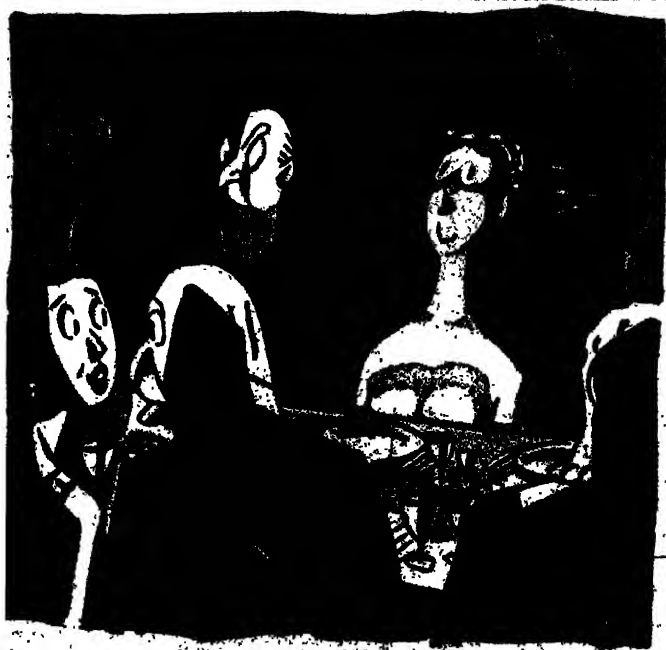
Sincerely

Nancy Willis Lloyd-Brown

(The G. H. Lloyd Brown)



*"Room 707, lady in a house
coat — jammed zipper."*



*"Be sure to notice Mrs. Newbold when she gets up. She's wearing
a really lovely gown."*



"Can I ride over with you, Mr. Croft?"



"It's informal, of course — just something for lounging about."



*"Occupation?"
"Woman."*

Chen Day



"We've been terribly cramped since John got to worrying about inflation and began to convert his assets into things."

❧ *Switzerland would be "a hard nut to crack" — as the Germans well know*

A Lesson from the Swiss Army

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret

SHORTLY BEFORE the war of 1914 Emperor William II paid a visit to the Swiss government. At the military maneuvers he said to a soldier: "You are 500,000, and you shoot well; but if we attack you with a million men, what will you do?" "We will each fire twice," answered the soldier calmly. The Kaiser preferred to pass through Belgium.

Switzerland is the one country which has so far solved the urgent problem of defending democracy without falling into totalitarian militarization. Here are the facts: With a population of 4,300,000, Switzerland has an army of 600,000. One out of every seven inhabitants is a soldier. The same proportion would give the United States an army of 20,000,000. But nowhere are customs and institutions more genuinely democratic than in Switz-

erland, and nowhere is the army more popular, more a part of civilian life.

Ever since the Swiss communes first freed themselves from the medieval barons their army has been a gathering of free citizens each possessing his own arms and proudly caring for his rifle, ammunition, and military equipment. One often sees a peasant sitting on the threshold of his farmhouse polishing and greasing his gun after the Sunday sharpshooting — a sight you will see nowhere else in the world.

This custom goes back to the Germanic Middle Ages. At that time the "free man," the man who was not a serf, was distinguished by one fact — he had the right to carry arms. The Swiss valued their weapons as tokens of their liberty. Civil liberty and a military spirit have never been in contradiction. From earliest times the Swiss were free because they were strong; and they were strong because they were free.

Possession by each citizen of his own weapon shows concretely that the state trusts its citizens. Imagine

CHARLOTTE MURET was a U. S. nurse in France during the first World War. She went back there to study, and married a distinguished French editor. She is now living in the U. S. Denis de Rougemont is a Swiss, so outspoken against the Nazis that his government has sent him off on a "mission" to the U. S.

what would happen in certain modern states, torn by social or political struggle, if demobilized soldiers were allowed to take home arms and ammunition! In France after the Armistice the soldiers were offered 1000 francs in exchange for their rifles, for fear of revolution. Hitler had his own shock troops disarmed after the purge of June 30, 1934, leaving them only a decorative dagger.

The possession of individual weapons has a technical importance as well. It is the only method which insures ultrarapid mobilization. And it is the most adequate defense against parachute troops. Medieval custom has thus become the most modern method of defense. It is the key of the organization of the Swiss army and the secret of its popularity.

In France and Germany the army is wholly alien to civilian life. But for the Swiss the army is simply "service" — the common profession of every Swiss citizen, a part of his life just as are his business and his family. When Swiss men meet, in train or café, they open the conversation by asking each other about their "service." One always finds common acquaintances in the service. Old and well-loved jokes are exchanged, confidence is established.

The army is a bond not only between individuals but also between classes. Switzerland has no schools exclusively for officers. All men of

20 who are fit for service attend the same school. There the peasant has for roommate the spectacled student, the workman, or the son of his boss. During three months of training there is time to discover the real strengths and weaknesses of one's neighbors — to make lasting friendships. A complete equality exists in the barracks. This intensive education sends the men back to civilian life bronzed, hardened and endowed with experiences which the peaceful life of the city or village would not have given them in 10 years. These three months are a powerful tonic for Swiss youths, and the shortness of the period allows each recruit to find his place in civilian life waiting for him when he goes back.

The technical insufficiency resulting from so brief a period of service is compensated for by the yearly rehearsals. Civilian life also brings the citizen frequent contacts with military affairs. There are "friendly circles" of officers and noncommissioned officers in every village shooting club.

The Swiss officer is in most cases a civilian, like the rest. Between yearly maneuvers he gives a few hours a week to the duties of his military rank. A captain, for instance, looks after his company in civilian life. He always knows where his men live. Custom requires them to send him their good wishes at the New Year and these he always answers. Many of his

men turn to him for advice or help in finding work. All consider him the head of a family of 200.

The Swiss General Staff foresaw as early as 1930 that the next war would not be one of "fronts," and that a defense must be prepared in depth, relying on nests of local resistance, carefully equipped long beforehand with men and weapons. The Swiss thus returned to their old traditional way of making war.

Each canton has its own system of defense, according to its topography and resources. Small bodies of men raised on the spot suffice to defend the deep valleys and bar the passage of narrow gorges. If the enemy is too powerful, reinforcements are asked of the neighbors, according to prearranged plans. Thus we find at the basis of military organization the same factors which determine the political structure of the country — local autonomy and mutual aid.

Half the army is composed of regular mobile divisions. The rest consists of fort garrisons to defend the principal passes of the Alps, mountain brigades who are specialists in skiing and Alpinism, and independent brigades to defend the frontiers.

These frontier guards know the positions prepared at the border, for they have fortified them with their own hands. At the first alarm they put on their uniforms and go to their posts. Machine and anti-tank guns are ready. Stores of

ammunition and food have been hidden in the rocks. In 1939 the placing of these covering troops, which preceded the general mobilization by five days, was carried out in a few hours upon the whole circumference of the Swiss frontiers.

The frontier guards take up positions within a few miles of their own homes. They know what they are defending. There is no need to make speeches to them. One of the authors of this article was mobilized in 1939 at a frontier post of the Jura. Through his field glasses he could see an orchard by the lake 3000 feet below, where he could sometimes catch a glimpse of a light summer dress or fancy that he recognized his children. Such things count in war.

But can a small army successfully defend a country against an adversary 50 times as well equipped?

The first act of a blitzkrieg is to impede the mobilization of the invaded country. The Axis could gain mastery of the air and disorganize railway communications. But the Swiss army has been mobilized since 1939 and distances are so small that troops could be moved without railroads.

The second phase of a blitzkrieg is the piercing of territory behind the lines. Would this be possible in Switzerland? There are as many centers of resistance as there are cantons or cities, as many bases of defense as there are defiles and mountains. Every Swiss village has

borrowed \$20 each from him until payday. Smith does all the hiring and knows every employee. Up at 6:30 every morning, he is with the night shift from seven to eight, then home for breakfast; then with the day shift until 4 p.m. and with the evening shift until dinnertime or even later.

He tries to get every workman to understand the product he's making, and the relation between good workmanship and labor costs to more orders and steady work. He talks with his workers, lets them know what's going on. For example, in passing a girl making cables for automobile headlights, he'll say to her, "We just got an order for another 250,000 of them, Mary." He likes to stroll through the plant picking up ideas. Something said may click in Smith's inventive mind and set him to figuring out a new machine. A washer-cutting device he designed gets enough business to keep 12 persons on the payroll; a machine he and his men developed for making toy automobile tires has brought in a nice volume of

business. His talk-it-over policy pays.

Building his organization on green local labor and preferring high school graduates without factory experience, Smith has trained nearly all of his workers himself. They receive extra wages for extra output. Recently when a \$25,000 reorder was about to be lost because of a lower competing bid, four workers suggested that their base rate be cut; when the order was then landed they speeded up and made more money per hour than before. Such coöperation has helped push the factory's sales from \$100,000 in 1933 to over \$1,000,000 last year, and has provided steady work for the employees year after year.

When his firm converted a rolling farm into a country club, Smith opened membership to all employees at \$12.50 yearly dues. There is also a social club at the factory.

Smith Johnson sums up his idea of employe relationship this way: "Our policy is simply to treat you with the same regard that we would like if our positions were reversed."



Remote

Control

☛ **LITTLE CLAUDE's** mother had reluctantly allowed her precious child to attend public school. She gave the teacher a long list of instructions. "My Claude is so sensitive," she explained. "Don't ever punish him. Just slap the boy next to him. That will frighten Claude."

— *Philadelphia Bulletin*

¶ *New hope for almost half of those couples who want children—in vain*

Clinics for the Childless

Condensed from *Hygeia*

J. D. Ratcliff

THOUSANDS of married couples — one couple in eight — want children desperately but do not have them. According to traditional medical definition they are sterile, and until a few years ago it was believed that little could be done for them. Driven by superstition, people were delivered into the hands of quacks and incompetents. Patent-medicine companies made millions selling worthless nostrums. As late as 1920 even those childless couples who sought the best medical advice had only one chance in ten of producing the baby they desired. Today bright hope is held out to a large proportion of childless homes. American research men and pioneering physicians, cutting through the taboos, ignorance and false shame surrounding the facts of human reproduction, have found out many of the causes of infertility and how to treat them. *Sterility clinics, established in many centers, are reporting success in almost half their cases.*

Each month in a normal adult woman a single ovum passes from the ovary into the Fallopian tube. Conception takes place when the

egg is here pierced and fertilized by a male spermatozoon which has moved through the uterus into the tube by self-locomotion. The fertilized egg then slips out of the tube into the uterus where the new life develops.

Anything that impedes or prevents completion of this cycle is a potential cause of sterility. Over 30 such causes have already been classified. The old procedure was for a doctor to find one abnormality and assign it full responsibility. The treatment, if any, was usually surgical. If pregnancy failed to follow, the case was closed. There was another childless couple; and possibly a broken home.

Today the family physician gladly points out that infertility is a human ailment, no more shameful than an inflamed appendix or a broken leg, and he hands patients over to clinics where doctors, chemists, gland specialists and technicians all bring their skill to bear on the problem.

The stories of the dozen or so people who each week visit the Sterility Clinic of the New York Lying-In Hospital are strikingly

similar: Several years of married life have elapsed without producing a wanted child. Often as not, a domestic maladjustment is developing; and the wife is beginning to suffer from a neurosis caused by what she believes is her failure.

The interviewing doctor explains that sterility is a partnership problem. The husband must also be examined. Many women object to this. Their husbands, they insist, are quite normal.

Since Biblical times it had been customary to place blame for sterile marriages on the woman. Not until 1916 did Dr. William H. Cary, pioneering New York physician, collect evidence to blast this notion. His research indicated that the male is responsible in one third of the childless marriages. Since Cary's original work dozens of other surveys have sustained his thesis. In one series of cases husbands were investigated *after* their wives had undergone dangerous surgery. Forty-five percent of these men were deficient in one or more ways. In another group of 100 childless cases, 78 were found to be due to conditions in both partners and in eight cases the husband was solely responsible.

The experts can quickly determine whether some condition exists — an atrophied gland, perhaps — which makes it impossible for the couple to have children. Even this distressing knowledge dispels uncertainty and many couples there-

after find happiness in adopting children. More often, physicians discover several conditions capable of preventing conception — most of them curable.

The first step in considering the husband's case is to examine the male cells he produces. Individual cells are counted under the microscope in the same manner in which blood counts are made. If the total cell count is under 60,000,000, it isn't likely that reproduction is possible. For normally a single deposit contains five or six times that many. To bring the cell count up, the attending physician will prescribe rest and recreation. Possibly he will supplement this by a series of injections of pituitary substance — derived from the master gland which governs reproduction. Under such care responses are frequently dramatic. In a few months sperm counts may climb from six or eight million to 300 million!

Since the male cell must travel by self-locomotion, an estimate is next made of its speed — motility. An average cell travels about an inch in three hours, and the trained eye can tell whether the cells under examination have normal speed.

Especial attention is paid to the *quality* of the cells. A parallel can be drawn between the type of cells in any specimen and the kinds of people populating a city. Each has its quota of the young and immature; the vigorous and healthy; the old and crippled. In a male speci-

men too many abnormal forms, or too many immature forms, indicate impaired fertility.

Occasionally no male cells whatsoever are found. When these rare cases appear the doctor can make a good guess as to cause: the sperm duct is blocked. He has ingenious methods of checking this guess. Under local anesthesia, he removes a minute fleck of tissue from the male testicle. If this bit of tissue contains live sperm, it is evident that the duct leading out from this gland is blocked. The next step is a delicate operation perfected only ten years ago. The duct is short-circuited around the block and the ends are stitched together with silver thread.

While the examination and treatment of the husband is going on, a similar highly specialized team has been attending the wife. The chief cause of sterility in the female is blockage of the hair-sized Fallopian tubes running from ovary to uterus. An ingenious test devised by Dr. I. C. Rubin, of New York, has enormously simplified diagnosis here. The physician introduces carbon dioxide under pressure into the tubes. If the pressure gauge falls suddenly, this is evidence that the gas is escaping into the abdominal cavity — and that the tubes are open. If pressure remains constant the tubes are closed.

Fluids opaque to X rays may also be injected and X-ray pictures taken. A shadow on the plate indi-

cates the point of blockage. Irrigations, heat — and in an occasional rare case, surgery — are employed to open blocked ducts.

Another frequent cause of female sterility is mucus which accumulates at the neck of the uterus and blocks entrance of male cells. Gentle manipulation, or even the introduction of a glass rod, will serve to enlarge this orifice and cause the mucus to drain away naturally.

Perhaps the physician doubts that normal ovulation is taking place. Since it is impossible to recover the minute ovum, barely visible to the naked eye, the doctor must depend on inferential tests. He knows that the architecture of cells in the vagina changes during ovulation, and that body temperature drops. He knows that there is a change in number of sex hormones in the blood. By checking these things he can determine whether or not the woman is depositing an egg in normal fashion midway in her menstrual cycle.

At times the problems presented are almost hopelessly complex, involving difficult factors in both man and wife. Such was the case of a young California couple. Both were extremely anxious for children. Examination revealed that the husband had an abnormally low metabolic rate and was badly run down. The physician prescribed a regular routine of thyroid, which would increase the metabolic rate and step up bodily activity. He

also ordered the husband to a gymnasium for regular exercise.

The wife presented far greater difficulties. Her Fallopian tubes were blocked, and her uterus was far enough out of position to require surgical readjustment. A year and a half was required to correct these conditions, but finally pregnancy was achieved — much to the couple's delight.

The relation of good health to fertility can't be overestimated. It explains many a puzzling phenomenon. Everyone knows of cases where a couple, abandoning hope of having a child, have adopted one, only to have a child of their own appear a year or so later. Mysterious to the layman, such cases are readily explained by the physician. A new interest in outdoor sports or play with their adopted child may have improved the physical status of both partners; mental tensions may have been relaxed.

Another frequently noted puzzle is the fact that partners in a sterile marriage will be divorced, remarry, and both have children by their new mates. Again, the explanation is simple. Both partners of the original marriage were slightly below the reproductive threshold. Remated to highly fertile people, children became possible for them.

Successful termination of difficult cases repays the physician with gratitude unmatched elsewhere in the patient-physician re-

lationship. To people deeply in love a wanted pregnancy brings happiness they feared would never be theirs. Such people often bring the infants born after treatment to call on clinic physicians. One delighted Pullman porter named his child for one of the attending doctors.

In a small proportion of cases, where the male is hopelessly sterile, donor fathers represent a possible solution. Despite widespread publicity, remarkably few cases of this are reported in medical literature.

Research has already done away with many old beliefs: that fertility of the human race is declining; that the poor are more fertile than the rich. Yet many questions concerning the mysteries of human reproduction remain to be answered. Well-equipped laboratories are at work at New York Hospital, Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

This large-scale attack on an age-old problem holds alluring promise for the childless home. A large percentage of those who could not have children yesterday may have them today. A still larger percentage will have them tomorrow. The achievements already recorded represent one of the most heartening things that has ever happened in the practice of medicine.*

* A list of sterility clinics in the United States will be sent free to any reader on request. Address Dept. S, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

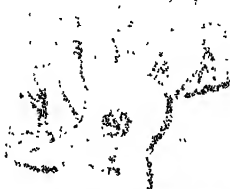
By Joseph Russell
No. 57419, Ohio Penitentiary

I SAW HER only three times. The first was when she appeared in the prison chapel one Sunday 11 years ago. She was young, tall and slender; she wore a smoky-blue uniform, and a jaunty cap was tilted on her fluffy hair. A few days before, 12 long-term convicts had made a break for freedom; the whole prison was on edge, and for her protection two armed guards accompanied her.

The chapel seated 2000, but only a few hundred prisoners were there that Sunday. I played in the prison orchestra and from my seat on the platform I could look out upon the sullen, bitter faces of the gray-clad men on the benches.

I was near enough to the girl to hear her draw her breath sharply as she stood there with all those eyes fixed upon her. It was evidently the first time she had ever conducted a service in a prison. If she'd hurry up and begin preaching, I thought, maybe that would ease the strain.

But she didn't preach. She had a guitar, and she smiled and said, "Let's have a song." She sang *The Rose of No Man's Land* in a clear voice and when she came to the cho-



A long list of eminent writers has won for this series popular acclaim. Here, as a departure, is an unusual human interest document by a prison inmate that maintains the high excellence and wide range of interest of previous contributions.

rus she called, "Come on, let's *all* sing it." But there wasn't a flicker of response; they just sat staring at her. As she went on with the chorus her voice shook a little but she got through with it.

"Didn't like that one?" The girl smiled again but I could see

her hands trembling. "Well, there's a lot more tunes here in the box." She tried again — with a spiritual, *Walk in Jerusalem*. In a moment some of the colored prisoners began to hum, then to sing. It was pathetic to see how grateful the girl was. Then she sang *There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding*, and that got a lot of the other men with her. Before she was through she had half the crowd singing.

Although some of the men still sat staring, dead-pan, most of them were now straining forward on their benches. They were human beings again for a little while. I felt a hard lump inside of me begin to break up and melt. I was 19 when I had been sent to prison three years before, and I had never known a woman like her.

After the singing she made a little talk. Shy and nervous at first,

she soon got going and forgot about herself. I can't remember all she said. A man may be down but he's never out. . . . A prison door can be a gate to opportunity if a man makes it so. . . . Help people, why hurt them? . . . Even in prison you can begin to live so that when you come out you'll be worth something to yourself and to others.

I guess it doesn't sound like much when you write it down, but the way she said it made you feel that she cared a lot about getting it over to you. You could see that she wanted you to get out of prison and be a decent human being. In one of the front rows an old safecracker doing a 15-year stretch was straining to catch every word. Next to him was a boy of 18 with tears rolling down his cheeks.

It was over. The girl smiled at us once more — a tired smile this time, as if she had used up all her strength in getting through to us. Then she went away and we were marched back to our cells.

That night the men weren't so much on edge. The girl had brought to most of them a little comfort and peace of mind. But not to me, for I realized that she had been talking to men who were going to get out of prison — in two years, or 10 or 15. But my sentence had 52 years to run. Fifty-two!

I don't know how to make people on the outside understand the overpowering despair, the fierce longing

for freedom, that sometimes takes hold of a prisoner. It may grip him when the clanging bell wakes him to face another day, or during the lock-step march across the dingy yard, or in the prison shop where he works all day in enforced silence. Most often it catches him when he is locked up for the night. The cell is eight feet by nine, and in our badly overcrowded penitentiary four men were herded into each cell.

Imagine yourself in there with those thick walls pressing in on you, and perhaps you can understand why a man throws himself on his bunk, grips hold of bars and bites the cold metal to keep from screaming. One man had that feeling so bad that he rammed his head through a window and sawed his throat open on the jagged glass. That kind of thing is often in the men's minds.

One day we got word through the prison grapevine that the girl was coming again, on Easter Sunday. From cellblock to cellblock the news was whispered. With the co-operation of the chaplain we planned a surprise for her. Notices were posted for singers to report to the chapel. More than 400 came, and from them we selected 60 white men and 60 Negroes for two choruses. We were permitted to hold rehearsals; prison carpenters, electricians and others were allowed to renovate and decorate the chapel.

On Easter morning men were up

at dawn, polishing heavy brogans, slicking down their hair, donning prison grays that had been pressed between mattresses and iron slats. Directly from breakfast the prisoners began streaming into chapel; by nine o'clock not an inch of bench space was unoccupied and men were sitting in the aisles. On the platform were the singers, many of them scar-faced and cauliflower-eared, but how they could sing! Then the girl came in with the chaplain.

Because she had sung it to us the first time she came, the white chorus started off with *The Rose of No Man's Land*. Then the colored men sang *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*. After that came *Sbine On, Harvest Moon* and the spiritual, *Roll, Jordan, Roll*. Once more the girl stood on the platform, looking out at the rows of pallid faces and smiling at us. Then she and the choruses sang *Lead, Kindly Light*.

The night is dark and I am far from
home;
Lead Thou me on.

The men on the benches began singing. When the hymn was over you could hear a long sigh — a sigh that came from men whose brains had been tied in hard knots and who felt those knots loosening a little.

Then the girl spoke. This time she talked to me and the other doomed men like me who would never again see the beautiful world

of trees and flowers or know the love of a woman and of little children. She talked of the new life awaiting us, here and now. Our bodies might be confined by prison walls but our spirits could be free if we would let the forgiveness and abiding love of God the Father enter our hearts. She believed what she was saying so completely that her faith came through to you, and as I listened I began to believe too.

When she finished speaking she stood quietly for a moment, then lifted her head and began to sing:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

From the throats of thousands of hardened men the beautiful old hymn rose, filling the great, gloomy chapel and transporting us to a realm of hope and peace.

I REMEMBER that Easter service of 11 years ago as clearly as if it were yesterday. But the terrible things that happened the next day are mixed up in my mind like a nightmare. The world read about it in the newspapers — the fire of Easter Monday, 1930, when 322 convicts in Ohio Penitentiary were burned to death, locked in their cells.

The prisoners whom the guards were able to liberate — I was one of them — did what they could to smash cell locks with sledgehammers and save others. Then, when the flames drove them back, they

gathered in the prison yard. It was a cold night and they milled around, shivering.

Suddenly I heard someone yell, "There's a woman!" I looked and recognized the blue uniform of the girl. She had come to do what she could for the men of the prison.

All that horrible night she worked, helping one of the doctors with the oxygen tank. Again and again she was drenched by the spray from the fire hoses and I saw that she was trembling violently in the chill air.

But she kept on until she collapsed and was taken home.

Soon afterward we learned that the girl had developed pneumonia from the exposure and exhaustion of that night, and was fighting for her life. The next morning she was dead.

I CAN STILL see the lovely girl standing on that platform. She speaks to me now. Though the body may be imprisoned the soul can be free.



American Newsreel

AN ENTERPRISING novelty store near Hollywood's Hitching Post Theater, which shows only Westerns, sells cap pistols to movie-going youngsters so they can fire at the villain along with their hero on the screen.

— Sidney Skolsky in *N. Y. Post*

A PENNSYLVANIA lingerie manufacturer is in the midst of a Panty-of-the-Month promotion campaign. The series of new "Undikins" has included "Moldikins," "Frillikins," "Sissikins" and "Yoohooikins."

— *N. Y. Post*

A PHILADELPHIA baker has produced the "Dunker's Delight" — a doughnut with a handle.

— *Time*

ATTENDANTS at an Oregon service station call motorists' attention to their special extra service, a fenced enclosure labeled DOG AND CAT REST ROOM.

— Contributed by Annette Layton

ROSE LAIRD offers all six delicious flavors in her fruit lipsticks, which give kisses a raspberry, strawberry, pineapple, orange, lemon or lime flavor.

— Alice Hughes in *N. Y. Post*

In Sickness and In Health

Condensed from "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat"

Isabel Scott Rorick

MRS. CUGAT turned in her bed and blinked lazily at the alarm clock. Half-past eight. Slices of yellow morning sun came through the Venetian blind; coffee flavored the air; she stretched placidly, then jerked upright. There in the other bed was Mr. Cugat — still there, at eight-thirty. "Hey!" she cried. "Look at the time!"

Mr. Cugat did not move, but his eyes opened slowly — clouded and apathetic. "I know," he said, and closed them again.

Alarm washed over her, and she regarded him wide-eyed while she groped for her slippers and robe. "You aren't going to the office?"

"No," he replied, eyes still closed, "I'm sick."

She bent to feel his head — it was hot. Mr. Cugat hunched deeper into the covers. Hurriedly closing the window she pattered distractedly into the hall. Mr. Cugat was *never* sick. It seemed appalling that, judging by the look of him, everything had given way at once. "Anna!" she called over the stair rail, "Mr. Cugat isn't feeling well. Will you bring breakfast upstairs?"

"It's Friday." Dark significance clothed this comment.

"I know, Anna, but you'll have to put off the cleaning until later. Mr. Cugat may be dangerously ill!"

"Saints!" said Anna, and vanished.

Mrs. Cugat returned to Mr. Cugat, who was gargling. "Shall I call Dr. Buell?" she asked anxiously.

"Maybe you'd better," he said, examining the contents of the medicine cabinet blankly.

She flew to the phone, colliding in the hall with Anna and an abundant tray. Compassionate eyes were bent on Mr. Cugat, who sat miserably on the window seat in everybody's way. Having left word for the doctor, Mrs. Cugat hastened back to Mr. Cugat's side, love and concern welling up within her. When she reached him she was smitten with unexpected shyness. Mr. Cugat, ill, was a complete stranger. She felt his head again timidly.

Mr. Cugat said he wasn't very hungry. It seemed advisable to start all over and try him with an egg. "Anna," she shouted, "Mr. Cugat thinks he might like a nice egg —" and, resignedly, the vacuum cleaner died away. By the time the egg arrived, however, Mr.

Cugat had retired to the bathroom. Mrs. Cugat got dressed as best she could without her comb, powder or girdle, which were closeted with Mr. Cugat, and hastened down to cancel her hair appointment, get somebody to take her place at the Red Cross Rummage Sale, and phone her mother *not* to bring Cousin Melba from Cincinnati to tea. Between calls she ran to the window to see if she could see Doctor Buell. Suffocating pictures of life alone presented themselves. Mr. Cugat's last words — weak but brave. Mr. Cugat in his coffin, with his cutaway on. Mr. Cugat's pallbearers coming back to the house, the way Tommy Spencer's did, for one last sad drink. Her throat ached.

Mr. Cugat put an end to this by coming downstairs. He had put on a pair of gray flannel trousers over his pajamas, and an old sweater used for duck hunting. Around his neck was his best white silk evening scarf, and over all his oldest bathrobe. His hair stuck up and he looked wistful.

"Do you think you ought to be downstairs?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know; they're doing something to my bed," he said.

While she was looking into this the doctor came. Mr. Cugat had a cold. Nothing serious, but he'd better stay home for a day or so. Plenty of rest — stay out of drafts — lots of liquids — two pink tablets every hour — gargle with salt water. Mr.

Cugat, consoled and interested, sat back and reviewed his symptoms. Vivacious with relief, Mrs. Cugat saw the doctor to the door. There was just time to get her hair appointment after all. On her way home she would pick up a detective story for Mr. Cugat. What fun having him home! Darling Mr. Cugat, suddenly vulnerable and inadequate, with his hair sticking up — the Weaker Vessel.

"What about lunch?" Anna caught her at the garage door.

"Ask him what sounds good to him, Anna. I'll be back at one."

Laden with two books, three magazines, a pot of tulips and some white grapes, she came eagerly back up the walk at one to meet Belda, the laundress, emerging from the front door.

"Em goink by da A on P," she beamed in explanation.

"The A and P?" said Mrs. Cugat. "What for?"

"Eh nice stek."

"Oh — what else did Mr. Cugat order for lunch?"

"Franch frice — vechtible soup — shoelit keck — home med. Pore seeck men," her voice crooned, "hees hongreh!"

Mrs. Cugat steadied herself. "And what about the ironing?"

"Ha! Becawss da fuce — *iss* no ionink! Mist Cugat feexis lemps togedda — Zick! da fuce blos."

Mr. Cugat was discovered in the basement dispiritedly screwing and unscrewing things — apparently at

random. He looked downhearted and was persuaded back upstairs. In the library she came upon the chain arrangement of lamps that had been designed to bring light to an obscure corner by the woodbox (out of drafts). His chair was there and two dismantled shotguns with cleaning equipment and a highball, and the white velvet chaise-longue cover from the guest room.

Lunch was disappointing. It was funny, he said, but nothing had any taste. Mrs. Cugat, to the best of her capacity, ate for two, but she was obliged to feed most of Mr. Cugat's chocolate cake to Lillian, the cat.

After lunch she went upstairs and got her knitting. Now they could settle down, cozy and domestic, in front of the fire. When she got back to the library she found the room empty, the windows open. Mr. Cugat was hanging over the balcony rail. "It's funny about that cat," he replied to her squeaks of protest. "She disappeared like *ibat*."

"Don't tell me you let Lillian out!"

"Only for a minute. She ought to get more exercise," he explained.

"But, darling, we never let her out alone. She acts like a perfect idiot. Streaks in front of cars and eats garbage and gets up in trees and doesn't know how to get down. I'll have to go out and hunt for her."

For hours Mrs. Cugat wandered

up one block and down another, through alleys and across strange gardens calling, "Here, Lilli, Lilli," in a persistent and weary falsetto. When at last she reached home she found the front door open and an unreliable-looking man cleaning his nails in the front hall.

"Did you want something?" she asked, dumping Lillian, who threw up Mr. Cugat's chocolate cake and crawled off under a radiator.

"Harry Hirsch. I buy old clothes," he explained. "The boss is getting me some."

Anna and Belda and Mr. Cugat were in the storeroom looking for that striped suit Mr. Cugat used to have. Moth balls rolled about on the floor. All the sealed moth bags had been unsealed, but they hadn't found the suit. "I gave it to the Clothing Center, darling, two years ago. Hadn't you better get back downstairs? There's no heat in here."

Mr. Cugat, who was trying on his old navy uniform which he hadn't seen in years, was coaxed back to the library and given some pills. Harry Hirsch was coaxed to the front door by a winter overcoat and a checked golf suit thrown in for \$2. Mrs. Cugat cleaned up Lillian's chocolate cake and got back to the library to find Mr. Cugat on a ladder shifting things around on the top bookshelf. "What's been done with my Law School books?"

Law School books? She didn't think she'd ever seen them. Uncon-

vinced, he remained disconsolately atop the ladder. "Doesn't anybody ever think to clean up here?" he asked. "It's positively filthy! Look —" A little cloud of dust rose to his righteous puff, but she wasn't looking. Her eyes were closed.

The doorbell pealed sharply. Mr. Cugat clambered down, took another pill, let himself carefully into his chair, and sighed.

"Funny," he said pensively, "I'm weak as a kitten."

Anna appeared. "Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Sturm are here."

"Mr. Cartwright! Good old Cory?" Mr. Cugat's face lit up with the touching eagerness and incredulous gratitude of a man who has spent the past ten years of his life on an island retreat of nuns. "Tell 'em to come in here, Anna," he said, removing the white velvet coverlet with a walloping kick.

"Well, well, how's the invalid? So they finally got you down, did they, Georgie?" In came the Messrs. Cartwright and Sturm, looking fit, well-combed and ruddy. Mrs. Cugat's heart smote her. Mr. Cugat in his scarf and bathrobe, with his hair sticking up, seemed frail and touching.

Poor darling, she thought contritely. Perhaps she'd better have Doctor Buell drop in again tonight. She phoned the doctor and, suddenly weary, decided to go upstairs and take a bath.

As she floated in pine oil, there was a knock at the door. Anna's

voice muted to a rasp came through. "Mr. Cugat's asked the gentlemen to dinner!"

"Oh," said Mrs. Cugat, and thought. "Is Belda still here? Send her to the A and P for another steak, and some lettuce and tomatoes, and some drugstore ice cream."

Dinner was very late, but after four Old Fashioneds nothing matters. Her throbbing head propped up by the chin, her eyes glazed, Mrs. Cugat listened to the wealth of detail embellishing what Cory had told the headwaiter at the Ambassador about wild turkey — and grouse — and terrapin. "Of course you were right, Cory," she heard her voice saying, far away.

The doorbell finally rang. Was it the doctor at last? It was. The Messrs. Cartwright and Sturm, taking a good deal of time over it, tactfully and jocosely withdrew. She waved them good-bye at the door and went back to the library. "Well," said Doctor Buell, folding up his instruments, "you're a pretty good nurse, young lady!"

"I am?"

"Yes, he'll be well enough to go to the office tomorrow. Now, if I might just have half a glass of water —"

"Hell, doc," said Mr. Cugat robustly, "I don't need any more medicine."

"No," said Doctor Buell gently, "but I think we'll just fix a little something for Mrs. Cugat."

The "Social Revolution" in Washington

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

William Hard

Some people think that our national defense effort will give us a permanent governmentalism; that government will take over business and operate it, and that after the war we shall find ourselves in a totalitarian state under a dictatorship.

It becomes interesting and important, then, to look at certain agencies in Washington, and at the men in key positions — their character, their views, their tendencies. Such an examination gives the reader an insight into what is going on and what we are going toward. This is the first of a series of articles. — William Hard

IF IT CHOSE TO, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the world's most momentous public bank, could go a long way toward making private banking a minor factor in the economy of our country. It has, since its origin in 1932, done business amounting to \$11,000,000,000.

Charles B. Henderson, new chairman of the board of RFC, has been a director since 1934. He was ap-

pointed by his friend and old political associate, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Yet nobody has ever been known to call Henderson a New Dealer. He is now 68. He was a Democratic district attorney back in Nevada long ago and a member of the Nevada legislature. Just after the last World War he was a United States Senator. It was then that he came to know Roosevelt, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He went with Roosevelt to the 1920 Democratic National Convention, when Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President. He campaigned for Roosevelt for President in 1932. He is an enthusiastic Roosevelt man. Yet he is no New Dealer at all.

It is not generally recognized that Mr. Roosevelt has appointed plenty of non-New Dealers to office. He has, for example, made many appointments to the RFC board, but not once has he chosen

WILLIAM HARD, a top-flight Washington correspondent for nearly 25 years, has had an insider's view of governmental trends since Wilson's Administration. A profound student of American history, and a friend of most of the capital's leading personages, regardless of party, his interpretations of the often baffling Washington scene have been incisive and accurate. During the 1936 presidential campaign Mr. Hard deserted journalism long enough to act as the Republican party's radio spokesman and in 1937 he served as secretary of the party's Program Committee. He is also the author of a biography of Herbert Hoover.

a man who could be regarded as a true blown-in-the-bottle brain-trust New Dealer. The consequence is that the RFC has never conducted any crusade. It just conducts a business.

Mr. Henderson explains the central part of RFC business by a story: "My father," he says, "started a bank in Elko, Nevada, in 1880. In 1852 he had helped drive a herd of cattle all the way from Kentucky to California. He knew all about cattle; and his bank was largely for lending money to cattlemen.

"Well, the winter of 1890 was terrific, and the cattle froze on the ranges. In the spring the cattlemen began to come into my father's bank, saying: 'Jeff, here's everything we have left. Take it. We can't pay.'

"My father said: 'What good is anything to a cattle bank unless there are cattle on the ranges? Keep what you have. I'll go see some big bankers in San Francisco.'

"He came back with money and lent it to cattlemen to buy new stock in Texas. In about ten years they had thousands of cattle and were out of debt to my father.

"Now that little story," says Mr. Henderson, "is the same as RFC's big story. Our vital job is to provide fresh funds to help private business recover from disaster and resume being business and resume being profitable."

Mr. Henderson has blue cattle-

range eyes and a large hearty outdoors laugh. He studied law. He served in the Spanish War with the Rough Riders. Then he went back to Nevada and became part owner of 20,000 cattle and 40,000 sheep. He and his partners proved themselves shrewd.

Their problem was to prevent other owners of sheep from encroaching on the range on which their cattle were feeding. That problem had never been solved. Sheep will graze grass to its roots. Cattle leave the grass higher and lusher. The sheepmen want to get that better grass for their sheep. Cattlemen killed sheepmen and sheepmen killed cattlemen in the battle of the open range.

But Mr. Henderson and his partners pastured their sheep in a wide circle all around their cattle range; and when strange sheepmen approached that circle they found it already browsed to the ground and went elsewhere. There is nothing much about the practical tricks of business that needs to be explained to Mr. Henderson.

Now, on top of the ordinary gigantic business of the RFC, Mr. Henderson has to take on an even more gigantic load of national defense lending and of national defense buying and selling. For the RFC today has four large-scale subsidiaries: the Metals Reserve Company, Rubber Reserve Company, Defense Supplies Company and Defense Plant Company.

The Metals Reserve Company has made commitments of \$618,000,000 for the purchase of such strategic metals and minerals as asbestos from South Africa, beryll ores from the Argentine, chromium from Turkey, iridium from Russia, tin from Nigeria, and tungsten from China. The RFC's Rubber Reserve Company has made commitments of \$211,000,000 for importations of rubber, and its Defense Supplies Company \$110,000,000 for wool from Australia and nitrate of soda from Chile. Its Defense Plant Company has made commitments of \$1,752,000,000 to all sorts of enterprises, ranging from \$31,000,000 to the General Electric Company for building equipment to make aircraft engines to \$45,000 to the Moser Jewel Company to make jewel bearings for aircraft instruments. Soon the RFC's total defense commitments will be more than *three billion dollars*.

It is easy to see that these colossal investments could be made the engine for introducing more and more government control into private business operations. But Henderson's policy, like the policy of his predecessors, Jesse Jones and Emil Schram, is not pointed in that direction. His policy is to take government out of business just as rapidly as possible.

Henderson is never happier than when he is talking of the RFC's record in dealing with private banks. "Look," he will say, point-

ing to figures on his desk, "we had to buy stock and capital notes to the extent of \$1,169,000,000 in 6096 banks because they were in distress. But look! We're completely out of 2291 of these banks already; we've sold \$714,000,000 of our bank investments to private interests; and we're down to only \$455,000,000 of such investments in only 3805 banks. We'll keep up the process until we have no such investments in any bank and all the banks in the United States are standing on their own feet.

"In regard to our national defense commitments," continues Mr. Henderson, "we shall follow the same road. We have to intervene for the moment because government alone has the extensive funds necessary; but whatever materials we buy we shall sell to private people as fast as we can; and whatever loans we make for new plants we shall never use to make those plants into government plants in competition with private ones."

But when this spurt of national defense passes, the RFC will still remain as the country's potentially most powerful bank. Will it be used to take us into the "social revolution" that so many people anticipate and dread? Mr. Henderson gave me a carefully considered reply to that question:

"We seek always to make private enterprise stronger because we believe in it," he said. "We help to revive private financial institu-

tions that are in trouble. We help private investors to put funds into private banking reorganizations. If a citizen can get credit at a reasonable rate from a private bank, we are not interested in making him a loan. We do not compete with the private banking system. We step in only when the private banking system cannot do the job. Our

policy is based on the conviction that this will always be a country of free enterprise."

There is not much "social revolution" there. Where, then, is this new "social revolution" in Washington? It is nowhere. The old and the new in Washington are merging not into revolution but into a new stability.



The Significance of Tiny Events

I — The Old Maids of England

PASCAL calls attention to the way in which a little thing may have great consequences, saying that causes so trivial that

they can scarcely be recognized move all mankind. "The nose of Cleopatra — if it had been shorter, the history of the world would have been changed."

If Mark Anthony had not been enslaved by Cleopatra's beauty, he might not have lost the battle of Actium and might have become the founder of the Roman Empire. Similarly, I have heard it suggested that the flowering of Tudor architecture must be ascribed to the cultivation of the turnip by the Dutch, that Nelson's victory at Trafalgar

The gentle reader is here in possession of the principles of a novel sport, and he can hunt down strange, unsuspected and remote causes whenever he is sleepless at night or bookless on a train.

brought about the popularity of British jams and marmalades in the United States. Perhaps the most whimsical suggestion of

all is to the effect that the stubborn resistance of the British army was due to the prevalence of spinsterhood in Great Britain. The explanation of this paradox is to be found in this sequence: The British soldier is nourished on beef, and the quality of the beef is due to an abundance of clover, which needs to be fertilized by bees. But bees cannot multiply and live unless they are protected against the field mice. The field mice can be kept down only if there are cats enough to catch them, and cats are the

favorites of the frequent old maids of England. These lonely virgins keep pets who prevent the mice from destroying the bees, so clover

flourishes luxuriantly and the cattle wax fat to supply the soldiers of the king with their strengthening rations. — Brander Matthews in *Scribner's Magazine*

II — A College Site's Effect on the War

AT A RECENT party a prominent Chinese gentleman was discussing the idea that tiny events often lead to great catastrophes.

"One night," he said, "when I was dining with the Dean of the Graduate College at Princeton, I asked him why the college was situated so far from the university campus. The Dean replied: 'Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton, wanted this school on the campus. Dean West wanted it out here. The ensuing battle royal split the university wide open. But it was the Dean who secured the necessary money, and naturally he won. And Wilson resigned, later becoming Governor of New Jersey and then President.'

"That," said the Chinese, "started me thinking, and I began to think backward as Chinese are apt to do.

"What is the cause of the present World War? Why, the failure

of the League of Nations, of course. And why did the League fail? Because the United States refused to join.

"What was back of that refusal? President Wilson declined to take any Republican leaders with him to the Peace Conference and the snubbed Republicans blocked in the Senate the attempt to take this country into the League.

"And why was such a stubborn man President at such a crucial time? Because he had been elected on his fine record as Governor of New Jersey.

"How did Woodrow Wilson happen to become Governor? Well, he got into a row with Dean West over the location of the Graduate College.

"So you see," mused the Chinese gentleman, "the present location of the Princeton Graduate College is really the cause of the present World War." — S. Josephine Baker, M.D.



Don't Stop Us . . .

¶ TWO THOROUGHLY inebriated men were driving like mad in an automobile. "Shay," one fumbled his words, "be sure to turn out for that bridge that's comin' down the road toward us."

"What do you mean, me turn out?" the other retorted. "I thought you was drivin'."

— Contributed by Donald MacGregor

The World's Greatest Wood Magicians

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Stewart H. Holbrook

IN Madison, Wisconsin, 200 wood-minded men and women of the government's Forest Products Laboratory tirelessly saw away at their favorite theme — newer and better uses for wood. They boil wood, bake it, mince and mangle it; they expose it to malignant fungi, horrible-looking insects and corrosive acids.

Founded in 1910, the Laboratory was the first institution in the world to conduct coördinated scientific research on wood products. Its four acres of floor space are crammed with spiked Ferris wheels, cannon-shaped cauldrons, and other contraptions that appear fantastic but actually are highly utilitarian.

In the newest miracle at the Laboratory ordinary wood is soaked in a solution of urea, an inexpen-

sive chemical. It is then heated to 212° F. Thereupon the wood can be bent, twisted, compressed, and molded. When it is again bone-dry and thoroughly cooled, it is as strong as mild steel. Urea-soaked sawdust can be worked like dough into sheets or molded products. This radical invention permits wider use of low-grade timber. Urea-treated wood might conceivably be used instead of aluminum for airplane struts and ribs.

Wood in nature is one third to one half water. Much lumber used to warp, crack or split badly in seasoning or kiln drying. To reduce this wastage, technicians at FPL reversed the natural method of curing, by which wood dried from the outside in. After three years' experimentation they found a way to dry it from the inside out. How? Merely by dunking the green wood either in ordinary salt or urea solution. The salts draw the moisture from the core of the wood to the surface, where it evaporates until the desired dryness is attained. Shrinkage and splitting, even in hardwoods, are reduced to a minimum. The Laboratory has discov-

STEWART HOLBROOK was still a Vermont schoolboy when he got his first job in a lumber camp and took part in river drives. After service with the A.E.F. field artillery, he worked as a logger in every important camp in the United States and Canada. For 11 years he edited *The Lumber News* in Portland, Ore., and has been columnist for the *Portland Oregonian*. He is the author of *Holy Old Mackinaw*, *Let Them Live*, *Iron Brew* and *Esban Allen*.

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(The Kiwanis Magazine, April, '41)

ered that heavy impregnation with cane sugar reduces wood shrinkage about 50 percent. Experiments in this division have immeasurably improved dry-kiln processes in the United States, with savings to the lumber industry estimated at \$10,000,000 annually.

A monster machine that looks like a giant gallows is really a press that exerts a crushing force of 1,000,000 pounds. Into this press goes a gigantic beam used in bridge and mill construction, or a vast laminated arch designed to support the roof of an airplane hangar. How much pressure will it stand? Finally, it gives way with a noise like an earthquake. Meantime, delicate instruments record the strain and mark the point of rupture.

The "mechanized baggageman" is a huge hexagonal steel drum. A crate or box packed with dummy goods (cans of water, packages of sand) is put into it. The drum revolves, tossing the crate this way and that with slam-bang fury. In 10 minutes the machine gives a container the mauling it would get in 1000 miles of shipping. Are the boards too thin, the nails too widely spaced? The tumbling drum will tell. This device has taught American railroads how to write standard specifications for containers.

In one laboratory paints and preservatives are studied. Here the old slogan has been revised to read: "Save the surface and that's all you save." Scientists insist

that paint merely protects wood against attack from without. To keep wood from decaying, it must be immunized against fungi and insects. Numerous preservatives developed by the Laboratory have doubled the life expectancy of lumber.

On the broad roof of the Laboratory hundreds of samples of wood — some painted, some varnished, others treated with chemicals — are exposed to the vagaries of Wisconsin weather. The first appearance of decay, warping, or paint cracking is noted, and its progress charted like a sick man's temperature. As a result, paint and varnish manufacturers are continually improving their products.

Combating termites and other living enemies of wood on land and sea is one activity at Madison. Docks and wharves were sometimes destroyed by marine borers in 18 months. Now, say technicians, properly treated underwater structures will last upwards of 20 years.

Premature decay of wood caused by fungi used to result in losses second only to destruction by forest fire. Madison experts have already halved these losses and the war goes on. The Laboratory incubates fungi and puts them to work on samples of wood. The wood is weighed and tested for mechanical strength before and after the fungi have done their work. Research has lengthened from two to ten times the life of the half million poles the Bell Telephone

Company uses annually. Railroads and other public utilities now treat millions of ties, poles and construction timbers with preservatives developed by the FPL.

One new product experimentally produced at Madison is wood-waste plastic. Into the maw of a digester go sawdust and wood scraps; out comes a porridge which, when mixed with chemicals, can be molded into an astonishing new material — black, hard, cheap — suitable for door-knobs, radio parts, automobile distributor caps, and so inexpensive and adaptable that it should become an important factor in the plastics industry.

The fireproofing tests at Madison are as exciting as a midnight alarm. All exposures to fire are timed to a split second, results scientifically measured and recorded. FPL lists about 160 chemicals which help make wood fire-resistant.

FPL operates a pulp and paper mill to discover new sources of paper supply. Enough Douglas fir is left on the ground as logging waste to duplicate our entire pulp output from domestic sources; and from the hardwoods of the Great Lakes states the mill has turned out usable paper on an experimental scale.

Cattle food, gas for heating and power, rayon, imitation leather, phonograph records, medicines, dye-stuffs, are now made from wood. An excellent perfume is obtained from cypress tips. Sufferers from

asthma find relief in balsam inhalants. "Wood flour" made from scraps is now used as filler in making linoleum.

In Germany, wood is rated second only to steel as a war necessity. Here, too, wood's importance in defense is not forgotten. A score of projects are under way.

Arthur Koehler of the Laboratory, whose testimony about Hauptmann's ladder helped convict the Lindbergh kidnaper, solves 3000 wood mysteries a year without charge. A forester writes in to know what is putting this ugly blue stain into his otherwise excellent white pine. It is an obscure "sap" disease, and the Laboratory writes a prescription for its cure. A museum curator sends in a sliver of wood from an Egyptian mummy case, asking an opinion as to its age and authenticity. It is identified as fig-wood of Biblical fame.

"Wood," says C. P. Winslow, Director of FPL, "occupies the position that petroleum was in before research discovered hundreds of uses for its by-products, thereby reducing the price of gasoline."

Wood is again coming into its own. If the United States will resolutely conserve its forests — still among the best and most extensive in the world — and persist in wood research, future historians may refer to the period directly ahead of us as the "golden age of wood." This is the belief and promise of Madison's wood magicians.

¶ *From behind the scenes in Germany a noted correspondent brings the story of Hitler's fiasco of 1940*

Why England Was Not Invaded

Condensed from "Berlin Diary"

William L. Shirer

IN JUNE of last year, when the demoralized French asked for an armistice, many of us who followed the German army into France expected Hitler to turn and strike at Britain immediately. The British, now alone, were reeling from titanic blows. They had abandoned irreplaceable arms and equipment on the beach of Dunkirk, and no longer had an organized army. Their shore defenses were pitiful. Their navy could not fight in great force in the nar-

row waters of the English Channel, over which Göring's planes now had control.

But Hitler hesitated and his hesitation may well prove to have been a blunder as colossal as the indecision of the German High Command before Paris in 1914. Why was the invasion of England not attempted immediately? What went wrong?

The answer, I think, is that Hitler believed an invasion would never be necessary. He felt so certain of concluding a final triumphant peace before the summer's end that he ordered reviewing stands erected in Berlin — they were completed early in August — for the great Victory Parade through the Brandenburger Tor. I recall now — though the fact made no impression on me at the time — that at Compiègne, where Hitler dictated a harsh armistice to France, the Germans seemed to be in no hurry to finish with Britain. Piecing together stray bits of conversation picked up in Compiègne and Paris, I think word had come from Hitler that he believed Churchill would now accept a face-saving negotiated peace. And though he ordered

Berlin Diary, Book-of-the-Month Club selection for July, is the year's fastest selling nonfiction book. It was smuggled out of Germany a few pages at a time over the last seven years. On publication, this uncensored, illuminating and vividly dramatic day-by-day account of inside Germany met with an almost unprecedented enthusiastic reception. Six weeks after publication the book had sold well over 300,000 copies. Mr. Shirer had been in Berlin for 15 months, to December 1940, broadcasting for CBS, using subtle inflections and American slang to outwit the Nazi censor and tell the truth about Germany. Before that he had been European correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* and chief of the Berlin bureau of Universal News Service. He returned to the U. S. last winter "on leave" and does not expect to go back to Germany.

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an invasion prepared, his certainty that it would never be necessary delayed and slackened the work of its preparation — the construction and concentration of barges, shipping, and a thousand kinds of equipment.

It may well be that Hitler expected Churchill to make the first move for peace. He waited a month for the realization of defeat to sink in. The *Luftwaffe* had been established on the North Sea and the Channel, but he held it back. Then, on July 19, speaking in the Reichstag, he publicly offered Britain peace. At the same session he made his leading generals field marshals, as though the victorious war were in truth over.

England's prompt and unequivocal rejection of his "offer of peace" came as a shock to him. He hesitated until the end of July — 12 days — before accepting it as final. By then a month and a half of precious time had been largely lost. Britain had meanwhile, to some extent, recovered from the earlier blows, and there is reason to believe that most of the German High Command now had grave doubts as to the success of an invasion.

Throughout July the Germans had been gathering barges and pontoons along the French, Belgian and Dutch coasts and assembling shipping at Bremen, Hamburg, Kiel, and various ports in Denmark and Norway. A common sight in western Germany was that of

Diesel-motored barges from as far away as the Danube being hauled on rollers toward the coast. Workshops and garages all over the Reich were put to work on armored, self-propelling pontoons which, in a calm sea, could carry a tank or a heavy gun or a company of troops over the Channel.

On the night of August 5, Hitler had a long conference in the Chancellery with his chief military advisers: Göring, Admiral Raeder, Generals von Brauchitsch and Keitel, and the extremely influential General Jodl from Hitler's own military staff. It is likely that Hitler at this meeting made his decision to attempt the invasion as soon as possible and went over final plans.

From what has leaked out we can deduce the strategy decided upon. A great air offensive against the British air force would be launched about August 13. The RAF would be wiped out by September 1. And then with complete mastery of the air over the Channel so as to prevent the British navy from concentrating, and over England to smash the defending British artillery, the invasion would be launched. The main force would cross the Channel in barges, pontoons and small boats. Other ships, protected by planes, would set out from Bremen, Hamburg and the Norwegian ports for Scotland. A small expedition from Brest would take Ireland. And of course there would be large-scale parachute action to demoral-

ize the British and Irish in the rear.

Everything depended upon annihilating the Royal Air Force. Göring promised swift success. But like many a German before him, he gravely miscalculated British character and therefore British strategy. Göring based his confidence on very simple mathematics. He had four times as many planes as the British. No matter how good English planes and pilots were — and he had a healthy respect for both — he had only to attack in superior numbers, and even if he lost as many planes as the enemy, in the end he would still have a substantial air fleet and the British would have none.

What Göring was incapable of grasping was that the British were prepared to see their cities bombed and destroyed before they would risk *all* their planes to defend them. To the British this was mere common sense and the only tactic that could save them.

To destroy the British air force Göring had to get it off the ground. But try as he did — and when I was on the Channel in mid-August he was sending over as many as 1000 planes a day to lure the British into the air — he never succeeded. The British kept most of their planes in reserve. Their cities, for a while, suffered as a result. But the RAF remained intact.

Why could not the *Luftwaffe* destroy the RAF on the ground as it had largely destroyed the air forces of Poland, Holland, Belgium and

France? The *Luftwaffe's* own answer is undoubtedly true. German airmen tell me that the British simply scattered their planes on a thousand far-flung fields. No air force in the world, with any opposition at all, could hunt them out in sufficient numbers to destroy any sizable portion of them.

Göring tried for a month to destroy Britain's air arm, using great daylight attacks, for you cannot destroy a nation's air force at night. But by the third week of September the grandiose daylight raids had ceased. The RAF had taken such a toll of German planes that Göring had to abandon them. For while the British never risked more than a small portion of their available fighters on any one day, they did send up enough to destroy more German bombers per day than Göring could afford to lose. For he was using them in mass formations, more as a snare to get the British fighters off the ground so that his Messerschmitts could get at them than for mere bombing.

And here British air tactics played an important role. The Germans tell me that the British fighter squadrons had strict orders to avoid combat with German fighters whenever possible. Instead they were instructed to dart in on the bombers, knock off as many as they could, and then steal away before the German fighters could engage them. These tactics led many a Messerschmitt pilot to complain

that the British Spitfire and Hurricane pilots were cowards, that they fled whenever they saw a German fighter. But the British adopted the only strategy which would save them.

The result was that on at least three separate days British fighters shot down some 175 to 200 German planes, mostly bombers, and crippled probably half as many more. Moreover, as most of the air battles took place over England, the British were saving at least half of their pilots whose machines were shot down. But the crews of every German plane shot down were lost to the *Luftwaffe* for the duration of the war — a loss of four highly trained men per plane in the case of bombers. The *Luftwaffe* could not indefinitely sustain such losses of planes and crews, despite its numerical superiority.

And so the first fortnight in September came and went, and still the Germans could not destroy the British air force. And the great Nazi army waited, cooling its heels behind the cliffs at Boulogne and Calais and along the canals behind the sea. It was not left entirely unmolested. At night British bombers blasted away at the ports and canals and beaches where the barges were being assembled. The German High Command has maintained absolute silence about the losses in men and materials sustained by these insistent British air attacks. But from what I saw of these bombings and

from what I've been told by German airmen, I think it is highly improbable that the German army was ever able to assemble enough barges or ships to launch an invasion in adequate force.

The stories emanating from France that an actual full-fledged invasion was attempted in mid-September seem without foundation. What probably happened is that the Germans attempted a fairly extensive invasion rehearsal. They put barges and ships to sea, the weather turned against them, and naval forces and planes caught them, set a number of barges on fire, and caused heavy casualties. The unusual number of hospital trains filled with men suffering from burns would bear out this version. I know of four such trains which arrived in Berlin alone within two days, September 18-19. One of them stretched out from the Potsdamer Bahnhof for half a mile.

By October the Germans were in a great state of mind because the British would not admit they were licked. They could not repress their rage against Churchill for still holding out hopes of victory to his people, instead of surrendering as had all of Hitler's other opponents. The Germans cannot understand a people with character and guts, and their misjudgment of the British and the consequent failure of their project to invade Britain in the summer of 1940 may have marked the turning point of the war.

Where High School Art Pays the Bills

Condensed from School Arts

George Kent

THERE IS a new kind of professionalism in the Union High Schools of Phoenix, Arizona. During the past five years boys and girls studying art there have turned over to the schools \$65,000. Part of the money was used last fall to retire a \$15,000 mortgage on the athletic stadium.

Recently a student's family moved to a new house. Landscaping became that week's class problem. The youngsters went out to the place, sketched, took measurements, noted the style and color of the house. Then each set to work in his favorite medium. One student, using clay, worked out an arrangement of the shrubbery in relief. Another sketched a design with pen and ink. A third used oils. Most employed water colors. Art work is made practical by proving that it can add beauty to the community.

Anything that links the classroom with life is pounced upon. If a family moves to a new home, that means a new room for the boy or girl, a need for furniture arrangement, perhaps a design for wallpaper or new decorations. A party may arouse interest in new frocks.

Most of the big money from art rolls in from an annual pageant. But the pageant itself is merely the culmination of the year's art activities. Last year Phoenix art students turned out 1500 posters, selling them to local stores and clubs or contributing them to charity drives. They sold thousands of Christmas cards made from linoleum cuts. For a banquet of 500 they designed and carved and painted the favors. Local advertisers use photographs made by the students. At fairs they paint signs and decorate booths. Phoenix shops display student-designed textiles with motifs of cactus or desert marigold in the brilliant hues of the Southwest.

Behind it all is the vital personality of Mrs. C. M. Perkins, who came to Phoenix in 1925 with a few simple ideas of how art should be taught. Art, she believed, should tie in with the life of the individual. The artist's work should please and excite ordinary people. A woman of enormous energy, she put her ideas into effect, and art instruction has grown from an hour a week to a daily period which draws enthusiastic attendance and

offers major credit for graduation. Enrollment has increased from 25 to 510.

Mrs. Perkins brings the everyday world into the schoolroom. The stimulus of monetary reward leads youngsters to take more interest, and out of this comes better craftsmanship. Today Mrs. Perkins rejects more orders than she accepts. Her job, she believes, is to teach; the sale of art is valuable only so long as it does not interfere with her main object.

A year after Mrs. Perkins arrived in Phoenix, a woman's group had an idea for a pageant. They got into production difficulties and turned to Mrs. Perkins. With an eye to possibilities, she took it over. Since then *The Masque of the Yellow Moon* has played annually to increasing crowds, dramatizing with color and éclat some episode or legend in the lore of the Southwest. Last year 12,000 cash customers from all parts of the country saw the pageant.

No other high school has ever done anything quite as ambitious or profitable. Virtually the entire student body participates. The cast is 3000, and those not on the stage help in other ways. Weeks before the *Masque* goes on, the corridors in the art wing are impassable. On the floors the young artists

are painting acres of wrapping paper to serve as scenery. The walls are covered with it. Miles of cambric (30,000 yards last year) are dyed and cut for costumes. Art students make artificial flowers, hats, cloaks, saddle jewelry, and handle the lighting and all the other props and gimcracks. The English department does the dialogue. The physical education department trains horsemen and dancers. The music department rehearses singers and bands. The focal coordinating point is the art department.

Out of the teaching approach in Phoenix has come a friendly and confident feeling about art among the students. Their attitude is more that of the home craftsman than of the dilettante. Mrs. Perkins finds that every youngster, no matter how inept at first, has some gift.

The by-products of the courses are manifold. Homes and lawns and streets in and around Phoenix, a city of 65,000, become progressively more attractive. The numerous festivals are more colorful and appealing. Students employ their eyes to better advantage and choose their clothes with greater care. And in cultivating the artistic side of their lives they acquire expanding interests and an appreciation that increases with enjoyment.



*¶ Even though you do the right thing,
do you do it the right way?*

Have You an Educated Heart?

Condensed from "The Bromide and Other Theories"

Gelett Burgess

LAST OCTOBER I sent Crystabel a book. She acknowledged it, and promptly. But two months afterward she actually wrote me another letter, telling me what she thought of that book; and she proved, moreover, that she had read it. Now, I ask you, isn't that a strange and beautiful experience in this careless world? Crystabel had the educated heart. To such as possess the educated heart thanks are something like mortgages, to be paid in installments. Why, after five years Crystabel often refers to a gift that has pleased her. It is the motive for a gift she cares for, not its value; and hence her tactful, iterated gratefulness.

Everything can be done beautifully by the educated heart, from the lacing of a shoe so that it won't come loose to passing the salt before it is asked for. If you say only "Good morning," it can be done pleasingly. Observe how the polished actor says it, with that cheerful rising inflection. But the ordinary American growls it out with surly downward emphasis. Merely to speak distinctly is a

Return Engagement!

From time to time, various readers have requested that this essay be reprinted. It appeared in the January 1934 issue of The Reader's Digest.

great kindness, I consider. You never have to ask, "What did you say?" to the educated heart. On the other hand, very few people ever really listen with kindly attention. They are usually merely waiting for a chance to pounce upon you with their own narrative. Or if they do listen, is your story heard with real sympathy? Does the face really glow?

Consider the usual birthday gift or Christmas present. By universal practice it is carefully wrapped in a pretty paper and tied with ribbon. That package is symbolical of what all friendly acts should be — kindness performed with style. Then what is style in giving? Ah, the educated heart makes it a business to know what his friend really wants. One friend I have to whom I can't express a taste that isn't treasured up against need. I said

once that I loved watercress, and lightly wished that I might have it for every meal. Never a meal had I at his table since, without finding watercress bought specially for me.

Do you think it's easy, this business of giving? Verily, giving is as much an art as portrait painting or the making of glass flowers. And imagination can surely be brought to bear. Are you sailing for Brazil? It isn't the basket of fine fruits that brings the tears to your eyes, nor the flowers with trailing yards of red ribbon — all that's mere kindness, ordinary everyday kindness. It's that little purse full of Brazilian currency, bills and small change all ready for you when you first trip ashore at Rio.

There was old Wentrose — he understood the Fourth Dimension of kindness, all right. Never a friend of his wife's did he puffingly put aboard a streetcar, but he'd tuck apologetically into her hand the nickel to save her rummaging in her bag. Real elegance, the gesture of inherent nobility, I call that.

Is it sufficient simply to offer your seat in a streetcar to a woman? The merely kind person does that. But he does it rather sheepishly. Isn't your graciousness more cultured if you give it up with a bow, with a smile of willingness? Besides the quarter you give the beggar, can't you give a few cents' worth of yourself too? The behavior of the educated heart becomes au-

tomatic: you set it in the direction of true kindness and courtesy and after a while it will function without deliberate thought. Such thoughtfulness, such consideration is *not* merely decorative. It is the very essence and evidence of sincerity. Without it all so-called kindness is merely titular and perfunctory.

Suppose I submit your name for membership in a club. Have I done you (or my club) any real service unless I also do my best to see that you are elected? And so if I go to every member of the committee, if I urge all my friends to endorse you, that is merely the completion of my regard for you. It is like salt — "It's what makes potatoes taste bad, if you don't put it on."

Must you dance with all the wallflowers, then? I don't go so far as that, although it would prove that you had imagination enough to put yourself in another's place. All I ask is that when you try to do a favor you do it to the full length of the rope. Don't send your telegram in just ten carefully selected words. Economize elsewhere, but add those few extra phrases that make the reader perceive that you cared more for him than you did for the expense.

No one with the educated heart ever approached a clergyman, or a celebrity, or a long-absent visitor with the shocking greeting: "You don't remember me, do you?" No, he gives his name first. No one with the educated heart ever said,

"Now do come and see me, sometime!" The educated heart's way of putting it is apt to be, "How about coming next Wednesday?" And strongly I doubt if the educated heart is ever tardy at an appointment. It knows that if only two minutes late a person has brought just that much less of himself.

You call once or twice at the hospital. Do you ever call again? Not unless you have the educated heart. Yet the patient is still perhaps quite ill. One there was who used to bring a scrapbook every morning, pasted in with funny items from the day's news.

Truly nothing is so rare as the educated heart. And if you wonder why, just show a kodak group picture—a banquet or a class photograph. What does every one of us first look at, talk about? Ourselves. And that's the reason why most hearts are so unlearned in kindness.

If you want to enlarge that mystic organ whence flows true human kindness, you must cultivate your imagination. You must learn to put yourself in another's place, think his thoughts. The educated heart, remember, does kindness *with style*.



Illustrative Anecdotes—51—

¶ ABRAHAM LINCOLN won many arguments through sheer force of logic. On one occasion, having failed to make a stubborn opponent see the error of his reasoning, Lincoln said, "Well, let's see. How many legs has a cow?"

"Four, of course," came the ready answer.

"That's right," said Lincoln. "Now suppose we call the cow's tail a leg, how many legs would the cow have?"

"Why, five, of course."

"Now that's where you're wrong," said Lincoln. "Simply calling a cow's tail a leg doesn't make it a leg."

— Contributed by Joseph Tausek, author of *The True Story of the Gettysburg Address*

¶ ONCE WHEN Padcrewski played before Queen Victoria, the sovereign exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Mr. Paderewski, you are a genius!"

"Ah, Your Majesty," he replied, "perhaps; but before I was a genius I was a drudge."

— *Hamilton Spectator*

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

I couldn't get a word in sledgewise.
(Jacob M. Berkowitz)

He lifted himself up by his boot-licks.
(J. A. Livingston)

A man noted for his inertiative.
(R. F. Marshall)

Hollywood may be thickly populated, but to me it's still a bewilderment.
(Sir Cedric Hardwicke)

Colored maid in Florida: "You ought to go home. When spring comes down heah, all you folks from the No'th gets slugulent."
(Eleanor Clarke)

Atheist: A man who has no invisible means of support.
(John Buchan)

A muffin-cheeked baby (*Time*) . . .
A moth of a kiss (Gladys Taber) . . .
A November stare (Sinclair Lewis)

A silk jersey dress that held fast going around curves.
(Channing Pollock)

Townsfolk sucking scandal like lollipops.
(Sinclair Lewis)

Women greeting each other with cordial malevolence.
(W. S. Gray)

A covey of quail exploded into flight.
(Judy Van der Veer)

Great buffalo clouds, roaming the blue sky prairie.
(Jake Falstaff)

The maples suddenly caught fire from inside and burned in soundless scarlet flame (Robert P. Tristram Coffin)
... Oaks lipstickked with autumn.
(Willie Snow Ethridge)

Tall flower stalks swing their heavy golden fists, shadow-boxing in the evening wind.
(Mary J. Tremaine)

He began to soften toward her like a toasted marshmallow.

His mind was so slow that his remarks were invariably late, arriving just in time to see the topic of the moment steaming out of the station
(Anna Gordon Keown)

Characterization: He took her down a dark road, parked, and asked, "Will you give me a kiss?" And, would you believe it, before she could say "No," she had!
(Charles Curran)

Coed to girl friend: "I have an uncomfortable feeling we're not being followed."

When asked how he was, an old Chinese replied: "I full-bloom."
(Upton Close)

Chided because he took little exercise, George Burns said: "But I get plenty of exercise. Every week I go to the horror movies and let my flesh creep."
(Dorothy Kilgallen)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

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F.D.R.'s Unofficial Cabinet

Condensed from Book

Raymond Clapper



Lowell Mellett



Felix Frankfurter



Basil O'Connor



Bernard Baruch

Even many important government officials are unable to get an appointment with the President.

The most effective routes to him are by way of friends who see him evenings. These kindred spirits, articulate men with hair-trigger minds, spark the President's thinking. They bring ideas to him, send up his "trial balloons," tell him of men they have met who might be useful — in short, serve as extensions of his own senses. Sell one of these men an idea, and it is likely to lodge directly in the presidential ear a few nights later.

LOWELL MELLETT, director of the Office of Government Reports, is important not because of the work of his office but because of President Roosevelt's confidence in his judgment. With a long career as a war correspondent and then as editor of a Scripps-Howard newspaper, he brings into the Roosevelt circle a professional understanding of the newspaper world.

As an editor, Mr. Mellett vigorously opposed censorship of the press. Notwithstanding assertions that he is now working for government censorship, those who know him well are convinced that he has no more love of censorship than he ever had. He has come to exert considerable influence over government publicity policy.



Robert E. Sherwood



William C. Bullitt



Archibald MacLeish



Samuel I. Rosenman

Mr. Mellett is a New Dealer by conviction so strong that he voluntarily surrendered his important editorship to enter the service of Mr. Roosevelt. He spends many evenings at the White House thinking out loud with the President.

PLAYWRIGHT ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, author of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, *There Shall Be No Night* and *Idiot's Delight*, gets upstairs in the White House often and is one of the strong interventionists around Mr. Roosevelt. All last fall, this lank, 6-foot-4 word artist worked on the President's speech-writing crew — at it long hours without sleep sometimes, living on an occasional sandwich. Undoubtedly Mr. Sherwood's acute dramatic instinct, together with his hot-blooded hate of Hitler, makes him a most stimulating friend for the President.

WILLIAM C. BULLITT, handsome and audacious, was the President's ace reporter as Ambassador to France. Immediately preceding the war and during its early days Mr. Bullitt was almost constantly on the transatlantic telephone talking with President Roosevelt. Isolationists have charged that his promises of aid led France into war, but he was himself isolationist at the time.

SAMUEL IRVING ROSENMAN, Justice of the New York State Supreme Court, slips in and out of

Washington whenever the President is preparing a fireside talk. He would have made a great head of a newspaper copy desk. He has an uncanny ability to time laughs, tighten up sentences, transpose words for the strongest effect. You could call him the President's editor in chief. Their association goes back to early days, and an indication of President Roosevelt's regard is that he selected Judge Rosenman as editor of the five-volume edition of his official papers. He has outlived most of the original brain trusters in the President's affections.

BASIL O'CONNOR, once Franklin Roosevelt's law partner, is one of the veterans of the "night brigade." His brother John, bitterly anti-New Deal Congressman, was the only defeated "purgee" of the 1938 campaign. But that has in no degree affected the friendship of Basil and the President. Mr. O'Connor has made Roosevelt's interests his own. He is trustee of the Warm Springs Foundation — so close to the President's heart — and he heads the National Infantile Paralysis Institute.

JUSTICE FELIX FRANKFURTER is said to have put more men in the government than President Roosevelt. He is the best salesman — of ideas as well as men — now making the White House. The reason: He always knows his own mind, and

it's just like an encyclopedia. You can check up on anything there and get the answer. And he knows so many more answers than anybody else that he often wins by default.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, Librarian of Congress, is one of these Frankfurter protégés. He has swept the cobwebs off his job and made it a flaming symbol of democracy. Mr. MacLeish brings to the discussions of the upstairs cabinet a rich and learned mind pointed at those far horizons which so enchant Mr. Roosevelt in these historic days.

BERNEY BARUCH — it's never Barney — now lunches in the Pres-

ident's office every Tuesday. At these times he tells what's wrong with defense — and he can tell plenty. He has had more experience managing war production (as chairman of the 1917-18 War Industries Board) than any other man alive. A year ago when people began shouting for Baruch, Mr. Roosevelt was irked, told friends Baruch wasn't a miracle man at all. But it became evident that he was worth listening to — and now he's a regular.

FOR ALMOST 20 years Raymond Clapper's keen eyes have watched the Washington scene. His political column, widely syndicated, enjoys a unique distinction: it is as eagerly consulted by the capital city's personnel about whom he writes as by countless readers throughout the nation.



Idiom's Delight

❏ A MOSCOW CENSOR berated an American correspondent for writing that, during a Soviet parade, the American ambassador "stood within a stone's throw of Stalin."

"What do you mean by this outrageous insult?" the censor stormed. The correspondent finally managed to interrupt the tirade to explain the American idiom.

"So?" said the censor. "In that case we change it this way: 'The American ambassador stood near Stalin. He threw *no* stones!'"

— *The Best I Know* (Waverly House)

❏ WHEN THE old Blücher palace in Berlin was converted into a U. S. Embassy, architects included a "powder room" for visiting ladies. Recently Gestapo agents marched into the Embassy with a copy of the architect's plan, accused the Embassy of storing munitions and demanded to see the room. They were obediently shown to the ladies' W. C.

— *Time*

"I Never Saw Such an Establishment!"

Condensed from *Farm Journal* and *Farmer's Wife*

Frank J. Taylor

West Coast free-lance reporter

OVER a hundred thousand cars stopped last year at a roadside farm known as Knott's Berry Place, on a highway near Buena Park, 22 miles south of Los Angeles. In exchange for country fried chicken, berry pies, fresh produce, nursery stock and cut flowers, the occupants of these cars left \$509,031 with Farmer Knott, who promptly passed on much of it to his neighbors. Twenty-one years ago this region supported only a handful of rural families. Today the Knott place is surrounded by a thriving community.

Walter Knott, still the farmer, in shirt sleeves and baggy trousers, explains his success simply: "I'm lucky to have a family that works hard and pulls together."

It has been a pull, too. Knott and his wife, when they were married, struck out to homestead on the Mojave Desert. To feed his growing family, Knott worked in the mines between crops. Finally, flat broke, he gave up homesteading and moved to a vegetable farm which he ran on shares. In a few years, with hard-earned savings, he leased 10 acres of land — now a

part of his berry farm. He had begun to buy the place at \$1500 an acre; the prevailing boom-time price, when in 1929 values toppled to \$350 an acre. Neighbors told him he was "crazy to keep on paying for that land." Knott didn't think so. He stuck to his guns and his bargain.

Noting the wide spread between the wholesale and retail prices, Knott opened a roadside stand. Here his wife, son and three daughters sold berries and served pie and coffee while Walter Knott farmed. In 1934 they built a small dining room and added fried chicken to the menu. The enterprise flourished. On peak days Knott and his wife dressed chickens and baked pies long before daylight. During these busy years they raised their holdings to 120 acres, 80 of which are now planted to berries.

Walter Knott was forever experimenting to find better farm products. He found an exceptionally delicate red-stalked rhubarb and popularized it as cherry rhubarb. He discovered and grew a superior asparagus. Seeking better berries, he planted some 40 varieties of

blackberries, raspberries, loganberries and strawberries.

One day in 1932 a Department of Agriculture official called to inquire about a Rudolph Boysen who was said to have originated a new berry. Knott had never heard of Boysen but he joined in the hunt, which ended in Anaheim where Boysen was superintendent of parks. The man had indeed originated a new berry, a cross between blackberry, raspberry and loganberry, but had abandoned experiments. His neglected vines were barely alive. Knott moved them to his berry patch, where, after careful cultivation, they bore berries of prodigious size and superior flavor. From that handful of roots Knott has shipped boysenberry stock to every one of the 48 states and to 15 foreign lands.

Soon customers flocked to Knott's roadside stand for the big juicy berries, often an inch and a half long and so fat that 60 of them filled a pound basket, as contrasted with the 120 to 160 blackberries required to make a pound. Deep, 10-inch, three-pound boysenberry pies baked by Mrs. Knott sold for 50 cents apiece. Last Mother's Day, Mrs. Knott and her helpers baked 784 boysenberry pies; on a normal day they bake 200. To have berries the year around, Knott quick-freezes 150,000 pounds every summer.

At the end of the first year Knott doubled the size of the dining room. Later additions have brought the

seating capacity to 600. The once-small kitchen now is 100 feet long, and 60 women can work in it at the same time. One banner day last May the Knotts served 5910 diners.

In the kitchen Mrs. Knott is boss and will have no professional chefs. When she wants help she hires another farmer's wife. She will use only three and one half pound Rhode Island Red and Plymouth Rock chickens, grown under carefully prescribed conditions by 35 neighboring farmers.

Son Russell runs the roadside market, which sold \$108,234 worth of fruit, pies, preserves and chicken over the counter last year. Daughters Virginia and Elizabeth are co-bosses of the dining room, and Marian is in charge of the flower shop. The girls hire their school and college friends for waitresses and bus boys, and every week-end during the season 60 to 80 college students earn \$8 to \$15 apiece. The Knotts at peak periods employ 400 people. "In a pinch we call on the neighbors," says Mr. Knott. "The banker's daughter works here, and the son of the college dean."

When the place was organized and the pressure eased, the Knott family started to indulge in hobbies. Virginia has a gift shop; her sisters have filled two rooms with rare music boxes from France, Switzerland and Germany. In alcoves between the dining rooms, Mrs. Knott has rock gardens luxu-

riant with miniature waterfalls, water wheels and wishing wells. Coins tossed in the wishing wells the last two years totaled \$1100, which Mrs. Knott turned over to the Mission San Juan Capistrano for restoration work on old adobe buildings. Russell, whose asthma drives him to the desert frequently, has collected 60 kinds of fluorescent rocks with brilliant hues visible only when exposed to invisible ultrashort-ray lights. They are displayed in a dark room, where visitors press buttons which turn on the rays.

Walter Knott's pride is a volcano built of rock from the desert and equipped with boiler and noise machine. Any visitor can make the volcano rumble, hiss, and emit steam. A year ago he began on his latest hobby — the reproduction of a ghost mining town, including an old blacksmith shop, two bars, a Wells Fargo stage depot, a bank, and a replica of the historic Birdcage Theater in Tombstone, Arizona, which will soon be showing

the silent films of bygone days. He has rebuilt his two-acre town authentically, even to the dummy of the horse thief behind the bars of the jail, from which a sepulchral voice, resembling Knott's, warns visitors to mend their ways.

"It's not half as fool a thing as it seems," Knott says. "When the customers pile up so we can't seat them, the girls send them out to see the ghost town and play with the volcano. They get so interested that I've had to install a loud-speaker system to call them to their meals when the tables are ready."

A year ago Walter and Cordelia Knott let the youngsters run the business while they went touring. "All the way across the country we saw farms near centers of population waiting to be turned into humming roadside businesses," Knott explained. "All they needed was a family looking for an opportunity and willing to dig in. What we have done can be done by any family that's taken an economic beating and been toughened to work."



Mind-Stretcher

IT IS DIFFICULT to comprehend the massiveness of the U. S. defense program. These comparisons help: The new bomber program alone calls for creation, within months, of an entire industry greater than the whole automobile industry. Put on top of that a tank industry which will be as large as General Motors. Add to that a shipbuilding undertaking that calls for a plant capacity greater than that of the whole world in normal times.

— Reprinted by special arrangement with Whaley-Eaton Service, Washington, D. C.

❧ *A personally conducted tour through Panama and the Canal Zone by a seasoned reporter*

Our Panama Canal Problem

Condensed from a forthcoming book, "Inside Latin America"

John Gunther

Author of "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia,"
recently returned from an extensive tour of Latin-American countries

IRONICALLY, the only head of state in the Americas who has emotional sympathies with totalitarianism is the one whose government straddles the Panama Canal, most vital instrument of hemisphere defense. Before becoming President of Panama, Dr. Arnulfo Arias served for a long time as Panamanian minister at Berlin and Rome. His inseparable friend is Dr. Antonio Isaza, for some years Panamanian consul at Hamburg, who has strongly influenced him toward totalitarian ideas.

Dr. Arias is nicknamed the Nazi-onal leader. He is 40, handsome, suave, confident, ambitious. After attending the University of Chicago and Harvard Medical School he was for several years staff physician at a Boston hospital. He became Director of Public Health of Panama, which office carries with it control of national lotteries and hence political power. Dr. Arias became President in 1940 and in his inaugural speech and other early pronouncements he gave good indications of his leanings toward fascism:

The concept of liberty as an inalienable and unlimited right of the individual must give way to the more modern concept of liberty conditioned by the social exigencies of the community.

The demagogic concept that all men are free and equal is biologically without foundation.

Arias immediately adopted a policy of petty irritations toward the United States. When distinguished U. S. officers took part in public ceremonies, they were apt to find themselves assigned to the worst seats; when one of our admirals called on the Panamanian foreign minister — who knows English perfectly — the minister insisted on speaking Spanish. Negotiations for airfield sites and the like were delayed by haggling and bickering.

Dr. Arias gave Panama a new constitution which establishes him as virtual dictator. It gave the government (that is, Dr. Arias) the right to establish monopolies and expropriate private property. Panamanian youth, both boys and girls, were organized into clubs modeled on the Hitler *Jugend*. Likewise Dr. Arias organized the *Guardia Cívica*, the only army in

Panama but in effect his private army.

When I saw Dr. Arias he said that Panama was and would continue to be "strictly neutral" as to the European war — an indirect slap at the United States. "We have passed the stage of foreign tutelage," he says.

Of course the United States can exert instantaneous pressure on Panama at any time. The boss of Panama is really the U. S. Army. The little country, with about the population of Minneapolis, lives almost wholly on the \$50,000,000 annual payroll of the uniformed and civilian personnel in the 10-mile-wide Canal Zone. By the simple expedient of barring our people from Panamanian territory we could starve Panama out in a month. But we hesitate to take any such drastic steps, nor are they likely to be necessary. Dr. Arias has in recent months backwatered considerably, and finally announced we could build air bases where we liked, having been assured of "adequate compensation" and return of the bases to Panama after the European war is ended.

Defense of the Panama Canal has four aspects: naval, aerial, political — the maintenance of cordial relations with the countries nearby — and protection against sabotage.

Attack by troops is almost inconceivable; the jungle is an impenetrable defense. This trackless

jungle is the real thing. Strange animals, such as the tapir, exist within a thousand yards of the Canal. In army camps five miles from Colón or Cristobal you may run into 25 different kinds of snakes, some as deadly as the bushmaster. The Cuña Indians in Darien have never been subdued and are still hostile. All this alongside one of man's greatest engineering feats!

The essential strategy of our defense is ceaseless vigilance against any possible approach by hostile ship or plane. The Navy's Special Service Squadron, greatly strengthened, watches all incoming ships within a radius of 900 miles. The Army assumes responsibility for everything within 30 miles of the Canal.

The Navy maintains its fanlike patrol largely by air. It is not enough to fly out from Panama and back; to make the patrol really effective, bases are needed — key points above and below the Canal from which planes may fly in a wide arc.

Our defenses on the Atlantic side are amply based since the destroyer deal with Great Britain. On the Pacific side the best northern base would be on Mexico's Isthmus of Tehuantepec; the second best in the Gulf of Fonseca, Nicaragua, on which work is beginning. To the south the Navy wants the Galápagos Islands, held by Ecuador. Negotiations for the Galápagos are proceeding quietly.

What if a surprise attack penetrated the Navy screen? I spent a long and exciting day inspecting the Army installations. Here are some of the most powerful coast-defense batteries in the world. I saw these enormous guns — some 16-inch, some 14-inch — hidden along the fringes of the jungle; I watched a sergeant with a whip of his wrist elevate the monstrous barrels as easily as he might lift a toy. To fire a gun costs \$1200, so they are not fired often.

We brushed through humid thickets and found camouflaged anti-aircraft guns in remote clearings. You dive through the underbrush, descend a carefully built channel, brush the sweat from your eyes, look — but see no guns. Yet there they are, painted a dull green, thickly oiled, covered with logs and thatch, ready for instant action.

Up another road you come across spick-and-span army units clustering about searchlight batteries. We watch the lights — some of them 800,000,000 candle power — catch planes overhead, and we see army bombers punch targets with effortless precision. Guns, plane detectors and searchlights are manned 24 hours a day.

The Army has several hundred installations in the Zone, and the work of building them has been prodigious. Airfields exist in what were swamps yesterday; whole new towns are bursting out of the jungle. The chief technical problem,

surmounted only by tremendous effort, is road building. There is very little level ground, and work on roads is practicable only three months a year when the rains cease.

Surprisingly enough, no road parallels the Canal across the Isthmus. The technical difficulties are arduous, and the Panama Railway (owned and operated by the United States government) has had the right to veto any highway that would cut into its lucrative business. The Army insisted that a road be built, since the railway might be bombed. President Roosevelt instructed the railway company to waive its rights, and work on the road has begun. There are still 23 miles to be built, but it will probably be finished this year.

Each isolated army post is in instant contact with the others. The officers and men live well, work hard, kill snakes for fun and loaf after hours in the clearings under the palms. They take scrupulous care of their health. Oil is poured on every spot of water; every bed rests in a pool of insecticide. Malaria has been virtually wiped out.

Guarding against sabotage is all-important. Suppose a Japanese ship should blow itself up in one of the locks. Suppose some "neutral" ship should get out of control and jam itself against the narrow channel. Suppose Panamanian Quislings should wreck the spillway at Gatun Dam which might empty the Canal. Against all these things meas-

ures of protection have been taken. Any ship approaching the Canal waits to be passed, after a scrupulous investigation. United States officers take complete command. They set up an independent telephone connecting bridge and engine room, and station a watch at both ends, to obviate the possibility of false commands. If there is any cause for suspicion the ship is netted, so that no bomb can be dropped from it. No ships are allowed to make the transit at night. Only one set of locks is being used; the other is being bombproofed.

There are about 2000 German nationals in Panama, 760 Italians and 420 Japanese — every one of them indexed. There are warehouses belonging to German and Japanese businessmen. We do not know what is in them. But the precautions we take are extreme, especially at the locks and spillways.

Work began last spring on a third set of locks which will treat an alternative passage through the Canal if anything happens to the present locks. The old locks are only 110 feet wide. This has limited the width of our warships. The new locks will be 140 feet wide, so that we can build bigger aircraft carriers and battleships. Work on the new locks will probably take five years. The original Canal cost \$375,000,000; the new locks alone will cost \$227,000,000.

The United States Army has increased its garrison from about 18,000 men to a number much greater. The Navy is at top efficiency, and army and navy planes maintain their timeless watch. Civil authorities are on guard every minute. Nobody attacking the Canal will have an easy job. No amateur is going to blow it up with a stick of dynamite.



Egg-Throwers Make Dictatorships

*I*AM LESS concerned about the freedom of the press than I am about the freedom of the reader. Many newspapers print with pride columns by special writers often at variance with the editorial position. That's the way to have a free press. But you won't keep a free press unless the reader also is tolerant, open-minded, interested in hearing both sides. When the public no longer wants to hear what the other fellow has to say, you have a state of mind which points toward the end not only of a free press but of all free institutions. Democratic discussion cannot be carried on by tossing eggs. Egg-throwers make dictators.

— Raymond Clapper in *New York World-Telegram*

¶ *Henry Bergh, the militant aristocrat who endured the jeers of the crowd and of the press, as the first pioneer in the prevention of cruelty to animals*

"He Invented a New Kind of Goodness"

Condensed from *Frontiers*

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "An Almanac for Moderns," "Singing in the Wilderness"
and "The Road of a Naturalist"

TWO GAUNT old horses strained their flanks and pawed at the icy pavement, but the overloaded horsecar would not budge. It was the rush hour of a stormy night in New York of the '70's, and the impatient driver brought his whip down with a crack on the struggling beasts. They reared and slithered, and tried again. Out of the storm, into the light of the horsecar windows, strode a tall man — "a regular swell," the driver judged by the top hat, the lifted cane, the imperious expression of the long grave face. Overcrowded though the car was, you'd have to make room for a gent like that.

But the stranger did not want a ride. Instead he asked the driver to order the excess passengers to descend. The load, he courteously pointed out, was far too great for the beasts who pulled it. When the driver rudely protested, the gentleman flashed a badge on his coat. When the passengers refused to move, he began pulling them off the

steps. A plug-ugly who threatened the stranger found himself flung headforemost into a snowbank.

Suddenly the temper of the crowd turned, and they raised resounding cheers for this gadfly of their consciences — cheers for Henry Bergh, the crank, "The Great Meddler," the self-appointed crusader

who singlehanded had begun the long battle against cruelty to animals.

This New York aristocrat, heir to a shipbuilding fortune, first-nighter and figure of fashion, had been appointed by Abraham Lincoln as legation secretary in the Czars' St. Petersburg. As a diplomat he distinguished himself, but his true vocation came to life when he saw a donkey being beaten by a Russian peasant. Bergh protested, and the startled peasant, taking the gold lace and brass buttons of the legation coachman for authority, desisted. Henry Bergh's great idea was born.

When he returned to New York

The lives of Social Pathfinders often make dull reading. Here is a conspicuous exception.

in 1864 he found a city indifferent to the suffering of the beasts that served it. All New York's traffic was then moved by horsepower — horses that often were lame, sick, or starved. Dogs, on exhibition in shopwindows, ran a treadmill until they dropped dead of exhaustion and were replaced. Dogfighting and cockfighting were vested interests, governed by "rings."

Early in 1866 Henry Bergh called New Yorkers to a meeting out of which grew the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose charter bore the signatures of John Jacob Astor, Peter Cooper, August Belmont, James J. Roosevelt, Horace Greeley. Encouraged by them, Bergh got a law against cruelty to animals through the state legislature.

He still had to face not merely the public's apathy but the enmity of the many who exploited animals for gain. The horse railway companies were powerful in the legislature; the butchers, dairy-men, and "sportsmen" who ruled dogfighting and cockfighting and live-pigeon shooting had money behind them, more money than even rich Henry Bergh. They were set to fight him. And Bergh knew it.

On the very night when the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formally organized, its unanimously elected president stepped forth to battle. The first carter he saw whipping a horse he ordered to stop;

that couldn't be done any more, he told the man — it was against the law. The carter flung him an oath and plied the lash again. Bergh realized that laws on the books were not enough; he would need special officers, capable of making arrests, whose badges would command respect. And respect would grow out of well-publicized convictions. So he settled his top hat and went looking for a test case.

From an omnibus, next day, he saw a butcher driving live meat to market. The piled and hobbled sheep and calves hung from the wagon with eyes bulging in agony. Bergh got off his bus and arrested the butcher, but the court, intimidated perhaps, and lacking precedent, would not convict. Down to the dirt, stench and blood of the slaughterhouses went Bergh, and found methods of butchery too horrible to describe. When he remonstrated, the bloody entrails of a carcass were flung in his face, which never changed expression as he wiped the offal from it. In April he got the first recorded convictions for cruelty to animals.

But still the public shrugged, even jeered this tilter at windmills who patrolled New York, always carrying a cane in an immaculately gloved hand. Lampoonists shot their cruelest arrows at him; mock editorials urged mercy for bugs and worms.

One blustery winter afternoon, just as the horsecars were jammed

with office workers going home, Bergh and his men gave orders to take from the traces every horse that was ill or sore. Two main streets were blocked for hours and thousands of people footed it up-town through slush and snow, wet, hungry and mad. Next day the *Star* headline read, "Bergh on a bender; 5000 people go without their dinners to oblige him." But Horace Greeley's *Tribune* said, "A triumph for Mr. Bergh — and a lesson about cruelty to animals." Bergh's name was on everyone's lips, and his society took another step forward in the public eye.

A cat one day strayed into a hollow girder of a building under construction. Workers walled the cat in, and proceeded until they were up to the fourth floor. Bergh demanded that the cat be freed even if every column and girder had to be taken down. Finally a piece of wall was removed and the cat rescued alive, though in wretched condition.

Henry Bergh was a sensitive man; he felt keenly the ridicule and hatred, but he knew that he must make himself a center of even greater hubbub if he were to win any battle that would count. So he set out to champion the apparently ridiculous cause of turtles. A boatload of them had been shipped alive from Florida, their flippers pierced and tied together with string, and Henry Bergh had captain and crew arrested. The judge

hid a sneering laugh; the captain's counsel said turtles were fish anyway, and therefore not animals. The case was decided against Don Quixote; James Gordon Bennett published columns of satire in his paper. But a bored public, at first amused, now became interested.

Cheered by some, fought by many, Henry Bergh continued his prosecutions. He waged a campaign against plucking fowls alive, another on behalf of cows, which were often led to market with their udders distended to prove them great givers of milk. One day Bergh stopped the owner of such a cow, insisting that her half-starved calf be allowed to feed.

"These are my animals," protested the owner.

"That may be," Bergh replied, "but the milk is Nature's and belongs to the famished little being which is now drinking it. I am going to stop here until it has swallowed every drop it wants."

He did, too, to the delight of a crowd of spectators.

In the dairies that supplied the children of New York, he found thousands of diseased cows. Drooping with bovine tuberculosis, they were held up with slings so that they could be milked until they died. The papers began to trumpet on Bergh's side. He was by now a well-known figure in the courtroom. Lawyers found him a calculating, shrewd and terrible opponent. Most unnerving of all was his unfailing

courtesy. His moral power over a jury was great. When judges winked and seemed to play ball with offenders, he braved contempt of court to remind them of their duty. Even the powerful streetcar company was unsuccessful in its attempt to hobble Bergh. Bullies of the cock-fighting rings openly threatened his life. They landed in jail.

In the beginning the only funds available were from the private fortune of Henry Bergh. The time came when this was not enough. The tall, grave man sat sadly in his one-room office, facing the end of all his work. There a message reached him from a hospital: would he please come to see a sick man?

Puzzled, Bergh went, and met an old Frenchman, Bonnard by name, who had once been a trapper in the West. He had seen the attacks on Mr. Bergh in the newspapers and had decided that "a white man with a pencil could be a lot meaner than an Indian with a tomahawk." In his time he had witnessed plenty of cruelty to animals; from the money he had made out of their pelts he wanted Mr. Bergh to accept something for his work. A few days later Bergh received a check for \$115,000. He hastened to the hospital to thank his benefactor. But the old trapper, having settled with his conscience, was dead.

The tide was turning. Other subscriptions came in. The educational

campaign swept the country. To-day the ASPCA in New York City alone handles more than a quarter of a million animals a year, inspects poultry markets, pet shops, stables, and investigates almost 12,000 cases of cruelty. There are now 664 local societies and branches in the 48 states. Anti-cruelty organizations, federated under the American Humane Society, carry on relentless campaigns. All this good work can be traced back to the humanity, the perseverance, the vision of Henry Bergh.

Until his death in 1888, Bergh remained president of the ASPCA. In the early years he had attended to every detail — there often was no one else to do it. In the end the institution outgrew his physical powers, as it had outgrown his personal finances.

To him, there was a deep reason for being kind to animals. He held that it was the dignity of the human soul which suffered most when an animal was abused by man — that cruelty is even more degrading to the one who inflicts it than it is painful to the victim. How far state and nation have carried the work thus begun is now a cause for national pride. Towering above it stands the tall, gaunt, solitary figure of Henry Bergh. It has been remarked of him that "he invented a new kind of goodness." Of very few people since the New Testament can that be said.

¶ *A renowned British writer envisages
the future of the United States*

An Exciting Prospect

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

W. Somerset Maugham

Author of "Of Human Bondage," "Cakes and Ale," "The Moon and Sixpence," etc.

IF ANY OF YOU have been in Bolshevik Russia or in Nazi Germany you have noticed to what a lamentable state of decay culture has fallen. Their novels are worthless, their painting, their music, their plays, are negligible. History shows that nothing worth while is produced by a nation that is enslaved.

Civilization can flourish only if man is free. The artist can produce what is of value to the world only if he can develop his personality to the utmost; and he can do that only if he is allowed to think and say what he likes within the broad limits of a democracy. The cardinal principle of democracy is that the nation should be governed not for the benefit of the state but for the benefit of the individuals that compose it. And so if you think that English culture, which is your culture also, should be preserved, you must wish with all your hearts that Britain should emerge victorious from this hateful war.

There is one great difference between America and Britain. We British are a homogeneous nation, long since coalesced into one

people. You, on the contrary, have vast numbers of alien races being assimilated. In California the other day I was told that in Los Angeles there are 50,000 Russians. There is also a great colony of Mexicans. In other parts of the country you have dense conglomerations of Poles, Swedes, Germans, Italians, and so forth.

As you assimilate these variously gifted peoples it seems almost inevitable that with your wealth and illimitable resources you should assume leadership of the free world of the future.

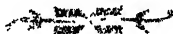
And remember this: Culture is not just an ornament; it is the expression of a nation's character, and at the same time it is a powerful instrument to mould its character. Culture does not consist in reading certain books, listening to music, looking at paintings. If it did, it would be no more valuable than playing bowls. The end of culture is right living.

And what are our ideals? The values that we cherish are these: freedom (freedom of speech, of opinion, of worship), tolerance, compassion for the underdog,

kindliness, a square deal to all, decency in behavior, truth and uprightness. Those are your ideals too. They assert the prime importance of the individual; and that, I remind you, is the basic principle not only of democracy but also of Christianity. They are not the ideals of the totalitarian countries. *They* claim that the individual is of no account, that his only value is in his service to the omnipotent state.

We British are fighting not

only to preserve our homes from destruction; we are fighting for our right to be free, our right to live according to our standards of good, and our right to speak our minds without constraint. It is the exercise of those rights which gives man his worth and life its meaning. And because these rights are yours too, because your ideals are our ideals, we are fighting for you as well as for ourselves. And we are convinced that with your help we shall prevail.



The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from *The New Yorker*

CRUISING through Harlem, two cops overtook a Bantam coupé whose weaving movements revealed that the driver was unfit to handle a car. The man was told he would have to ride in the police car to a station house with one of the cops, while the other cop drove the Bantam. After a few blocks in the Bantam, the cop, unable to see much through the miniature windshield, headed down a one-way street the wrong way. Nothing unusual would have happened — there wasn't much traffic — if the officer hadn't stopped halfway down the block in the midst of a bunch of large, tough-looking boys. They surrounded the car silently, picked it up, turned it around in mid-air, gently set it down, pushed it off in the right direction, patting the fenders in a kindly, compassionate way.

THE training camp sequence in a recent Deanna Durbin picture was filmed at Fort MacArthur, in southern California. Universal Studios recruited 300 upstanding young men from the Central Casting Bureau, dressed them in khaki, and sent them out to the fort in buses.

That afternoon, during a lull in the shooting, one of the extras was leaning against a barracks wall having a well-earned cigarette, when a real officer walked by. The extra looked at him calmly and blew a smoke ring, whereupon the officer, who knew nothing about the studio's invasion, blew up. He gave the lad a terrific talking to, mentioning the rules governing conduct toward officers and penalties for failure to observe them. The extra listened with no visible distress; took a final drag at

his cigarette, and remarked, in a light tenor voice, "Well, don't get upset, Nellie!" Later he was rescued from the guardhouse by an assistant director.

ONE OF THE quietest episodes that occurred along Broadway one Saturday night was the attempt of a young man to pick up a young lady, and her rejection of his attentions. "If you don't go away, I'll scream," she told him. He *didn't* go away, and she plopped flat on her back and screamed. The man walked on, apparently not alarmed. A crowd formed around the supine lady. She screamed a few more times, just to make sure her assailant was definitely gone, then rose to her feet and continued up Broadway.

A cop on the corner, directing traffic, paid no attention to these goings-on. Asked if he had seen the incident, he said he had. "Happens every now and then," he added.

A LUXURIOUS private yacht recently turned over to the government was so hurriedly required that the Navy put a crew on board without having much chance to inspect the ship. When the captain adjourned to his quarters, formerly those of the yacht's owner, he noticed a set of buttons at the head of his bed and pushed one experimentally. The wall at his right swung open and a full-blown bar appeared at his bedside. Startled, but by no means saddened, the captain pushed the next button. There was a loud rumble, the wall behind him seemed to melt away, and his bed magically merged with that of his executive officer who had retired, in all innocence, to an adjoining cabin.

RECENTLY, we are told, a committee from the American Newspaper Guild called on the managing editor of the New York *Times* with several minor grievances, one of them that the mimeographer in the syndicate department was constantly getting splattered with ink, in the line of duty; this subjected him to grievous personal expense, in the shape of cleaners' bills. The editor, sympathetic, asked what he should do to remedy the situation, and was told that he should supply the mimeographer with gloves and an apron. When the committee departed, the editor sent for the mimeographer and told him he would be given gloves and an apron. The fellow got sore. "I'll wear the gloves if you tell me to," he said, "but I'll be damned if I'll wear an apron."

THE Fuller Brush Company issues a manual for the instruction of its office employes, and in it is included this delicately distracting paragraph: "Employes are not permitted to receive personal visitors during office hours except in cases of emergency. This prevents your being annoyed by salesmen admitted under the guise of personal visits for the purpose of selling magazines, insurance, or merchandise."

A BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN outpost operated by the Junior League recently received an anonymous donation of six dress shirts, immaculate and in excellent condition. One of them, upon close examination, turned out to have a pocket behind the starched bosom, reached by an opening at the side. In the pocket were an ace of diamonds and an ace of spades.

British Women Have No Time for Tears

Condensed from Life

Mary Welsh

ALL THE WAR effort that Germany forced upon its women in eight years Britain has achieved in two by her spontaneous will to victory. In such upheavals as total war, no individual's history can be typical. But the story of Nancy Allen is an example of the thousands of British women who have broken away completely from a life they thought was good.

Nancy Allen is 31, perky, economical, gay. Before the war she and her insurance-agent husband lived in a London suburb in a duplex house with a garden, took the same bus to work every morning. She was a secretary. On Saturdays they stayed in town to dance or see a show. Otherwise they saved their money. They wanted to have a baby and to give it a good education.

Last winter while Nancy was in the hospital for an appendectomy, they told her that her husband had been killed on a bombing flight over the Ruhr. After the hospital she resigned from her job. Then she went to one of the Ministry of Labor's 30 training schools, spent three weeks learning how to use a micrometer, measure a breech ring and a gun barrel, read a blueprint, set machines for various jobs.

Nancy Allen now works nine hours a day, six days a week, in a huge camouflaged factory in a grimy mill town. She wears overalls and works on grinders which machine sleeve valves for airplane engines. She earns £3. 12. a week.

She lives in a ramshackle brick house with seven other factory girls. She never comes to London. She spends her weekly day off in the mill town or hiking over the countryside. She likes the factory. She likes the tough, impersonal manners of her millmates, and she's learned their slang, their habits.

Paralleling the work of Nancy Allen, thousands of British women hold snorting pneumatic riveters to the spars of Spitfire skeletons. They wind and cut long gelatinous strands of raw, but dangerous, explosive that looks like giant macaroni. In camouflaged hangars they push bullets into machine-gun ammunition belts. They plot the courses of His Majesty's warships. They milk cows and pitch hay. They build boats, fight fires and drive ambulances.

Until last March women's war service was voluntary. When compulsory conscription was inaugurated the registrars discovered that most women were already doing

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(Life, August 4, '41)

something in the war. This rising of women from inaction and fear to a determined prosecution of the war is one of the spectacular events in wartime Britain.

Three organizations of British women work directly with the fighting services, serving not only as clerks and telephone operators but also doing work in radio, signaling and decoding, and even more hazardous activities. About 30,000 WRENS are in the Women's Royal Naval Service; 150,000 ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service) are attached to the army; 200,000 WAAFS make up the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. All three services maintain stiff discipline, work the women so hard they have no time to worry and not infrequently are killed in the line of duty.

About 110,000 women are in various nursing, ambulance and charitable organizations, 100,000 are paid Air Raid Precaution (ARP) workers. And 1,000,000 women in the Women's Voluntary Service (WVS) do the thousands of relief jobs. Finally there are 400,000 women in factory trade unions and 13,000 members of the Land Army on the farms. Some 14,000 more work on railways and buses. Very few of all these women will ever do any shooting. But they release 2,000,000 men for actual fighting.

In the women's military services the pay is low — even for officers only about \$8 a week; the restrictions are numerous; the jobs often

menial or requiring unmeasured courage. New girls in the lowest rank, earning about 30 cents a day, scrub floors and wash dishes as their contribution to the national war effort. They get up, and eat, and march, and go to bed, on order.

In the ATS (army) the superior officers are apt to be hearty young women with chins who before the war spent their time hunting and shooting, who carry officers' batons under their arms, slap their thighs when they laugh and, if they want to be friendly, call you "old girl." Some of them wear monocles.

The WRNS (navy) is hard to get into, but fine — though the work is strenuous — once you're in. The WRENS are nice, agreeable women. One unglamorous officer identifies herself to recruits as "an overstuffed Nelson." In the office and map-plotting jobs at English ports, WRENS have the satisfaction of being trusted with important information, including the whereabouts of all navy ships. They also experience the frustration of having to sit quietly, not even looking negative, when their friends mourn over ships being sunk which the WRENS know are not sunk, except by German propaganda.

The WAAFS (air force) fly planes, shoot anti-aircraft guns and do skilled work in plane maintenance. They are not expected to adjust their personalities as much as the other two service auxiliaries. Even so WAAFS soon begin to look alike.

One reason is that their hair must be cut or coifed so that it won't touch their jacket collars. They also quickly get a confident bearing that comes from discovering that soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians generally would rather date WAAFS than anyone else.

The Land Army, which wears droopy-seated khaki breeches and green sweaters, consists chiefly of vicars' daughters who have always loved animals, and little London manicurists and Woolworth clerks. They feel that getting up in frigid dawns to milk cows is an anteroom to heaven compared with their battle against crowds and smoke and high prices and bombs in London.

In all these activities British women are evidencing the inexhaustible energy of a fighting free people where the humblest is as determined to win as is the Prime Minister. In fact, the government has been forced to remind workers

that when they work too hard their efficiency is hurt. They are forced to keep decent hours of work.

So far the war's casualties have not been heavy. That doesn't make it easier in individual instances.

In June 1940 "Cobber" Kain of New Zealand, the first ace of the war, crashed to death on a French airfield. An hour later Joyce Phillips, aged 21, a lighthearted girl with sunny hair, packed away her wedding dress. A couple of weeks later she joined the WAAF, and since September one of her chief duties has been at a huge table at a RAF headquarters plotting across the map of England the course of enemy marauders.

These are the women of Britain today. They express few high sentiments of patriotism. Privately they dream their private plans for reconstruction after the war, but they are working so hard they have no time for tears.



•••— V for Victory

WE KNOW a heart specialist who was doing a cardiograph of a woman whose heart beats passionately, and erratically, for Britain, and the doctor nearly had apoplexy himself when the machine started registering three dots and a dash, three dots and a dash. He named her complaint "Churchill's Murmur."

And then there is the no-longer German sausage manufacturer who is producing endless chains in which one normal sausage is preceded by three small ones.

— *The Pleasures of Publishing* (Columbia University Press)

☛ *Smoke affects everyone. Here is a dramatic story of how St. Louis solved its problem.*

So You're Not Interested in Smoke?

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Karl Detzer

ST. LOUIS businessmen met one day to plan a smoke abatement campaign. Coal soot darkened the river town, making it the dirtiest place in the Mississippi Valley. The civic leaders agreed on a campaign of education.

"If we try long and hard enough we'll teach our people not to create smoke," they said, and went to work with high resolve.

That meeting was held in 1822. The educational campaign lasted 117 years, cost millions of dollars, accomplished absolutely nothing. In the winter of 1939 St. Louis was the smokiest city in America, surpassing even Pittsburgh.

One year later it had become one of the cleanest cities anywhere. Its people had at long last decided to face their problem realistically, to abandon education that did not educate, to substitute for it a simple, workable smoke-prevention law, and to enforce that law without fear or favor.

For years newspapers had cried out for relief and committees had passed resolutions. Campaigns were launched with fanfare and oratory. Dozens of expensive surveys had

attempted to discover the cause and cure for dreary, dirty winters. Nothing happened, however. Chimneys still spouted filth; householders, railroads and industry still stoked fires carelessly with cheap, dirty coal. Smoke clouds thickened, laundry bills mounted, and citizens coughed through sunless winters.

Then on Tuesday morning, November 28, 1939, the town awakened to daytime darkness. A fog had hung over the windless valley all the previous night, boxing in the smoke. Trains arriving at the outskirts took an hour to reach the station. Men and women lost their way in familiar streets. Planes could not find the airport. Business stalled when 30 to 40 percent of downtown employes were late. Hospitals prepared gauze masks for their patients.

Newspapers dubbed it "Black Tuesday" and demanded immediate and vigorous action. A committee elected as its chairman James L. Ford, Jr., a go-getting, public-spirited banker. Admitting he knew nothing about smoke control, he impatiently refused \$25,000 offered for a survey.

"There's no sense in spending money to find out how filthy we are," he said. "Just look out of a window. What's more, we don't need expensive experts to tell us how to get rid of smoke. The way to do that is to burn smokeless fuel, or to burn other fuel in a manner that will not permit it to smoke."

When someone suggested a new educational campaign Ford countered: "We've educated ourselves for a hundred years and got nowhere. Now, let's *do* something! We ought to have a law to keep everybody from building a smoky fire. If we enforce such a law fairly, punishing *all* violators, we'll have a clean town."

That forthright statement got action. Householders and industrialists who had blamed each other for the smoke were ready to coöperate if the law were made all-inclusive. Raymond R. Tucker, smoke commissioner, had been fighting a losing battle for years, but with such a law he promised to clean up the town.

The committee framed a simple law — the sort of law any city in America can have — that permitted St. Louisans to burn only smokeless coal (coal with less than 23 percent volatile matter) unless they installed approved mechanical stokers. With such smoke-preventing stokers they could burn any coal with less than 12 percent ash. Anyone, of course, could burn fuel oil, coke or gas. Inspectors

would pass upon fuel and fuel burners, and police the town for violators. Fines for a smoky chimney would range up to \$100 a day. A storm of protest broke from the soft-coal fields across the Mississippi. The coal operators organized Illinois towns and cities. Chambers of commerce, labor unions and other organizations threatened "never to buy another penny's worth from St. Louis." Salesmen traveling out of St. Louis were warned never to visit the coal district. St. Louis retail coaldealers, 1000 strong, threatened to refuse to stock smokeless coal.

Propagandists tried to prove that the proposal was unconstitutional, impractical, and would bankrupt the city. They tried to prove that there was not enough smokeless coal mined to supply St. Louis, nor enough railroad cars to transport it. They denied that any coal was smokeless, charged "oil companies, railroads and sinister business interests" with foisting the ordinance on the people.

When boycott threats reached alarming proportions, the Department of Justice began an investigation of a possible "combination in restraint of trade," and the towns quickly exchanged a "boycott" for "reciprocity." "Reciprocity works both ways," Mr. Ford replied. "You get us a lot of milk. If you want to be stubborn we can get our milk from somewhere."

In April 1940, at the insistence of the city's three newspapers and 152 civic organizations, St. Louis aldermen passed the ordinance 28 to 1. When coaldealers still refused to coöperate a revolving fund of \$300,000 was appropriated to secure enough coal to see the city through the next winter.

Ford's committee found a supply of a million tons a year in Arkansas and Oklahoma, and wangled from railroads the promise of rock-bottom freight rates. The coaldealers, startled that the municipality might go into the fuel business, agreed to do their part — and did so, at considerable sacrifice.

In ten years the city's population had dropped 7300. Apartments by the hundreds stood vacant, eating up taxes, their owners facing bankruptcy as families moved to surrounding small towns. These apartments are filling up again; citizens are returning home.

The people of St. Louis approve the ordinance. I questioned 50 at random on the streets. Every one liked the law, its enforcement and its results. Although they now pay \$7.50 a ton for smokeless coal, as against \$5 for the old kind, most of them said their annual fuel bills are little if any higher, because they now get 30 percent more heat per ton. Expenses are also reduced by savings in laundry, dry cleaning, house-painting and the general improvement in living conditions. Their homes, faces, and gardens re-

main cleaner longer. They have less sinus trouble. They can drive their cars on a winter day without headlights. Within six months after the law was passed, the federal government moved its research laboratory on lung cancer from St. Louis to smoky Illinois across the river, to assure itself an adequate supply of infected lungs.

The city's real estate board has claimed a saving to taxpayers of \$39,000,000 a year. Cleaning and painting bills were smaller for office buildings, hotels and stores. Stocks and furnishings did not need frequent replacement.

Organized labor and the Chamber of Commerce alike favor the law. And the coaldealers now are behind the measure. Walter B. Muckerman, their president, says: "We are honestly glad the law has succeeded and are proud to contribute to making St. Louis a finer, cleaner city."

Thirteen inspectors patrol the city day and night, carrying stop watches and cameras. An industrial stack is permitted six minutes of light smoke morning and evening, when fires are built. Any railroad locomotive that smokes more than one minute breaks the law. There are few railroad violations now, however. Diesel engines have replaced nearly all steam switch engines. Firemen on through trains cut off smoke sharply, as if they had chopped it with a knife, when they approach St. Louis.

Last year the inspectors found 4645 violations, gave summonses to 1700 willful violators, got promises of future cooperation from all the others. They taught confused householders how to stoke their fires, caught bootleggers sneaking into town with truckloads of bootleg "gopher hole" coal. They took pictures of smoking stacks for evidence, inspected 14,500 new furnaces, stokers and oil burners. Owners pay nominal fees for this service.

The city smoke division spent \$55,100 last year, collected \$54,400. This year the division will be self-sustaining.

Thanks to the new law, St. Louis' industry and railroads are saving money. Bankers figure that Diesel switch engines will pay for themselves out of savings in eight years; factory stokers, burning \$2.50-a-ton Illinois slack, in three and a half years.

But the city's troubles are not yet over. Illinois coal operators still carry on a skillful campaign to repeal the law.

Although all the newspapers and radio stations contributed to the campaign, the *Post-Dispatch* led the way and last year won a Pulitzer Prize for its efforts. James L. Ford was named "first citizen of St. Louis" and presented with \$1000 by the Chamber of Commerce. He spent that, plus \$500 out of his own pocket, setting up a plan to give smokeless fuel to the poor.

Meanwhile the 13 suburban towns and villages that ring St. Louis on the Missouri side of the river have adopted the same ordinance. Weather Bureau observations show that from November 1 to May 1 there was 96.3 percent improvement in "heavy smoke" conditions over the city, 72 percent in "light smoke."

Since St. Louis emerged from its winter-long smogs, 122 other cities have sent committees to find out about the miracle. These committees returned home with enthusiasm for cleaning up their own towns, but usually ran into violent well-organized opposition.

Louisville, Ky., was frightened into abandoning its project at least temporarily when chambers of commerce and luncheon clubs in the Kentucky coal region announced boycotts and reprisals. They were abetted by railroad interests that did not want West Virginia coal shipped in by river barge.

Indianapolis, one of America's dirtiest cities, the one that invented the word "smog," is striving to pass the St. Louis ordinance. But Indiana coal operators are fighting the plan.

St. Louis, after more than a century of effort, is proof for any smoke-scourged city that campaigns of education are not enough, that the only way to eliminate smoke is to burn fuel or use mechanical appliances that make coal smokeless.

Who Wrote This?

The Unkempt Doctor

From The Saturday Review of Literature

Channing Pollock

Author, dramatist, lecturer

NEARLY every omniverous reader recalls several stories that he admires greatly but cannot identify. My own collection includes one that I think was written by Balzac but have been unable to find in his works. Another appeared in some magazine 20 or 30 years ago. I have taken considerable trouble to find out when and where, and the author's name, but without success. Perhaps you can identify the story from this brief summary:

THEIR first summer in New England, a man and his wife are motoring along a strange country road to keep a dinner engagement. They have gone astray twice, and are late now, so the husband is driving at top speed. In spite of this, he notices, and stores in his mind as a landmark, a large frame house in bad repair, with a sign announcing that a doctor lives there.

Half a mile farther on, something goes wrong with its steering gear and the car crashes against a tree. The driver, unhurt, lifts his wife from the wreckage, and finds her

unconscious and seriously injured. The road is a lonely one; the husband has seen no other car and few houses. Desperately, he remembers the physician's sign half a mile away. Gathering the slight, limp figure in his arms, he alternately walks and runs back to the tumble-down dwelling, and tugs at its bell. A tall, gaunt, gray-haired and unkempt man opens the door, and says he is the doctor. There is no one else in the house.

Together they carry the woman into a dusty, disordered consulting room, and lay her upon the operating table. She has not regained consciousness, and, examining her with evident skill, the medico declares that her skull is fractured and that the only chance — a slim one — of saving her life is to operate at once. Looking at the apparently long-idle confusion of bottles

To the first person from each state, and each province of Canada, who gives the correct origin of this story a prize of \$5 will be paid. Replies, on a postcard, must be received before October 15. Address Who Wrote This? The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N. Y.

and instruments, the husband hesitates, but has no choice. "You'll have to act as anesthetist," the doctor says; "there's no one else here."

Weak, ill and shocked, the man obeys, but, when his wife has been etherized, is so obviously on the verge of collapse that the surgeon, knife in hand, advises, "You'd better wait outside. I can get on alone now."

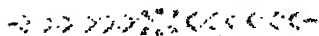
Pacing the porch, occasionally peering from the darkness into the lighted room, the husband hears steps, and is transfixed at the sight of three lurking men, two of them armed and the third carrying a rope. They are advancing slowly toward the door. "For God's sake, wait!" the husband implores. His wife's skull has been opened; any delay now must mean her certain death. Whispering, one of the men asks, "What do you take us for?"

"Thieves."

"No," the man answers. "We are attendants from a neighboring madhouse. The man operating on your wife is a dangerous lunatic who escaped only two hours ago."

Still whispering, the trio agree to wait until the operation is over. The lunatic has been a surgeon, they say, and a noted one, but ec-

centric for some time, and recently violent. Several years ago he came from one of the larger cities, bought and furnished this house, and practiced here until his incarceration became necessary. "From force of habit he returned," the head keeper suggests, "and from force of habit he might get away with this job. In any event, we have no choice. If we interrupt now, your wife certainly must die." Staring through the windows, they see the operation finished, and then spring upon the lunatic, who, fighting and screaming, is subdued and taken away. The head keeper promises to bring back doctors and nurses, which he does. The wife recovers sufficiently to be conveyed to New York, where she is placed in a hospital, under the care of a prominent physician. Carefully examining her fractured skull, this doctor says, "Your wife will get well and be perfectly normal again, but I can't understand it. Only one operation I know could have saved her, and only one surgeon ever performed that operation successfully. *That* doesn't explain anything, because that particular surgeon went mad years ago, and is now confined in an asylum somewhere in New England."



The Basic Axiom of Marital Felicity

By Donald Culross Peattie

THE DAY before my wedding I went in to break the news to my employer. He was a famous scientist, as well as a busy executive, and I expected nothing but brief congratulations.

Yet he took the time to do what only a big man would have done; a cautious man wouldn't have been brave enough to do it and an unsuccessful husband wouldn't have known about it. He said:

"Every woman wants to be told, not just on her honeymoon, but through all the years, every day, how much you love her. No repetition tires her; and as long as she is shown and told in many ways that you love her there is nothing — not bills, sickness, fatigue, last year's clothes made over, the sufferings of childbirth or the ravages of time — that matters to her. The unforgivable thing" — and he lifted his voice above the drone of the big electric fans — "is ever to get so absent-minded that she has to ask if you love her. And then to answer out of unthinking habit, '*Of course I love you.*' For her, there's no '*of course*' about it, and if you ever catch yourself saying '*You know I love you,*' *you* can know you're

slipping. You're losing your wife right then and there, by tiny degrees that become habitual."

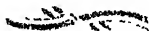
Must I confess that I have sometimes caught back from my tongue's tip the deadening words he said I must not speak? And that but for his counsel I might have uttered them — as I have heard them uttered? As it is, nearly 20 years together have proved not long enough for me to find all the ways there may be of saying the three truest words in the language.

That may be because my wife has her own secret. All that she will tell is that women should never come to the end of ways of saying, "Oh, how wonderful!" to their credulous husbands.

It was a wise man who said that it is important not only to pick the right mate but to *be* the right mate. And contrary to many popular love stories, it is not during the first year of bliss that most dangers crop up. Marriages do not, like dropped chinaware, smash as a result of that first quarrel which the newly married hope is unthinkable. Marriage is a rooted thing, a growing and flowering thing that must be tended faithfully.

Lacking that mutual effort, we are apt to find some day that our marriage, so hopefully planted, has been withering imperceptibly. Gradually we realize that for some time the petals have lost their luster, that the perfume is gone. Daily

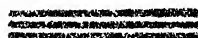
watering with the little gracious affectionate acts we all welcome, with mutual concern for the other's contentment, with self-watchfulness here and self-forgetfulness there, brings forth ever new blossoms.



¶ Sumner Welles, working persistently behind the scenes, may soon see his dream of hemisphere solidarity come true

Diplomat's Diplomat

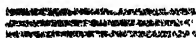
Condensed from Time



THE ROOSEVELT Administration is trying to fight a War of Brains, hoping that if it is waged skillfully the U. S. may not have to enter a shooting war.

On the theory of the War of Brains the Administration has built the whole structure of its present policy: the lend-lease activities, all-out production for friendly democracies at war, economic controls designed to throttle Axis nations, domestic price and priorities controls to maintain strength at home.

The foreign aspect of this War of Brains is primarily the business of the State Department and the task



of U. S. diplomacy is to exhaust every possible means of avoiding a shooting war. One big reason the U. S. is fighting a War of Brains is that this is the only kind

of war it is at present equipped to fight. Of all defense-vital commodities, brain power is the only one fully in production. Today more career men have high posts in the State Department than at any other time in U. S. history.

Field marshal in the Administration's campaign is Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, to whom Secretary Hull, never an expert at paper-shuffling, has long left the

actual administration of the department. Stories of a jealous division between Messrs. Hull and Welles are untrue, based only on the many honest disputations natural between two strong-willed, hardheaded men of ideas. Actually the two team up superbly under the President. In policy arguments Hull presents a view shaped by years of devotion to a single ideal: freedom of trade, plus a sharp eye for political weather. Welles presents a view based on diplomatic technique, on a cultural approach, and on the relation of the problem to the hemisphere.

Culture Oozes. Sumner Welles is tailor-made for his work. He is tough-minded, with the quality of mental resilience that can absorb pressures and withstand shocks, a sort of intellectual defense-in-depth. He has a firm hold on every one of the diplomatic virtues: he is precise, imperturbable, honest, thorough, sophisticated, cultured, traveled, financially established. He has been through the mill; the only surprises left for Sumner Welles are those of destiny.

He has, too, all the minor diplomatic attributes: he is glacially distinguished, is one of the few U. S. men who can carry a stick with assurance, is a linguist of diplomatic excellence, never forgets names. He has a rich, resonant voice which he can inflect to a mathematical exactitude of tone.

Benjamin Sumner Welles was born in New York City in 1892. His father was something more than well-to-do. There is a legend (apocryphal) about the infant Sumner: that as a child at play he wore white gloves.

At Harvard, where he is remembered principally as a fastidious dresser, he made no teams, was a member of no club, but studied economics, Iberian literature and culture. He deliberately prepared himself for the foreign service, deliberately chose Latin America as the most important field in a day when Pan-American posts were regarded as hopeless holes. The department played its ancient jest on him: he was sent to Tokyo. In two years in Japan he conceived an abiding distrust of the Japanese, and in 24 years has seen no reason to change his views.

In 1917 he was sent to Buenos Aires, where he became fluent in Spanish. By 1921 he was chief of the Latin-American Affairs Division in Washington, the youngest ever — 28. But in 1925 Republican Calvin Coolidge made things so consistently uncomfortable for Democrat Sumner Welles that he resigned from the service.

Then he wrote his one book, a ponderous, two-volume work which was technically a history of Santo Domingo, actually a careful indictment of U. S. foreign policy in the hemisphere. The title was *Naboth's Vineyard* (Naboth was done

out of his vineyard by King Ahab), and Welles struck out at Ahab-like Uncle Sam, at dollar diplomacy, at the use of military force to achieve diplomatically negotiable ends. He urged instead the stimulation of commercial ties, the interchange of experts, the sharing of the responsibility of keeping hemispheric peace. This was the germ of the Good Neighbor policy.

Havana Interlude. In the first days of his New Deal, Franklin Roosevelt recalled the stiff, gangling young man who used to hang about his office when Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during and after World War I, and who in 1932 had contributed fatly to the Democratic campaign. Welles was made Assistant Secretary of State. Five days after he had been confirmed, Welles took one paragraph out of the President's inaugural address, expanded it into the Good Neighbor policy. His reward: a delighted Roosevelt sent him packing to Cuba, where revolt was simmering.

In his first ambassadorial post Welles tried out his ideas, working with extraordinary patience and tact. But in six months he was recalled, his mission accounted a failure by the U. S. press. Three Cuban administrations blew up, Welles had been hanged in effigy, blood had been shed. Both the nationalist revolutionaries and the dictator governments had turned

to Welles for help. Scrupulously he had refused to use U. S. force to solve the political impasse. He tried friendly mediation. (He once prevented a battle by icily ordering soldiers out of the lobby of the Hotel Nacional.) By consistently appealing to intelligence on each side he had averted much more bloodshed, though only dispassionate Cubans knew it, and there were not many of them.

But he had won a greater victory for Cuba: he had engineered the death of the Platt Amendment, the hated symbol throughout Latin America of dollar diplomacy and U. S. military intervention. The Platt Amendment had been rammed into the Cuban constitution, forever granting the U. S. the right to intervene in Cuba. Abandonment of this, in May 1934, was most convincing proof to Latin America of the good faith of their new Good Neighbor.

Down this new pathway Welles and U. S. diplomacy have gone with a progressive success that almost no American fully appreciates. Five hemisphere conferences — Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Lima, Panama and Havana — have resulted in a defensive alliance without diplomatic parallel in history; in effect, a hemisphere League of Nations on practical lines.

Cold Fish. For years certain New Dealers and their columnist outlets have pictured Welles as an

appeaser, a Munich-minded gentleman who plays high politics with the ruling castes. The continued wide circulation of this false picture is partly Welles's fault. The trouble begins with his appearance. Sumner Welles seems too impressive to be real. His 6 feet 3 inches is plumb-line-straight, ramrod-stiff. Physically he almost always talks down to others, and even his voice seems oppressively impressive.

Columnists Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner described Mr. Welles as looking like a man with a bit of bad fish caught in his mustache. Newshawk Blair Bolles said simply: "Mr. Welles is cold fish. He was brought up in cold-fish ways, entered a cold-fish calling. He is as reserved as a box at the opera." A Central American minister described him as looking like a tall glass of distilled ice water.

Spain, Munich. Welles is a diplomat's diplomat, as Mel Ott is a ballplayer's ballplayer. He does not play to the grandstand. But there have been other contributing causes to the popular misunderstanding of Sumner Welles. The Spanish civil war put him squarely on the spot. He threw his weight heavily on the side of Franco. For this he has never been forgiven. But his reasoning was clear. Almost to a man the ruling classes and the governments of Latin America were pro-Franco, pro-Catholic, even pro-fascist if that were necessary

to kill communism. To keep for the U. S. the good will of Latin America, Welles opposed permitting the New Deal's natural sympathy toward a democratic government in Spain to reach the point of actual aid. This policy, the department now admits privately, was of great help to Hitler and fascism. But the hemisphere movement toward unity made real gains.

Next came Munich. Welles was in the thick of appeasement — but so was Franklin Roosevelt. Welles sat in on all councils, helped devise the pleading notes the President sent to Mussolini, Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier. But Welles had none of the illusions that haunted Chamberlain and Daladier. From Munich on, he was at the shoulder of Cordell Hull and the President in every move taken, and all the moves were against Nazism.

Welles did not give up diplomatically, any more than the President did; it was on the theory of let's-take-one-last-look-around-before-the-explosion that Roosevelt sent Welles to Rome, Berlin, Paris and London in February 1940. "No proposals, no commitments," was the order given Welles. He merely talked and listened. The fruit of his trip was the final, absolute conviction that Adolf Hitler is an utter and complete liar.

Hemisphere Glad-Hand. The foreign policy of unarmed countries follows an exact pattern: assorted

appeasements, copious quotations from international law, appeals to reason. To this natural policy Welles has made a practical addition: a search for friends. He is obsessed with the gigantic destiny of this hemisphere; is sure that in this time of crisis, in a terrible century, when the seas shrink and the hemisphere grows, the U. S. must find its own vast place in world affairs. Thus he has worked with furious suavity to grapple the 20 Latin-American nations to the U. S. with hooks of steel, loops of gold, the ever more important interchange of ideas and responsibilities. He is now close to a major triumph.

Working persistently, learning patience and the wiles of politics from old Cordell Hull, who is rich in guile, Welles has carefully sketched in the background for the practical operation of the hemisphere in a friendly alliance, unified of purpose. He admits that many problems seem insoluble now; he does not admit they will always be so.

South America today is a far different continent from even a year ago, when Hitler's agents regarded it as the world's softest touch. Within another year (estimates vary), the hemisphere may

be immunized against the Nazi infection. For this Welles should get the major credit, but it is more likely that he will merely appear, smiling wryly, in the background some day, while the President and others hang medals on one another for saving the hemisphere.

The saving of the Far East is another matter. Toward Japan Welles has had a clear policy of distrust. But again he has been an "appeaser," because he has consistently favored trading with Japan until the U. S. is ready for any consequences. Now he has come to the bottom of the diplomatic barrel. There are almost no diplomatic moves left unmade. It looks as if the problem of the Japanese would sooner or later be turned over to the Navy and its Commander in Chief.

Welles regards all extremes as ridiculous. To him the problem of postwar peace is primarily diplomatic: arrange means whereby trade will flow freely throughout the world, establish by negotiation an international diplomacy based on the Good Neighbor policy, insure the domination of the world by the Western Hemisphere, and the quiet domination of the Western Hemisphere by the U. S.



DON'T TELL your friends about your Indigestion:
 "How are you!" is a Greeting, not a Question.

— Arthur Guiterman, *A Poet's Proverbs* (Dutton)

❏ *You find no tractor experts as cooks, nor machinists acting as clerks, in Uncle Sam's 1941 army*

It Wasn't That Way in '17

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

Newspaper correspondent in Germany, 1932-37,
who watched the development of the Nazi army

AFTER MONTHS of experiments, the personnel system of the United States Army — which places the new soldier where he can work most efficiently — is fast becoming the world's best. For the first time in our army's history this classification of manpower is made scientifically and thoroughly: the achievement of a determined few in the War Department who, under pressure of Europe's lessons, overcame older officers' resistance to change.

Under this system a commander who needs a parachute mechanic, a blaster and powderman, a meteorologist, or an aerial photographer, can get qualified men as easily as the executive of a big corporation can get stenographers or accountants. This system, developed with the help of the country's outstanding personnel experts, will save the terrible misuse of men of special abilities which so decreased our efficiency in the last war.

The classification of the raw draftee begins at his Reception Center, where he is given the Gen-

eral Classification Test, a compact written intelligence examination which lasts about an hour. Its various tests of perception, ingenuity, power of analysis, and general knowledge run from simple questions up to difficult ones that even college graduates find hard to answer. Typically, 13 percent of draftees make Grade I — "very superior, officer material"; 40 percent get Grade II — "superior, noncommissioned officer material"; 27 percent are placed in Grade III — "average"; 13 percent in Grade IV — "inferior"; and 7 percent in Grade V — "very inferior, for observation, special assignment, or discharge." That is a showing the German army would envy.

After this basic examination the draftee confers with a "classification interviewer," who fills in his Soldier's Qualification Card. This is an elaborate record which will follow him throughout his military career. Onto it go details of his education, knowledge of languages, former occupations, particulars of any position where he had authority over other men, his hobbies, musi-

cal or theatrical talents, previous military training. If the interviewer is not satisfied that the man who claims to be an expert photographer or a toolmaker is really qualified, he gives him the appropriate Trade Test, an ingenious examination which the War Department has compiled for almost every specialty.

After the interviewer has done his job, the Qualification Card goes to the Classification Officer — a man trained in personnel work. John Smith, it appears, has graduated from law school; but the Army has plenty of lawyers. He had also once been employed as a teletype operator. The Classification Officer therefore marks on Smith's card a recommendation that he be sent to the Signal Corps.

Edward Jones was chief usher in a movie palace. There is nothing there to mark him for one of the 290 military specialties — ranging from "Automobile Mechanic, Diesel" and "Installer-Repairman, Telephone and Telegraph" to laundry foreman, riveter, X-ray photographer. His superior grade in the General Qualification Test, and the fact that he supervised 30 ushers under him, mark him as a potential noncommissioned officer. Jim Johnson, next in line, was a construction foreman — and in his spare time a pigeon fancier. He will do for either the Signal Corps pigeon unit or the Engineer Corps. The alternatives are marked on his card, with his preference.

The cards now go to the Assignment Officer. Fort Monmouth, let us say, has put in a request for telegraph and teletype operators. Fort Knox, Replacement Center of the Armored Corps, wants "basic material" of the unusual intelligence required by the "tankers." The Corps of Engineers wants experienced construction men. The Assignment Officer puts the classification cards, which have along their edges 142 numbered holes, each corresponding to a certain qualification, into his sorting machine, and sets it to pick out the categories of the men desired. As the cards go through the machine, Smith's drops out as a teletype operator's, Jones's as "basic material" of exceptional quality, Johnson's as a construction foreman's. Within 24 hours each is on his way to the Replacement Center that wants him.

At the Replacement Center the draftee goes through another thorough weeding-out. During the 13 weeks in which he learns how to drill, shoot, and take care of himself, he is continually under the eye of a unit personnel officer. If listed as a specialist, he is given a chance to show that he really possesses the qualifications.

For example, "basic material" Edward Jones, the ex-movie usher, is found to have the sense of split-second timing and other characteristic knacks which mark the potential tank driver. He does well on his Mechanical Aptitude Test —

the same examination applied by most big manufacturing concerns to their candidates for machinists' training. He is put into the Tank School, where he learns the mechanical intricacies of the Diesel engine, passes the examinations for stereoscopic vision, balance, quick reaction and other necessary qualifications — which are almost as strict as those for the Air Corps. His officers give him the stringent thrice-over which makes the Armored Corps harder to enter than a Nazi panzer division. As a result he becomes a tank driver and is sent to an active combat unit.

In the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth the draftee may learn to be a telephone lineman, a motion-picture technician, a draftsman, or a teletype operator. At Fort Knox he can become an expert in motorcycles, a telegrapher, or a wizard at overhauling a complicated tank. The Army teaches more thoroughly and quickly than the average technical school. "We're no miracle-workers," an instructor at Knox remarked to me, "we just have unusual material to teach."

When the soldier goes to his permanent station, his Qualification Card, augmented by the "remarks" of his officers at the Replacement Center, goes with him. The commanders study it carefully — to pick the soldiers who will fill the noncommissioned ratings, the backbone of any unit, and to have a complete inventory of the special

abilities under their command. A telegrapher who is fluent in Russian may not have caused much comment at the Signal Corps school in New Jersey, but he is of vital importance in Alaska. Radio operators proficient in Spanish are in great demand at our Caribbean bases. A man experienced as an athletic director, or a musician with a talent for organizing orchestras, can spell much difference in the morale of an isolated post.

The mass of the draftees drop into the "basic" category — useful for anything not too complicated. They become members of rifle companies, anti-aircraft batteries or artillery units. But among them, also, the process of selection goes on. While the man who shoves shells into an anti-aircraft gun need have no special aptitude, the soldier who works the height-finder or the predictor that aims the gun must have very rapid visual perception. The antitank gunner must be able to sit quietly at his piece in the face of a roaring, clanking tank attack and wait until his terrifying enemy is within easy range. That takes a special kind of man. The noncom in charge of the modern infantry squad — with its automatic weapons and rapidity of independent movement — must be a keener and more intelligent tactician than his predecessor of 1917.

There is only one method of finding the antitank gunner and the noncom who will automatically do

the right thing — and that is by actual trial at realistic maneuvers like the recent war games in the South and the huge autumn exercises, the first we have ever held with two complete armies. During such tests, many thousands of men are picked by their officers as having that extra performance which, to the trained eye, signifies leadership.

If Edward Jones, the movie usher who has by now proved himself an exceptional tank driver and been promoted to sergeant, shows his commander that he understands the tactics of armored combat and that his qualities of leadership are adapted to military tasks, he will be given a chance to try for an Officers' Training School. Examinations for this are exhaustive; they test his entire military knowledge, pry into his whole personal life, his family background, his tastes, general information and opinions. Edward Jones becomes a

lieutenant the hard way. And he's good. He has to be.

With present officers, the War Department's Personnel System has a vast job ahead. Up to a few months ago hardly any attention was paid to an officer's special aptitudes. Seasoned infantry officers were used as public relations men, reserve officers with newspaper training as infantry commanders. This is changing. Now 160,000 officers are being classified — just as the draftees have been — for their past service, experience and specialties. On the basis of this checkup, thousands of officers, particularly those who have come in recently from the National Guard and Reserves, will be switched into the jobs that their experience best fits them for. If this organization is built up as methodically and efficiently as the other, we shall be well on the road to an army which will have manpower far superior in quality to that of the Nazi warlord.



Initial Judgment

DR. DONALD A. LAIRD once asked a class of boys at Colgate University to write down as fast as they could the initials of people they disliked. In a half minute some boys could think of only one person, others listed as many as 14. And those who disliked the largest number were the boys who, Dr. Laird had discovered from previous research, were themselves the most widely disliked.

— Albert E. Wiggam in *American Magazine*


Interesting People
in the
American Scene

Always an appealing feature, The American Magazine's section of "Interesting People" mirrors many of the nation's most colorful and significant personalities. The Reader's Digest presents a selection of photographs from recent issues.



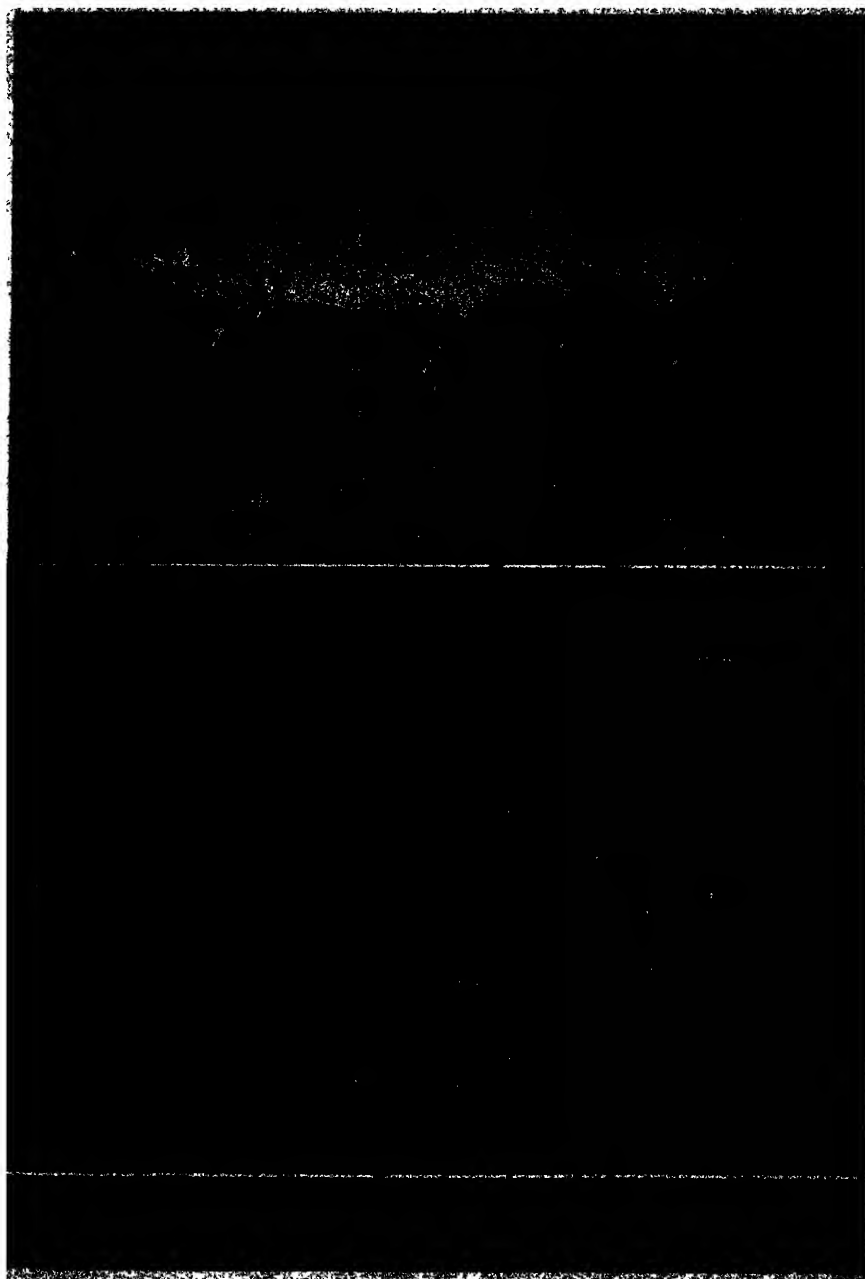
IRON THOMAS

Busiest little body in America is Randi Johnson of Mt. Vernon, New York, who has spent 18 months of her two years working as a model. A commercial photographer started Randi professionally when he found that she combined infant-oomph with infinite patience. She has appeared on hundreds of national advertisements and magazine covers, the most familiar baby face in the country. This industrious daughter of a high school science teacher has a social security card, an insurance policy and a bouncing big bank account. Earns \$10 an hour, and poses three or four times a week. Her top fee was \$25 for a sleeping job.



Romantic traditions often fade away, but John J. Mitchell, hardheaded Chicago businessman, has revived the annual spring roundup of the old Southwest. Stirred by stories of a hundred years ago, when rough-riding ranchers galloped the plains rounding up cattle and descending each night on the nearest ranch for a rip-snorting fiesta, Mitchell rounded up ranchers near Santa Barbara, Calif., to re-enact the colorful cavalcade.

That was in 1930. Today, on the first Sunday of every May, more than 500 cowboys and businessmen, artists, actors and millionaires saddle their horses and with mule-drawn stages and chuck-wagon ride for a week north from Santa Barbara. Night-fall brings campfires, barbecues and dancing. Climax of the trek is the week-end at Mitchell's own Rancho Juan y Lolita (named after his two children), where riding and roping contests, horse races, songs and stories are the order of the day. Chief storyteller is Mitchell himself.

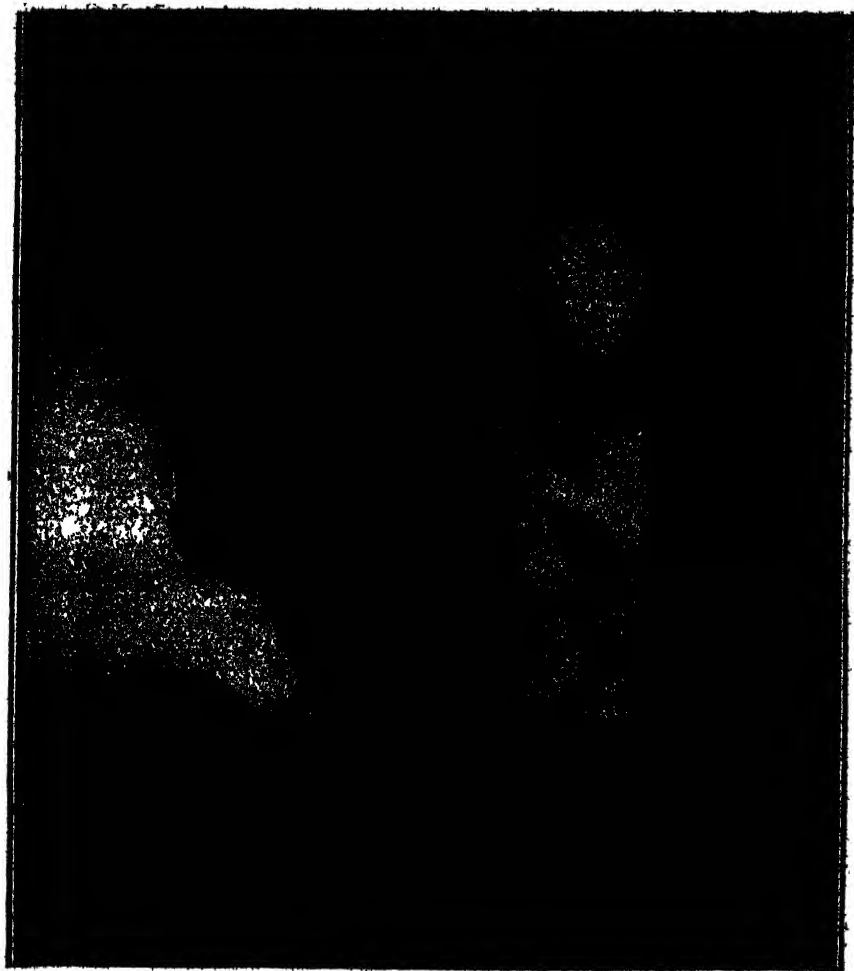




CHARLES E. KIRLEY

Assigned to the full-time job of designing insignia for army, navy and air units, Roy Williams is introducing Walt Disney's comic menagerie into Uncle Sam's armed forces. His first design was a sketch of a mosquito clinging to a streaking torpedo — for the Navy's new fleet of mosquito boats. For the Alaska Defense Forces he drew a laughing seal, balancing the initials "ADF" on his nose; for the American Eagle Squadron in England, an eagle wearing boxing gloves. Williams is a flyer himself, working for a commercial pilot's license. He fathered many of Disney's best laughs — thought up the magnet-swallowing gag that got the hound Pluto into trouble with a barrel of nails.





ZOLTAN FARKAS

Tops in that death-defying sport, bobsled racing, is a 24-year-old nurse, Katharin Dewey. Driver and captain of a 4-man bobsled team, she made the 25 icy hairpin turns of Lake Placid's perilous run at 70 m.p.h., to win the 1940 national senior bobsled championship. Only a new ruling of the Amateur Athletic Union, excluding women, kept her from defending her title last winter.

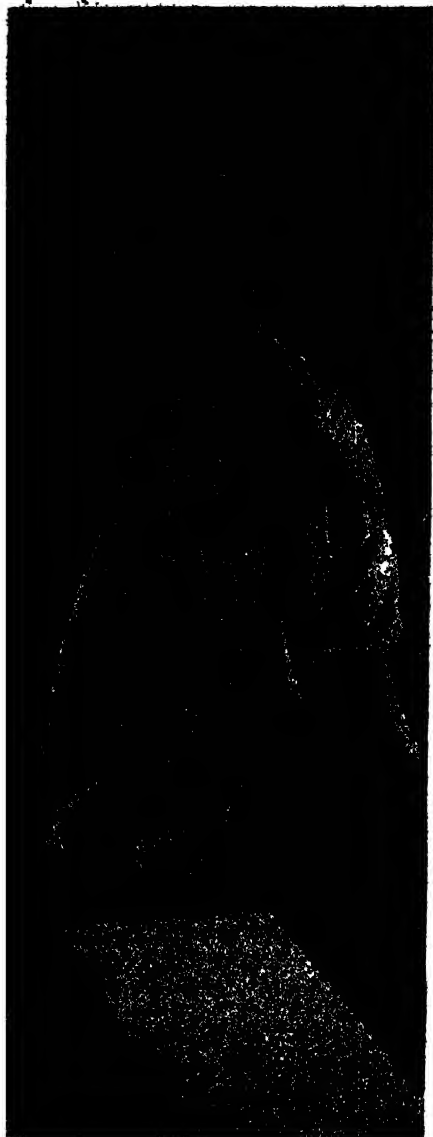
Born in Placid, she made her first run when she was 12. Took four firsts and two seconds in her first competition in 1936. Began driving her own team four years ago. Since she became a head nurse in a large New York hospital, her bobsledding has been limited to week-ends. Won her championship after one day's practice with three local boys, outsliding five of the country's most skillful drivers.



JAMES DOOLITTLE



Buddy



Buddy De Sylva, runner-up to the late Florenz Ziegfeld as expert picker and glorifier of show girls, recently equaled a 13-year-old Ziegfeld record with three simultaneous hits on Broadway: *Du Barry Was a Lady*, *Louisiana Purchase* and *Panama Hattie*. Over 150 De Sylva-picked girls graced this trio of musical shows.

Anyone can admire a chorine, but it takes brains and experience, it seems, to pick 'em. Buddy's recipe: a fine figure, good features, natural hair and refinement. The last is important, he insists, because it is so noticeable.

When he isn't cataloguing chorines, Buddy relaxes by composing lyrics. He wrote the words for song hits *Avalon*, *April Showers*, *Minnie the Mermaid* and *Black Bottom*. Introduced by Al Jolson, his first song, 'N'Everything, earned him \$16,000 in six months.

A job as lifeguard started him in the theater business when a Los Angeles night-club owner spotted him strumming his uke to admiring beach beauties and offered him a \$75-a-week job. Today his specialized talent earns him \$25,000 to \$75,000 a year.





FOR THOMAS

Thirty years ago Columbia University classmates ribbed Edwin H. Armstrong because he would never take in a dance or a show. He was continually tinkering with a strange sputtering device he called a "radio set." Today, at 50, he tinkers as industriously as ever, but no one laughs. Behind him are some of the greatest contributions to the development of modern radio, among them Frequency Modulation, the new revolutionary method of broadcasting.

Annoyed by static, Armstrong set out to eliminate it. When experts told him his dream was fantastic, that static, like taxes, would always be with us, he nodded and went right ahead. For 15 years it looked as though the "experts" were right, then Armstrong astonished the world with a broadcasting system that enables us to hear swing or symphony with crystal clarity in the midst of a thunderstorm or with a vacuum cleaner going full tilt.

Now the Federal Communications Commission has licensed 40 stations to broadcast the FM way, and over a dozen companies are working overtime to turn out specially designed sets that pick up both FM and regular broadcasts.

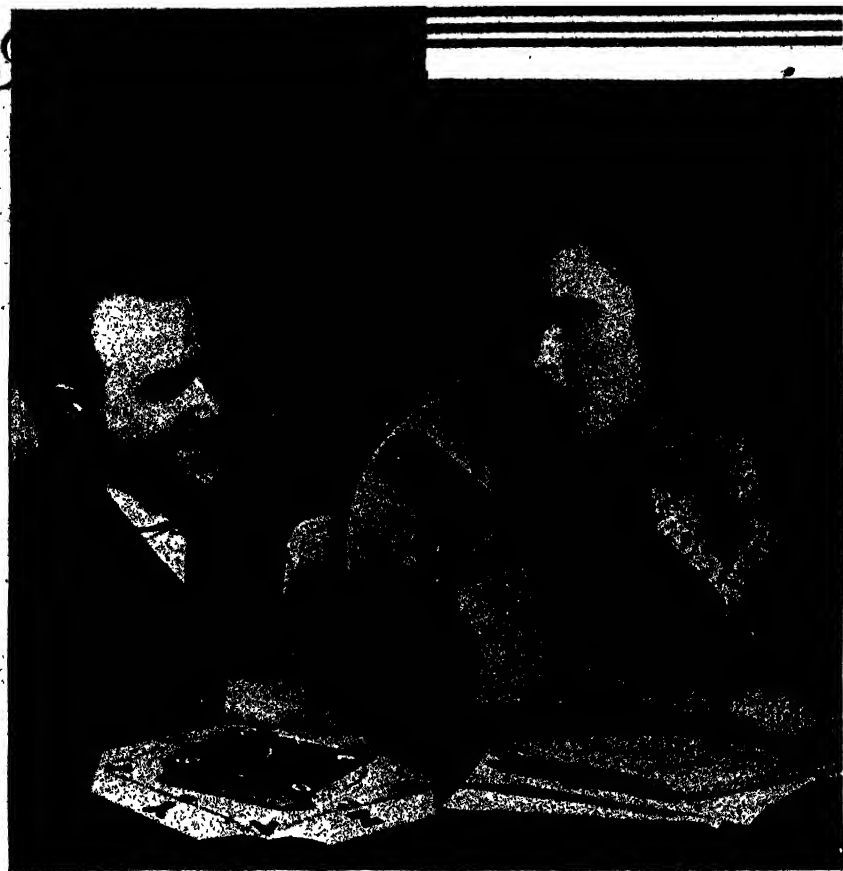




Most designing little girl in America is 14-year-old Barbara Ann Thorndike of Silvermine, Connecticut, who figured that grownups didn't really know what kind of clothes teen-age girls liked to wear and so designed some herself. A New York department store heard of her work and asked to see it. Now she's designing coats, hats, gloves and accessories for stores across the country. The joke, Barbara says, is that she really wants to be an authoress, not a designer, but business is so good she can't stop. At school she shines in English, has already written two books. Antiques and quaint clothes are her hobby. Favorite material is corduroy.

JOHN BOYKO





MAXWELL F. GOPLAN

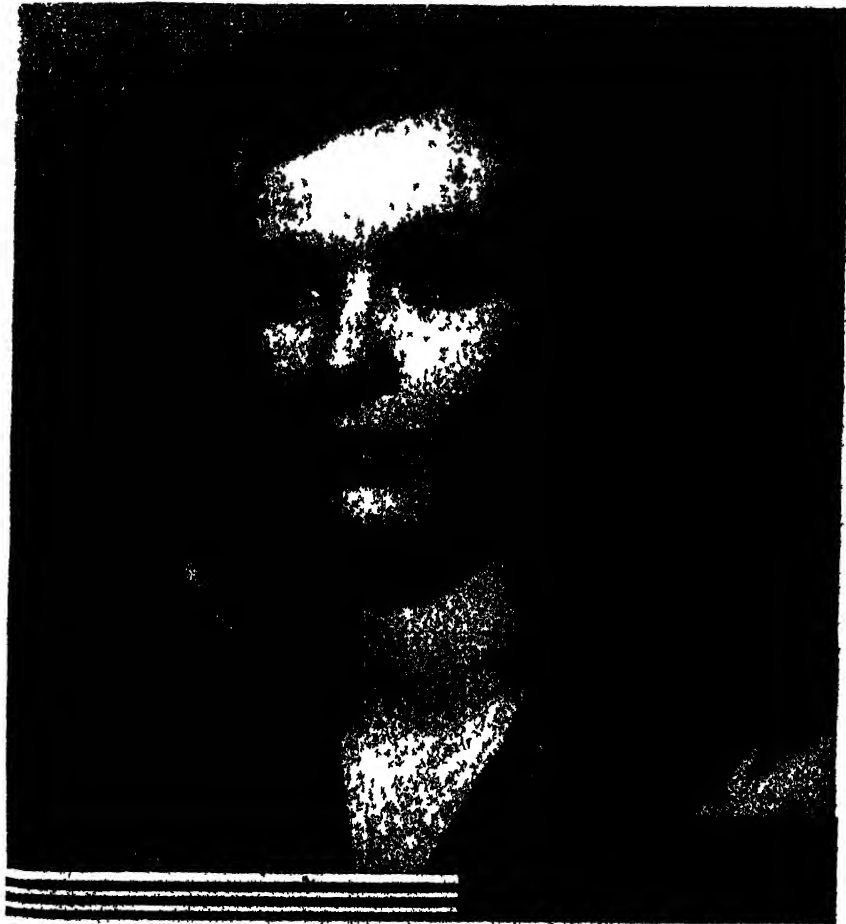
Alfred Dixon of New York is the foremost accent-axer — he breaks people of their sectional and foreign accents. Formerly a radio actor, he used to imitate as many as seven different American dialects a day. If I can create accents, he thought, why not reverse the rules and remove them? He has de-accented 4000 people since he opened shop four years ago. A doctor who was losing business because of his thick German gutturals spent ten weeks with Dixon and came out a Bostonian. A girl who couldn't land a job because of an unintelligible southern drawl had every "you-all" taken out of her system. Dixon says best American speech is heard in San Francisco. In the picture he is helping artists' model Jimmy Kilner to tone down her Park Avenue accent to just plain American.

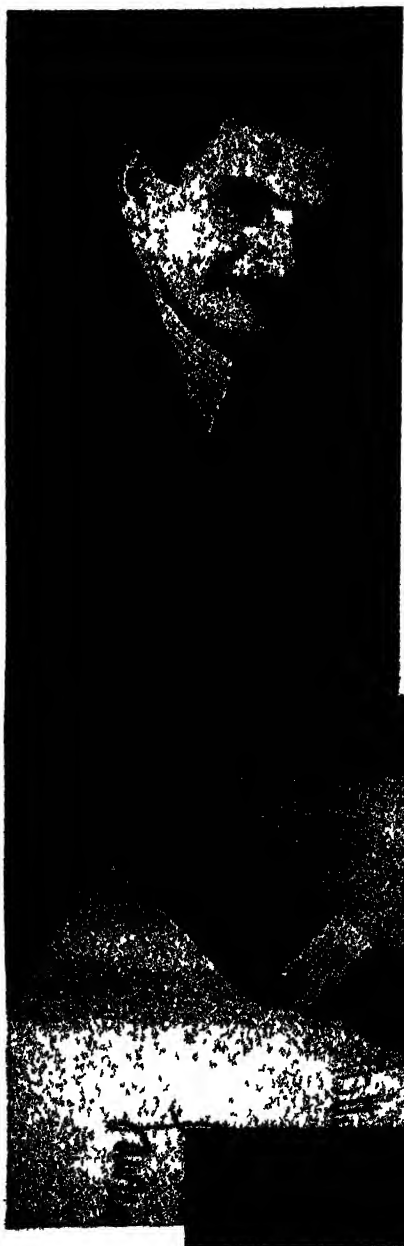


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When glamour star Veronica Lake makes love in a movie, she does it from the top of a soapbox. Reason. She's Hollywood's tiniest actress. Off the screen, her 98 pounds, 5-foot height and 18-inch waist make passers-by point and cry, "What a pretty child!" But directors say you can't overlook Veronica any more than you can overlook a tiny piece of dynamite. Before going to Hollywood two years ago, she studied medicine at McGill University. Would have returned to McGill if a friend hadn't persuaded her to take a screen test first. At the studio Veronica so impressed directors that they wouldn't let her go. Now she's in her first starring picture, *I Wanted Wings*.

HAL MCALPIN

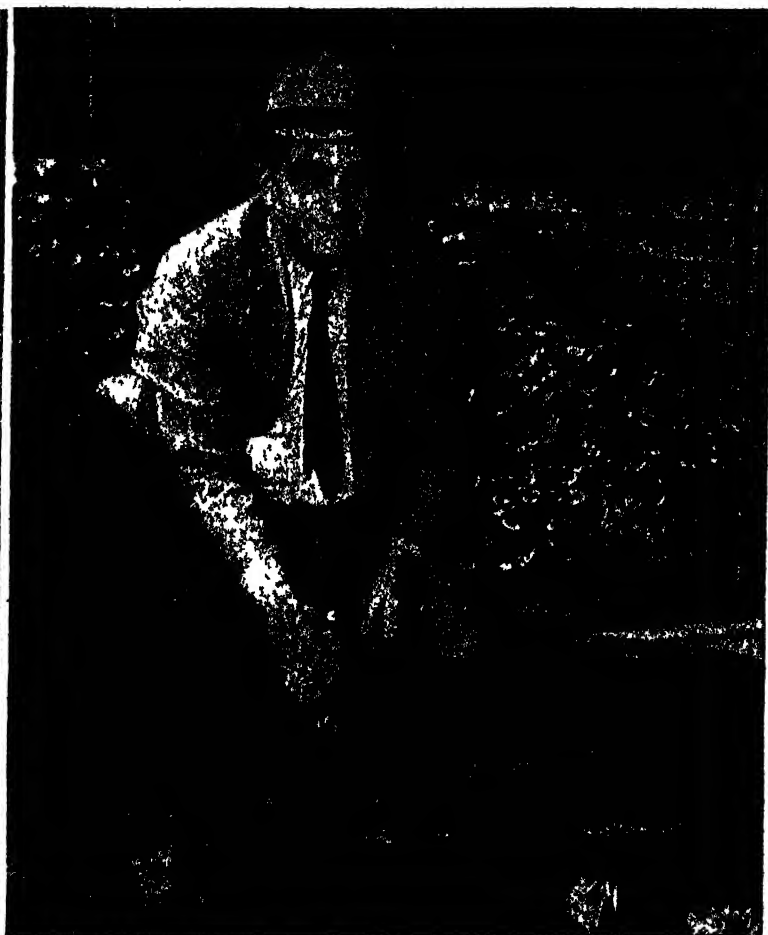




"Legal forger" Saul Wollman of New York in ten years has copied the John Henrys of 250,000 prominent Americans who are too busy to sign their own. He has scrawled "Babe Ruth" on baseballs, Jack Benny's name on fan photographs, and signed fund-raising letters for Mayor LaGuardia. The Mayor, like many others, couldn't believe that the signatures were not genuine. Wollman learned how to forge while copying signatures to soothe his nerves while hunting jobs. He soon found that he could make a job selling signatures!

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN





G. C. ROBINSON

Eugene C. Shireman of Martinsville, Indiana, is the world's goldfish king. Years ago he discovered that some farm land he owned was too swampy for crops. Goldfish proved to be a gold mine. Now in 654 ponds he raises 30,000,000 a year and ships them as far as India and South Africa. One New York store takes \$250,000 worth every year. Fish food costs \$75,000 annually, including 100,000 bushels of grain and powdered egg yolk imported from China. He has sold fancy fishes for \$2000 and \$3000 apiece. In his spare time, he fishes — for trout!





TOM KELLEY

Katherine Stubergh is one sculptress who doesn't give a hang if someone tosses her statues off a cliff. Her business is modeling life-sized wax figures of Hollywood movie stars, to serve as stand-ins in perilous shots. For instance, Charles Laughton lugged a Stubergh Maureen O'Hara over the towers of Notre Dame in *The Hunchback* — while the real Miss O'Hara watched from a deck chair below.

Of a fourth generation of figure makers, Miss Stubergh has no trouble fooling the camera. Witness her rows of mutilated soldiers at the Atlanta Railroad Station in *Gone With the Wind*. A burglar who broke into her studio one night promptly fled in fright. The picture shows her with her latest creation — Hedy Lamarr in ice-cold wax. She made her first figure when she was 14, a full-sized Lionel Barrymore. Says Garbo is the easiest star to catch in wax, Clark Gable the hardest. Once a Los Angeles businessman offered her \$3350 for her Gable replica, but Miss Stubergh wouldn't sell.



In a mammoth trailer attached to a station wagon, Chuck Abbott of Tucson, Arizona, runs the smallest dude ranch in the world. Every summer Chuck and three other cowboys travel 30,000 miles, taking the romance of the Old West to the Eastern seaboard. At \$2.50 per plate they'll pitch camp on your lawn and dish up the traditional "chuck-wagon" dinner of steak, hash-browned potatoes, green vegetables, coffee and apple pie. Afterward they go Western around the campfire, with rope tricks, whipcracking and cowboy ballads.

Six years ago, as cowboy host on a dude ranch, Chuck got the idea that Easterners might like a bit of "God's country" imported into their own back yards. Last summer the idea netted him \$40,000. Winters, Chuck goes back to his home on the range to hunt, fish and ride his hobby of photographing rodeos.

HAROLD HAHN





JAMES DOOLITTLE

Monsieur Louis of New York is America's top-notch topknotter. He takes credit for most of the fashionable hair-dos of the last five years, including the popular "upswept" coiffure, the "page boy" and the "pompadour." The fact that Louis is a skilled sculptor and never touches a curl until he has first modeled it in clay explains the sculptured effect of many of our modern hair-dos. In the picture he is putting the finishing touches of his "plastique" on movie star Lucille Ball. The style was designed especially for Miss Ball and is a 1941 hair hit.

As a sculpture student in Paris, Louis so disliked the drooping coiffures of his models that he pinned up their hair in topknots. The models liked the classic effect, word of his talent spread, and he soon found himself launched as a hairdresser.

Today Louis has his own hair-design school, where he annually trains more than a thousand hairdressers. In addition he travels 50,000 miles a year to demonstrate in large stores. He once coifed the hair of a French princess. But his biggest kick is in transforming some unknown salesgirl or secretary into a beauty. Because his success depends on his hands, Louis recently insured them for a million dollars.

Two Million Unemployed Through "Priorities"

Condensed from Forbes

Webb Waldron

Author of a dozen books and frequent contributor to America's leading magazines

THIS COUNTRY is now going to have some first-class fits and convulsions. The idea that we could build total national defense on top of normal civilian life is dead. The first grave symptom of our new troubles is "priorities unemployment" — an unexpected disease which will affect just about every county in our Union. Peter R. Nehemkis, one of the soundest young men in the Office of Production Management, has said: "National defense for a time is not going to mean *less* unemployment, but *more* unemployment!"

The Office of Production Management calculates that there will be at least 2,000,000 newly unemployed workers this fall. The explanation lies in the shortages of vital materials. Look at Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

Manitowoc lives principally on the manufacture of aluminum utensils. Defense is voracious for aluminum. We are now belatedly starting out to quadruple production. Mean-

while all existing aluminum production is funneled into defense.

The biggest aluminum firm in Manitowoc has already laid off half its factory force of 2600 and many of its office workers. Thereupon local stores need fewer clerks. Thereupon goods bought on the installment plan are being surrendered back to local dealers because the purchasers cannot keep up payments. Presently almost all of Manitowoc's aluminum employees may be workless.

It is sad to sit in the Office of Production Management and read that same sort of news coming in from other aluminum towns in Wisconsin, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia. Here, for the first time in the development of our defense effort, there is genuine distress. More, much more, is coming. Our shortages are not only in aluminum but in almost every other metal and mineral.

Meadville, Pa., is the zipper capital of the country. It produces

1,200,000 zippers a day, employing some 5000 people at this task. In a week it could make all the zippers our soldiers and sailors could possibly use. It looks now as if almost all Meadville's zipper workers will have to fill the other 51 weeks with idleness or a search for other employment in some other town. Unless, by a miracle of engineering, the zipper management can change its machines into defense-contract machines.

What goes into a zipper is copper, zinc and nickel, principally copper, of which we have an acute shortage. For months there has been *talk* in OPM about stimulating copper production. Nothing has been done. The copper available to the country in August was 110,000 tons. Defense took 88,000 tons. Only 22,000 tons were left to be spread through a civilian market normally demanding 75,000.

In Evansville, Ind., two great firms make 575,000 electric refrigerators a year. When they were cut off from aluminum for ice trays, they substituted copper. When copper got scarce they substituted steel. But what about steel?

The OPM estimates that this year we shall have an 11,000,000-ton steel *deficit*. And so the government has proposed that production of refrigerators be reduced 50 percent. One refrigerator firm in Evansville states it will have to discharge 1150 men. It could change some of

its machines into national-defense-contract machines and thus give employment to possibly 125 men. The rest will probably have to look for new work with other firms unless and until refrigerator plants can be transformed — at vast expense and after long effort — into plants producing something for the Army or Navy.

From Dayton, Grand Rapids, Los Angeles, comes news of refrigerator employes already laid off. From Newton, Iowa, Sandusky, Ohio, and a half dozen other towns, comes news of impending discharges of people making washing machines. Reason: metal supplies running out. For the same reason there will probably be severe unemployment in Belleville, Ill., where half the workers make stoves; in Attleboro, Mass., which gives itself to making jewelry trinkets; in Jamestown, N. Y., which makes metal furniture. Every town that concentrates on hardware, sewing machines, kitchen cabinets, air-conditioning contrivances, vacuum cleaners or radio tubes will be badly hit. A radio tube requires 18 different materials, all of which are listed by the Army, Navy and OPM as "critical," which means moving toward "scarcity."

Several thousand smallish communities in this country concentrate on specialized products requiring one or more of those "critical" materials. Every such community is in for a sort of social and

economic revolution which will turn it into a "ghost town" or into a town equipped with new machinery for making defense items.

The biggest hunk of new unemployment will be in automobile plants. The jobs of more than 200,000 workers will be gradually undermined. The automobile people have already been told that they are expected to cut production 50 percent. In the statistical recesses of OPM it is well known that worse news may after a while be broken to them.

Desperate efforts are already being made to find new work for the new unemployed. But even if they are totally successful we shall have a new kind of America.

The heart of all such efforts is to try to get defense contracts for the firm which is discharging employes. Sometimes the problem is easy. A star case is a maker of toy trains who is now happily making compasses and compass-holding binacles for battleships.

Most small firms, however, are not fitted to make a *total* product, such as a machine tool or a tank. The only way of using them for the defense program is to put them to work as *sub*-contractors for the prime contractor who will deliver the whole machine tool or tank.

This idea, from the beginning, was earnestly promoted in OPM by the distinguished industrial engineer, Morris Llewellyn Cooke. He was called "starry-eyed." Now

the "hard-boiled guys" admit he was right. OPM officials are working hard to put the smaller manufacturer in touch with the larger one who is working on defense. Some surprising things develop. A woman manufacturer of cigarette lighters (which may go out for keeps) discovered that she could make a part for an automatic-switch maker who had a defense contract and who, to her amazement, was just two blocks away from her in New York City.

State and municipal governments are supplementing this effort. New York State has made an inventory list of 50,000 small manufacturing concerns which, seeing their civilian business go down, want to get into the defense business.

Even the Army and Navy have yielded to the social necessity of doing something for the smaller firms and smaller communities. At the end of last spring they had concentrated three quarters of all defense work among just 56 corporations. Now they are trying to spread the work out. Now they are almost ready to say to a workless factory: "We won't make you bid against a big corporation. We will give you some kind of defense work, if we can."

Suppose we give a loose rein to our imaginations and assume that this new policy works out to 100 percent perfection. What then?

Why, then, we shall have changed our smaller firms and smaller com-

munities, little by little, into mere feeders to our bigger firms and communities.

In the government fiscal year ended last June 30 we diverted nine billion dollars of our national income to defense. In the fiscal year ending next June 30 we shall divert 20 billion. The succeeding year we shall divert probably 40.

If our present defense expenditures are producing dislocations, what limit shall we set to the dislocations that will happen when those expenditures are doubled, even quadrupled? Mr. Nehemkis may not be too alarmist when he says: "It is one of the profound ironies of our defense effort that its total effect may be to move toward obliterating smaller business enterprises from the American scene."

It must not happen; because, as Mr. Nehemkis properly adds: "If through national defense we permit a blackout of small business to take place, we shall richly have cultivated the soil for a fascist economic dictatorship."

This is the basic reason the Republicans in the House of Representatives have organized a special Small Business Committee, under Charles Halleck of Indiana, to protect the interests of the men and women who work in small business, especially in small towns. The same anxiety is expressed by Democratic

members of Congress. Our total national defense effort is having consequences nobody among us fully foresaw. In its economic aspects it differs only slightly from war itself. It is cutting our country into pieces and, amid much approaching suffering, putting the pieces together again into an essentially war pattern.

In that pattern there will be a great decrease in the decencies and amenities of civilian life. The raw materials necessary for manufacturing them will be growingly withdrawn into the defense effort. We shall be poorer and poorer in the things that make life enjoyable and more civilized; and, by subordinating thousands of little towns and millions of little businessmen to a centralized industry and a centralized government, we shall have gone a long way toward imperiling the local and personal independence that has been the most precious feature of our American way of life.

One moral is inescapable. If this war ends in an armed truce, and if the whole world settles down to a "peace" of "total national defense," life on this planet will just not be good enough. The peace at the end of this war must be a peace that will erase the phrase "total national defense" from the vocabulary of the human race.



Home Insulation Saves Fuel for Defense

Condensed from Scientific American

Harland Manchester

IF THE WALLS of your house were full of holes, and 30 cents out of every dollar you paid for heat went to warm the great outdoors, you could see right away that it would pay to plug the holes.

Well, your walls *are* full of holes, in effect. Every time you stoke the furnace you are straining your back to melt the snow on your roof and keep the shrubby warm around the house.

This is the simple lesson that a dozen public and private agencies have been dinning into the ears of the nation's householders ever since it became obvious that home fuel might be scarce this winter.

There are 37,000,000 dwelling units in the United States, and most of their walls and roofs leak heat badly. The Bureau of Mines estimates that through these leaks we waste \$1,000,000,000 a year.

The experts will give you the remedy in one word — insulate. In building a new house, insulation has become a “must.” It may add from two to three percent to the original cost; but you will get the money back many-fold. Sometimes it actually costs nothing because you need not install so large a fur-

nace. And perhaps, with a smaller furnace, you can do with a smaller cellar — or none at all.

If you are living in an uninsulated house, fill the empty spaces in your walls and ceilings with insulation, put on storm windows, and tack weather-stripping around your windows and doors. If you haven't the ready cash, a loan for the improvement is easy to obtain (the FHA will insure loans for insulating houses, old or new); in most cases the firms which insulate houses have installment terms so moderate that the saving in fuel will take care of the payments. Nearly a million homes have already been insulated in this manner.

The investment in home insulation should pay for itself in five years. Then you begin to pocket the fuel dividend, and meanwhile you will have fewer drafts, a quicker warm-up on cold mornings, a cooler house in summer, and additional fire protection. The principle is simple. Porous insulating materials contain vast numbers of minute trapped air cells which retard the flow of heat.

Mineral wool was used a century ago by a factory in Wales, and a

house in Salem, Virginia, was treated with it nearly 50 years ago. But until 1928, when the now familiar method was devised of blowing loose wool through holes cut in the siding, it was difficult and expensive to insulate a house once it was built.

Mineral wool comes in shreds which you can buy by the bagful or in "bats" — rectangular, paper-wrapped sections just wide enough to fit between the studs of a wall; and it is available in "blankets" of the same width, which any householder can unroll and tack between rafters or studs.

Mineral wool is made from rocks and from smelter slag. Nature produces it in volcanoes. Sometimes high winds blow the molten lava of Mount Pele in Hawaii into silky threads which float in the air for miles. The natives used to say the goddess Pele was tearing her hair in rage.

Today, man-made volcanoes in 18 states, their red-hot craters roaring like the crack of doom, are turning out mineral wool. These "volcanoes" are upside-down. Materials are poured in at the top, a thumb-size stream of molten slag "erupts" from the base. A horizontal jet of steam shatters the molten stream into thousands of small comets, which fly hissing and spitting through an aperture into a barnlike chamber lined with steel. The little comets cool to form a grayish, fleecy substance strikingly similar

in appearance to sheep's wool. Seventy-five firms are making mineral insulation, and prices have gone down 40 percent in the last five years.

It has been suggested that all householders be asked to keep their homes five degrees cooler than customary during the coming winter, to conserve fuel. They can save more fuel by insulating, at no sacrifice of comfort. Thousands of home owners have discovered this fact, and savings have been figured out to the last cent in a number of controlled tests. In twin houses on Long Island, identical except for insulation and kept at exactly the same temperature by thermostats, the difference in fuel used two winters ago was 19 percent. Complete insulation of low-cost TVA houses in North Carolina cut the fuel bill as much as 44.75 percent.

Even partial insulation pays dividends. Begin with the attic. The day after a snowstorm it is easy to see which attics have no insulation; the snow is melting much faster on those roofs. Wasted furnace heat is melting it.

Any home owner can cure this cheaply, and do the work himself. If the attic has no floor, or if the boards can be easily removed, he can spread loose insulation three or four inches deep between the ceiling joists. Or he can tack the blankets between the rafters, and cover the whole with insulating board.

There are many good insulating

materials. Eel grass quilted between paper, cornstalks, and other vegetable products are used. Wood is processed to make one kind of insulation wool. There are a number of insulating wallboards which also add structural strength; one of the most widely used is made of sugarcane waste. There are metal-coated papers which keep the heat in by reflection; aluminum foil, now difficult to obtain, is an example. Vermiculite, a mica-like material mined in Montana, is processed to form feather-light pellets used as loose fill. In deciding which of the many materials is best for his house and his locality, the home builder should consult his neighbors and local construction experts.

On top of fuel economy, insula-

tion throws in several bonuses for good measure. Insulation — especially of the attic — keeps out summer heat. Wallpaper stays clean longer on an insulated wall. Without insulation there is uneven condensation of vapor. Dust sticks to the more humid areas, making alternate light and dark stripes along lath and beam locations.

And as a final extra dividend, tests show that a wall filled with mineral wool retards fire by about an hour. Insulation applies to homebuilding the principle familiar to anyone who drives a car — the upkeep is fully as important as the original cost. Insulation cuts down house upkeep, and makes it easier for a man to own his home, come depression, war or inflation.



Objection Sustained

BEFORE the bar of justice on wife-brought charges of desertion and nonsupport, Mose Brown meekly admitted his guilt and offered nothing in extenuation except that the lady talked too much.

"That's no excuse for desertion, Mose," the court said. "Don't you know that the Constitution guarantees every woman the right to talk all she wants to?"

"Yassuh, Jedge. I knows it do. Only Lucy she never stop talkin'. She keep it up stiddy, mo'nin', noon and night, day in, day out, till it git so I jess cain't stan' it no mo', Jedge."

His mournful earnestness impressed the court. "She does? What does she talk about?"

Mose wagged his head sorrowfully.

"Jedge, suh," he said, "she don't say."

"The Repair Man Will Gyp You If You Don't Watch Out . . ."

A Symposium

"False . . . misleading . . . scurrilous . . . cowardly . . . dishonest . . . infamous . . . absurd . . . cruel . . . savage . . . communistic . . . un-American . . . without parallel the snidest, most vicious and unfair type of journalism . . . conceived in iniquity and born in sin . . ."

These were only a few of the brickbats heaved at The Reader's Digest investigation of automobile repair men, as reported by Roger William Riis in the July issue.

The brickbats, however, were offset by an avalanche of bouquets, corroboration and thoughtful comments not only from the public but from men in the automotive trades as well.

"A fine piece of work, which will save motorists millions. The exposure was long overdue — but you didn't go far enough!" Thus did car owners voice their approval. Many of them said that their own experience was identical, and told how they had been swindled.

Philadelphia, Pa.: "A garage man said it would cost \$40 to fix my starter. I waited until I got home. My neighborhood mechanic found only a broken wire, which he soldered for 50 cents."

Shreveport, La.: "The garage I asked to test the efficiency of my carburetor and ignition had its exhaust analyzer set to register poor results."

Brooklyn, N. Y.: "My car was in the shop when The Reader's Digest came out, so I was wary. I paid the bill, \$9.60, had it itemized, then consulted two other mechanics. Both said the job had never been done at all. Under pressure, the repair man finally returned my money."

"Sure—These Things Happen"

The testimony of the repair men was even more convincing. Wrote one from De Queen, Ark.: *"Being a garage man myself, I know just how true the article is."* Another in Earlville, Ill.: *"We'd like every one of our customers to read the article. Or bids to The Reader's Digest for publishing it."* Another, in Santa Fe, N. M.: *"I am a second generation auto-repair man. I'm not upset by your findings. They will make things tough for the honest repair man for a while, but in the long run he will benefit. More power to you!"*

Additional evidence poured in from men in the trade who had witnessed gyperry. Some confessed to it themselves — in moderation. *"The most I'd ever try to overcharge,"* said one, *"would be \$4 or \$5 — none of this \$23 the investigators found."* Remarked the manager of a filling station in Bennington, Vt.: *"I worked in a New York City station to get the latest ideas on service, but*

soon came home. If I tried up here the stunts they pull in New York, my customers would shoot me."

Said a shop owner in Athol, Mass.:

"In a big garage where I worked we had a fellow who, when a car came in with engine trouble, always put on a new coil first thing. Got to be a joke. When a car drove in, and this guy began on it, we'd yell to the parts man: 'Get out another coil!' I don't know how many hundred unnecessary coils that fellow sold."

From a letter to the Los Angeles *Autonews*:

"In regard to The Reader's Digest story about the gyp mechanics, let me relate one: While touring, I had trouble in Amarillo, Texas, and was charged \$18 for a job that should have cost \$4. When I squawked, the manager replied: 'I once told a Los Angeles distributor to make any necessary repairs on my car. Next morning the bill was \$54. I thought this a little high, and explained that I also was an automobile racketeer. After inspecting an itemized bill, the charge was reduced to \$12.' Looks like there is honor among thieves, eh, Editor?"

Results Already Apparent

Many other repair men, while sometimes disagreeing with the article's conclusions, or with details of the method used, welcomed the investigation as "constructive." There is surely no need to repeat that this was the purpose of the investigators and the editors, who cordially agree with a garage man in Highland Park, Ill., that *"the sooner dishonesty in all business is discovered, the sooner will it be eliminated."*

Both public and garage men were quick to use the article and its revelations for their own protection or advantage. Car owners took the July Reader's Digest with them to repair shops, asked mechanics if they had read the article, demanded — and promptly got — carefully itemized receipts. Said a garage man in Connecticut: *"Since that story, a dozen customers have been asking for old parts. They never did before."*

Many repair men began to return old parts voluntarily; to put up signs reading USED PARTS RETURNED OR OUR CHARGES ITEMIZED; to send out postcards or publicity urging customers to read the article. In some cities, groups of dealers sponsored full-page advertisements criticizing the article, but guaranteeing "a square deal."

A Los Angeles dealer painted a large sign on his window:

NICE GOING, READER'S DIGEST;
BUT IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE.

The investigators found that 63 percent of repair men tried to gyp them. Many readers could not accept those figures. Some offered their own guesses. Reading from black to white:

Garage man in Tonkers, N. Y.: "Nine out of ten will gyp you — but not around here."

Shop foreman in Mt. Kisco, N. Y.: "Conservative. It's four out of every five."

Car dealer in Sioux City, Iowa: "Three out of every five."

Reader in Paoli, Pa.: "Less than 37 percent are dishonest."

Parts wholesaler in Beaver Falls, Pa.: "Not 10 percent in our area over-charge."

Manufacturer in Gary, Ind.: "Automotive servicemen are rather heroically inclined toward kindly and conscientious service."

Editor of Automotive Digest, Detroit: "Automobile mechanics 'are a guileless, wholly honest class of citizens.'"

"Not a Fair Sample"

There were complaints that the number of tests was "too absurdly small" to warrant sweeping conclusions. An advertising man in Rosemont, Pa., said, "*This is one of the worst surveys I ever saw — only 347 out of 200,000. How was the sampling made?*" We can assure him that repair shops were picked at random, just as they would be picked by the tourist whose car suddenly breaks down in a strange place.

We can remind him that Dr. Gallup can predict the political heartbeat of 50,000,000 American voters by feeling the pulse of what is, comparatively, an even smaller sample. Critics of The Reader's Digest survey might well note that no one in the United States has made any similar survey, or advanced any other proven facts and figures in refutation. Since The Reader's Digest article appeared a similar survey was conducted in Canada by the *Montreal Standard*. Of 42 garages tested there, 22 were found to be gyps.

Dealers vs. Independents

As the investigators played the role of average tourists in unexpected trouble, they went to the nearest garage, with little concern as to whether it was an independent shop, or a dealer authorized by a particular manufacturer. This accounts for the numerous cries of "injustice!" uttered by authorized distributors who, because they were not specifically mentioned, feel unfairly splashed with mud. Some, protesting that distributors were far more honest than independents, demand a breakdown. Here it is: Total repair places tested: 347. Found honest: 129, or 37 percent. Authorized dealers or agencies tested: 88. Found honest: 38, or 43 percent. Above average, but hardly lily white!

As the result of the investigators' experiences, Mr. Riis advised tourists to seek out small garages in little towns. Several correspondents disagree. Writes a shop proprietor in Council Bluffs, Iowa: "*You run around the country with a trouble so simple that a colored car washer, a shade tree mechanic, or anyone could not help but find it and then draw the dumb conclusion that the best place to get a car serviced is a one-man shop. When you have real trouble, see if these greasy-overall boys can locate it!*" Said a Philadelphian: "*The greasy mechanic with only a screw-driver and a pair of pliers is as outmoded on modern cars as a witch*

doctor." The investigators reply that while honesty also seems outmoded to a considerable extent, there was more of it in the small shops.

Those Rube Goldbergs

The elaborate motor-analyzing machines which Mr. Riis called "Rube Goldbergs" were stoutly defended. Typical comment: "*The modern automobile cannot be serviced without these scientific, fact-finding tools.*" But even manufacturers carefully tempered their defense with admissions that some of this equipment is not what it should be; and that in dishonest hands *any of it* can be used to gyp the customer. Many mechanics agreed that "*the public has been led to demand Rube Goldbergs; it thinks we're old-fashioned without them. Some testing devices are necessary, but the fancy cabinets are not.*"

Conclusion: If Rube Goldbergs are good diagnosticians, they are also supersalesmen, and only as efficient and honest as the men who operate them.

Many readers and repair men insist that the mechanic is always justified in charging something for his time, and we agree, provided he is fair. A Michigan dealer laments:

"Free air, free water, free restrooms, free windshield cleaning, free maps and information, free checking of batteries, differential, ignition, squeaks and rattles — no business in the country gives away so much for nothing."

This is echoed by many:

"No repair man makes any money. The mechanic is miserably underpaid; the industry is harassed by unfair competition. Actually the besetting shop sin is not overcharging, but undercharging."

"We're Only Trying to Come Out Even"

Here is sad testimony from the trade. A garage man in Hoboken, N. J.:

"Mechanics haven't been making anything for several years, now they're trying to get what they think is coming to them."

Another in Albany, N. Y.:

"Most of us garages feel that we've got to try to sell the customer everything we can get him to buy."

A Massachusetts mechanic, describing a large shop he has just left:

"We had a helluva overhead. We had to make quotas on oil and lube jobs. In the shop we had to turn out a certain dollar volume every week. And so if we were low, and it was easy to slip an extra coil on the bill, we did it."

"The Public Also Chisels"

Astonishing was the number, and bitter eloquence, of those who blame the public rather than the repair man, and say that "*three out of five customers are gyps, too.*" A New Jersey garage man even believes that "there are customers who *ought* to be gyped." Says another in Minneapolis: "*I operate a small shop. In 75 percent of insurance cases, where a wrecked car is*

covered by a \$20 or a \$50 deductible policy, the owner wants us to boost our repair bill so he will have to pay nothing. Yet these same people expect us to be perfectly honest with them."

A loud chorus denounces the customer who beats his bills, tries to add free items to an estimate already made and, when he trades in his car at a price already agreed upon, has cheated the dealer by stripping off equipment or replacing good tires with worn ones. In the experience of Milton Benz of Rochester, N. Y., *"the American driver considers chiseling the service man in the same category as keeping fouled baseballs."*

"Let us assume," continues Mr. Benz, "that we have put in a clutch. The next day the customer returns and demands to know what we did to break his rear spring. We mildly assure him that we did nothing. Well, we must have dropped the car down too hard. We convince him that this was not possible. He suggests that we ought to repair it for half price. With fine patience, we refuse — and are classed with Hitler. Altogether it is a case of dog eat dog, with the customer taking the first bite and getting the bigger bites. I can prove that by statistics. More garage men starve to death than customers."

Obviously, as many correspondents insist, "all the crooks are not in the automobile business." The Reader's Digest survey found the same amount of gyperry among radio repair men as among automobile mechanics, and a smaller but still shocking amount among watchmakers.

Here is a condition which goes deeper than competition or the economics or temptations of any particular trade. Over and over again, correspondents asked why automobile repair men were singled out, and suggested investigations of the ethics not only of those who repair sewing machines, furs, refrigerators, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, but also of plumbers, butchers, bakers, welders, electricians, bankers, lawyers, dentists and doctors.

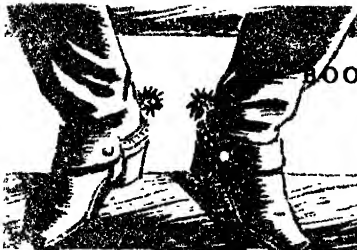
Several readers asked: "What would similar surveys reveal in other lines of business?" A standard of business ethics, one fears, which is low compared with the standards of American efficiency, inventiveness and enterprise.

"The people of our country," says the Sioux City (Iowa) Unionist, "have got to be honest, or America is all washed up."



"AFTER he kissed you three times — then what?"
"Well — then he started to get sentimental."

— Camp Robinson *Medico*



BOOK SECTION

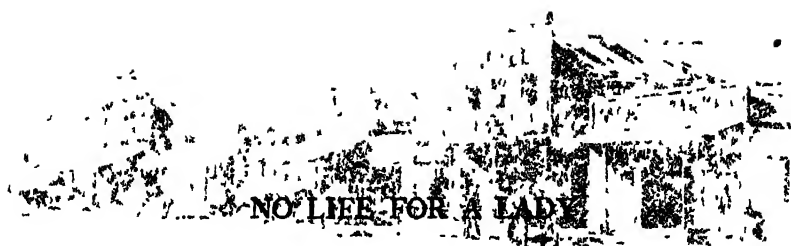
No Life for a Lady

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

THE OLD WEST uncorrupted by Westerns; the cowboy before he knew he was picturesque; the outlaw before Hollywood got him — this is the stuff of *No Life for a Lady*, told with the gusto of an Old Timer.

Illustration of a desert landscape with mountains and a river

part of New Mexico. Her picture of that life — in which anything might happen, and frequently did — reflects one of the great ages of America. This book is First Prize winner in a contest on "Life in America" sponsored by the publishers.



NO LIFE FOR A LADY

MY FATHER was chief construction engineer of the Santa Fe Railroad in the wild early days of the West. In 1872 he fetched his young bride from Iowa to the Territory of New Mexico to live in the small frontier town of Cimarron. My earliest recollection is of an incident which occurred there.

A hot midday sun beat down upon the adobe walls of our house. I was sitting in the shade cast by one side of the deep doorway, holding a slice of bread and butter sprinkled with sugar.

There sounded a hoarse cry. Startled, I dropped my slice of bread in the dust. Into my vision came two men, one on foot, one on horseback. When the man on foot had nearly reached the doorway — he was evidently making for it as a refuge — the mounted man drew his six-shooter and shot his quarry through the head. The body pitched forward, falling as rigidly as a toppling statue.

The killer dismounted, heaved the victim over onto his back with a boot-toe, and stood looking down into the dead face. I still remember the oath, the quick swing into the

saddle, the cloud of dust which blotted him from sight as he rode off.

I gazed upon two tragedies with impartial distress — the dead man a few feet away and the slice of sugared bread in the dust at my feet. The flies were already settling upon both.

On the dead man's upturned face I placed his hat, taking care not to step in the blood pool in which his head rested. At this instant I was snatched indoors. My father took me in his arms and held me too tightly; my mother said, "Rayme, I don't like this country."

Years later, my mother told me that after I had been put in bed she and my father talked long into the night about bringing up a family under such conditions. Toward dawn my father sighed and said: "Well, Ada, we've put our hands to this plow. We can't turn around in the middle of the furrow. I've got to build the Santa Fe."

Thus it was that my life was permanently cast in the West.

A few years after this incident my father was accidentally killed by gunshot, at the age of 38. To take care of his family — which by

then included three children — he left ample properties. But these passed into the hands of a young wife brought up to be dependent upon her men folks. Alas, my mother had none.

Among the friends who flocked to advise the wealthy young widow was a persuasive and soft-spoken gentleman from below the Mason-Dixon line. His bounding optimism loomed as a bulwark against the difficulties with which Mother felt unable to cope, and she married him.

Cattle-raising on a grand scale was the Great Adventure of the hour, and he persuaded her to invest most of her available cash in a huge cattle ranch and stock it to the limit. Mother had scant fitness for the role of cattle queen, but she followed the new husband as confidently as she had her first.

Under his escort we traveled to Socorro County, then larger than any county in any state in the Union. It was approximately 200 miles long and 100 miles wide, and its population was about one person to 10 square miles. Magdalena, the cattle shipping center, was a tough, roistering little settlement, even more turbulent than Cimarron. "Please give us a room not directly over the barroom," my mother stipulated to the hotel keeper when we arrived there in February 1886. "I'm afraid those bullets will come up through the floor."

Our new ranch lay in the Datil

Mountains. In Datil Canyon, at the base of a precipitous peak, Mother had a ten-room log house built. Even before it was completed, she discovered the tragic mistake of her second marriage. My stepfather, who had begun to display an unsuspected fondness for liquor and gambling, vanished; and she who believed deeply in education found herself marooned with three young children in a cultural desert. We became a sort of Swiss Family Robinson without a Father Robinson to meet emergencies.

Faced with the supervision of a well-stocked cattle range of several thousand acres, Mother did her indomitable best to cope with cattle rustlers and with the proclivities of open-range cattle to wander. That she survived the years of hardships and disappointments that followed speaks volumes for her courage, stamina, and self-sacrifice.

For us children, however, the new life was a sort of glorified picnic.

THE MAGNIFICENTLY broken and precipitous country appealed to our imagination from the first. And when Henry Davenport, a neighboring rancher, took us up the Sierra Madre, one of the region's highest mountains, to show us the vast sweep of our ranch, we felt that we were looking out over the whole wide world from a pinnacle of enchantment.

Rising baldly 10,000 feet into the sky, its peak above the timberline,



Sierra Madre hovers over its brood of lesser hills, the Datil Range. From its top we could see Mount Taylor hazy in the distance a hundred miles to the north; dark mysterious Putney Mesa was sharp in the middle foreground; almost at our feet lay the sandy trough of Alamosa Creek, cutting through its gray rimrock-topped mesas. To the east we saw the wide green valley of the Rio Grande, its wall a lavender-blue smudge against the horizon.

"It's an awful big country." My nine-year-old brother Ray had no better words to express his enthrallment. I had no words at all. I was taking that scene into my heart and soul as *my country* for so long as I should live.

Then, too, our life was vastly exciting. Despite grizzly bears, occasional Indians and outlaws, we spent much time alone on our horses. Once a week one of us made the 20-mile round trip to Baldwin's for the mail, and on countless other errands we wandered far from home. Often at night we spread our beds down wherever fancy or the absence of cactus dictated, and

slept peacefully the night through.

Ranch children of our day had to assume adult responsibilities as soon as they were old enough to master the art of sitting on a horse. Cattle early became the circumference of our universe and their behavior absorbed our entire waking hours. First it was necessary to know where they were, a difficult thing in a country without fences.

"There's lots of cattle watering at the Davenport Spring" was a valuable bit of information which a bright-eyed child could relay as well as an adult. And the value of the report mounted in proportion to the detailed information about each and every animal.

Were there unbranded calves almost old enough to wean? Then no time must be lost in branding them. To locate a maverick, a calf that had weaned itself before being branded, was like finding a gold nugget, and we raced home excitedly with the news. Another invaluable report would be that of finding a cow "bogged down." For rain puddles sometimes became death traps of sticky mire unless the victims were rescued in time. And we rode fence line — along the few fences we had — and nailed sagging wires back in place when we found them.

As youngsters we learned to recognize individuals among the cattle as though they had been people, and we watched for their coming with the same interest we would

have had in the arrival of personal friends. We apportioned the herds among ourselves, and we knew our own yearlings or three-year-old steers or maturing heifers as city children know their schoolmates.

Twice a year roundups were held (we called them "works"), in the spring to brand the new calf crop, and in the fall to segregate cattle which were sent away for slaughter. It was always occasion for deep heartache when we children saw our friends set forth on their last journey, but we had to face it.

In a cow country it might be supposed that milk would be plentiful. This is how we got it. One scoured the range for a likely looking milch cow (the Texas longhorn and range Hereford are not milk producers), then began her education as a domestic animal. We used the term "breaking bronco cows" exactly as we spoke of breaking bronco horses, and sometimes the process was as exciting.

First you roped your cow by the horns, and if she didn't put you over the corral fence before you could snub her to it, you tied her securely. Then you took a shorter rope and, jockeying for a safe position, flipped it around the cow's hind legs and tied them tightly together. Next you took your five-pound lard bucket, being an optimist, and standing well back attempted, in competition with the calf on the opposite side who was operating far more expertly in his

own behalf, to squirt a stream of milk into the bucket.

It is remarkable how a cow with her hind legs tied together can kick you winding, but she can. If this happens, you pick yourself up and try another squirt. Patience and an indomitable spirit will reward you ultimately, perhaps, with a quart of milk. Then you untie the cow and, in order to place her in a separate corral, cut the calf off from her with the skill and technique of a bull-fighter.

Some cows never "gentle," while others learn in a few weeks to stand reasonably quiet, although few of us in our early dairying experience ever risked milking without first hobbling the cow.

HORSES were an integral part of our lives. The day's activity began no more by putting on one's clothes than by "getting up the horses." And it was we children who were routed out of bed at dawn and sent tramping over the brushy, rock-studded ridges to "rustle the pasture." I learned to distinguish, as far as the eye could reach, the rump of a brown horse from a tree stump of the same shade behind which he might be standing. Horses are canny. If they suspect they are wanted, they hide, standing motionless in a clump of trees or behind a boulder, as deliberately as children playing hide-and-seek.

But nothing could go forward until the horses were found. Fre-

quently the errand for which a horse was used could have been done with half the walking that was devoted to looking for the horse, but one didn't do errands on foot. In fact, one must never be seen afoot except when looking for a horse. Horse hunting was a universal and invaluable excuse for one's otherwise not easily explained presence or absence. And it was a favorite alibi for prowling on another man's range.

Horses' personalities were vivid in our minds. The mounted stranger yielded first place in interest to the horse he bestrode. A year later we might have forgotten the color of the man's eyes, but never the set of the horse's ears.

Had there been a local newspaper in Datil, the social items would have run somewhat like this:

OWEN PATTERSON got his mail at Baldwin's last Monday. He was riding a ring-tailed buckskin branded T up and J down. Owen wants to match his pony against anyone in the country whose owner has the notion it's fast.

BILL JONES was seen riding down White Horse Canyon on his favorite cutting-horse, the sorrel with a gotch ear.

BILLY SWINGLE came over from the creek riding a pinto and leading a strawberry-roan pack horse.

When we children were on duty, we had to ride almost any horse that was available. We couldn't

choose easy gaits or amiable dispositions. I recall a heated argument between two of our cowhands about whether I should ride a certain long-legged cayuse named Road-runner.

"He ain't safe for her," argued one.

"What you mean, ain't safe?" retorted the other. "If he throws her off he won't run away. She can ketch him again." That was the criterion.

Why we weren't maimed far more frequently seems miraculous, for daring each other to get on some horse of dubious character was our favorite sport. When I catch myself admonishing my granddaughter to "be careful," I sometimes remember how Ray, Lora and I risked our young necks, and how often we stoically concealed injuries from the grownups, who were apt to be unreasonable about such things. They might do something arbitrary and damaging to one's prestige, such as forbidding one to ride that horse again.

We didn't often get sick in those days — which was fortunate, for no doctor was available. The disaster we most feared was having a horse fall, flatten the stirrup, and leave the rider caught by a foot when the horse got up again. To shoot the horse was often the only way out. For this, six-shooters were worn in the cattle country long after any other reason for doing so had ceased to exist.

As I grew up, I worked cattle side by side with the men, receiving the same praise or censure for like undertakings. I can still hear Bowlegs scoffing because a "longear" got away from me in the brush. What kind of brush rider was I anyway?

Just to show what my failure consisted of, I may say that "breaking brush," as we called it, is a specialized kind of cowpuncher horsemanship. New Mexico cowboys hooted derisively at cowboys from the Texas plains who hesitated to ride full tilt at a clump of trees whose branches interlaced to form a veritable hedge. Texas-bred horses had the same inhibitions. On the other hand, our cowhands who had been over to the Staked Plains came back with tales of how their hair had turned white at the way Texas "peelers" ran over prairie-dog towns where there seemed to be no solid ground between the dog holes. Both seem incredibly dangerous.

Some credit is, of course, due to the rider's fearlessness and skill, but more should go to the horse. Cowponies, like human beings, become specialists. There were cutting horses, roping horses, and show-off horses. Every cowpuncher had one show-off horse, a high-stepper, which he rode "up and down the road," meaning wherever there might be an audience. And there were brush horses.

"Brush breaking" derives its name from the peculiar brittleness

of the timber in the high dry altitude of the Southwest. One can ride at full speed into a piñon tree and the chances are that the momentum will smack off even good-sized branches. "If you can't dodge 'em, brace yourself and break 'em," is the rule for brush riding.

I have, in my presumably saner years, ridden slowly through country where I remembered having torn at top speed in pursuit of some cow critter, and have told myself that nobody ever did run a horse through that labyrinth of dead and living brush.



IN THE FALL of my 14th year I was banished from the ranch and sent East to a Quaker school in Philadelphia. Ray and Lora suffered a like fate in

due time. I recall that the first theme I chose for a composition was "A Wild Horse Hunt," and the principal, beloved Quakeress Annie Shoemaker, patted my head and said kindly: "Thee expresses thyself well, my child. Be careful that thee does not let thy imagination run away with thee."

I studied hard in staid old Philadelphia, but my schooldays were overcast by the knowledge that at home the ranch was not going well. Mother was tragically miscast as a range boss, for she could hardly tell one cow from another. And nobody

could successfully handle the stock business as it was conducted in western New Mexico unless he adopted the accepted technique, which was to steal back from one's neighbor as many cattle as he stole from you. The successful ranchers were those who "swung a long loop" and got more than their proportional share of unbranded calves. The general belief was that to the hardest-riding belonged the spoils.

Around Easter time of my second year in Philadelphia, I received word that the long-threatened crash in the ranch's affairs had come. I went back to New Mexico to find Mother distraught. An attachment had been levied upon part of our cattle and all our horses.

This seemed painful enough. But when I found that a sheriff, a man I had never liked because of his cruelty to horses, had taken Gray Dick, my favorite white pony, I rebelled. Ray and I promptly borrowed two horses and set out to bring him back.

When we rode into the camp where our cattle and horses were being held, I saw red. A hundred yards from where a dozen men were at their midday meal grazed our remuda, 50 to 60 saddle horses, every one of them a personal friend. One horse, however, was not grazing. It was Gray Dick. He had been over-ridden, spurred and beaten, and now stood with his head down, his white shoulders blood-spattered from cruel roweling in a horse's

most sensitive spot, his forelegs hobbled together much too tightly. As a final badge of ignominy, an oversize cowbell was strapped around his neck.

Subsequent happenings made local history. I rode into the center of the group of men and confronted the sheriff.

"I've come to take my horse," I said, as steadily as I could.

"Can't have him," was the reply.

I wheeled my horse and made a dash toward the remuda. It promptly stampeded—right through camp. Men dived under the chuckwagon, went up trees, sought any safety offered.

Hobbled as he was, Gray Dick could not keep up with the other stampeding animals. I was racing toward him when I dropped a bridle rein. My mount stepped on it and jerked into a complete somersault. A dozen men swore ever afterward that I, too, turned a somersault in midair and "lit a-runnin' like a cat." I don't remember picking myself up from the ground. I recall only that I spoke to Gray Dick, and that he turned and whinnied in recognition. Then I was taking off his hobbles. When I straightened up, I saw the sheriff approaching, looking mean and determined. I unbuckled Gray Dick's bell-strap and held it by one end, the bell dangling from the other.

"One step closer and I'll brain you with this bell," I said. It was a nasty weapon, and the sheriff eyed

it uncertainly, muttering something about resisting an officer. But he stopped.

"Bring me a bridle, somebody," I ordered. Ray pulled the bridle from his own horse and handed it to me. I leaped upon Gray Dick's back and headed for the Wheeler Ranch, about a mile away. As Gray Dick extended himself to a flashing streak, belly close to the ground and nostrils wide, I heard pounding hoofbeats behind me.

At the ranch corral, I slipped from his back and whirled to have it out with the sheriff. Then I saw it was my friend Ed Wheeler and not the law who had been pursuing me. He set his own horse back on its haunches and spoke breathlessly.

"Shall I kill him, Mis' Agnes?" he wanted to know. "I'd shore admire to do it if you say so."

I thanked Ed, but told him I guessed I had played the trump already.

"That's what we all reckoned," he went on. "There was half a dozen guns drawn on him waitin' to see if you missed with that 'ar bell, but o' course we didn't want to spoil your play."

Again I thanked him. He had treated me as an equal. They all had, and that was the important thing.

THE RUIN I had expected never quite came. Money dribbled in from a few investments which Father had left, the ranch did not

have to be sold, some of the cattle and horses were salvaged, and life went precariously on. But the villain in the little melodrama never lived it down. In all my dealings with Western men, his was the only unchivalrous action I ever encountered.

As a class the men of our frontier were chivalrous toward women. Perhaps women, because of their scarcity, were more highly valued; or it may be that evil-disposed men were less likely to go unchanged. In any case, in all the years of my youth I never knew a case of assault, and it was axiomatic that a "good" woman was always safe.

One incident in particular shows to what lengths most men, even of the roughest sort, carried chivalry. Once when I went for the mail, my mount was Chico, a bad dispositioned young mustang. The mail stage was late and it was well after dark when it finally arrived. I was trying to tie my mail-sack to the saddle-strings and having trouble with the snorting and pawing Chico when the county sheriff came out to help me.

"Going up the canyon alone?" he said. I thought I detected an odd quality in his voice. "Hadn't you better wait till daylight?"

I assured him that I could not, that I had often made the trip alone after nightfall, and what was there to be afraid of, anyhow?

"Mebbe yore right," he conceded, I thought reluctantly, and

held Chico's bit while I mounted. Chico was restless from hours at the hitching rack and it was several miles before I got him quieted down to an impatient high trot.

We had just topped the brow of a hill, where the trail skirted around the fenced canyon bottom, when Chico snorted violently and stopped. In the trail just ahead, clearly outlined in the bright starlight, was another horseman. He, too, had stopped precipitately. The horses came almost nose to nose before the man spoke.

"Good evening, miss?" with a sort of inquiring inflection on the "miss."

"Yes," I said. "Good evening."

"Nice evening," the man said; to which I echoed, "Nice evening."

He drew his horse out of the trail and waited for me to pass, Chico still champing his bits and pulling on the bridle reins.

An hour later the man lay dead, with the sheriff's bullet in his heart. He made the mistake of trying to steal a fresh mount for himself from Baldwin's horse pasture instead of taking one from a young girl. A fresh mount was all he had needed to get himself and the gold which weighed down his saddlebags safely over the border into Mexico. He threw away his chance, and his life with it, to protect a young girl from a bad fright.

But the esteem in which all feminine kind was held in our frontier community was sometimes a dou-

ble-edged blessing — notably at our popular romping square dances. These dances were usually at roundup time, and the word went forth, "Come one, come all." People sometimes rode 40 miles to attend, and I myself have gone 25, with my dress in a flour sack tied to my saddle. Yes, of course it was wrinkled, but it was clean.

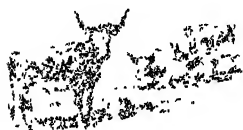
The dances started at sundown and continued until sunup. There were at least four or five "gents" to every "lady." These latter ranged in age from Grandmother to little pigtailed Susie; anything feminine would do as a partner. No wallflowers in those days!

"Five, six, seven, and eight," the master of ceremonies would bel- low. "Get your partners and don't let good music go to waste." And high-heeled boots pounded out the rhythm on rough floors to the accompaniment of fiddle or harmonica.

Midnight supper consisted of coffee and cake. Every woman brought a cake — no mean feat on a 20-mile horseback ride — carefully packed in a tin bucket, for one's social rating was judged by it. Liquor was not in evidence. Any man who showed symptoms of intoxication was promptly hustled out of sight. When our cowboys got drunk they did it without benefit of the society of "nice" girls.

But they did relentlessly insist on dancing, and toward morning the sufferings of my sex became

acute. I remember Lora hiding under a table, concealed by a long cloth, and when this retreat was discovered, sneaking out to the barn and crawling into a manger, to sleep briefly before being mercilessly dragged back. I myself have dragged through the last hour of many a dance, praying for the sun to rise and put an end to my misery. A cowpuncher who would have gone to fantastic lengths to save a lady from discomfort in any other circumstances would be inhuman in his insistence upon "just one dance more."



MOST RANCH OWNERS of that day frowned upon card playing — and with good reason. For when a stiff poker game was in progress in the bunkhouse, the ranch work was apt to be completely neglected.

Once at the INM ranch where the women, Mrs. Starring and her daughter Lou, were making a home for a bunch of winter hands under extraordinary handicaps, a card game got started with the usual demoralizing effects. The men would not attend to routine chores, and even refused to come to meals when summoned. Exasperated over ruined food, and rebellious over having to take over the men's outdoor work, the women decided upon a hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you cure.

They, too, set up a poker game, on the dining-room table. Stage property only. One of the women kept vigil at the window. When a man emerged from the bunkhouse, the women hastily grabbed their cards.

"When we finish this game we'll get supper," he would be informed. When he had retreated, the cards would be thrown down and more congenial pursuits resumed. Cold biscuit and a can of tomatoes purloined by one masculine scout served for the gamblers' first belated meal. The next day not even these slender rations were to be found. For two days the contest went on, until starvation forced complete surrender of the beleaguered bunkhouse forces.

"No use naggin' men," Mrs. Starring said afterward. "It never does any good."

We never forbade card-playing on our place, but we didn't like gambling any more than did Mrs. Starring. I thought to solve the problem one winter when I stayed home from school; I would play cards with the boys! We'd play in our dining-room and not in the bunkhouse, one sociable family! Meekly they came. I was bubbling with good will. We'd play poker for beans! The mere consciousness of having won would be sufficient reward.

We played poker night after night. I bet recklessly — we had a winter's supply of beans on hand

— but my associates seemed to be exercising unnecessary caution. At times they seemed harried and confused — but we played on. One day I came unexpectedly upon two of them hunched over a slip of paper with a pencil stub. “Damn it,” Bob Gard was muttering, “I can’t figger this out. Them beans of Miss Agnes’s just naturally ball it all up, but I’m doggone sure you owe me two-fifty.” I backed away unnoticed. That night I told them I wanted to read. If they cared to play cards they could go to the bunkhouse. They accepted with alacrity.

AT A very early age, Ray began to dream of getting the ranch back on its feet, and with the aid of certain of Father’s old friends he set out to expand our cattle holdings. Because he was legally too young to transact business, he made the sad mistake of forming a partnership with an older local citizen.

He was at school when a friend wrote him that his partner had arranged to sell the cattle and to skip the country with the proceeds — all legally. Ray arrived in Datil ory-eyed. By chance I arrived home almost simultaneously from college in Michigan.

The second night after my homecoming, I was awakened by a gentle tap at my window. “Get your clothes on,” Ray whispered. “That skunk has got our cattle rounded

up and he’s going to deliver them tomorrow. I need help.”

Out the window I went. Ray had a saddled horse waiting for me, and some gunnysacks. Swiftly we wrapped our horses’ feet in the sacks to avoid leaving recognizable footprints. Then we rode silently into the night.

The cattle had been put into a small out-of-the-way pasture for the night. An abandoned cabin stood in one corner of this pasture. To our dismay, light shone from its open doorway. Cautiously we dismounted and crept near.

Sitting around an old packing box were four men, including the perfidious partner, playing cards. They were armed with six-shooters, and rifles stood handy. The partner evidently knew something of Ray’s temper and was not taking any chances.

I am quite sure that if it hadn’t been that neither of us was willing to be first to show the white feather this night, we would have abandoned the crazy enterprise then and there.

“Got the nerve?” Ray wanted to know, as we made our way back to the horses. “They’ll shoot.”

“I’ve as much nerve as *you* have, I’ll thank you to know,” I answered, our childhood rivalry flaring into life.

We began a silent roundup of that pasture. Twice, a man’s figure was silhouetted in the bright doorway, as though he had come out to

listen. A suspicious noise would have been our undoing. But luck was with us. The hooves of the cattle made no sound in the soft *vega* bottom, and we had not urged them along fast enough to start them bawling.

Even so, it remained always a mystery to the natives of the region how 500 head of cattle could have been removed from a 160-acre pasture right under the noses of four armed men set to prevent it. Providence sometimes takes care of idiots.

We got the cattle safely out through the lower gate, carefully replacing the bars, as an ironic gesture, and started the herd for the high country. After a half-hour we dared push them along faster, and presently we were yelling and slapping slickers at them, "throwing them over the mountain" into the rough brakes of the Alamosa side.

"Let him try to gather that bunch again inside of six weeks," exulted Ray, as the last yearling disappeared into the rocky depths of Red Canyon.

We arrived home just before daylight. Possibly it wasn't actually necessary, but it did seem fitting for me to crawl in through the window.

Two hours later my mother came to my room. "I hope you slept well, dear," she said. "You must enjoy the quiet nights out here after the noises of the city."

Later Ray's partner himself decided to dissolve the partnership —

the decision being made with Ray sitting on his chest. Chest-sitting was one of Ray's specialties. The man spluttered something about "having the law on you," but in the end thought better of it, since, from the only evidence at hand, those cattle, each and every one of them, had jumped a five-bar gate.

IT WOULD be wrong to say that there was in New Mexico in the early days no law-enforcing machinery. It was merely too far away to be useful in emergencies. Socorro County, because of its wildness, was sanctuary to many a man "on the dodge," and any stranger whose presence was not instantly accounted for was reasonably presumed to be with us because it was less safe for him elsewhere.

On one occasion a party of uncouth looking men stopped and asked for water and trail directions. By what they did *not* volunteer, we knew that they were undoubtedly an outlaw band passing through. As they were preparing to leave, one of them, who was as rough-



looking as his fellows, spied Mother's rosewood Steinway through the open door.

"Madam," he said, "with your permission, I should like to put my hands upon that instrument just for a moment." His voice was that of an educated man. He strode to the piano, then there burst from that long-silent box a flood of harmony filled with all the suffering-through-to-victory that makes music great. He played on and on. I remember the enthralled look upon my mother's face and the respectful silence of his companions.

Finally, with a crashing chord that seemed to cry defiance to the world, he arose and thanked my mother.

"You cannot know what this has done for me," he said. "I had quite forgotten —"

He did not finish his sentence, but bowed and walked out to his horse, squared himself in the saddle and, surrounded by his evil-savored companions, rode away.

We never reported such fugitives and we gave testimony only under compulsion. We had to live with the outlaws, the authorities did not. If the outlaws let us alone, which mostly they scrupulously did, we reciprocated. Remember that they had been guilty of no horror crimes. Often the trouble had been a gun fight, or perhaps horse-stealing, and such crimes carried with them something of sportsmanship.

Many of our New Mexico citi-

zens had originally come from Texas "one jump ahead of the sheriff," and even our most respected friends were sometimes in trouble with the law. Once a guarded halloo called me from the ranch-house to confront George, one of our neighbors.

"They're after me, I got to get a fresh horse," he said.

We hurried toward the corral, and as George saddled a fresh horse, he explained:

"I didn't do nothin' to kick up a fuss about. Just shot a couple-three times as I was leavin' town. But it seems like Magdalena's gone plumb sissy. Old Foster had a posse on my heels before I hit the top of the divide."

I, too, was indignant. George wouldn't shoot *at* anybody! For a posse to trail him for so slight a matter as shooting a farewell salvo seemed base ingratitude.

The posse, which arrived shortly after George rode off, was led by eagle-eyed Sheriff Foster, who later presented me with a photograph of himself in which the eyes had been pin-pricked lest his eagle-eyedness go unnoticed.

"Yes, I've seen George," I told him. "No, I don't know which way he went." (I purposely had not looked so that I could truthfully say this.)

"Wouldn't tell us if ya did, I reckon?" the sheriff said, but he accepted my invitation to get down and have some coffee.

The second cup, I remember,

inspired him to lecture George vicariously through me. Didn't we young fellers know that when a country got civilized you couldn't go popping off six-shooters around settlements? I took George's scolding with every show of meekness, but the sheriff's eagle eye pierced through the sham.

"Don't let me ever catch *you* shootin' up the town," he warned. "Bein' a girl won't save you."

I've never forgotten nor forgiven that dare, for I hadn't the nerve to take it.



THE COWBOY of that era counted physical hardship as normal routine.

"Why," the question is sometimes asked, "would he put up with it for \$30 a month?"

I doubt if he thought he was "putting up" with anything. He was merely about the business he understood, and enjoyed. Had anyone told him that riding a bucking horse would become a histrionic profession, he would have smiled pityingly. To be sure, Buffalo Bill had started out with his road show, but never could we have been made to believe that it was the forerunner of a national industry.

Once I was besought by one of Buffalo Bill's talent scouts to join his show. "I seen you ride that blue roan outlaw yestidday," he said with more admiration than grammar.

"And you saw me keep him from bucking, didn't you?"

I've never yet let a horse buck with me if I could stop him. I can't see any sense in getting your head all but snapped from your shoulders, your spine whipped like a bullwhacker's blacksnake. As for making it a profession, that was to laugh!

But we sometimes had impromptu rodeos at dawn when the horses were brought up, for the cowhands were irrepressible practical jokers, and making the other fellow's horse pitch was routine. On cold mornings, horses' humor is no better than that of their human brethren; and if you yell and throw your hat under the feet of your neighbor's horse just as he mounts, the chances are you'll have a nice little rodeo right then and there.

Stock among the practical jokes was that of rattling a set of chain traces and yelling "Whoa!" close to the head of a sleeping man, who very reasonably thinks the chuckwagon team is stampeding and about to run over him. His exit from his bedroll is explosive.

Another favorite joke was to tie your saddle rope to a corner of a sleeping man's bed-tarp and pull bed and occupant into the pond. Whenever camp was pitched by a mudhole, the wary spread their beds as far as possible from its rim. It's very funny, of course, to see a wrathful man emerge in the middle of a pond.

Remembering the hardships which life at its best imposed upon us, I often wonder at this deliberate intensifying of them in the name of fun. The one thing, however, which was never done was to take a man's horse and make him walk. That would have been a shooting matter.

It was tenderfeet who were the raw material for most of our jokes. Those who found themselves as far from home as a New Mexico cattle ranch in the '80's and '90's were alike in one particular: they had been misfits where they came from. Sometimes their home climate hadn't suited them; sometimes their law-enforcement machinery hadn't suited them. But it was the health-seekers who gave us the most concern.

In those days, before the caring for health-seekers became one of the Southwest's largest industries, "lungers," or others in poor health, were all too often advised to "get out on a cattle ranch; it will make a new man of you." It did, in countless cases, but the success of these experiments was hard on the ranchers, for the rush of more and more sufferers became a problem. If the stranger were actually ill, we treated him considerately; but if we suspected malingering, we educated him.

The education of Ramsay is classic in the annals of that country. Young Ramsay had come West because his nerves were bad. Now,

"nerves" was a disorder beyond the grasp of the cowboy mind. From all outward appearances young Ramsay seemed to be in good health. So when he seemed to be pampering himself, it was decided that his cure could best be accomplished by giving his nerves a jolt.

The cure was planned with pains. First Ray and Bowlegs sat up half the night gouging the lead bullets from .45-caliber cartridges and substituting wads of cigarette paper. Then next morning they picked a quarrel with each other. Ray had suddenly decided, so it seemed, that Bowlegs' dog was no longer to be allowed in the house. This Bowlegs hotly resented. Where he went, there went his dog!

They kept it up all day, young Ramsay's nerves showing increasing strain as the enmity between the two heretofore good friends grew more violent. Finally, late in the afternoon, Ray lifted the surprised pup on the toe of his boot and tossed him out the door. Bowlegs, with an oath, fired pointblank at Ray's stomach. Ray leaped behind Ramsay and from that vantage returned shot for shot.

Nerves had apparently made young Ramsay more than ordinarily agile. But then, Ray was agile himself. He managed to keep the victim pretty much in the line of fire.

Ammunition gave out at the height of the treatment. With Bow-

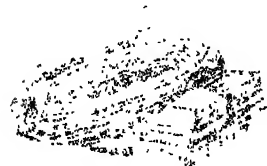
legs' last shot, Ray, groaning horribly, slumped to the floor. The patient stood flattened against the wall, trying to back through it. Bowlegs turned to him:

"Of course I'll swear *you* done this," he hissed.

Ramsay clutched at his throat. "Er — er," he gurgled, "I'm going back home. My nerves won't stand this sort of thing."

"All right," said Bowlegs, jamming his six-shooter into its holster. "I'll give yuh time to git out of the country. It'll be a long while before Ray Morley's missed. There's a horse in the corral. You can reach Magdalena before the morning train leaves."

He did. And mutual friends in the East reported: "Young Ramsay's trip West did him a world of good."



THE EFFORT
TO RECONCILE
OUR WESTERN
BACKGROUND

with our Eastern education and friends gave our lives a Jekyll-Hyde quality. Ray, for instance, had gone to Columbia University, and suddenly found himself one of the nation's early football stars.

Decidedly, he didn't like his first taste of New York City. He was far less a personage there than he had been in New Mexico, where a letter addressed simply "Towhead, New Mexico," had once reached

him. In fact, he insisted that in his first week in New York not a soul spoke to him voluntarily. But his prowess on the football field soon overcame this anonymity and earned him great popularity.

It was always amusing when the Jekyll-Hyde lives confronted each other. On a train coming home from New York Ray once fell in with a young West Point graduate en route to his first army assignment. The young West Pointer seemed flattered to have made the acquaintance of a ranking football hero.

Arrived at El Paso, the two registered at the same hotel. In the evening the West Pointer announced that he would like to do a bit of slumming through the city's flourishing tough joints.

As they pushed open the swinging doors of the most notorious of the gambling dens, one of the faro dealers leaped from his chair and fell upon Ray.

"If it ain't old Towhead!" he squawked. "Boys, let me give you a knockdown to my old pal, Towhead Morley. Him and me stole many a longear together."

Doctor Jekyll fell away. Mr. Hyde emerged.

"Jack Creighton, you old spavined maverick!" Ray cried, pumping his friend's arm. "What you doin' in store clothes?"

Followed much questioning and local gossip. Ray learned that Three-Fingered Mike was "on the dodge,"

and that Shorty was "doin' a stretch in the Santa Fe pen for stealin' a beef."

Ray insists he honestly forgot the presence of his West Point companion until a chilly "I think I'll be returning to the hotel" reminded him. Ray could think of nothing to say on the strained trip back, so hopeless seemed any attempt to explain our peculiar society. In silence, the two entered the hotel lobby.

The clerk greeted Ray. "Mr. Morley, Mr. A. A. Robinson, president of the Santa Fe Railroad, discovered your name on the register and wants to see you." The West Pointer listened with growing puzzlement as the clerk went on: "Mr. Robinson was associated with your father in the early days of the Santa Fe, and is very anxious for you to get in touch with him."

The West Pointer gulped. "Well, Morley, you seem to have intimates at both ends of the social scale," he murmured. "I had just about decided that you were an impostor and not the 'Bill' Morley at all, but a come-on man for a gambling-house."

A few years later when Eastern tourists began to invade New Mexico in droves, the incongruities of our dual life were even more sharply dramatized. One day I was in the dining room of a small hotel in Datil. Two college chaps sat at a table facing the dining-room entrance. With his back to the door

sat Slim, a cowpuncher, a little self-conscious in the presence of the easy-mannered young men opposite him.

Then a young woman entered the dining room. There was instant commotion.

The two young men sprang politely to their feet as she approached their table. Slim, seeing their action, also sprang up, ready for trouble. He grabbed his chair and whirled to meet whatever might be confronting him. The young woman, seeing Slim's chair apparently ready to crash down on her head, gasped and stopped in her tracks. Everybody looked at everybody else in dumfounded amazement.

Of all the people in that room I alone could interpret what was happening, and I added to the confusion by bolting out to conceal my impending hysteria.

Slim bolted out after me. "What did them fellers break t' run fer?" he demanded. "Did they think that girl was a holdup?"

With superhuman effort I brought myself under control. "Tenderfeet are easy scared," I told Slim solemnly.

"They shore are," he agreed and returned to his seat at the table with restored self-confidence. But his respect for tenderfeet received a permanent setback. Years later he mentioned the incident as an example of the softening influence of city life.

The schism between my own opposed lives was made permanent when in 1899 I married and became a visiting Californian — for New Mexico always remained home to me. I enjoyed “going home” the more in that Ray realized Mother’s early dream, and became a cattle king. Under his management the Morley ranges, computed in acres, would have crowded a half-million, but nobody so figured it. It was 40 miles in this direction, 20 in that, 10 at the lower end, always miles and more miles.

If ever anyone looked the part of cattle king it was Ray. Just under six feet tall, wind-tanned, broad of shoulder and narrow of hip, he was an endless source of tales of strength and daring.

No situation seemed to daunt him. When the arroyo was at flood and he wanted to cross, he plunged in. When the torrent carried him 50 yards downstream and flung him out on the same side from which he had entered, he plunged in again, all but drowning himself and his horse. His reason for taking the risk was merely that he wanted to cross the arroyo.

He seemed to think in terms of challenging situations. He appeared to believe that everybody else was as ready as he to bring tireless effort and self-denial to a tough job. He stood on his rights and expected his opponents to do likewise — and let the best man win. When there was no issue of opposed rights he

was boon companion to high and low.

But above all he felt superior to nobody and, by the same token, inferior to nobody; and this was the essence of our whole community’s approach to life in that hard-riding era.

Ray has long since disposed of his ranges. Ubiquitous barbed-wire fences and the coming of homesteaders have destroyed cattle raising on the old far-flung scale, and with it a way of life. I dwell on Ray’s character because in it was concentrated all the attributes of our old life — warm friendliness, reckless courage, indifference to hardship, wide generosity.

RECENTLY I visited the old place. Hardly had I arrived when a fenderless model T crunched to a stop in the loose gravel road. Over its wired-up door stepped its driver, grinning broadly, his grizzled whiskers tobacco stained, his pale eyes alight with friendliness. He held out a scaly hand.

“Howdy,” he greeted me; “heerd you was here and come over to tell you I ain’t never forgot the favor you done me the first day I hit this here country. Seems good to see a old timer.”

I hadn’t the heart to say that I couldn’t recall any favor I had done for him, or even his name. He spared me the confession. “Remember the day I rode up to the old Swinging W’s and asked the

way to the JL's? You tried to tell me about the trail, but I was a stranger and wasn't sure what you meant, so you saddled up and rode with me to where we could see the JL windmill. You was ridin' a little roan branded figger 4; had a runnin' walk and flung his head. You remember him, don't you?"

Yes, I remembered the "figger-4 roan" and from that cue the embers of long-forgotten memories began to glow. My caller was rambling on:

"Them was the good old days. Can't ride nowheres now 'thout

runnin' into a bob-wire fence and meetin' up with some feller drivin' a Jersey cow."

I was listening with only half my mind. With the other half I was trying to span the gap between the present me and the young girl who had ridden three hours with an anything but handsome youth, merely because he was a stranger needing a guide. It was then that this record began to formulate itself; the story of the girl who had vanished, and her life, the life that was not for what the world calls a lady.



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TWENTIETH YEAR

VOLUME 39, NO. 235

Let's Keep the Ball

By

Wendell L. Willkie

IN last month's Reader's Digest, Freda Utley, noted English writer and lecturer, maintained that most Americans refuse to view England's situation realistically: they exhort her to "fight to the finish" until Hitlerism is destroyed, ignoring the fact that she cannot destroy Hitlerism unless she reconquers the Continent — a task beyond her strength, even if she were to be aided by an American expeditionary force. Faced with these stern realities, Miss Utley argued, the best chance of saving both England and *some* democracy in the world would be for the United States to back England at a favorable time in negotiating a compromise peace, rather than to encourage her indefinitely to continue a hopeless war.

Miss Utley's article instantly aroused wide and warm discussion. The Reader's Digest takes pleasure in presenting Wendell Willkie's eloquent reply.

IN FOOTBALL there is a certain situation that calls for bold decision. This comes when a plucky team takes the ball away from a heavier team and thus gains a chance to win back yardage lost. But this chance often comes far down the field near the goal line, where every play is executed at a risk. In such circumstances the easy course is to kick — to give the big fellow the ball again.

Of course this means that the heavier team will start to march right back and perhaps score a touchdown. And a quarterback who always gives a big opponent

that chance will not win many ball games. To win he must have the courage to keep the ball, even at some risk — to give his teammates a chance to run and pass it up the field with all the skill and energy they have.

The democracies of the world are in a situation somewhat like that. Hitler, who prepared for this terrible and bloody game seven years before he began it, has a bigger and heavier team. A while back, when he had the ball, he made things look very bad for our side. But with the delay and punishment Russia has inflicted on him, we have lately

taken the play away from Hitler. He has suffered fearful losses, the British have bombed his cities, and we ourselves have challenged him in the Atlantic. The game is still being played down at our end of the field. We have a long way to go. But *we* have the ball. It's our turn to call the plays.

Now some suggest that the best course for us to pursue in this situation is to "kick." For instance, the Digest printed last month an article by Miss Freda Utey, who argues that Americans who wish to save England should not encourage her to fight to a finish, but should rather support her in seeking a peace "at a favorable moment." She contends that England, needing our help to survive, may be practically compelled by us to continue battling against "unsurmountable odds." England, she says, cannot win a "total victory," whereas she *may* suffer a total loss. She urges us to work for "a peace which would preserve England's sovereignty and that of her dominions."

There is an assumption here that Americans are joining in this huge effort against Hitler just to save England. That is not so. We recognize that the political and economic foundations of English life are the same as ours; that the British believe in freedom as we do, and share the civil liberties which we have so firmly planted here. But while we recognize a profound kinship with Britain, this would not be a good

ground for supporting her if such support were to jeopardize the safety of the United States.

So when Miss Utey and others of her school appeal to us to do what she thinks is best for Britain, she is not presenting any necessarily valid argument as to what would be best for the United States. Even accepting her contention — which I do not accept — that it would be best for Britain "in due season" to negotiate a peace, it does not follow that it would be best for us.

THE PROBLEM that faces the United States is deeper than that. It is the survival of democratic institutions, of a way of living which means more to us than anything else in the world. This way of living is based upon the values and institutions of freedom, and it is irrevocably opposed to Hitler's way, which is based upon tyranny and slavery.

We Americans have overthrown tyranny in the past, and have abolished slavery. We did so because it was clear to us that the threat of tyranny, or the competition of slavery, made it impossible for free institutions to survive. Today we have before our eyes the awful proof of that belief. We have seen the enslavement of people, not only in the conquered countries, but in Germany herself, and we know that a Hitler victory over the rest of the world would make it impossible for men and women anywhere — even

in America — to be really free.

It is because the British people also recognize this fact that we are supporting Britain with billions of dollars and with our Atlantic fleet. We are helping Britain because the fight she is putting up is greatly to our advantage.

All of us Americans believe in peace. Not only do we *want* peace, but if our kind of world is to prosper and to expand we *must* have peace. Our democratic system cannot yield its best fruits so long as we are either at war or involved in a gigantic armament program.

But before we entertain any proposition for a negotiated peace we must be sure that Hitler himself is prepared to stop fighting, not only in a military sense, but in a political and economic sense. We must be sure that what we are getting is really peace — not just another (and bigger) war, or another (and more baffling) kind of war.

The proposition that Hitler might become a bona fide participant in our kind of peace — a peace that would leave democracy free to trade, to expand, and to prosper — simply will not bear analysis. The very word "peace," as we understand it, is meaningless when applied to Hitler. Peace is more than the cessation of shooting. Peace is the essence of our system of life and government. But the essence of the Hitler system is war. When Hitler first became Chancellor of Germany in 1933 he started preparing

for war, and he has been either preparing or fighting ever since. He has never done anything else. It is, in fact, impossible that he ever should do anything else *so long as any system other than his exists*. His totalitarian slave system is automatically and irrevocably *against* freedom. It *must* be in order to survive. That is why it is impossible to negotiate a peace in our sense of the word with Hitler.

Let us suppose that Hitler gains certain objectives in Russia. Suppose that he then declares he does not want to fight any more, and invites Britain to make peace. Should Britain refuse — and I feel sure she would — he might then turn to the United States and through his amazing propaganda machine seek to persuade us to put pressure on Britain for peace. He might point out that no part of the British Empire has been taken. He might contend (as he so often has) that he never wanted war anyway — that it was all Britain's fault — that in refusing to make peace Britain is an aggressor. On such specious grounds he might appeal to us to persuade England to quit.

Such a proposition may sound fantastic, but Hitler has done it many times in the past. By similar arguments he has thrown every democracy off its guard, so that he could descend upon it with his armed forces *in his own good time* and win an almost bloodless victory. The odds are that he will try

to throw the United States off its guard in the same way, and at his earliest opportunity.

Now WHAT would follow should Britain and the United States accept such an overture? Would we have peace? Most certainly not.

To begin with, Hitler would dominate the entire Continent of Europe. He would have at his disposal all its agricultural resources, mines and metals, factories, shipyards, munition plants. He would distribute his troops wherever he wanted and run the Continent on a military basis — the only basis he understands.

This means that he would continue to pile up armaments — and on a scale greater than anything he was able to achieve with Germany alone. Of course, the so-called "peace" treaty might contain a disarmament clause. But who would trust it? Would you, an American, trust that treaty enough to cancel your present defense program and disarm? Your distrust is only a measure of the fallacy of a negotiated "peace" with the Nazis. Hitler rearmed Germany in spite of the most stringent provisions of the Versailles Treaty. With the whole of Europe under his thumb there would be nothing to prevent him from building a war machine two or three times more powerful than the one he has at present.

What would England do under such circumstances? Hitler's power

would be so great that England could not hope to stand up to him. Should she resist Hitler's least demand (and he has a way of making new demands after a treaty has been signed) she would face annihilation. Her freedom under such a peace would be a mockery.

What would the United States do under such circumstances? We should have to make all over again the decision we have *already* made. That is, we should have to decide either to pour munitions and airplanes and supplies into Britain, in order to enable her to make a desperate fight, or to let her go down. In the former case we would be committing ourselves to a new, gigantic lend-lease program, against greater odds than those that face us today. In the latter case we would be left alone to face the most powerful conqueror in history.

Let us suppose that we chose to let Britain go down. Could we in that event be sure that Hitler's intentions toward us would be peaceful? It is difficult to see why we, of all free peoples, should be spared his economic, political, or military attack. We represent everything that he is *against*: free elections, free speech, free religion — free men. He is against those freedoms because his system won't work if they are practiced. Moreover he would be seeking to control conquered peoples. The existence of free institutions in the United States gives such peoples hope and

keeps them unsettled and restless. *Hitler will never be able to subjugate the free peoples of the world until he has somehow crushed freedom in the United States. And he knows it.*

THOSE who talk of a negotiated peace seem to think only in military terms. They forget that economics and politics, as well as guns, are weapons in this war. And there can be no doubt that Hitler, after a negotiated "peace," would wage political and economic warfare everywhere on earth.

Here again we have only to refer to the record. Almost all of Hitler's victims were weakened in the first place by political means. Just to take one example, the Yugoslav government virtually belonged to Hitler. When he decided to march into Yugoslavia, that government was prepared to let him come. The people of Yugoslavia, who had not realized the iniquity of their own government, were not so prepared. They put up a last-minute and tragic struggle. But it was too late.

We have documentary and firsthand evidence that Hitler has already tried the trick in several South American states. These sister republics have risen up and cast out the Nazi traitors who sought power within their borders. But since Hitler has already tried this trick in the Western Hemisphere, we can be sure that he will try it again. "Peace" would give him the perfect opportunity.

Hitler would also use his economic weapons. South America is dependent on Europe for her export markets. Hitler, using totalitarian methods of trade, would absorb most of South America's exports and in return dump the products of his factories in those countries. The United States would be frozen out. We should find ourselves in a world dominated by a slave system of production, our free workers in competition with captive workers living on starvation wages. We should not be able to dispose of our surpluses anywhere except on Hitler's terms. As a result we should be driven back within ourselves in an effort to become "self-sufficient."

But self-sufficiency in the world today is the highroad to totalitarianism. It cannot be achieved except through absolute state control. And state control means the loss of freedom.

WE AMERICANS will grasp peace firmly when a real opportunity arises. But we must learn to recognize the elements of a real opportunity, so that we shall not be fooled like all the other democracies. A real opportunity for peace will be presented when Hitler falls, when the power of the Nazi machine is broken, when Germany is forced to give up her dream of world domination. A peace which permits Hitler or his machine to remain in power would be false. It would merely give the Nazis a breathing spell in

which to consolidate their gains, subjugate their victims, and organize the entire Continent for war. The result of a negotiated peace with Hitler would be a Super-Hitler.

There are those who admit that Hitler has broken his word time after time, but who urge that *this* time he could be trusted. That is not a responsible attitude. Hitler's promise or signed agreement has never meant anything — and it never will. For Hitler's whole system is based upon force. His plans are therefore never prepared on the basis of his promises, but simply on the basis of what he thinks he can do. Thus he made a treaty of friendship with Russia and a few months later launched against her the most violent and bloody attack in military annals. He was governed not by his promise but by his estimate of his own power.

Whatever *terms* might be written into a peace treaty with Hitler, the real, secret terms would always be Hitler's military strength and his power to strike. Hence a "peace" treaty with him would mean a continuation of our armament program, indefinitely and on a gigantic scale. But an armament race would work out all to Hitler's advantage. A totalitarian slave system thrives on armament manufacture, which is paid for by the state. But armaments are a terrible burden to a democracy. They result in dangerous dislocations of industry and la-

bor, dangerous debts, and dangerous government powers.

SOME GO so far as to suggest that if Germany could make peace, retaining her victories and her pride in them, the German people would go through a great transformation. They would change their attitude. To use Miss Utley's rather extraordinary phraseology, they would "revert to the civilized values." To me, this seems a precarious argument. Being myself of German stock, I can appreciate the possibilities latent in the German people for the development of those "civilized values" which the writer possibly has in mind. But surely our quarrel in America is not against the German people. Our quarrel is against the Nazi gangsters, whom the German people evidently cannot control.

And that is the whole point. If we could negotiate with the German people, a peace might soon be possible. But we cannot negotiate with those people until we have crushed the gangsters: which means that we cannot negotiate a peace at all *until Hitler is defeated*.

At this writing it is impossible for any man conscientiously to predict exactly how the Nazis will be defeated. Just as Hitler achieved his conquests in many devious ways, not all of them military, so he may be undone in many ways. At any rate we know that the job of subjugating vast numbers of Euro-

peans, many of whom have possessed the institutions of freedom, is a far more difficult job than that of "conquering" them in the first place. Even through the censorship we get reports of serious unrest. No one knows in how many secret places revolt is being bred, or how many millions are preparing to risk their lives to throw off this monstrous power that has imprisoned them.

The question of how victory is to be achieved can best be approached by taking stock of what has happened so far. For so far, surely, we have been on the right track. We know this because our side has gained. The cause of democracy is much stronger today than it was a year ago. A great percentage of the Italian navy has been sunk, and the rest forced into hiding. The Italian people regret their alliance with Hitler. Not only has Germany failed to achieve air supremacy over England, but England has recently enjoyed air supremacy over western Europe, and has had a chance besides to build up her air force. In Russia the German armies have suffered frightful losses in men and equipment. On the Atlantic ocean fewer ships are being sunk. The United States has undertaken to protect lend-lease deliveries. And our war industries are entering a new phase of production in significant volume.

It is important to note that we could not have predicted our *pres-*

ent successful policy two years ago — or even a year ago. Just so, it is impossible to predict today the policies and steps that will lead to victory in the future. Modern warfare requires infinite ingenuity and adaptability. All we know is that we have found a formula which, for the present, works. If we have to change that formula to meet new and more difficult circumstances we will do so.

Our great and overwhelming advantage lies in our productive power. In several basic materials, such as steel, the capacity of the United States exceeds that of all Europe *and* England. When we combine our resources and manufacturing capacities with those of Britain, as we are now doing, the result is potentially formidable. In the matter of ships, for instance, England and the United States can outproduce Europe by an enormous margin. And one important fact is often overlooked. Europe can hardly feed herself (Germany is feeding herself by starving her neighbors), whereas the agricultural regions of the United States and Canada provide an abundance of food for both Britain and ourselves.

ALL "appeasement" arguments really go back to one of two fundamental propositions: First, that the United States can exist as an island of democracy in a totalitarian world. To believe this one must believe that our democracy can survive

while the United States over long periods of years expends huge sums annually on armaments; and either competes in the world markets with the cheap products of enslaved labor, or exists economically wholly within herself. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of economics knows democracy can't last under such conditions. The second appeasement argument is that the United States, set up on a totalitarian basis, can beat Europe set up on a totalitarian basis. I concede that this may be true. Still I would not sue for peace. We do not want the United States set up on a totalitarian basis. That would mean giving up freedom. And nothing is worth while without freedom.

What we are fighting for is not the defeat of Hitler, as such. Our primary goal is to preserve for ourselves and our children the rights, the enjoyment — yes, and the obligations — of individual democratic citizenship. This is the issue. That is what is threatened by Nazism. We may temporarily be

required to surrender to our government greater powers than a government ought to have in peace time. But if we can win a victory we shall not have surrendered those powers; we shall only have delegated them for the purpose of mobilizing ourselves into an irresistible force for freedom and the good life. It is only if totalitarianism triumphs that we have surrendered them.

Miss Utley and others of her way of thinking feel that we have before us only a choice between evils and that therefore we should choose the lesser evil — a negotiated peace. I do not see it so. We have a choice between evil and the opportunity to make freedom survive, and expand, and grow strong. To Americans the choice surely is clear.

During the last year, in spite of mistakes and hesitations, we have made progress. Hitler is not calling the signals just now. The United States of America is calling them. We have the ball in our possession. Let's get along down the field. Let's keep the ball.



Americana

¶ THE REV. E. L. Crump, Nashville, Tenn., does a roaring marriage business by recording the ceremonies and giving free discs to the newlyweds.

— *Time*

¶ A DURANGO, Colo., moviemanager packed his theater by giving each male patron a free kiss from his favorite usherette.

— Dale Harrison in *Newsweek*

¶ AN OHIO church committee slips a dollar bill into one hymnal each Sunday to stimulate attendance.

— *Broom and Broom Corn News*

Speed While You Read

Condensed from The American Magazine

Robert M. Bear, Ph.D.

Director of the Reading Clinic at Dartmouth College

At the end of this article you ought to be reading twice as fast as at the start!

WHEN HE ENTERED Dartmouth last fall, Nelson, handsome and lanky, was a sluggardly reader. About 175 words a minute was his top speed. He was skeptical of our rapid reading course. "I've always read mighty slow," he drawled, "and it's too late to change now. Besides, if I started tearing through my reading, I might flunk out of college."

I persuaded him to try the course anyhow. A month or so later a speed and comprehension test showed he was now reading 390 words a minute, and grasping more of the meaning than ever before. "Golly!" Nelson murmured in self-admiration. "Imagine me being as smart as that!"

Exceptional? Not at all. In the ten years that we have been helping Dartmouth students improve their reading, I have seen our reading classes start off year after year at an average of 230 words a minute and in a few weeks read 500 words a minute.

Reading today is the most cruelly neglected of all the arts. We must digest a prodigious quantity of printed meals if we are to keep in-

formed. The pressure of jobs and household duties never seems to allow us enough time for reading. The obvious solution is to save the time. Most of us waste from one third to one half the time we spend reading.

If you are convinced that you already read as fast as you can or should, try this test: Select two columns in this magazine that you haven't read before. Timing yourself carefully, read one column aloud and the other to yourself. Unless you finished the silent column twice as fast as the spoken one, you can speed your reading tremendously. And you can probably train yourself to read three or four times as fast to yourself as you can aloud.

The average adult reads around 250 words a minute. After a brief period of simple exercises he should read between 400 and 600 words a minute.

The fundamental rule for increasing speed is this: *For five minutes every day for a month, force yourself to read a little faster than is comfortable.* Don't worry if you miss the exact meaning of a phrase, sentence, or even a paragraph. Plow ahead, grasp the main theme, and let the niceties of expression go hang

Keep a record of how many words you cover in each five-minute session. On the first day your impression of what you read will be hazy. After five or ten days you will digest more of the meaning, and by the end of the month you will be comprehending more than when you started — even though reading at about twice your previous clip.

Faster-than-comfortable reading should be just part of the exercises. Most common of the mechanical flaws that slow down our reading is word-for-word technique. As children we were taught to recognize and pronounce one word at a time. Many of us have never advanced beyond that stage. There are several tests for word-for-word readers:

1. Read silently for five minutes. Count the words and divide by five. Unless the result is at least 175 you are almost certainly a word-for-word reader.

2. Ask a friend to watch your lips while you read to yourself. The word-for-worder often keeps his lips in motion.

3. Read silently with your finger tips on your vocal cords. If you feel them trembling you are vocalizing — pronouncing the words in your throat.

To correct this habit, make an effort to keep your lips tight and your vocal cords relaxed. Also the practice of reading faster than is comfortable tends to cut down vocalizing. You haven't time.

When you listen to music, you hear not a succession of individual notes but sweeping harmonies. Similarly the expert reader drinks in an author's meaning, often overlooking unimportant words.

Study the advertisements, with their short, crisp headlines and terse paragraphs. Glance at an ad for five seconds. Then see how much you can tell about the product. Or cut in a card a hole about the size of a line of type in this magazine. Push the card down the page, and see how much of the sense you can absorb at each glance.

Here's a test paragraph that will give you a good idea of whether you are paying too close attention to words. Read it rapidly:

"When Henry stepped into that row of sweet peas, he found himself in a row with his friend, Charles. After a minute but rapid scrutiny of each other, the two boys started to speak at the same minute. Charles shouted that every time he began to sow his garden, the sow that belonged to Henry would dig up the seeds. Henry replied that he would refuse to tie up the animal until Charles cleared up the refuse in his yard. Then they both lost their tempers. 'I'll take a punch at you,' Charles cried. There were tears in Henry's eyes, but he sailed into the fight, and pretty soon there were tears in his clothes."

Were you momentarily confused when you encountered the words

that have two different meanings and pronunciations? If so, you were concentrating on words. But if you were concentrating on phrases and ideas, you sailed smoothly ahead.

An answer to many reading difficulties is to increase the span of vision. Your eyes are moving over these lines in short jerks. Between jerks your eyes stop for a fraction of a second, called a "fixation." During these fixations you see and read; the fewer fixations, the greater your speed and the more likely you are to drink in meaning from whole phrases.

One stunt that my students have found effective is to practice glancing down the center of a column, a single glance to a line. At first you will probably have little idea of what you are reading. But after a few days of practice your span should widen until you take in enough of each line to know what it's all about.

Another trick is to avoid "hitting" with your eyes the last word of one line or the first word of the succeeding line. Your eyes can see both to the left and right of the spot directly before you. If you look straight at the first or last word of a line, you waste almost half of that fixation by covering empty margins.

If your eyes now and then jump backward a word or two, to pick up the sense, break the habit of such regressions. Keep on at least until you finish the sentence.

Everybody should develop different paces for different reading jobs. First, there's skimming—handy when you want a bird's-eye view of the day's news, or are sizing up an article or book. Practice skimming over your newspaper. Have a friend tell you the content of one paragraph, and see how fast you can locate it. Try to take in the sense of a whole paragraph at a glance. Thomas Carlyle and Theodore Roosevelt are credited with the obviously impossible ability to read an entire page with one glance. What they were really doing was a masterful job of skimming, selecting key phrases and ideas. Everybody should develop a skimming pace of 800 to 1000 words a minute.

Second, your normal reading pace. This shouldn't be less than 350 words a minute, probably 500. If your mind skips ahead you aren't reading fast enough. Reading should keep pace with thinking.

Third, your study pace. This is for analysis, criticism and enjoyment of style, and on occasions may be as slow as five or six words a minute. If you are reading a dispatch from Berlin, you may want to scrutinize each word, weigh its implications, try to figure out what shade of meaning the correspondent was trying to slip past the censor. You may also want to go slowly to grasp every subtlety in a poem by Walt Whitman, a play by George Bernard Shaw, or a technical treatise.

Recently the father of one of my students sent me a letter. "When my son arrived home," he wrote, "he gave the whole family a reading test and set out to teach us all he had learned about reading at college. In the last month my own capacity has risen from 290 to 550 words a minute, and I am reading almost twice as many good maga-

zines and books as before. Thanks for giving an old duffer like me the feeling that he is still in the process of education."

As announced in the October issue, The Reader's Digest now offers a Reading Improvement Guide for high school and college students. This Guide is sent free each month to more than 500,000 students using the magazine in classes.



Viewpoints

❧ KISSING a girl nowadays leaves its mark on a man. She also leaves marks on cigarettes and glasses, towels and spoons. Wherever she goes she leaves a trail of used mouths. It takes the fine cutting edge off a man's romantic mood to come out of an embrace tasting rose-scented goose grease and looking like a circus clown. I don't mind goo on girls. I mind it on me. Yet they use a strange substance which they can't keep on and a man can't get off. It is the real Red Menace.

— Bob Hope in *You*

❧ "IF EVER you get married," I was once advised by a man of breezy common sense, "arrange it so that the honeymoon shall last only a week, and let it be a bustling week. Don't give her time to criticize you until she has got used to you. Give her plenty of luggage to look after; make her catch trains.

"The honeymoon is the matrimonial microscope. Wobble it; confuse it with many objects. Cloud it with other interests. Don't sit still to be examined. Besides, remember that a man always appears at his best when active, and a woman at her worst. Bustle her, my dear boy, bustle her: I don't care who she may be."

— Jerome K. Jerome, *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* (Dodd, Mead)

❧ A SPECTACLE that depresses the male and makes him shudder is that of a woman looking another woman up and down to see what she is wearing. The cold, flat look that comes into a woman's eyes when she does this, the swift coarsening of her countenance and the immediate evaporation from it of all humane quality is one reason why men fear women.

— James Thurber, *Let Your Mind Mellow* (Harper)

well as ever. But for some reason Bobby limped and refused to touch it to the ground. He was due to enter his first dog show 48 hours later. Lane, he would be disqualified.

Quick measures were needed, so I wound a bandage tightly around his uninjured right front leg. For a time he tried to hop kangaroo-wise. Then, to save the bandaged leg, he put the other to the ground and discovered he could use it.

At the show he strode into the ring, walking four-square — and won two ribbons and a cup.

A Dog's Life

AN ENGLISHMAN once went out shooting with a pointer he had borrowed from a friend who was a crack shot. He himself was a very poor shot, and missed again and again, the pointer each time looking at him in bewilderment.

Finally the dog set a pheasant, right out in an open field, and glanced back at the approaching man as much as to say, "Now, here's a perfectly good shot. For pity's sake, see if you can do anything this time." The pheasant rose and flew off; the man missed twice. Whereupon the pointer sat down on his haunches, raised his nose to high heaven, and howled long and dolorously. Then, with never another look at the amateur huntsman, he turned and trotted home. — Samuel A. Derieux, *Animal Personalities* (Doubleday, Doran)

His scenting power was as keen and sure as a bloodhound's. Never confused, he picked up my trail again and again through much-traveled streets and roads. Only once did Bobby fail to overtake me: on that day he could not get out of the house until my evening hike was almost ended. But then he hit the trail and held it. He arrived home two minutes behind me, carrying between his strong jaws a leather cigar case that had fallen from my pocket on the road.

Then came my folly in teaching him to bring back our newspapers early in the morning from the gateway, a furlong from the house. So proud was he of doing this and of my praise that the next morning I found 23 papers at the door. In the wake of the newsman Bobby had collected a paper from every porch and gate within half a mile. I had a sweet hour's chore sorting and smoothing them, and restoring them to irate neighbors.

His mistress once praised him for bringing home a pretty lace handkerchief he had found on the highway. Until I forbade any further gifts, he bore to her every roadside offering he could find: a car crank, an umbrella with a Chinese sword handle, a devastatingly dead chicken, and an equally flattened skunk.

Bobby had a mania for protecting me. The first time he saw me dive off a springboard, he plunged into the lake and towed me ashore. I submitted to the painful towing,

lest he think such lifesaving was listed among the Forbidden Things, but always afterward I shut him up when I went swimming.

There was something almost psychic, too, about the big auburn dog. When I was eating in the dining room he always lay in his corner, his eyes on me. But when I chanced to be drinking there he would get up quietly after my second or third drink and leave the room, to the merriment of guests who had seen him do it before. I was not in the least drunk, but he seemed to note and resent a subtle change in me that no human could have seen. If I called him, he came back instantly and stood at my side, head and tail adroop as if in shame, awaiting my orders. But as soon as my attention was turned he would go out again; nor come in except at my command, and then only for a moment.

When Bobby was nearly eight

years old, he went insane. Our veterinary told me it was meningitis. A second vet declared Bobby had rabies and must be shot. I did not shoot him. For two days and nights I stayed in my study with him, alone. At his wildest he was lovingly obedient to me, as always. How he would have behaved toward others, I don't know. Those 48 hours were horrible, yet I would not give up that last bare chance of saving my chum's life if nursing and medicine could do it.

Nursing and medicine could not do it. Bobby came out of a last spasm, straightened up and walked over shakily to me, and touched my hand. Then he lay down beside me and pillowed his great head upon my hiking boots as he had so often done.

And so he died. Mixture of comedian and canine genius, he is hard to forget, even at this long late day.



Raking the Leaves

ALREADY there is a smell of burning leaves
from quiet streets around the village square,
where in the dusk the first bonfires are blowing
the fragrance of their blue smoke down the air.

Across the dark world men go out to slaughter,
into the wind tall boys fly off to die.
Will there be always fires down quiet roadsides
and the reek of autumn leaves along the sky?

— Frances Frost in *The New Yorker*

¶ *America must face this painful fact: Our defense effort has bogged down. Here are the reasons for this tragic fiasco and the steps that must be taken at once to secure our national safety.*

The Failure of Our National Defense Program

By

United States Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia

JUDGED by any standard — our National Defense Program is a failure.

We are not producing sufficient war matériel to arm ourselves adequately. We are not supplying Great Britain with the armaments she needs. Worst of all, the American people are not being told the whole truth about our failure.

From the very beginning of the present emergency I have believed that the best way for America to avoid war was to be ready for it, and to furnish in time the weapons Great Britain so desperately needed. I have supported, so far, every single foreign policy of the President, in the conviction that those policies *if vigorously administered*, would

save us from the disaster of another foreign war.

My disagreement now is not in the essential soundness of the policies themselves, but in their weak and ineffective administration.

Never before have the people of America faced the perils they face today. What our government does now — or fails to do — involves directly the personal security of every man, woman and child in the nation.

Only an informed and aroused democracy, ready for great sacrifices, understanding its predicament, can win through to victory.

It has been a race against time. Our task has been to mobilize America's nearly unlimited indus-

trial production — to give Britain and other nonaggressors the implements of war *when they need them most*. So far, in this battle of time, Hitler is ahead.

Let us not deceive ourselves. America and the British Empire have fallen behind in the race. The sacrifices we must now make, if we are to retrieve the lost ground, will be infinitely greater than if vigorous and effective efforts had been made in the beginning. Our failure has inevitably prolonged the war. If it is to be corrected, before it is too late, we must all know the bitter truth about our past mistakes.

SENATOR Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia has consistently fought to dispel the fog of generalities surrounding our defense effort and get at the facts and figures. Many of them have not been easy to obtain, but his persistence has been rewarded. His figures on production and military strength are, of course, as of the date this article was written. They deal with actual completed production, not with matériel on order.

Senator Byrd's whole career has reflected his practical ability. He started work at 15 on a country paper, soon began leasing and then buying apple orchards, and became one of the largest orchardists in the country. He served in the Virginia Senate for 10 years, and was Governor from 1926 to 1930. As Governor, he cut down the welter of bureaus and commissions from 100 to 14, simplified the tax laws, established centralized purchasing, shortened the ballot. During his eight years in the U. S. Senate he has become an expert on government finance and reorganization. He is chairman of the powerful Rules Committee, and a member of the Finance, Civil Service and Naval Affairs Committees.

Ten Billions Spent—For What?

FROM THE START, our defense production program has been pitifully inadequate. The chief British requirements have been, in the order named, heavy bombers, merchant ships, tanks and anti-aircraft guns. We have spent, so far, 10 billion dollars. And this is what we have produced in this vital equipment: about \$75,000,000 worth of completed heavy bombers; about \$250,000,000 worth of completed merchant ships; about \$90,000,000 worth of completed tanks; and virtually no completed effective anti-aircraft guns.

This is our total production for *both* the United States and Great Britain. Of this, only a few scanty products have actually reached the British. That is the tragic story: 10 billion dollars unbegrudgingly spent by the American people — and less than \$425,000,000 worth of these vital weapons yet completed.

The second objective of the program has been to equip this nation for home defense. These same production figures show how woefully we have fallen short of that goal. But the specific totals for each of these weapons, which I feel should be made public for the nation's own good, are even more alarming. Here they are:

Flying Fortresses. As of September 1, 1940, our fighting forces had only 56 four-engined, modern heavy bombers suitable for first-line com-

bat. In the year that has elapsed since then we have produced less than 200 others, although the President announced 500 a month as the goal.

Our total annual production of combat planes of all types is less than the number reported destroyed in the Russian-German war in a single month.

Merchant Marine. Since Hitler invaded Poland in 1939, only 95 new government merchant ships and tankers have actually been commissioned. They total 733,177 gross tons. In two whole years our government has produced no more ocean tonnage than the British have admitted losing in two months.

Tanks. On hand September 1, 1940, one year after the war started, were 275 first-line light tanks, 18 medium tanks, and no heavy tanks at all.

In the second year of the war only about 1500 light (12-ton) tanks of new design were produced.

The output of medium tanks (much more effective than light) was about 250.

We are still without a single heavy tank of the type most effectively used by Germany — though we do have one hand-made model.

Our Army's five armored divisions require, for training and combat, 590 medium tanks and 1365 light tanks. We now have in use in these divisions 91 mediums and 602 lights, including some that are obsolete. Thus, after two years, the

Defense Program has brought our completed tank strength up to a little over 2000. The Russians and Germans say they have destroyed over twice that many in a matter of weeks.

Anti-aircraft Guns. A year after the war began we had only 431 three-inch anti-aircraft guns (a type which since has been discarded as ineffective). Of the 90-mm. guns — the only ones effective against high-flying planes — one was produced up to May of this year, eight came through in May, and 12 in June. *It would take 300 to protect New York City alone.*

To sum up this alarming inadequacy of the Defense Program, I can do no better than to quote the words of one of its chief architects. An Associated Press dispatch from London dated September 12, 1941, quotes John D. Biggers, former Production Manager of OPM, now Lend-Lease Expediter, as prophesying that "the combined efforts of the United States and Great Britain should outdo the Axis production by the middle of 1943."

But will that be in time — four years after the invasion of Poland?

This much you can be sure of: The events of war may rescue Great Britain from her peril, but under present conditions our aid in matériel alone will not. The events of war may make this nation secure in its freedoms, but our Defense Program alone, as it is now being directed, cannot in the next two years.

Production Double Talk

How CAN this be — here in our rich, powerful, unafraid America? The causes of the present tragic situation, as they appear to this daily observer of the government's defense effort, are as follows:

From the beginning the Administration has been less than frank with the American people about the great sacrifices necessary at home. Mr. Roosevelt has sold his foreign policy to the nation on the installment plan, one step short of war at a time. The lack in armament production was glossed over and business as usual — or even better than usual — was promised throughout the defense effort. Thus the situation was made to appear vastly better than it actually was, at the very time when the facts required that Americans, too, should have had their warning of "blood, sweat and tears."

Not at any time to date have the American people been told the whole truth of our production progress. High officials from the President down have described production in percentages of some previous period, a meaningless and misleading comparison. By inspired newspaper, radio, and motion-picture propaganda, the production of the program has been magnified. Consequently our people are not, even today, aware of the extent of the great sacrifices necessary. They have been lulled into a false sense of security

— the very illusion which was so disastrous to France.

When the President called vigorously for national effort to "produce more and more ships, more guns, more planes," he failed to emphasize the need for sacrifice. At Chickamauga a year ago, he even went so far in the other direction as to say: "We need not swap the gain of better living for the gain of better defense. I propose to retain the one and gain the other." As late as last August 21, Mr. Roosevelt said in a press conference, in reply to my summary of production, that the defense effort never had been completely satisfactory but on the average was up to estimates.

Until the President sees fit to tell the American people the bitter facts, they will not feel they have a part in this emergency.

Once informed of their very grave responsibilities, they will assume them with determination.

Confusion Compounded

A SECOND principal cause of the defense breakdown was our failure to establish, when the war in Europe began, a Master Strategy Board to lay out in orderly sections present military problems, future military contingencies, and priorities of military endeavor. On these concepts alone can industrial priorities intelligently be based.

In the industrial field also the government refused to adapt lessons learned by the War Industries Board

in 1917-18. It declined to establish one-man authority in essential defense activities, and to head all of these up to one man under the President.

From the first there has been almost unbelievable confusion, conflicting authority, and overlapping activities among the various defense boards and agencies that were created, with no reference to a basic plan, from day to day. On at least one occasion Messrs. Knudsen and Henderson, by executive order, were assigned authority in direct conflict.

Putting First Things Last

IN THE MATTER of priorities, the curb on peacetime production, so vital in time of war, was kept on the shelf until very recently. Yet the Administration and its defense officials were made thoroughly aware of the necessity for stringent priorities more than a year ago. On July 23, 1940, Bernard M. Baruch, former head of the War Industries Board, wrote Donald Nelson, now Federal Director of Priorities, as follows:

"Where the government through its action, either for itself or indirectly for England, creates a scarcity, you must start priority rulings and price fixing. Priority, or co-ordination, is the most important function in war."

This vital counsel gathered dust for many months.

The neglect until this September 1941, two years after Hitler invaded Poland, to make a complete survey

of supply, production, and use of defense materials was a grievous blunder. The attempt to superimpose the defense effort on a peacetime business-as-usual foundation, and build up our defenses and enjoy a boom at the same time, was another. The lack of a firm labor policy has resulted in continued strikes in essential war industries and the loss of priceless man hours in production.

Finally, the effort of some New Dealers within the Defense Program to socialize America at any cost and the determination of the Administration to maintain intact so-called social gains regardless of the damage to our national security enterprise have promoted distrust and hence disunity.

The Toll of Our Blunders

SO MUCH for the causes of our defense breakdown. Now let me list four of the worst effects that flow from them.

1. The Army's present lack of equipment is notorious. *Two years after the war began, after spending 10 billion dollars in actual cash, we do not have one full division trained and equipped to fight.* It is probable that by late 1942 we shall still not have produced more than half of present requirements of tanks and kindred vehicles, and not half of our field artillery requirements. Anti-aircraft production of effective types will still be in embryo at the end of 1941.

We produced only 12 four-engined heavy bombers in June, 14 in July.* In June only 129 medium bombers were produced, and 95 in July. Current production of light bombers, which are not suitable for long-distance raiding, is around 250 per month.

This situation can be traced to failure to place orders earlier, since this type of plane formerly required from 9 to 14 months to build. In August 1940 — 100 days after the President's speech calling for an annual production of 50,000 military planes — I called attention to the fact that only 343 combat planes had been *ordered* by the Army and Navy combined, of which only 56 were heavy bombers. I urged then that the entire Defense Program was lagging dangerously and should be reorganized. The President said in his press conference the next day that my figures were right but my implications were dead wrong — that all was proceeding according to schedule and to his satisfaction.

Luxuries Instead of Guns

2. For the past year the government has permitted the production of 20 percent more automobiles than were made in any other year

*In government publication of airplane-construction figures, training and combat planes are combined, to the confusion of the public. Only 500 man days are required for the construction of the average training plane, 9000 man days for the average combat plane. So far, more than half the military planes produced have been training planes.

save 1929, and an increased production of other strictly civilian articles. It has allowed the manufacture of a torrent of washing machines, vacuum cleaners, air-conditioning units, electrical refrigerators and radios, instead of insisting that the materials go into airplanes.

Production experts estimate that the failure to curtail automobile production consumed in 1940 and part of 1941 approximately the following supplies: tungsten, 200,000 pounds; aluminum, 40,000,000 pounds; nickel 16,000,000 pounds; zinc, 203,000,000 pounds; chromium, 23,000,000 pounds; copper, 244,000,000 pounds; tin, 18,000,000 pounds; rubber, 578,000,000 pounds; steel, 8,000,000 tons.

Yet in this same period the importation from the Far East of more than 150,000 tons of tapioca was permitted. This shipping space was desperately needed for tungsten and other metals that come from the same parts of the world.

Congress granted authority for the acquisition of stock-piles of vital raw materials in June 1940. As I write, we have in these stock-piles about a six months' supply of rubber, little more of tin. The copper, aluminum and nickel stock-piles are nonexistent.

We Have Failed England and Ourselves

3. EXTREMELY serious has been the failure to give vital equipment to Great Britain. Hitler's preoc-

cupation with Russia would have given England a chance to stage all-out devastating air attacks on Germany — if we had provided enough heavy bombers. But Britain was obliged to forego the golden opportunity because we produced only 26 heavy four-engine bombers in June and July.

In the same period we sent to the British Empire only 500 light 12-ton tanks, no heavy or medium tanks, and not a single anti-aircraft gun.

We do have a fine one-ocean navy and are rapidly and efficiently building for a two-ocean navy ahead of schedule, although this program will not be fully completed for four to five years. The President must be given full credit for that accomplishment; it is largely his, together with that of our highly efficient naval organization. The same diligence must be applied to our whole military program.

4. "Morale," said Napolcon, "is as two-to-one in relation to matériel." Every training camp for the 1,545,000 officers and men now in the Army is woefully lacking in equipment for training purposes. Is it any wonder that the boys in the camps — now being trained with wooden guns and trucks camouflaged as tanks — feel that the sacrifice they are making is not being utilized to the best advantage? Is it any wonder that trainees are writing back home, as in a letter I have seen: "We've finally acquired one 37-mm. gun for our battery, and

we're supposed to have eight. No ammunition. Until you give the men the equipment with which to work, they might just as well be back at their civilian jobs."

Of the 18 National Guard divisions, none is fully equipped in accordance with standard regulations, and only six are fairly well equipped. Each National Guard division is supposed to have 48 105-mm. guns.* At the time this article is written, not one has a single 105. On September 1 the entire regular Army had only 53 in use.

The Sabotage of Strikes

But lack of equipment in training camps is not the only cause of the poor morale. Another undeniable reason for it is the wave of strikes in defense industries. Since January of this year, 6,000,000 man days have been lost in army and navy defense production by strikes. The Administration has repeatedly refused to deal firmly with this obstacle to preparedness. The men in the camps have left their normal lives and get only \$21 per month; those in industries supplying military goods are benefiting by the soldiers' sacrifices.

Because of the strike epidemic, a

* After the beginning of the war, all the light field artillery regiments of the Army were reorganized around the 105-mm. howitzer. It was realized that the present 75-mm. gun is inadequate against the field howitzer of the German army. Yet the first 105-mm. gun was not produced until last May.

National Defense Mediation Board was appointed, without power even to investigate any strike unless the Secretary of Labor declared her incapacity to handle the situation. This board, organized for work at the very height of the strike wave, met and adjourned for two weeks.

Why? Because the Secretary of Labor took no action, and the board, when it first met, had nothing to do. The incapacity of Miss Perkins to perform the responsible duties of her position has been manifested so frequently as to demand her immediate dismissal.

During the first eight months of 1941 more man days were lost because of strikes than in any similar period in our history. A short-sighted minority of selfish labor leaders has been allowed to delay disastrously our preparedness program.

At the time of writing this article, 13 strikes exist in plants working on defense contracts. It is estimated that strikes this year already have cost us the equivalent of one full month's production of steel.

The coal strike virtually depleted all the supplies of soft coal in America, losing a production of 30,000,000 tons. This strike was not turned over to the Mediation Board by Miss Perkins until it had been in existence for nearly four weeks.

This, then, is the story of our defense program failure to date. I have set it down after painstaking inquiry from responsible sources.

Many of my general conclusions are shared by other observers, among them some whose personal devotion to the President is well known.

I would like to quote a recent statement made by our former Ambassador to France, Mr. William C. Bullitt:

"We might have avoided getting into the position in which we now find ourselves if, at the outbreak of the present war, we had begun to produce airplanes and merchant ships with all possible speed. We did not produce with any speed at all.

"Until January of this year it was our policy to superimpose production for defense comfortably on the normal business of the country — in spite of the fact that we were aware that the same policy had led France to defeat and Great Britain to the brink of disaster. We took half measures. We talked big, but we did not deliver the goods. We preferred business-as-usual to production at war speed."

The Task Can Still Be Done

WHAT, then, should be done to remedy this dangerous situation? No remedy can operate without the full consent of a doctor to prescribe it and of a patient to try it. In this operation we have both doctor and patient: the government and the American public. The former has so far rejected change of treatment; the latter has not been told enough about his case to know that a new

prescription is needed. This patient, the people, will respond quickly if the doctor will take other counsel, which has been proved to be both responsible and wise, and change the treatment at once. The doctor need not be concerned over pride of opinion, past errors, or politics. Present and future generations will judge him only by results. Contemporaries may taunt him as he changes methods, but their voices will be lost and forgotten if the patient gets well.

I appeal to the President to apply this parable and to proceed at once to the following six basic steps. I appeal to him because it is in his power alone to effect a cure.

How We Can Do It

1. ALL STRIKES in defense industries must be stopped.

2. Our administrative defense machinery must be completely reorganized with the ablest businessman in America at its head. This defense director must have the fullest authority from the President, and must devote his whole time to his task. He would be responsible for coordinating the efforts of all agencies to meet, with a maximum of effectiveness, the munitions and equipment requirements of the forces of nonaggression at home and abroad.

3. So-called social gains, if they interfere with the Defense Program, must be suspended

for the period of the emergency.

4. Every other American activity must yield immediate priority to military production.

5. The outstanding men in the country, without regard to past political or personal differences, must be put in charge of the various defense sections, and the incompetents dismissed.

6. Above all, the American people must be told the truth, fully and progressively, so that by united action and universal sacrifice the great task we have set our hands to may be achieved.

IT IS NOT pleasant to argue such a case as this. But the exigency requires it. My purpose has been, from the beginning, solely to help assure that we be prepared to defend America and that our aid to Great Britain and other victims of aggression should rise to the limit of our capacity. To achieve this — I repeat it again because it cannot be repeated too often — the American people must be given the facts. They should be told that this nation is at present in no condition to fight a war abroad — which inevitably means sending an expeditionary force — and will not be for many months to come. If we are led into such a war, a national calamity could be the result.

We have before us the tragic example of the many conquered peoples who were once free and who are now slaves because they did not recognize

their danger; because they were unwilling to change their accustomed mode of living; because they would not give up their luxuries; because they preferred the soft and easy life to that of sacrifice and self-denial.

Here in America, the greatest of all

democracies, we must demonstrate that a democracy can be efficient and effective; that a democracy can be strong and hard; that a democracy can act, wisely and expeditiously; that a democracy can preserve itself.



Newsbreaks and Wisetracks

Excerpts from
The New Yorker

MRS. IRENE MANNING went to Bellingham last week to complete the purchase of material for her new home. She returned with a Chevrolet sedan.

— Friday Harbor (Wash.) Journal

And a sheepish grin?

AFTER a reward had been posted a colored man came forward to say he had seen a white youth carrying a naked woman down the alley Sunday evening. He had thought nothing of it at the time.

— The News

Man of the world, evidently.

SHE SAW her favorite dog sacrificed in a blizzard; her closest girl friends were frozen to death close to their camp. It was a hard life, but happy.

— Lewis Gannett in N. Y. Herald Tribune

Almost gay.

HER ONLY souvenirs today are earrings and a pendant necklace fashioned of gold nuggets and a sourdough husband.

— Seattle Post-Intelligencer

Not bad as trinkets go.

TO REMOVE a fresh grease spot on a rug, cover the spot with blotting paper, then press with a hot flatiron. Cover the spot with magnesia, let it remain for 24 years, then brush off.

— San Bernardino Daily Sun

But remember, you're going to miss it terribly.

AFTER viewing the headless, armless and legless torso, Coroner Marvin Rogers and Coast Guard Captain Willie E. Midgett both voiced the opinion that the 65-year-old real estate agent had been slain.

— Philadelphia Inquirer

A sixth sense must have told them.

"WE'VE HAD a jolly time," he continued. "We get letters from home regularly and when we went to New York we saw the Aquarium. We were disappointed to find that the octopus had just died, but it was all right because the next day, what do you think? I met Mrs. Roosevelt."

— Boston Traveler

The celebrated bipped?

A Sabbatical Year for Marriage

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Samuel Hopkins Adams

MY MODEST suggestion is merely a palliative, a preservative. It is the simple, old, and well-tested expedient of a vacation at stated intervals, a sort of sabbatical year or month or fortnight. The marriage agreement should contain, without public scandal, this clause: "In and after the second year of the joint life of the contracting parties, they shall, circumstances permitting, separate for a period of not less than . . . weeks nor more than . . . months, during which time each shall honestly endeavor to reconstitute his or her own individuality."

Timorously, I venture the theory that 90 percent of the trouble with matrimony lies in its being too close a corporation — the closest known to society, modern or ancient. In

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS has been writing nearly 50 years with no diminution of his characteristic vigor and brusque wit. In 1891 he joined the New York *Sun* to become one of Charles A. Dana's prize newspapermen. During the muckraking era his crackling *Collier's* articles on patent medicines led to the Pure Food and Drug Law. Turning to fiction, he produced such popular novels as *The Gorgeous Hussy* and *Perfect Specimen*. Many of his stories have been adapted for screen use, and he wrote directly for the movies that classic, *It Happened One Night*. His biography of President Harding, *Incredible Era*, appeared in 1939.

none other is there any such undertaking as is tacitly read into the compact: "I hereby agree to live with this man (or woman) day in and day out, to share his quarters, his meals, his amusements, his vacations, his goings-out and his comings-in, world without letup, Amen."

This mutual slavery seems to derive from a belief that by the sacrifice of two individualities a joint personality can be achieved. Small wonder that so many marriages fail to survive the deadly compression. I once heard a famous bishop say, "A divorce usually represents a marriage that has been smothered to death."

Fifty or sixty years ago a house usually had two or more floors, a garret, a cellar and a yard. This meant the blessed possibility of privacy, of escape, if you will. To-day married life, particularly in the early and vitally important period of adjustment, is lived on a single floor. A "flat" is a term of sinister suggestiveness. The companion adjectives, "stale and unprofitable," are all too likely to occur in time to the pent-in partners.

No business or professional partnerships are maintained upon such unrelentingly close terms. If two business associates should break-

fast and dine together daily, spend their evenings in common, take their vacations at the same time and place, how long would their association last?

I once knew in Caracas two Englishmen who operated a remote asphalt lake; for months on end they had no associates but themselves. Knowing that such enforced companionship sometimes breeds distaste, particularly in the tropics, I was surprised to find in the partners an attitude of happy camaraderie. It was eventually explained by one of them. Each had built for himself a cottage, at opposite ends of the property. There he slept and ate. Once a day they met in the office to discuss and plan. Twice a week and on special holidays they invited each other to dine. In nearly four years they had never had a quarrel.

Why not give marriage a set vacation once in a while? The ever-startled moralist will scent depravity. The more timid among woman-kind, a rapidly vanishing tribe, may suspect the siren presence of the hetaera, the Other Woman, lurking somewhere in the background. But these are merely vestigial survivals of the ancient and puritanical conviction of sin in the other fellow, on the theory that the logical alternative to monotony is infidelity. There is nothing repugnant to morality in this proposal; and it might well keep life from wearing threadbare.

Twenty years ago a man told me: "I am going to build a retreat for husbands and wives, and call it a sanitarium. They'll flock to it, and it will save homes by the thousands." The purpose was to separate temporarily two people who had rubbed raw upon each other, and give them time to reconstitute their own threatened personalities. A distinguished neurologist, who boasted that he had prevented the breaking up of innumerable households by prescribing just this sort of marital rest cure, added a word of wisdom: "People do not understand that habitude may become the worst of corrosives."

There was never yet a combination of personalities so perfect but that, sooner or later, it needed a change of air to keep it fresh and sweet. In one of the most successful households I know, husband and wife have for 17 years spent at least three weeks out of every year apart. Of them I heard an old lady say with wonder, "Their marriage is like a house through which a spring wind is always blowing."

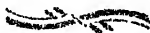
Compare their case with that of Mr. and Mrs. A., young married people who settled in a city and proceeded to live a life "world-forgetting, by the world forgot." For nearly five years, evening after evening, their silhouettes could be seen on the drawn shades of their library, as they sat together, presumably contented. Then sud-

denly, they found themselves drained of novelty, of emotion, of interest. All the glow had been rubbed from life by the long-maintained closeness of that contact. They have never got it back. Their life now is a sterile existence of hopeless boredom.

For the sabbatical vacation no claim is advanced other than that it might give marriage in general a better chance of survival. Granted that it would definitely end a number of unions, we may fairly ask whether these fragile combinations

were worth preserving. In most cases the leave of absence would keep a happy fellowship keen and vivified; it might well, by affording surcease of friction, render a mal-adjusted combination endurable, and hence durable. At worst, if the temporary separation should become permanent, it is better that a marriage end by a clean severance than be slowly stifled to death through years of intolerable contact.

Why not let in a breath of fresh air?



Crime Plays

CRIME seems to us to be getting more whimsical these days. One man was arrested recently for swallowing his policy slips in gelatin capsules while the police charged down on him, another for swallowing a friend's \$100 bill as part of a barroom trick and humorously refusing to disgorge it.

In Harlem, an imaginative citizen was caught selling catnip cigarettes as marijuana, and another visionary was picked up on the East River Drive for stealing pigeons and selling them to the Chinese, for purposes not noted. An unidentified comic sent the members of an East Side firehouse out on a false alarm and stole their badges while they were gone.

Two bandits in Virginia held up a man and escaped on a 10-ton steam roller they found lying around; a commuter, not apprehended as yet, stole a 26-passenger bus in Jersey City and drove it to Newark, where he parked it and skipped; and another Jersey character, wearing only trousers, stole a New York City flushing truck and drove it to Hartford, stopping over in White Plains just long enough to flush the streets. We incline to the theory that things like these are due to a general laxness and lowering of standards owing to our high state of civilization.

The thing that finally sold us was the news that L. C. Barrow, the sole survivor of the notorious Barrow gang that terrorized the Southwest during the last decade, is currently being hunted by Missouri police on a charge of stealing a dozen tins of caviar from a grocery store.

— *The New Yorker*

Japan Risks Destruction

Condensed from The American Mercury

James R. Young

GENERAL EUGEN OTT, Hitler's ambassador at Tokyo, and 3000 Nazi military, cultural, and economic agents are exerting pressure in every possible way to force Japan into a war with the United States.

Books, posters, articles, lectures and radio broadcasts inspired by the German Embassy din anti-American propaganda into Japanese ears. The Nazi emissaries have gathered fanatical young army officers and militaristic youth movement leaders into a united front of hate against the U. S. The notorious clubs of political gangsters, such as the Black Dragon Society, lend the German ambassador enthusiastic support.

German influence in Japan is considerable. The control of key industries is being maneuvered into

Mr. Moto — Smith to you — doesn't want to fight us; he knows it would be disastrous. Yet his war lords, inspired by Hitler, egg him on.

the hands of German bankers. The Ministry of Justice and the police, civil and military, are under the German Embassy's thumb. Nazi agents dominate two newspapers. Most instructors at the military academy are Nazi-trained. And with bribery, intimidations and murder, the Tokyo branch of the Gestapo reaches into almost every corner of Japan's political structure.

The conservatives are fighting desperately to neutralize this enormous Nazi pressure. Among them are the powerful Admirals — well-educated and widely traveled men who know that their navy would have to bear the brunt of a struggle and that it is no match for the U. S. Navy. They know that our battleships, with vastly superior ordnance and fire control, shoot with accuracy and speed which theirs cannot approach. Industrial leaders and realistic Elder Statesmen also see inevitable disaster if the country goes to war. Japan is not prepared to withstand a major air attack, to survive an effective blockade, to

JAMES R. YOUNG has an intimate understanding of the problems facing the Japanese, having lived and worked in Japan for 13 years. He was Tokyo correspondent for International News Service and business manager of the *Japan Advertiser* (American), and also operated his own news service for 15 newspapers in Japan, Manchuria and China. Mr. Young returned to this country last year after having been jailed by the Japanese "thought police" (see "You Are National Guest," *The Reader's Digest*, September, '40).

fight an economic war, or to manufacture the armaments necessary for a long struggle with a great power.

Japan's cities are most vulnerable to aerial bombardment. Tokyo is only 600 miles from the big Russian base at Vladivostok. Its seven millions are crowded into an area the size of Chicago, in houses made of bamboo and paper. Incendiary bombs could start one of the greatest catastrophes in history. The water supply, derived from three exposed reservoirs, is inadequate for any large conflagration, and so is the puny and antiquated fire department. It is not unusual to read in Tokyo newspapers that "2000 houses burned down last night." The city's 12 miles of subways are not deep and provide no effective shelter from bombs.

Any rapid evacuation of Tokyo is impossible. Its four modern railroad terminals could not handle the hurried departure of a tenth of the population. The three main highways are only 40 feet wide and mere holiday traffic chokes them. What fire and panic mean in congested Tokyo was horribly demonstrated during the great earthquake 18 years ago. Planes could cause even greater havoc. The Japanese know all this — and know that we and the Russians know it.

Japan's vital industrial plants are close together, most of them of light and inflammable construction. Power plants are large and

vulnerable, and the transmission network has not been designed — as the British and German have — to route current around a bombed area. In Osaka — a city of 4,000,000, with huge cotton, rayon and chemical works — the power plant supplies 80 square miles of factories. One double-track railroad and the great Biwa Canal handle its transportation. A single well-executed air raid would bring Osaka to a standstill. The same is true of Nagoya with its 70 acres of airplane and automobile factories, and of Kobe with its dockyards. Replacements for navy and air force could be cut to a trickle by air attacks on these cities.

Japan has only 6000 miles of railways. The railroads are particularly vulnerable by reason of their many tunnels and bridges and lack of alternative routes. Military men estimate that planes from two American aircraft carriers could cripple the entire rail system for months. This is the more serious because Japan has neither roads nor trucks to switch to motor transport in any large degree. In fact, this nation of 73,000,000 has fewer motor vehicles than the State of Mississippi.

Experience in Europe has shown that the only really effective protection against the bomber is the fighting plane. Of these Japan has very few. Until recently both army and navy had concentrated on bombing planes for offensive pur-

poses. Now that the high command wants to change over to interceptor craft for defense, Japanese industry cannot produce them, lacking materials, tools and labor. The whole airplane industry, now employing about 10,000 men and women — 3000 less than work in the Glenn Martin plant at Baltimore — is producing only 150 of its quota of 250 units a month.

Most of Japan's 5000 planes are obsolete or obsolescent. Her pilots are poor, their accident rate the highest in the world. German officers who train them say they can be taught to use a slow bomber but lack the individual initiative to fly a high-speed plane in combat. Competent military authorities are convinced that an air offensive operating from Siberian, British, Dutch and Philippine bases would annihilate or ground the Japanese air force within a few weeks. A blockade could be made air- and water-tight. Every Japanese port is within easy range of Russia, and the exits from the China Sea would be under the bombs of American, Dutch and British air patrols.

Technicians have not been able to help in Japan's dilemma. They have devoted themselves to mass production of articles of inferior quality; never to designing precision machinery, which Japan has always imported. The metallurgy of high-grade alloys, for example, is an unknown science to them. Automobile manufacturers — under

pressure of army fanatics who would buy nothing not made in Japan — have tried to make trucks out of inferior steel. As a result, China is littered with Japanese army trucks which became useless after a few months of service.

The navy, less fanatic, has always imported its precision machinery. Range finders and other fire-control apparatus came from Vickers, ball bearings from Sweden until the Swedish SKF works put up a factory in Japan. Now Vickers is no longer delivering and the SKF plant cannot get the fine quality of steel it needs.

Not only does Japan thus lack the physical resources to sustain a war with the United States; it lacks also the necessary morale. During the last three years the tyranny of the government over its own people has reached a brutal stage. Under General Heisuke Yanagawa, a German-trained officer who was made Minister of Justice as a result of Nazi Ambassador Ott's machinations, 1,200,000 civilians were arrested for political offenses in the first six months of 1941. For weeks at a time these prisoners — many of them guilty of no more than buying or selling bootleg rice, bread, or matches — sit six and eight in a cell, fed on watered soup, two spoons of rice, and a slice of raw pickle a day. They are beaten, intimidated, their families humiliated, their businesses ruined.

I know from personal experience

the methods of the police.* I was thrown into a Japanese jail and tried by a Japanese court for writing the truth about the army. I had voiced the resentment of the people for their militaristic fanatics. Two prosecutors were removed from the case because they knew what I had written was the truth, and said so. After that experience I know that Japan is far from the united empire it pretends to be. The war in China has not only failed to bring concrete gain but it has disrupted the life of the average Japanese in ways that he likes least.

Mr. Moto — counterpart of our John Smith — is a conservative, respectable man. For centuries he has prayed to the Sun Goddess, regarded the Emperor as a divinity. He never worried. The Family System looked after him; if he prospered, he helped the unfortunates of his clan; if he failed, the others provided for him.

Now amusements are banned, ration cards restrict his rice, clothing is poor in quality and expensive, and his newspaper is censored. He hears of a new cabinet crisis or the attempted murder of an Elder Statesman by a gang which justifies its attack by saying that it was "saving the Throne from unfortunate advice on world affairs." That, to Mr. Moto, is a reflection on the infallibility of the Emperor — and serious doubt arises in his mind.

Neither police nor censors can prevent returning soldiers from telling relatives and friends the dreary truth about the war in China. And such tidings spread rapidly. The Japanese like to talk, debate and read. A great school system has raised the nation to a high level of education; it is 95 percent literate. People so educated are quick to recognize failure. The military leaders promised them the subjugation of China in five months. Five years have gone by and the job is far from completed. Thousands of small white boxes have brought home the ashes of friends and relatives killed in battle.

Economic misery, meanwhile, has reached a stage that modern Japan has never known before. Tens of thousands in the porcelain industry, thousands on camphor plantations, a hundred thousand making Christmas tree ornaments and toys, stevedores on transpacific docks, children and parents on tea plantations — all are without work. There is no Brazilian, Egyptian, Indian or American cotton for tens of thousands of girls in the spinning mills. The silk industry, employing millions, is dying. These are only part of the effects of encirclement.

The military faction declared that Japan's day for expansion, conquest and prosperity had come when England became involved in the European war. The era of Anglo-Saxon coöperation, wrote the Tokvo papers, was over. Then Presi-

* See "You Are National Guest," *The Reader's Digest*, September, '40.

dent Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met, dramatizing their unity. Every level of Japanese society could comprehend the meaning of this gesture; it blasted the hopes of statesman and streetsweeper alike. For to the average Japanese the United States is a giant which inspires both respect and terror.

In school the Japanese studies from American textbooks, translated. He reveres our great men. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford are to him symbols of American power. In the courtroom in which I was tried, the only picture on the wall was that of Lincoln.

The Mikado's people pathetically long for trade and friendship with the United States. U. S. missionary schools, hospitals and charitable institutions have developed in the Japanese a deep respect for our humanitarian principles and for American education, religion and medicine. And the average Japanese

regards America's navy and air force with almost superstitious fear — based on U. S. movies and magazines, which he trusts far more than German propaganda.

Mr. Moto is a badly frightened little man. If Hitler's Ambassador Ott is able to maneuver Japan into war with America, Mr. Moto is not going to follow his officers with very much enthusiasm. But it will not have to come to this if President Roosevelt continues to play his cards right. He has overridden our weak-kneed, short-sighted appeasers and has begun the economic isolation of the Island Empire. That, combined with judicious saber-rattling to foster the fear of the Admirals, and powerful, truthful propaganda to counteract Nazi General Ott's lies, may well bring on collapse of the militaristic faction. Mr. Moto is not far from revolt. And the Son of Heaven would rather break with Adolf Hitler than exit through the Honorable Door.



Illustrative Anecdotes — 52 —

¶ A PERFECTLY healthy retired merchant was constantly coming to my office to inquire about his heart. One day I put my arm around his shoulder and said, "You need not worry. Your heart will last you as long as you live." He left my office in high spirits.

— Asa W. Collins, *Doctor Asa* (Anderson & Ritchie)

Journey for Margaret

A condensation from the book by

W. L. White



AS I WRESTLED with my packing, Kathrine said, "When you get to London, darling, why not look into the chances of adopting some children?"

We'd often talked about adopting an American child, but somehow never had. "With all the war orphans and refugees, surely there must be some child in England —" Kathrine continued. I agreed, and in my memorandum book wrote a reminder in cablese, "Uplook kids."

AFTER I had finished my work in London, I went to a society which arranges adoptions and I was told that a little boy and a little girl would be brought in for me to look over.

Suddenly the boy is there before me — five-year-old John; reddish brown hair; holding in his hand one of those English schoolboy caps and clutching to his breast a shabby stuffed lamb. He puts out his hand very properly, but doesn't speak. But why shouldn't he be scared and silent? How can he understand why his father and mother

never came back to him?

I give John my tin hat to play with and he's putting it on when the door opens. There stands the other child, tiny and fragile, in a little red coat, red leggings and a peaked pixie hood over blonde hair. Her small face is pinched tight with grief and

despair, such an intense and naked emotion that I am almost embarrassed. "We don't know what to make of Margaret," says the secretary. "She's sulky, naughty, and won't eat."

Margaret's big black eyes, which do not quite dare to hope any more, rest on me for an instant. Then they search devouringly the faces of the women in the room, as primitively as a little calf searching for its mother. Now she does a curious thing. With one small palm and then the other she brushes one dry, burning eye and then the other. A strange gesture.

I became panicky. What do I know about children? How can I tell a dull child from a potentially bright one?

For advice I decide to telephone

W. L. White, who wrote the memorable eyewitness account, "London Fire, 1940," in the March Reader's Digest and other extraordinary firsthand reports of the Battle of Britain, will include the present moving narrative of his adopted war orphan in a new book, *Journey for Margaret*, soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace.

Anna Freud, daughter of the great psychiatrist, who maintains a rest center for children made homeless by the war. She agrees to let the two children stay a week at the rest center, to observe them carefully, and advise me which one to adopt.

As the children get in the taxi with me, Margaret crawls into my lap — not as a child does with a parent, but as a frightened animal might creep into the safety of a cave. John sits contentedly beside me. He points out the taxi window and laughs. "A bomb!" Then he stands with his nose against the window, counting the bombed houses.

Anna Freud has transformed an old mansion into a wartime kindergarten, in whose basement is an air-raid shelter where the children sleep. At one end of the room are bombproof cradles for babies.

Margaret and John are greeted by gentle Hedy Schwarz, the kindergarten teacher. Again Margaret makes that eerie gesture, the palm of one little hand and then the other quickly brushing the dry, burning eyes. Hedy leans down.

"If you would like to cry, Margaret, why don't you?" Margaret stares at Hedy to be sure she means it, then her tiny chest begins to heave.

"You — won't — smack — me?" she asks.

"No, we never spank little girls."

Margaret opens her mouth wide

and lets out a voluptuous wail. As Hedy, kneeling, draws the child against her shoulder, Margaret relaxes into the luxury of long, loud howls dripping with tears. No longer do the frightened palms force back the tears. Hedy had guessed the reason for that gesture. After Margaret's mother had been killed, she had been taken to a foster mother. Whenever she cried because she couldn't go back to her own mother, she had been smacked. So you must never cry for anything you have loved. You must push the tears back into the eyes.

"Imagine — punishing a child for crying!" storms Hedy. "To cry is as natural as to laugh."

At tea in the nursery Margaret and John won't eat unless I sit with them. Between bites they look up to be sure I am there. But why me, whom they have never seen before today?

"It is because you are the link," whispers Hedy. "You brought them here — you saw and talked to the people they last knew. Through you they retain a hold even on the mothers who loved them."

Look at Margaret eat! Now that she has been allowed to cry, this child who formerly refused food consumes two helpings of oatmeal, a glass of milk, beef sausage, toast, an apple.

When tea is over, the children have baths. Then upstairs and into cribs.

"Will you sleep near us?" John demands. No, Hedy explains, Mr. White must go back to the hotel. Both children begin to cry.

"I want him to stay with us!" wails Margaret. So a bed is made for me in the room. After the children quiet down I strip to my shorts and crawl into bed. Six-thirty isn't my usual bedtime.

In the night I awake. To the north and coming nearer I hear a muffled hum — the desynchronized motors of a Heinkel bomber. Margaret moans in her sleep. Presently the plane is directly above. John doesn't stir but Margaret wakes and sits up. I tiptoe over to her crib in the darkness. She stretches her hands out to me and I pick her up.

"When will it go away?" she asks. Her arms are tight around my neck.

"Very soon," I say calmly. Only I don't feel calm. If anything is going to happen, it should happen in a second or two. . . .

Now the Heinkel has gone over, and the danger is past. Margaret relaxes, and I slip her back into her crib. "Tuck me in," she commands, with eyes closed.

I HAVE DECIDED that I want to take both children to America. But when I try to get passage for the three of us it is impossible to get even one extra seat on the plane which connects at Lisbon with American boats and clippers.

This plane, which goes but twice a week and holds only eight persons, is England's only link with the Continent. Americans have been waiting for months for places on it. Futile to ask for another seat even for one child, when they count all weight so carefully that I must cut my baggage down to 40 pounds.

But wait! Have I got something there? Margaret weighs 32 pounds, John 37. The Air Ministry agrees that I may take one child instead of my baggage, provided the child sits on my lap. But this means that only one child can go.

Only one. Which shall it be? With the help of Anna and Hedy, I at last make the decision. I decide to take Margaret. She is a very unusual child, says Hedy.

Next day I must take John back to his former foster mother. He comes sadly down the steps to my taxi, clutching the shabby little stuffed lamb he had brought with him. Where is the beautiful teddy-bear I gave him? Hedy explains in whispers that when she told him to pick out the toys he liked best he had cried bitterly and insisted that all the toys should stay. Perhaps because, if he left the things he loved, it would keep the parting from being final — then he could hope he might come back.

When the taxi starts I lift him to my lap, but he does not look at me or talk, or count the bomb craters. He sits, lost in that sad, protective silence we call shyness.

IN THE railroad station people stare at Margaret and me. We are an odd pair — me in my old stained trench coat, a tin hat jouncing on my left thigh, my rucksack on my back, and in my right paw the tiny hand of a wee girl in red leggings and pixie hood.

Once when we stop at a station on our journey to Bournemouth, where we are to take the plane, I go out to the platform. Suddenly I hear a scream of fright, and dash back to Margaret. "What's the matter, darling? Did you think I was going to leave you?" She nods solemnly. "Daddy won't ever leave you." She fights hard, but tears gush and she buries her head in the collar of my trench coat. "That's right," I say, patting her softly, "go ahead and cry."

When we arrive at Bournemouth, I find that the flight has been delayed. So we stroll down to the beach. Breast-high coils of barbed wire stand along high-tide mark. The bathhouses are piled with sandbags, roofs removed, machine guns' snouts showing. On the cliffs are more sandbagged gun nests. There is no opening in the wire through which we can get to the beach. So we go shopping in the town. Margaret's outfit had seemed cute at first; now I see that it is worn, much too small, and there are holes in the soles of her shoes.

Margaret knows exactly what she wants — a blue coat, with matching hat and leggings. While I

get my change, Margaret wanders to another showcase. There she spies Babar, a little stuffed elephant, exactly like the one in the book I had read to her and John.

Never after this is she quite so lonely. Babar has tea with us; Babar always has a spoonful of Margaret's cornflakes and a sip of her milk.

Last night she had no other toy except an empty incendiary bomb case which she had insisted on bringing along. It had fallen in her garden and had been her only plaything ever since. But tonight she takes Babar to bed with her, demanding that he also be kissed and tucked in.

"And you take the bomb," she says.

"Margaret, dear, I don't need the bomb."

Her face falls. "I *want* you to have it." She prefers Babar, yet she can't bear to think of the poor rejected bomb, sitting on the dresser, not in bed with anybody. In the middle of the night I wake, dreaming someone is poking a gun in my ribs. I have rolled over on that damned bomb.

EARLY next morning we board the plane. Margaret sits quietly on my lap. On our journey she does well by a couple of chicken sandwiches, a bottle of milk and three stewed figs, from my knapsack. In Lisbon the good hotels are full. We are lucky to get a room in a tawdry

inn down by the waterfront. There is no bath in our dingy room with its double bed, a collection of porcelain vessels, and a peculiarly Latin contraption — a little white oval vessel on low, spindly legs. Margaret spies it with delight. "Look! a bathtub — just for Babar!"

Then comes a problem. "Daddy, I want to go to the lavatory."

Here we go down the hall — a 40-year-old war correspondent escorting a three-and-a-half-year-old girl on a matter of some urgency. Which door do we enter? I shrink from invading the Portuguese dove-cotes marked "*Senhoras*" and we enter one labeled "*Homines*." There is a variegated display of plumbing fixtures, one of them occupying the attention of a stout Portuguese military man with handlebar mustaches. He glances at Margaret, leaps like a startled fawn and, wildly adjusting his garments, retreats fuming with an indignant jingle of medals.

Late that afternoon when we finish dinner it is dark, and as we stroll through the hotel lobby Margaret points and cries, "Oh, daddy, look! What are those?"

She stares, transfixed with delight. Suddenly I realize that little

Margaret has never before seen street lights: England has been blacked out since she was a year and a half old.

The next afternoon the steamship line phones me that there is a cabin open on a boat for America.

And after seemingly endless days we enter New York harbor. I struggle with Margaret's customs declaration. Since she is an alien, all her possessions must be listed. Not, of course, her nightie or her toothbrush. So on the customs form I list, after Margaret's name, her entire goods and chattels:

1 toy elephant (used)

1 2-lb. magnesium incendiary bomb case (used)

On the pier is Kathrine, waiting for us both.

NO LONGER, now, do we have to black-out Margaret's room, closing every curtain tightly before she will go to sleep, as we did in the first month. And at last she understands that no bombs ever drop out of the shiny transport planes that glitter overhead.

Sometimes, it is true, old shadows rise. But they are only momentary, and they come far less frequently now.



At 90, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was asked, "When does a woman stop hoping for romance?" She answered, "Goodness, I don't know yet!"

— Channing Pollock

The Reporter and the Arc Lights

Condensed from "Newspaper Days"

H. L. Mencken

TELL this tale as it was told to me. It happened before I joined the Baltimore *Herald* staff, but it had made a dreadful pothor and was still remembered uneasily.

The central figure was a reporter who was unhappily a whisky addict, and spent a large part of his time sleeping it off in barroom chairs. Let there be a murder, a fire or even an earthquake, and he would snore through it.

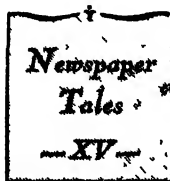
One rainy Sunday in 1898 the city editor, being somewhat exacerbated by drink himself, had the culprit before him, and gave him such a bawling out that even the office boys were aghast. If, by 6 p.m. of that same day, he did not appear in the office with a story worth at least two sticks* he was to consider himself fired for the last time.

The poor fish, alarmed, shuffled off to police headquarters, but the cops had only a runaway horse and two lost colored children. Such other public offices as were open had no news in hand. It began to look hopeless as he slogged on despairingly, soaked by the rain.

* A stick is about two inches of type.

Dusk was coming down as he plodded woefully through the shopping district, and the arc lights which hung outside every store of any pretensions began to sputter on. Those arc lights — it came to the reporter in sudden inspiration — could be reached easily with an umbrella. Suppose a passer-by carrying a steel-rodded umbrella should lift it high enough to clear another passer-by's umbrella, and its ferrule should touch the steel socket that held the lower carbon of one of the lights, and suppose electricity should shoot down the rod and into the umbrella owner's arm, and then, facilitated by his wet clothes, down his legs and into the sidewalk — what would be the effect upon the man?

The next morning the *Herald* printed a story saying that a man named William T. Benson, aged 41, a visitor from Washington, had made the experiment accidentally in West Baltimore Street, and had been thrown halfway across the street. The man stated that gigantic pinwheels in all the colors of the rainbow had whirled before his eyes, and in the palm of his right hand was a scarlet burn such as one



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might pick up by grasping a red-hot poker. Moreover, his celluloid collar had been set to smoking and might have burst into flames and burned his neck if a stranger had not rushed up and applied a handkerchief. The doctors at the University Hospital, so it appeared, regarded Mr. Benson's escape alive as almost miraculous, and laid it to the rubber heels on his shoes. They predicted that their patient would be as good as new, save for his burned hand, by morning. But they trembled to think of the possible fate of the next victim.

This story, which ran well beyond two sticks and rated a display head, saved the reporter's job—but only temporarily. By 10 o'clock the next morning more than 200 merchants had ordered the lights in front of their stores taken away at once. By noon the number was close to a thousand. By 3 p.m. the lawyers of the electric company were closeted with the business manager of the *Herald*, and his veins were running ice-water at their notice of a libel suit for \$500,000. They were ready to prove in court that it was impossible to get a shock from one of their lights.

What became of the poor fish no one ever learned, for he got wind of the uproar before coming to the office and never came at all. The check-up on his story produced only misery. The cops knew nothing of any such accident, the University Hospital had no record of

it, and the only William T. Benson who could be found in Washington had not been in Baltimore for nine years. Nor was there any lifting of the gloom when the *Herald's* own lawyer was consulted. There was no conceivable defense, he said, and if the *Herald* offered a compromise the electric company would be insane to take anything less than \$499,999.99. The most that could be hoped for was that a couple of utilities-haters would get on the jury and scale the damages to something less brutal, say \$250,000.

During the month following the *Herald* printed news stories acknowledging and denouncing the fake and editorials apologizing for it. But many merchants had become immovably convinced that what could be imagined might some day actually happen, so the revenues of the electric company continued depleted. When the case was set for early trial every *Herald* man felt relieved, for it was clearly best to get the agony over, go through a receivership, and start anew.

On the day before the day of fate there was gaiety in the office. Once more it was raining dismally, but everyone was almost cheerful. That afternoon a man carrying a steel-rodded umbrella lifted it to clear another pedestrian's umbrella in West Baltimore Street, and the ferrule touched the lower carbon socket of one of the few surviving arc lights. When the cops got him to hospital he was dead.

¶ They couldn't put Sonja's story on the screen; nobody would believe it



She Happens on Ice

Condensed from Liberty

J. P. McEvoy

LEGEND has it that when Sonja Henie (rhyme it with penny) began skating at the age of six, she said to her mother: "I'm going to win ten world's championships and three Olympics."

She did.

While doing this she was asked what she would do when she finished competitive skating. "Oh," she hazarded, "I'm going to be a movie star and make a million dollars."

And she did.

Born in 1913 in Oslo, Sonja skied at four years and was Norwegian figure-skating champion at 11. She was world champion at 13 and for nine years thereafter, during which time she won three Olympics in a row. After she crashed Hollywood she made seven box-office hits. The only thing she had neglected to tell her mother was that she would marry a young, handsome millionaire. She did that, too.

When it was suggested that one of Sonja Henie's movies be based on her own life the idea was turned

down. "No one would believe it," said the front office. "Such things happen only in real life."

Sonja came by her physical equipment honestly. Her father was a world champion bicyclist and won 160 trophies in various sports. Not all of Sonja's medals are for skating. She is an excellent horsewoman, hockey player, swimmer, was a champion sprinter and has won 18 skiing championships and three Scandinavian tennis titles. In Sweden in 1934 she placed second in a grueling three-day automobile race — after 15 hours of driving a day.

Arriving in Hollywood in 1936, she hired a rink, threw a party for the sportswriters — ignoring the stars, who had ignored her first — and put on her champion Olympic routine. The town went crazy.

Darryl Zanuck offered her \$15,000 for one picture. She smiled indulgently. "I will be a star in my first picture."

"Who told you that?" scoffed Darryl.

"I told me that," Sonja replied.

"Come, Mother, we have five other studios to call on."

Zanuck raised the ante to \$50,000. Impatient with this nickeling, Sonja countered with \$300,000. The battle ended with a contract to star her in her first picture for \$60,000, with options for five years which eventually brought her more than \$1,000,000 for seven pictures.

Sonja was the first to "dance on skates" — the first to introduce ballet technique and costumes into figure skating. A perfectionist, she practiced the common toe whirl three seasons before performing it in public. Seeing Pavlova, she reacted typically: "I decided to be as good." She found that the only way to do a thing perfectly was to work at it until she couldn't do it otherwise. Before winning her first world championship she spent a year traveling Europe in pursuit of the best teachers, practicing seven hours daily.

Always in condition, she sleeps ten hours a night, never smokes or drinks. Her mother is with her at rehearsals to see that she doesn't wear herself out, and during shooting is the one observer who knows skating well enough to spot imperfections. Sonja once repeated a number 32 times for the camera before she and her mother were satisfied.

Close competition arouses her Nordic wrath, and she hires no skaters for her shows who might challenge her supremacy. At a per-

formance early in her career, Jack Dunn, her partner then, got eight encores for a dazzling solo. Sonja, fuming backstage, ordered her henchmen to go out in the crowd and get her ten encores. She got 'em.

Though born into a family that could afford a private island home, the first automobile in Oslo, a tutor, and ballet and skating teachers for her, Sonja turned professional to make her own money. She made it in a big way on her first American tour. Indeed, she turned out to be the greatest sports attraction in history and the first girl athlete millionaire. She picks up \$50,000 a year pin money endorsing Sonja Henie dolls, toys, mittens, skates. Never one to miss a trick, Sonja established a sports clothes business, introducing her own designs in her ice-show costumes, modeling them from coast to coast, and taking orders between leaps.

Screen-acting at first was a terrifying mystery to her. But Sonja, methodical and intense, read and reread her scripts until she believed them. She went around hating the villains and loving the heroes, and exhibited each emotional crisis to the camera until 4 p.m., after which she collected overtime.

For overtime Sonja gets \$3500 a day in the gossip columns, closer to \$2000 a day in fact. She worked out a spectacular number for *Sun Valley Serenade*, then cannily left it till last so it would have to be

shot overtime. But the studio fooled their dimpled little Scandinavian Hetty Green by announcing that they would do without the number. Sonja went into an epic Norse rage, but to no avail.

Sonja has always had a green thumb for greenbacks. *It Happens on Ice*, New York stage hit which she produced but in which she does not appear, is the only show ever to make money in the mammoth Center Theater of Radio City.

Her acumen, however, is no greater than her spirit of giving. Hairdressers, makeup and costume women, and technicians on the set praise her generosity. Examining an expensive bracelet one day at the studio, she asked a costume girl to model it. When she sought the girl's opinion of it, the girl raved. "It's yours," said Sonja. She never gives a gift to anyone who can afford to buy it. "What's the point?" she says.

Her influence has caused ice rinks to sprout all over the country — over 200 now, with 30,000,000 customers annually. They watch Sonja gracefully do her stuff and then dash out, buy white skating shoes, scamper onto the ice and — little would-be Sonjas — fall on their "henies."

Sonja never fell in competition, but she has fallen in exhibitions. She wept with mortification when she tumbled twice in an exhibition before the British royal family. Her most spectacular fall was in

Kansas City. An imperceptible rut had been left in the ice by a hose. Sonja, dashing down a chute into the arena, hit the rut and flew sprawling. She arose, unhurt and raging, skated back up the ramp; the music started over, she made her entrance again, and went on with the show. She has been injured only twice — a sprained ankle and a mild concussion that laid her up for a couple of days.

She has never missed a show, not even for colds — she's had only one. Her only occupational affliction, resulting from her necessarily tight, \$40-a-pair skating shoes, is cold feet. She doesn't like a cold climate and can't understand why people will live anywhere except in places like California. She says she is never nervous — she leaves the worrying to her mother, who is tense with fear every moment Sonja is skating, knowing the danger of a cigarette ash or stray hairpin on the ice. No hairpins are allowed in her troupe, and strict care is taken that the ice is mirror-clean.

Dividing her time between work and more work, Sonja saw little romance until she came to Hollywood. There the studio paired her and Tyrone Power to publicize their roles in the same picture. To the publicity director's surprise, both came down with a high fever. Sonja recovered first, and last year fell in love once more, to marry tinplate heir and playboy Dan Topping.

Between Power and Topping, studio miracle workers gave Sonja a new hair-do, taught her how to make up, and with two daily massages slimmed 30 pounds off her chunky little five-foot-two chassis, molding her to a svelte 105 pounds of Sunkist glamour. She still eats anything, principally ice cream. When she discovered Chinese food she tried to get it for breakfast.

In 1938 she received Norway's highest decoration, given to only five other women, the Knight of the Order of St. Olaf, and was

chosen in a national poll the outstanding living Norwegian, placing fifth for all-time honors, trailing Ibsen by six votes and topping Knut Hamsun, Grieg and Kirsten Flagstad. (Leif Erikson, pre-Columbian discoverer of America, placed fifteenth.)

Small wonder Henie is as independent as a hog on ice. "Hurry up," stormed director Sidney Lanfield. "You take longer to make up than Garbo!"

"Sure," chirruped Sonja, "but Garbo can't skate!"



Commercial Candor

¶ A STOUT GENTLEMAN, determined to lose weight during a stay on his Vermont farm, hustled to the general store for a pair of overalls. He picked out a pair big enough for energetic exercise. Then a thought struck him. "Wait a minute," he told the clerk, "those fit me now but I expect to lose a lot — maybe I'd better buy a smaller pair."

The clerk shook his head. "Mister, if you can shrink as fast as these overalls can, you'll be doing pretty good," he said, and calmly went on wrapping the overalls.

— *Rockefeller Center Magazine*

¶ A YOUNG WOMAN hurried into a new delicatessen store in her neighborhood to pick up some things on her way home from the office. The man behind the counter strove to please her in every way, going to considerable trouble to make careful selection of each item. When she thanked him for his painstaking service, he said cheerily, "Oh, that's all right, miss. There's our motto." He waved at a printed card on the wall: "Our best is none too good." — *Rockefeller Center Magazine*

¶ DURING the drive to collect aluminum the proprietor of a little hardware store in Homewood, Illinois, filled his window with shining aluminum kitchenware and pasted up a big sign: "Uncle Sam Needs Your Worn-Out Aluminum! Replace It Now, at These Low Prices!" He did quite a brisk business, too.

— *The New Yorker*

**In a fogbound wilderness the world's biggest airport
teems with dramatic tales of the transatlantic ferry**



Jump-Off for Britain

Condensed from Scientific American

Edwin Muller

THERE'S a spot in the windy wastes of Newfoundland the name of which is known to very few, but it's one of the most important places in the world — and one of the most exciting.

Yesterday an uninhabited wilderness of spruce and swamp, it is today the world's biggest airport, and growing bigger with the labor of thousands of men working day and night. It swarms with aerial traffic. Scores of bombers arrive and take off for Britain every week. It's the great junction and forwarding point for transatlantic passengers and freight. And it is perhaps the most vital point in the outer defenses of this hemisphere.

For an hour before I arrived there, in a Lockheed-Hudson bomber, I had been sweating steadily in the palms of my hands. After sighting Newfoundland from high over the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had run into a solid bank of fog.

By now we should be over the airport. The pilot, an air veteran from Texas, couldn't be sure be-

cause no radio beam is allowed. We made one or two tentative dips down through the gray soup. No land. Then we turned tail and ran north toward the ocean to get our bearings, coming out suddenly into the clear at a bay some 40 miles away. Back we went toward the airport, keeping just under the ceiling. It seemed as if we'd scrape our bottom on the tops of the trees. I kept rising in my seat, trying to lift the plane a little higher.

I was glad to see that airport.

Coming onto the field by air you are bewildered by its immensity. Runways are so wide that an ordinary plane could land or take off crosswise. When you strain your eyes across the expanse you see a mirage against the far horizon. It's a half day's brisk walk around the field, past countless hangars and shops and barracks.

Switch engines shift long strings of boxcars, and crews unload mounting piles of lumber and steel, crates and drums. Steam shovels scoop out great pits in the raw earth. Riveting machines hammer

on every side. Now and then a blast goes off and you see a geyser of smoke and rock thrown high in the air. There is a constant overtone of airplane motors tuning up. Most thrilling of all is the breath-catching crescendo of a bomber as it starts down the runway on the long, lonely road to Britain.

That night I met some of the men who fly the big ships across. For several days bad weather had been reported from Q. M., the secret airport in the United Kingdom where the bombers land, and a score of fliers were waiting at the Newfoundland field, sitting around the rough board tables of East-Bound Inn.

These are not daredevil youngsters. There are plenty of gray hairs, and every pilot has had thousands of flying hours. They have come from transcontinental lines in the United States, from Imperial Airways in Britain, from Trans-Canada Air Lines. You hear tales of the early days of the Southampton-to-Singapore run, of being forced down in the desert and hiding in the dunes from tribesmen; of landing mountaineering parties on inaccessible Alaskan glaciers and keeping them supplied by parachute; of ferrying freight into Amazon jungles.

On this transatlantic job the pilots have settled down to routine. It takes nine to ten hours to cross, and when the weather is good they maintain a schedule as regular as

those of ferryboats. Each pilot is given a flight plan, telling him his course, what height to reach at each point, what weather to expect.

The weather man is really the pilots' hero. They say there has never been anything like his work. He tells you: "In Zone 5 at 6 o'clock there will be ceiling at 2000 feet, top of cloud at 6000, moderate icing at 5000, tail wind of 40 miles per hour, veering shortly to north." You get there and that's exactly what it is.

Sometimes they fly at 15,000 feet or higher. It's 50 below zero up there but the heated planes are comfortable. Insidious, though, is the effect of altitude: you fail to recognize at first the dreamy, don't-care feeling, as the higher centers of the brain gradually cease functioning, and you may wait too long before attaching the oxygen tube.

One pilot, flying at 20,000 to avoid icing — the air is dry up there — had to detach his tube and go back to help a passenger. When he returned to his seat he couldn't readjust the tube. It's a simple operation, but the tube in his hand would approach the socket — and waver away. While this went on they were slipping down toward the dangerous icing level. Finally the navigator realized what was wrong and came to the rescue.

Pilots don't see much of the ocean. Most of the flight is above unbroken clouds, an Arctic landscape of white hills and valleys. On

its surface, far below, the tiny black shadow of the plane drives along.

Sometimes that glacial surface is torn apart. Then they may see a big convoy crawling along. One pilot saw the last plunge of a torpedoed merchantman, its stern rearing high. Men were struggling in the water, with no lifeboats, but there was nothing the pilot could do.

In the last hours they begin to slide down toward the land, a faint dark smudge on the horizon. There the pilot and his crew search the skies for intercepting Germans. Not so anxiously now, however, as when the bomber-ferry service first started. In all the hundreds of crossings, only one or two pilots have sighted a German.

The landing field at Q. M. is so ingeniously camouflaged that even the keenest-eyed German observer could hardly recognize it as an air-drome. It doesn't look like a spot where you could make even an emergency landing. There's no fuss about the arrival. Pilot and crew may get a few days' leave — London if they're lucky. Or within 12 hours they may be on their way back by ferry plane.

The pay is high: pilots get a minimum of \$1000 a month, with a bonus for each trip above two trips a month. Some earn more than \$25,000 in a year. Navigators and radio operators earn about two thirds as much as a pilot.

These fliers deny with short and profane words that they are engaged in a glamorous, adventurous job. It's routine flying, they assert, and rather dull at that. They mean it, but it isn't so. Two thousand miles of empty ocean is not a routine flying job — not yet. The worst hazard is the take-off, when the plane has its staggering load of gasoline.

One night at East-Bound Inn a pilot came in with the news that a returning ferry plane had cracked up on the take-off at Q. M. The 22 men in it had been killed. Every man present had good friends on that plane, some of those killed had sat at the same table two nights before. The talk stopped a few seconds, then resumed. The conversation was of other things.

Accidents never interrupt the flow of traffic east. I was in the control tower watching a line of Hudson bombers take off, one every five minutes. As the fifth got halfway up the runway, it swerved slightly, then there was a violent swing and it came around in a ground loop. The undercarriage collapsed, one wing sagged. It couldn't have been two seconds before it blazed up, a great bloom of orange flame. Three figures dived out through a door in the tail.

With sirens screaming, the fire trucks were on the field. While the flames were still burning, two tractors raced out and yanked the big plane off the runway. Ten

minutes later the next bomber had taken off and was on its way.

Here as nowhere else you can see how fast space and time are shrinking. You see the big transports come in, the Consolidated B-24's, as large as the ships of Columbus. They converge from points on the American continent, stop to refuel, wing on across the ocean, carrying many a passenger from Washington to London within 24 hours. At your breakfast in East-Bound Inn you can choose between the *New York Times* and the *London Times* of the day before. It's all as casual as travel between New York and Chicago.

This air center is also a shipping point for urgently needed plane parts, vitamin concentrates, precision instruments, laboratory materials. One plane carried 200 bullfrogs to aid in studying the effects of poison gas.

In this bleak, inhospitable land, snow falls through June and starts again in September, piling up 20-foot drifts along the runways. Always the wind blows, in gales and gusty squalls. Fog lies heavy.

The houses and shacks in the settlement are hammered together from rough timber. The unpaved streets are deep in sticky mud. There are scores of camouflaged pits where anti-aircraft guns thrust muzzles toward the sky. You can't walk far without being challenged by sentries.

The bulk of the population con-

sists of laborers, superintendents and foremen, mechanics and engineers, troops who garrison the post, Newfoundland Rangers who police it. Feminine influence is lacking. It's a he-man place, without the amenities of life.

Yet there are few spots on earth where more big names are registered. In the short time I was there Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Halifax, a Roosevelt and a royal duke were seen about the East-Bound Inn. Harry Hopkins had been through a few days before.

When the war is over, airmen say, this will be the chief junction and forwarding point for transatlantic traffic. Bermuda and the Azores will be used, too, but this northern route is the shortest between the important centers of America and Europe. No matter how long a range planes may have, they will carry a bigger pay load across the Atlantic if they stop here to refuel, a third of the way over.

Then East-Bound Inn will be an affair of 1000 rooms, and will probably preserve as a show place the present room where the pilots gather. The mud will disappear, the raw earth will be landscaped. There'll be schoolteachers and bank clerks on their way to Europe for vacation trips, businessmen from Chicago or Prague, students from Tokyo, Harvard, Vienna. This will be the most cosmopolitan spot on earth, where all nationalities will meet and pass.

❏ *A college in winter and a resort run by students in summer, this mountain school does a real-life job the year round*

Campus in the Clouds

Condensed from Progressive Education

George Kent

WHEN other schools retire for a summer vacation siesta, a junior college 4000 feet up in the North Carolina mountains awakens to new life. It becomes a resort hotel.

Furniture is moved out of dormitories and cottages; down from attics come easy chairs and studio couches. The ground floor of the girls' dormitory becomes a lobby with registration desk and cashier's window. The very name changes: Lees-McRae College becomes Pinnacle Inn.

The labor of getting the college ready for its summer role is performed by 80 students — a third of the student body — who then stay on to run the hotel. The clerk is an undergraduate, and when he yells "*Front!*" fellow students jump to tote suitcases and fetch icewater. Chambermaids, cooks, waitresses and caddies are students, also the young men who maintain the roads, gardens and buildings.

The result of all this activity at Banner Elk, North Carolina, is an exceptionally attractive resort. For scholarly guests there is the college library; for exercise addicts, the

gymnasium and the lake; for fishermen, nearby mountain streams stocked with trout by students. For all there are fresh milk, vegetables and poultry from the college farm.

This year 1214 guests were entertained for periods varying from a week-end to two months. The Inn has earned a profit ever since its first season 10 years ago. While the revenue it brings in is welcome, the hotel was created chiefly to help students earn their way through college. It also affords opportunity for them to meet people from other parts of the country, and gives excellent training in management.

In the fall the handsome hotel furnishings vanish and student beds, tables and chairs return. Some 250 sons and daughters of mountaineers go back to their classes.

The opening of school has elements of the bizarre. Last year a serious young fellow came across the campus leading a cow. Tying the animal to a railing below the dean's office, he went inside and said to the secretary:

"I'm paying in a cow, ma'am."

"Take it around and get it weighed," said the girl.

In the surrounding mountain communities cash is not plentiful. If the applicant has character, President Tufts — "Young Edgar," the mountaineers call him — accepts tuition payments in buckwheat, cabbages, honey, sheep, cattle or hogs. Most of these payments turn up on the college table. The surplus is sold through the local store, run by the college.

If a boy cannot pay in either cash or cabbages, he is permitted to matriculate and work a year before attending classes, or to enter classes at once and put in two summers on the staff of Pinnacle Inn. The cash value of such labor equals the cost of two years' tuition, board, room and extras.

Behind all this lies a plan of education by which President Tufts sends his boys back to their mountain homes with skills and knowledge that make them community leaders. Some 28 percent of Lees-McRae graduates are agricultural experts, teaching their neighbors crop rotation, conservation, and the desirability of raising truck rather than depending on corn alone. Many work in the Farm Bureau's county offices; several are farm supervisors. An even larger number are schoolteachers, laying the groundwork for a better future for the mountain people.

Some of the girls, trained at the college hospital, become nurses. Others, thanks to a medical secretarial course, get jobs as secretaries to

doctors or as hospital bookkeepers.

The Reverend Edgar Tufts, father of Young Edgar, arrived at Banner Elk 44 years ago. He found a huddle of cabins, without a church, school, or doctor. The villagers, accustomed to chest-beating evangelists, were disappointed at first in the quiet little preacher. But by the end of the year they were building him a church. Later on the young minister brought in a trail-riding doctor.

During the evenings Tufts gathered about his fireplace a group of children whom he taught to read. When the house became too crowded he persuaded the parents to put up a small school. Then he went out into the world, called upon the well-to-do, and brought back enough money to build a small hospital and a new school, the Lees-McRae Academy, named for two women donors.

When he died in 1923 the minister left a 20-bed hospital, an orphanage caring for 100 children, a hydroelectric plant, a farm, and money enough to begin building the college — altogether, property and assets of about \$500,000.

Young Edgar, then 23 and newly graduated from Davidson College, took hold where his father left off, adapting his drive to a world in which endowments were dwindling and private generosity drying up.

Under his leadership, the hospital has grown to a 60-bed institution serving 100,000 people in nine counties — one of the largest rural

hospitals in America. The college is now 70 percent self-supporting. The 200-acre farm not only feeds the college but sells produce in city markets. An enlarged power plant provides electricity for 150 families in addition to the college, hospital and orphanage. Further revenues come from a cannery, a grist mill, an ornamental iron and woodwork shop, and Pinnacle Inn.

Lees-McRae has a four-day week. The other two weekdays the students work at the maintenance and development of the college and other properties.

While I was walking along a road one afternoon, a youngster waved me back. "We're blasting rock for the new road," he explained. Later I saw the same group operating a stone crusher. Nearby others were swinging sledge hammers. An instructor in overalls was working with the boys. He told me that the students had made surveys for the road and were building it from rock bed to asphalt crown.

Half a mile away another crew was unrolling a huge spool of copper wire and youngsters in spurred boots were shinning up poles, setting insulators. The boys maintain more than 70 miles of power lines, for which they set poles, run wire, and watch the big dynamos. They, too, work under a teacher in the field and receive classroom instruction in the physics, chemistry and mathematics that go with electrical work.

A third group was in the shops, making furniture and wrought-iron objects. The student is judged not by the time spent but by the excellence of his finished job. Each bed, table, chair or pair of andirons is designed for sale.

The work program also involves such routine duties as making beds, cleaning rooms and halls, cooking and serving food. But Lees-McRae is not a trade school; it is a fully accredited junior college, 40 percent of whose graduates go on to a university. Those who return to their communities feel no shock of transition because college has been for them what college should be — a true life experience.

There is a refreshing absence of collegiate folderol. There is no football team. Fly-casting for trout is perhaps the most popular sport. The students are not hedged in by disciplinary rules, but their own government can come down on chronic offenders like a ton of faculty. The only expulsions are those ordered by the students themselves.

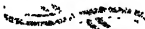
To President Tufts, training young people is only one step — though a long one — toward his life's goal, which is to raise the economic level of the whole neighborhood. To provide cash income for thousands of families, he plans to establish cottage industries which will enable the mountaineers to turn out saleable handicraft articles, such as porcelain and pottery made from the fine clays and feldspar available

in the region. He has raised the capital necessary to launch the project and believes that in 18 months the program should be self-supporting. Department stores in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have been enthusiastic about the samples they have seen.

Tufts also is encouraging the farmers to market their vegetables, which ripen between the northern and southern harvest seasons and hence have excellent commercial possibilities.

"Within three years," Tufts declares, "several thousand mountain people who now have practically no chance to earn cash should make enough to live on their small farms in better circumstances and be independent of government or charitable aid."

And for every part of Tufts' program Lees-McRae will supply the necessary training and leadership, in accordance with its motto: "In the Mountains, Of the Mountains, For the Mountains."



Texas Bad Men Ride Again

BEST morale builder in the grim old, Huntsville, Texas, prison is the rodeo staged annually by the convicts, with outlawed men riding outlawed animals. The hundred-odd performers, in 10-gallon hats and high-heeled boots, are murderers, highwaymen, kidnapers, cattle rustlers. Six thousand visiting prisoners, transported down lonesome roads from the state's work farms, look on from a huge wire-caged section of the grandstand, and stroll around the prison yard — watched by guards with sawed-off shotguns. Good behavior is a prisoner's admission ticket.

An all-convict band blares as tall Willie Weems, 23-year-old highwayman and kidnaper, plunges out of the bucking chute on a bareback bronc. The announcer bellows: "He'll be riding in a lot more rodeos — his sentence is 307 years."

Most hilarious event is the wild-cow milking, a whirlwind of scrawny legs. Bronc-busting draws the biggest field, with bull-riding a close second. Sleek, vicious, red-eyed Brahmas go wild when they break from the chutes, prompt the announcer to drawl, "Only way I'd ride one of them critters is between two pieces of bread." Riskiest event is the "mad scramble," ruled out by most rodeos as too neck-breaking. Ten untamed broncs and bulls, with riders, are let loose together in a furious jumble of men, beasts and dust. Huntsville's bad men eat it up.

Last October 130,000 outside spectators paid \$50,000 to see Huntsville's tenth annual rodeo, and the money was used to buy books, movie equipment, spectacles and wooden legs for the inmates.

—Loring A. Schuler in *Baltimore Sun*

— I —

The Silver Thimble

By J. C. Long

I WAS nine years old. The new girl who had come to spend two weeks at her grandmother's across the street had changed the world for me. Always shy, I had been paralyzed by her red-gold hair, strawberry complexion, and the mixture of demureness and comely which neither reassured me nor would let me go. Then, suddenly, her visit was almost over and I realized that she would go back to her far-off parents, perhaps forever.

It was desperately necessary to forge quickly some lasting bond between us, and I went to the store in search of the perfect gift. There I saw an entrancing little silver thimble, engraved with many curlicues. But alas—its price was well-nigh impossible.

Yet I *bad* to have it. So, tremblingly, I approached my father and mother and said, "I need 50 cents right away for something very important—I can't tell you what it is, but it's all right—and it's very important." The death penalty would not have wrung all the facts from me.

Father, who was a minister in a parish where 50-cent pieces were

virtually unknown to the minister's children, said, with a straight face, "Go into the library, son, while your mother and I consider this." In a few moments he joined me, and gave me the 50 cents with no comment except a pat on the back.

I soon had the amazing gift in its white box, filched some note paper, and after much agony composed this message:

Dear Rachel:

I'll miss you. Please come back.

Love,

Johnny.

I then waited until there was no one in sight, left the gift and note on the door mat across the street, rang the doorbell, and fled in terror.

There was no instant reply, no visit of appreciation for which I had hoped. I waited for hours in vain. The next morning I rose early and intercepted the postman. Miraculously, there was a letter for me which I read in the privacy of the top branches of an apple tree:

Dear Friend,

Thank you for your lovely gift. I hope I shall be back next summer, and may see you then.

Sincerely,

Rachel.

"Dear Friend" and "Sincerely." I felt a little chilled by this formal reply to my costly present, but I hid the letter under the front porch for re-reading forever. Soon afterward my father was moved to a new parish, and I never heard from Rachel again.

Of the incident, one thing remained: the fact that neither Father nor Mother ever asked me why I had wanted the 50 cents or what I had done with it. They had come through grandly in a crisis, with a sum of money unheard of in my orbit. Our family rules and discipline were strict by modern standards, but respect for the individuality and maturity of each child was ever present, and when I told them that my need was very important, also secret, they had accepted the plea. Their confidence assured me that they would always back me in anything "very important." Had they refused, except on dignified grounds, an alienation

of sympathy would have been inevitable.

When I hear parents twit children on their puppy-love affairs or other matters which seem ridiculous to grownups, I cringe. If you treat children as human beings having real problems and comprehensions they will respond, and will measure up to what is expected of them.

All children are grown up in spots. Rambunctiousness, silliness, unfairness, bullying and selfishness should be curbed, but anything a child tells parents in confidence about an emotion or a crisis should never be laughed at or brushed aside — it is the child's appeal for help in a vast and lonely universe.

J. C. LONG has made an avocation of children, working with them in settlement houses and camps. An editor and writer by profession, he contributes frequently to the magazines. He is the author of *Bryan, the Great Commoner*, and other biographies.

— II —

My Debt to the Town Drunk

By Fred Rodell

IT WASN'T a mother or father, teacher or preacher — the traditional advice-givers to childhood — who taught me the lesson that has stuck with me ever since. It was the town drunk.

He was a sad-eyed little man with some tragedy in his earlier life that drinking seemed to help him forget. Because of the tragedy, he was pitied and tolerated by the townfolk. But not by us kids; to us

he was fair game. We called him "Boozie." For some reason he didn't mind our jibes, though we always hoped that he would chase us.

One day I came on him when I was alone. Usually we yelled at him from the safety of numbers, but that day my spirits were high and I dared to taunt him by myself. "Boozie! Old Boozie!" I shouted, and got ready to run if necessary.

Something in his face stopped me. To my bewilderment, he didn't look angry at all. He was almost smiling. "Hello, Skinny," he said.

I hated being thin, was secretly ashamed of it, and I winced.

"You don't like being called 'Skinny,' do you?" he said. "And you thought I'd get mad when you called me

'Boozie.' Well, let me give you a piece of advice, Skinny. You'll get along a lot happier if you'll just be yourself and aren't ashamed to be yourself."

Perhaps because the advice came from such an unexpected source, perhaps because it was preceded by a practical demonstration of its worth, it impressed my ten-year-old mind. Before long I didn't mind being called "Skinny," and almost didn't mind *being* skinny.

And the advice stayed with me.

Years later, upon finishing law school, I was on my way to be interviewed for a job. My prospec-

tive boss was the governor of the state. Suddenly I began to worry. How should I act? What should I say? I was working myself up into a nervous fear that probably would have lost me the job when I remembered: "Be yourself and don't be ashamed to be yourself." When I entered the governor's office, I was as much at ease as if I were calling on an old friend.

Later on I became a teacher, and upon going to my first class I got the jitters. How should I begin? Suppose one of the students asked

a question I couldn't answer? Would they laugh at me? Again I remembered the words of the town drunk. The class went like clockwork.

It was the same story when I was to

make my first big political speech. There was an audience of thousands, and prominent political figures were on the platform. I had stage fright. How would I sound? Suppose I got stuck? Once more the old drunk's advice, which had helped me so often, came to me. Once more, it worked.

And it will work every time — for anyone, anywhere. Try it and see.



* At 32 FRED RODELL is the youngest professor of law in Yale University Law School. He is the author of *Fifty-Five Men*, the story of how the Constitution was written, and *Woe Unto You Lawyers!*, a blast at the legal profession.



Let Fiorello Do It

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Henry F. Pringle

ALMOST ANYTHING can be done, apparently, if you have a system.

Fiorello H. LaGuardia is mayor of New York, an office surpassed in complexity only by the Presidency itself. He is director of the Office of Civilian Defense, a job to strain any man's capacity. He is chairman of the Permanent Joint Canadian-United States Defense Board. He is president of the United States Conference of Mayors — a militant organization.

These are the four rings of the

HENRY F. PRINGLE is a New Yorker by birth and inclination. He has spent all his 44 years in the metropolis, except while attending Cornell and serving with the artillery in the World War. He has been a close observer of the city's politics and politicians; was for seven years a political reporter on three different newspapers. He then started a brilliant career as a magazine writer and biographer. Among his books are *Alfred E. Smith: A Critical Study*; *Theodore Roosevelt*, the Pulitzer Prize biography for 1932; and *The Life and Times of William Howard Taft*. Since 1936 he has been on the faculty of the School of Journalism at Columbia University.

Hold your hats and try to keep up with New York's 24-hour-a-day mayor

LaGuardia circus and in each he is the star.

At the end of a torrid August day LaGuardia was being mayor. He sagged with fatigue for an instant. Then he straightened up, grinned puckishly and yelled to a secretary, "Send in the Sun Goddess of Southern California."

A motion-picture starlet swept in with a swarm of press agents and photographers. "Why you *are* a Sun Goddess," said the mayor warmly. Then he posed with her, said good-bye and went back to his desk.

All day LaGuardia had plowed through a terrific mass of city and federal business — it is impossible to keep his jobs entirely separated. I asked why he gave time to a motion-picture publicity stunt.

"She had an introduction from Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles," he said. "Besides, I don't mind."

Nor did he. The mayor was never

disturbed when something happened, but his explosive temper popped when it didn't — when an assistant failed to perform a task, when information was not available.

I had flown to Washington with him the previous week and stayed with him during a ten-hour stretch, uninterrupted even for lunch. At the Office of Civilian Defense an aide brought in proofs of a defense poster.

"Move that flag to the left and use bigger type on the top line," LaGuardia ordered. "*And don't bring it back to me!*"

His executive assistant protested that presidential authority was required for an order LaGuardia intended to issue. LaGuardia produced a memorandum submitted to the White House the day before. At the bottom was "O.K. — F.D.R." The assistant looked shocked. Such action might arouse resentment. Such matters should go through channels.

"Hell, I haven't time," retorted LaGuardia.

There are no empty chinks in his working day. In New York he rushes to open a new bridge or to operate a steam shovel as construction starts on another of his cherished, low-rent housing projects. He dashes from his apartment on upper, nonfashionable Fifth Avenue to take command at a fire or to direct the police at a disaster. He is photographed during these activities, of course, for he knows the

sweet uses of publicity. Yet as he prances about he maintains contact with his offices by means of a radio telephone in his car.

From Tuesday morning until Thursday night he is in Washington. On Monday and Friday and over the week end he is very much mayor of New York. Between times he attends to his Canadian defense job, his conference of mayors, and all manner of other things.

With the fall of Paris he decided that New York should be the world's fashion center. To dramatize this he designed the dress worn by a pretty girl when launching a new fireboat. He cannot conceive why all the movie millions should go to Hollywood, and two major films are now in production on Long Island. When a radio program was being arranged to promote the distribution of food stamps, he liked none of the scripts so wrote one himself and then acted in it.

Nobody except the voters wanted LaGuardia for mayor in 1933. When he was elected he realized that the path ahead was hard and steep. The city was virtually bankrupt. If its financial structure collapsed many less affluent municipalities would go under too. He had to work fast. He could pay no attention to campaign obligations. "An elected public official must be ungrateful. You can't be a good mayor and a good fellow," he said.

Six months later he had saved \$31,000,000 in the budget. The city

was borrowing money at one and one eighth percent instead of four percent. City bonds had jumped from 82 to 100. And what did His Honor now think was the supreme qualification for being mayor of New York?

"The ability to say no," he answered.

All one day I heard him say no. Labor leaders wanted him to reconsider his policy that city employes had no right to strike. Machinists' representatives wanted their basic pay raised from \$9 to \$12 a day. A police committee suggested liberalized pension payments and firemen wanted additional promotions.

His trick was in the way he rejected the demands. "This is unpleasant to say." "You boys wouldn't want me to stultify myself, would you?" "Show me where I can get the money."

The delegations went away believing that he would do the best he could. It was almost as though they had a protective feeling toward this little mayor who worked under such obvious difficulties.

His system for getting things done is to dispose of a job immediately, to make certain that it is not brought back to him, and to cut red tape with the sharp scissors of his audacious mind.

In Washington the tempo of his work never slackened. From time

The Mayor in Action — As He Always Is

Glimpses from *Who Magazine*

UNDENIABLY the Mayor's ferocity has been of use in getting efficiency from his subordinates. His intimates condone his behavior by attributing it to strain and overwork, though LaGuardia himself has said, "Any time I break out and show some impulsiveness [which he does many times a day] it's very deliberate."

His high-pitched voice, his flailing gestures, his angry hopping about, his stubby appearance always make him a good show. He is a marvel at playing exactly the right role at the right moment. His vocal range, which runs from a coo to a snarl, is a wondrous asset. To a socially prominent audience he can be the bashful schoolboy, hanging his head and nervously drawing pictures on the tablecloth with his finger. Half an hour later he'll be screaming at a gang of hostile politicians, "I can be as tough as you are, and a hell of a lot smarter!"

—Earl Wilson and James F. O'Leary

to time he bolted out of the room to the telephone. He refuses to have a phone on his desk, in the conviction that fewer people call if they know how inconvenient it is for him to answer.

"Will you write an 800-word article for a woman's magazine?" asked his publicity director.

"Yes," said LaGuardia and called a stenographer. It was, of course, a speech rather than an article. As he dictated he wandered around the room, gesticulating.

At 6:30 o'clock he attacked a last batch of mail, and seemed as fresh as in the morning. Yet there are times when he is weary and discouraged. "Every year a man puts into this job takes five years off his life," Mayor LaGuardia said at the end of his first term.

Not long ago he said gloomily that a century hence he would be remembered, if at all, "only as a fat and unattractive little mayor." He was dismayed as he contemplated another campaign for the mayoralty, and all the old charges that would be trotted out: that he has been too radical, that he has run for office on every ticket save the Communist, that he has been extravagant, that he is dictatorial.

"I haven't the same enthusiasm I had before," he told me.

But he loathes Tammany Hall for its pretense that it works for the common man while it steals from him by waste and theft. I knew his stubby little figure would be in the ring as the campaign grew warm, putting on, as always, the best political show in contemporary America. His speeches are in English, Yiddish, German, Italian or Croatian, but the political philosophy on which he rests his case is valid in any language: "To the victor belongs the responsibility for good government."

LaGuardia was born in New York City on December 11, 1882, the son of a talented cornetist who had immigrated from Italy. His

mother had some Jewish blood — a fact seized upon by Hitler after LaGuardia attacked the Nazis.

"I never thought I had enough Jewish blood to boast about it," was the mayor's comment.

LaGuardia was brought up in Arizona, where his father was an army bandmaster. Bandmaster LaGuardia, ordered to Tampa, Fla., in the Spanish-American War, died as a result of eating tainted meat. From this tragedy, in part, grew the son's bitter hatred of graft. Later, as a consular officer at Trieste and Fiume, and as an interpreter at Ellis Island, Fiorello's sympathy for the underdog grew as he watched the treatment of immigrants — often refused admission because of physical disabilities after having paid all their savings for passage. He got ship lines to provide physical examination before taking their money.

While at Ellis Island he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and ultimately won election to Congress. There he earned a reputation for political irregularity, for hard and intelligent work and liberal views.

Since 1933 LaGuardia has changed the face of New York. Bridges and highways have been built. Old streetcar lines have been torn up and buses substituted. Dingy elevated railways are coming down. Schools, housing projects, playgrounds and hospitals have been constructed.

Even more important have been the moral changes. LaGuardia surrounded himself with aides of vigor, talent and honesty. Typical are Robert Moses, in charge of the ever expanding park program, and Comptroller Joseph McGoldrick, who was a professor of government at Columbia University. Students of municipal government from all over America have come to the new City Hall to work as volunteers, for LaGuardia has built a laboratory where new methods are tried out.

The eight years have not been perfect, of course. Mayor LaGuardia has lost his temper too often. He has occasionally been intolerant of criticism. At times

he has slipped in his appointments. He once selected an incompetent lawyer for a judicial post. The man's unfitness was soon demonstrated. Asked how he could have done it, LaGuardia said, "When I make a mistake I make a beaut."

If LaGuardia is re-elected mayor the suggestion will be made that he run for the Vice-Presidency if not the Presidency in 1944. LaGuardia probably would be willing, but he has few illusions. When his availability was mentioned three years ago he said:

"I couldn't get even a gallery seat to either convention, much less a nomination."

His political judgment, as always, was almost certainly correct.



Quotable Quotes

HENRY DAVID THOREAU:

"BEWARE of all enterprises that require new clothes."

JEROME K. JEROME:

"I LIKE work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours."

Viennese proverb
quoted by Manuel Komroff:

"WHAT can one expect of a day which begins with getting up in the morning?"

W. C. FIELDS
*describing a town which ran out
of whisky:*

"WE LIVED for days on nothing but food and water."

— *The Newspaper PM*

G. K. CHESTERTON:

"PERHAPS the principal objection to a quarrel is that it interrupts an argument."

DAVID AINSWORTH:

"WOMEN are like citadels. Some are taken by storm and others withstand a long and vigorous siege."

❑ *American strategy in the war no longer calls for a mass army; its existence weakens our defense effort and undermines national morale*

The Case for a Smaller Army

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

Walter Lippmann

THERE ARE, I believe, powerful reasons for saying that the time has come to examine carefully the advisability of reducing the size of the Army. It will, I trust, be clear to anyone who follows the argument that the very last thing intended is to embarrass our military leaders in their tremendous task. For General Marshall one can have only profound respect and admiration, and Secretary Stimson is the model of the public servant and patriot.

The argument which follows is not based on the idea that our military policy has been a mistake but on the tentative conclusion that it now needs to be revised to conform to the fact that the state of the

war and the character of American policy have changed greatly since our present army plans were adopted.

The greatly expanded Army was ordered in the period when we feared complete and compulsory isolation — in the summer of 1940 when we anticipated the fall of Britain and there was as yet neither a lend-lease policy nor a naval partnership to protect the two oceans. Today the effort to raise such a large army so quickly is not merely unnecessary but undesirable. It interferes with our lend-lease and naval policy, obscures and confuses the nation's understanding of American national policy. It is, in fact, the basic cause of most of the discontent which exists in the Army and spreads its infection beyond the camps.

It is important that we should remember clearly why, in July–September 1940, the President and Congress took the unprecedented step of adopting conscription to raise a mass army. For the first time in our history there was grave danger that the Navy would find itself outmatched and unable to guarantee the protection of Amer-

WALTER LIPPMANN, influential and widely read newspaper columnist, has consistently urged all-out aid to Britain and other countries fighting Hitler. In the September Reader's Digest he attacked the "isolationist policy of passive defense." During the World War Mr. Lippmann was an assistant to Secretary of War Baker and a captain in the Military Intelligence Service. Later he became editor of the *New York World*. Ten years ago he started his column, "Today and Tomorrow," which appears in the *New York Herald Tribune* and more than 100 other papers.

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(*New York Herald Tribune*, September 20, 41)

ican vital interests and the security of the Western Hemisphere. Fearing the fall of Britain, which was anticipated not merely by the Lindberghs but by the most reliable men, it became necessary as a matter of elementary prudence to raise a large army hurriedly as a second line of defense.

The program was adopted in face of an extreme emergency — in case we became completely isolated in the world and encircled by the allied conquerors of Europe and Asia. Like all measures taken in the stress of emergency, our military program had grave defects. It is not possible to expand an army so greatly and so quickly and to do it well. There were not enough experienced officers. The proportion of raw recruits to seasoned troops was very much higher than sound military policy would approve. There was not enough equipment.

When Britain had survived and America had adopted lend-lease and then had begun to occupy the oceanic outposts and to police the seas — the defects of the military program became more and more objectionable as the extreme emergency which had justified the program declined. The fact that the military policy no longer fitted the situation undermined morale in the Army, and it fed the isolationist agitators, who said that the boys were being prepared not, as originally promised, for the defense of the Americas but as a great

expeditionary force to fight in Europe.

This complex of circumstances centering around the great expansion of the Army is now, I believe, the cancer which obstructs national unity, causes discontent which subversive elements exploit, and weakens the primary measures of our defense, which are the lend-lease program and the naval policy. I think that a surgical operation is indicated — an operation to shrink the Army which will at the same time increase its efficiency.

Under lend-lease and the unfreezing of the Navy and through a foreign policy which has strengthened our position in Asia and in the Americas, the conditions which called for a mass army on the European scale no longer prevail. We do not need in any foreseeable future so large an army as we thought we might need if we had become isolated and encircled. We still need a strong, small army for emergencies in this hemisphere and for our strategic outposts. And we can make far better use of our weapons — over and above those required for a smallish crack army — by shipping weapons abroad than by keeping them here to train a much larger army than we have any prospect of having to use.

As a matter of fundamental strategy, our role is on the sea and in the air and in the factory — not on the battlefields of Europe or Asia. Our army program now should be

made to conform to this basic American strategy. All popular doubts, all political confusion, all ambiguity should be removed by a clear decision to shrink the Army and concentrate our major effort upon the Navy, the air force and lend-lease.

The world situation justifies this, our fundamental policy requires it, and the American nation instinctively desires it. Proposed by the President on the recommendation of his military advisers, it would be greeted with profound relief and great enthusiasm.



Yankee Tales

¶ A COUNTY SHERIFF in Maine was suspected of undue leniency toward his prisoners in the county jail, but definite proof was lacking. Then one summer evening a fellow townsman passed the jail and noticed six or seven of the inmates, neatly dressed, coming out of the jail. In the doorway stood the sheriff, watching their departure. The curious citizen stepped behind a tree and heard the sheriff say to the prisoners, "Now you fellers be back here by 9:30, or, by God, you'll be locked out!"

—Contributed by Edith C. Weren

¶ THERE LIVED in Nantucket some years ago an old-time whaler, Captain Coffin, who had had many thrilling adventures. Once he was harpooning a big sperm whale when the monster turned, crushed the boat and scattered the crew in the sea. For a moment the Captain was in the whale's great jaws, but pulled himself out and was rescued by his mates. "Captain Coffin," said a friend, "what did you think when you found yourself in the whale's jaws?"

"What did I think?" replied the Captain. "I thought he'd make 100 barrels — and by the prophets, he did!"

—Wall Street Journal

¶ IN A strange village I asked a Vermonter for aid in finding a man.

"Do you know Underwood?"

"Yep."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yep."

"Do you think he's at home now?"

"Nope."

"Well, where can I find him?"

"Here. I'm Underwood."

—Roderick Peattie, *The Incurable Romantic* (Macmillan)

The Bombing Plane Has Made America Invasion-Proof

Condensed from Army Ordnance

Lieut. Col. Thomas R. Phillips

General Staff Corps, U. S. Army

LAND-BASED air power has made the United States impregnable to sea-borne invasion. This is the most important fact to be learned from the European war. Even if our Navy were inferior to that of the enemy, no military leader would ever seriously consider attempting to invade us.

Imagine a convoy of 50 troopships crossing the 3000 miles of the Atlantic. The departure of such a force could not be kept secret. Our defending bombers would start attacking it a thousand miles from the coast. The attacks would grow in intensity as the convoy approached. The invaders might not be stopped, but they would be badly damaged.

Imagine, then, this convoy attempting to come into a harbor and remaining practically stationary for days in narrow waters with the entire U. S. bombing force working on it. The picture is incredible. What leader would risk thousands of men, packed in transports like sardines, under such bombing conditions? Invasion across the sea against ample land-based air power no longer is in the book of possibilities.

The outstanding lesson of the war, says a military authority, is that the war cannot be brought to our shores

Almost no other event in the history of warfare equals this in importance for the United States. If this country takes advantage of the defensive powers given it by the bombing plane, its impregnability to invasion is assured in the foreseeable future. And by building a suitable air-base and airways system we can insure the impregnability of all North and South America.

The attempted counterinvasion of Norway by the British gave striking proof of the defensive efficiency of air power. The operation took place under most favorable circumstances possible for the British: the Norwegians welcomed their coming; the British did not have to contend with any enemy forces when they made their landings at Aandalsnes and Namsos — there was nothing to oppose them until they had marched a considerable distance and met advanced detachments of the German army; nevertheless, the invasion failed.

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(Army Ordnance, September-October, '41)

Prime Minister Churchill gave as explanation for this failure "intense, continuous bombings of the bases at Namsos and Aandalsnes which prevented the landing of large reinforcements and even of artillery for the infantry already landed. It therefore was necessary to withdraw the troops or to leave them to be destroyed by overwhelming forces."

In other words, nothing but "intense, continuous bombings" prevented the success of the British invasion. There were no German troops or naval forces to oppose the landings. This was purely a victory of air power over a sea-borne invasion.

On the German side, means to repel the invaders were quite inadequate. Germany had occupied airdromes at Oslo and Stavanger. Oslo is 326 miles from Namsos and 120 miles from Aandalsnes. Stavanger is 260 miles from Aandalsnes and 420 miles from Namsos. Thus the German air forces had to operate from considerable distances — and they were limited in numbers, being based at four inadequate airdromes. Even so, they repelled the invasion.

Of great importance to the British was the short distance the expeditionary forces had to go to reach Norway, and the fact that their ships could approach the Norwegian coast beyond range of German bombers, then make the final run to shore in darkness and without

fear of bombing. Bombing was possible only after the ships reached harbor.

The British effort in Norway was a case in which every factor, except readiness, perhaps, favored the invader. The problem of invading the United States is infinitely more difficult.

The war has not yet conclusively settled the question of air power versus sea power. But in general, air power has been victorious every time there has been an ample bombing force, ample time for bombing operations, and relatively short attacking range.

Prime Minister Churchill explained the failure of the British fleet to operate in the Skagerrak against German communications to Norway as follows: "Immense enemy air strength makes this method far too costly to be adopted. Important forces would have to be employed in order to maintain a steady surface patrol and the losses which would have been inflicted on the patrol from the air would very soon constitute a naval disaster."

This point was abundantly proved when the British fleet attempted to prevent the invasion of Crete. After the loss of four cruisers and seven destroyers, the fleet withdrew. Malta also shows the impossibility of a fleet remaining within range of large bombing forces. It is only 60 miles from Italy and is untenable as a fleet base. The fact that the British still hold it is of minor im-

portance. It is no longer a base — it is just a piece of land. Even Scapa Flow [once the base of the British Grand Fleet, north of Scotland] has been made untenable by the bombing threat. Norway is only 300 miles away; with German bombing planes so close, the danger of remaining at Scapa Flow is too great for any possible military advantage.

In the Mediterranean, weak Italian air operations originally failed to prevent British convoy and fleet operations close to Italian

and Libyan coasts. But when the Italian air force was reinforced by powerful German squadrons, the last British convoy to pass through suffered such losses that no more convoys have been attempted.

The war has shown conclusively that air power dominates sea power in narrow seas and near coasts. And if we have, as we shall have, always in the future thousands of bombers ready to be concentrated for the defense of any point along all our coasts, America will be impregnable to invasion.



Footnote to History — 17 —

The First Torpedo

ONE DAY in the summer of 1863, when the Federal fleet was hammering Charleston, S. C., Dr. St. Julien Ravenel, a physician and agricultural chemist, had a discarded locomotive boiler loaded on a flatcar and sent to his plantation 30 miles inland.

There, unspied by Northern agents who by night floated information down the harbor in bottles to the blockading Yankees, Dr. Ravenel supervised the transformation of the ancient boiler into a strange-looking boat conceived and designed by himself.

It was cigar-shaped, 30 feet long by 5½ feet wide, driven by a small steam engine. From the bow a hollow 14-foot shaft projected forward below the waterline. When taken secretly to Charleston and launched, the boat was submerged except for a 10-inch coaming around the hatch and a small smokestack. It

was christened the *David*, because it was going out to attack Goliath.

On the night of October 5, 1863, Lieut. W. T. Glassell of the Confederate navy and a crew of three took the *David* unseen down Charleston harbor, past the battered hulk of Fort Sumter and through the Federal fleet to the flagship *New Ironsides*, then probably the most powerful warship in the world. Running at full speed, the *David* drove her projecting shaft, at whose end was affixed a contact torpedo, against the flagship's armored flank. As the torpedo struck, a thunderous explosion seriously damaged the battleship.

The *David*, though nearly swamped, got clear and returned safely to Charleston after the first successful torpedo attack in history. Suddenly and permanently the fear of torpedo attack had entered naval warfare.

— Herbert Ravenel Sass

Help for Women Over Forty

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Helen Haberman

EVERY YEAR at least 8,000,000 women in the United States between 40 and 55 years of age go through the menopause. Many — perhaps 40 percent — suffer pain and discomfort, with characteristic sensations of heat and cold known as “flashes.” Crying spells, sleeplessness, and just “nerves” are other significant symptoms. Until recently the majority of these women suffered in silence. Many feared insanity, for depression was not unusual. Uninformed or inhibited, they did not consult a doctor.

Then medical science moved forward. After 40 years of experiment in the laboratory and 10 years of testing on women, doctors reported that women could be given a hormone substance, known as estrogen, which would help to replace their own dwindling supply of hormones — apparently responsible for their physical and mental torment. This new hormone could mitigate suffering for millions of women. Thousands of doctors who tried estrogen on their patients reported that it was effective.

One obstacle stood in the way of widespread use: the high cost of the natural estrogen substance.

Treatment must be given for several months, often for a year or more. This meant frequent visits to a physician for injections of the hormone.

Doctors can now prescribe inexpensive relief for a dreaded crisis of discomfort and depression

The Federal Food and Drug Administration has just sanctioned the marketing of a new synthetic

hormone which can be given by mouth, has five times the strength of the natural hormone, has proved effective in as high as 91 percent of the cases in which it has been tested, and will cost about one tenth as much as natural estrogen — probably not more, for most women, than one half cent a day. This new synthetic is correctly known as diethyl stilbestrol.*

This sensational drug was developed by British scientists in 1938. Its announcement was welcomed with “guarded hopefulness” by medical men. Early tests, made by doctors throughout the world, showed that many women could not tolerate the drug. In some it caused nausea and vomiting. Sometimes it produced skin eruptions. Appar-

* A dozen or more drug manufacturers will produce diethyl stilbestrol, which will be advertised only in medical journals for the information of the profession.

ently a few women became even more nervous than before.

But recent investigators have succeeded in minimizing these effects. They have found that, if a small dose of one half milligram a day is given, there is nausea and vomiting in only 3 percent of the cases. Many physicians will proceed even more cautiously, prescribing only one tenth of a milligram at first.

And so now, after three watchful years, the drug may be safely released to millions of needful women. Drs. M. Edward Davis and Melbourne W. Boynton of the University of Chicago, after a two-year study of 400 women in menopause, concluded that "the drug has extraordinary clinical possibilities." Each woman received treatment with stilbestrol for 6 to 21 months. Its regular use in proper dosage alleviated all the "flashes" and other menopausal symptoms.

Another group of physicians, reporting in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, found that 68 percent of a large group of patients were totally relieved of their suffering and 27 percent were partly relieved. Only 4 percent failed to benefit. Many other tests confirm these results.

Under the rulings of governmental and medical authorities, every safeguard will be taken, especially at the beginning, to have the new product used only under the guidance of competent medical men. Women will not be able to buy it without a prescription. But, instead of going to the doctor's office twice or three times a week for treatment, they will be able to take the drug orally, and visit their doctor less frequently.

Thus millions who never received help before will be helped now, safely and at relatively slight expense.



Naval

Maneuver

GREGORY, a U. S. Navy man, was medium-sized, and not very imposing. One night ashore he walked into a small honky-tonk bar, and with a flourish, and a voice that filled the room, said: "When Gregory drinks, everybody drinks."

Immediately the bar was jammed, the house filled all the glasses, and everybody drank. Then with the impertinence of a king, Gregory reached into his pocket, pulled out a dime, laid it on the counter, and said: "And when Gregory pays, everybody pays." And out he walked.

— Contributed by Ensign Malcolm W. Cagle

American plans to feed Britain — and later the world — mean the end of crop destruction and the beginning of a vast food-production program

Green-Grocer to the World

Condensed from Time

MOST AMERICANS have not yet realized that the Battle of Food is being fought as bitterly as the Battle of the Atlantic or the Battle of Russia. Food, the most important element in morale, is a crucial factor in the war.

Generalissimo of the United States forces in the struggle for food is Secretary of Agriculture Claude Raymond Wickard. He has been charged with the vast responsibility of feeding both America and Britain for the duration. To do so he has instituted a new governmental policy which will revolutionize American agriculture, our No. 1 industry. First, production is now to be encouraged, not discouraged. Second, farmers are being told to produce less cotton and wheat, and more dairy products, meat, fruit and vegetables.

Wickard thinks the war can be won by feeding Britain, because the Continent's food-producing areas have suffered in multiple ways. The vast armies, the mass flights of refugees, the Nazi-compelled migrations have drained off many thousands of farm workers. Bombs and battles and "scorched-earth" destruction have devastated crops and stores. The Germans have in-

stituted a rigid system of food priorities: their army first, then skilled German workers, then other German civilians, then the new Nazi subjects. The Poles, Spanish, French, Belgians, Greeks and Yugoslavs are on their way to starvation. The Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Swiss and Russians are not far behind.

Wickard's plans for feeding Great Britain will change our entire agricultural structure. In making up their production goals for 1942, farmers are asked to:

Slaughter 79,300,000 hogs, instead of the 46,000,000 to be slaughtered this year. The 1942 pig crop will be the biggest ever.

Produce 14 percent more vegetables than last year.

Increase poultry and egg production 10 percent.

Produce 125 billion pounds of milk — 11 percent more than 1941's anticipated record production of 112 billion pounds.

The requirements are gargantuan. To get 13 billion more pounds of milk, for example, dairy cows will have to be fed 100,000,000 more bushels of corn and feed grains.

Wickard hopes to persuade farmers to cut down on wheat and cot-

ton by holding out the prospect of higher prices for dairy products and vegetables. But to effect successfully this huge transition in crops, complete government control is necessary. Many a farmer is groaning or raging under the restrictions of the AAA, which tells him how many acres of wheat he can plant. Yet there is a reason, only sharpened by the war, for cracking down on wheat. The United States has been growing too much of it: 400,000,000 bushels were carried over from last year. Cotton is a similar tragedy of overproduction and underconsumption.

In revising crop plans so as to supply Britain with the food she needs — pork (and lard), eggs, milk, cheese, canned tomatoes, dried beans and fruits — Wickard sees a chance to break the back of the regional one-crop system which has been the curse of American agriculture. Gradual steps toward diversification have been taken for years with only slight success. It took the tragedy of world war, of starving people, of men earning big wages to produce machines of death, to provide the long-sought agricultural opportunity; and Wickard does not mean to let it slip. In the South, straggly rows of weevil-bitten cotton bolls will vanish, and lush red tomatoes will shine instead. In the Middle West fat beef cattle will chomp thick grasses on the rim of the Great Plains, where grow the horizon-filling miles of wheat the

world does not want. Kentucky's gloom-bit tobacco planters, their markets riddled, will have a chance to adapt themselves to raising livestock or fruits and vegetables.

The Department of Agriculture began buying food for Britain even before the Lend-Lease Bill was signed, and the rate of expenditure has steadily climbed. Secret food drops have been established along the Atlantic seaboard; out of these caches food is being shipped steadily to England at the rate of 200,000 tons a month. The department has been told that \$500,000,000 of lend-lease funds have been earmarked for British food purchase in 1942's first six months.*

But Wickard's dream goes beyond feeding Britain and making American farmers prosperous. He wants to build up stores of canned goods, preserved dairy products and dried eggs for the rest of the world to use after the war. His goal is more production, more consumption, a higher national — and eventually international — standard of living.

He isn't worried for a moment over food surpluses. America needs a lot more food if it is to have a proper diet, and Wickard wants the country to eat its way to national health. If the United States consumed all the dairy products essen-

* Wickard recently told a congressional committee that America must supply 25 percent of Britain's food requirements, must send \$1,000,000,000 worth of food before next March.

tial to a sufficient balanced diet, milk production for domestic use alone would rise 10 billion pounds above the output Wickard asks for next year. And the world can take all the pork and beef, dairy products, beans and tomatoes we can grow.

The Secretary sees a horizon bounded by war but boundless with the promise of a better world. In

the words of his former aide, Milo Perkins: "In every civilization of the past, if you took the most it was possible to produce and divided it among all, the answer was always a lousy standard of living. But today if we produced all we could and divided it among the people, we would come out with a very good standard of living for the first time in history."



Magic Casements of the Mind

I SHALL never forget my first weeks as a student in Dr. William J. Beal's laboratory. He handed me a plant fresh from the riverbank—leaves, roots, flowers—and told me to study it, make sketches, and write down what I saw. I was impatient. In 15 minutes I showed what I had to the professor. "Go on," he said, "you've only just begun."

After using the hand microscope, I went up again with my notes. "Go on," he said, "you haven't begun to see all there is in that plant."

This continued for three or four days. It seemed a great waste of time to me, but presently I began to find, to my surprise, that the plant, a blue lupin, was far more interesting than I had dreamed. The veining of the leaves, their arrangement, the channels in the stem began to fascinate me. It was I making all these discoveries; it was as though I were exploring a whole new world.

Impatience, restlessness, were among the chief faults of my youth. In Doctor

Beal's laboratory I learned that impatience is the enemy of thought, and that everything is in anything. Now I know how far a man can travel in ten miles, the number of things one can see, hear, smell and taste. When I came across a remark of Rodin, the sculptor, "Slowness is beauty," I knew what he meant. Dr. Beal taught me that.

— Ray Stannard Baker, *Native American, The Book of My Youth* (Scribners)

A LOAF OF BREAD is the symbol of many things precious and unforgettable. In it I see seed flung into brown earth. Rains that refresh the sprouting grain. Golden seed heads. Winds that bend them in successive waves across the field. Timorous beasties scurrying through the dim alleys between the stalks and swallows skimming their tops. Men harvesting, and millers. Mothers baking homely sweet-scented loaves on Saturday morning. Jam turnovers made from the dough that was left, and hungry boys and girls filing into the kitchen to demand them.

— Richardson Wright, *The Gardener's Day Book* (Lippincott)

QUESTIONS

A FEATURE of *Liberty Magazine* that many readers turn to first is 20 Questions. Occasionally special groups of questions are presented by experts in various fields — Roy Chapman Andrews on nature or Mark Sullivan on history. The questions below are selected from both the regular and special departments of *Liberty*. Answers on page 106.

1. The letters in the name "Anzac" stand for what group of words?
2. Is the rainbow ever seen as a complete circle?
3. What bird can outrun a horse and roar like a lion, but cannot fly?
4. What famous landmark in our country moves backward constantly?
5. Is there any difference between flotsam and jetsam?
6. A man had a clock that struck the hours, and also struck once to mark the half hours. He came home one night late. As he opened the door, he heard the clock strike once. Half an hour later, it struck once. Again, a half hour after that, it struck once, and a half hour after that it struck once again. What time was it when he came in?
7. A hunter left camp and walked five miles due south. At that point he shot a bear. He then walked three miles due west, and found he was the same distance from camp as when he shot the bear. What color was the bear?
8. What do the letters S O'S, used as the radio distress signal, stand for?
9. Under what circumstances can a pitcher make four or more strikeouts in one inning?
10. How can you keep liquid cooking in a pot from boiling over?
11. What makes Mexican jumping beans jump?
12. What is shivering for?
13. On what parts of his body does a dog perspire?
14. What famous boxer fought in the prize ring for 18 years and never had a black eye or a bloody nose?
15. What fighter pulled this gag between rounds in his fight with Joe Louis? He was in his corner battered and bleeding. His manager said to him: "You're doing fine — he isn't laying a glove on you." "Then," said the fighter, "you'd better keep an eye on the referee because somebody's knocking the stuffing out of me."
16. Can a bird fly backward?
17. What is the will-o'-the-wisp?
18. Who was the first American President to speak over the radio?
19. What is the Caterpillar Club and why is it so called?
20. Why are they called the "high seas?"

Slyly the Veterans Grab for Five Billions More

Condensed from *The New Republic*

Roger William Riis

Popular writer and publicist; a veteran of World War I

WHILE the nation is preoccupied with a defense program that strains its every resource and calls

for sacrifice on the part of every American, the most skillful pressure group in Washington is quietly dipping into the Treasury for its own selfish benefit.

Ironically, this disservice to the nation is in the name of those who should be most jealous of its strength and solicitous of its welfare — the men who once wore its uniform. Veterans' organizations, reaching for more pension handouts, have already slipped through the House two bills which would divert billions of dollars to their pockets. The bills are now before the Senate.

The ruthless lobbyists for the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion know history. We pensioned our 1812 veterans when we were bothered about the Franco-Prussian War of 1870; we pensioned Spanish War widows in 1918. The time to grab is when war fever is abroad in the land.

Only public opinion can halt the

Behind the nation's back, the World War soldiers' lobby tries another pension raid — and widows and children unborn in 1918 may be getting public doles for decades hence

relentless progress of the lobbyists who misrepresent the veterans in Washington. See the steps by which they have pro-

gressed: First there was to be no pension aftermath of World War I; insurance policies on every man in uniform were to end all that. Then the bonus was demanded and paid — again in lieu of pensions. Then the totally disabled were pensioned. Progressively the requirement was lowered from total disability to 30 percent, then 20 percent, then 10 percent.

In July the last pretense of disability requirement was cast aside. The House passed HR 4845, ostensibly to increase compensation for the totally disabled. But hidden away in the bill is a \$40-a-month pension for every veteran at age 65, whether or not he ever suffered a day's discomfort during or after his service. The only limitation is that he must be able to show low income. Generations of pension grabbers have known how to get around such a feeble barrier as that.

In June the House passed HR 4, a measure so generous that under its provisions a girl who, as late as May 12, 1938, married a man who had served as little as 90 days will be entitled to a pension when her husband dies. Any child born to them, too, will be entitled to a pension, so that a hundred years from now thousands of men and women whom the war never touched will still be getting the handout.

This is the Townsend plan in uniform!

HR 4 and HR 4845 are *only two out of 120 bills introduced in this session of Congress by the pension boys*. They range from measures giving dental care to certain veterans and preference to veterans and their widows in jobs where federal funds are spent to taking care of dependent parents "upon termination of remarriage" — whatever that may mean.

How can such bills get through Congress? The answer is illuminating. Take HR 4845. When Fourth of July week-end came along, most Congressmen left Washington. There was an understanding that no important legislation would be brought up. That's when the pension lobby sneaked in HR 4845 — a bill estimated to cost an eventual five billion dollars. In the guise of a series of amendments to existing laws, it went through without roll call.

Not a soul objects to this nation's taking every proper care of

needy or wounded veterans or their dependents. But there are many who object to a citizen's performing the fundamental duty of defending his country, without harm to himself, and then demanding a handout for himself and his family for the rest of their lives.

It would be shameful if America had been ungrateful to her veterans. Has she? The United States paid them the highest military wages in World War I. Since then the government has given them eight billion dollars in bonus and other payments. It has given them free hospitalization, even for ailments in no way connected with their service; free medical service; free transportation to and from hospitals; preferential rating in Civil Service. The total spent on them since the Armistice has been *thirteen billion dollars*.

Nor is that all. States have handed the veterans 41 different kinds of help and favors, from pension and bonus payments, homesteads and tax exemptions down to free fishing licenses.

We cannot keep on forever being so openhanded. The cowardice of Congressmen, particularly during election years, has been responsible in the past. But new facts have to be faced. Whatever slight justification there may have been for taking care of part of the needy in this way has been swept away by the Social Security Act and various state pensions.

Another sobering fact is that our Selective Service program is now in the process of creating 4,000,000 more veterans. Besides, wars are no longer fought by armies alone. Civilian casualties in England far outrun military casualties. Where is the justification for pensioning a soldier who never suffered a scratch unless first the nation pensions every civilian wounded or bereaved by a bomb?

Plainly, our pension policy must be revised; the scandals that were the aftermath of the Civil War for more than 50 years could be borne by a rich and growing nation in a world at peace. Pension raids for multiplied millions of veterans cannot be borne by a nation which faces the kind of world we live in now.

The lobbyists do not represent a majority of the veterans. The American Legion membership embraces less than 25 percent of them; the Veterans of Foreign Wars even fewer.

Opposed to their lobbyists is the American Veterans Association, with headquarters at 271 Madison Avenue in New York. It is a small organization, but vigorous and out-

spoken, supporting a moderate pension increase for widows and orphans of the actual war dead. It is unalterably opposed to further pensions for veterans who came through the war unscathed.

All the American Legion says it wants is to have World War veterans put on the same basis as veterans of prior wars. Well, the Spanish-American War lasted 100 days; it is possible for a veteran of it who lives to be 80 to have received \$10,800 — or \$108 a day. Figure that cost for the 4,000,000 veterans of the World War. That's what the Legion lobby is after, the price of patriotism as the pension gang sees it.

The American, and particularly the veteran, who sees military service as a simple duty, not a means of graft, should speak out — now. The citizen who feels that this emergency forces us to stop the abuses of the past should say so. Write to your Senator in Washington, urging the defeat of HR 4 and HR 4845 and other pension hand-outs. Let it be known in unmistakable terms that the era of sentimental and cowardly largesse is over.



*Q*UIET MINDS cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

An epic achievement in medicine among the Navajos

Big White Medicine Man

Condensed from The Christian Century

Webb Waldron

Whose articles on American towns and personalities
appear frequently in leading magazines



THE PATIENT on the operating table was an Indian chief — headman of the Navajos. The assistant surgeon was Chinese. The two nurses were Indians — one a Pima from Arizona, the other a Cherokee from Oklahoma. Four student nurses, their black eyes glowing above their masks, stood intently watching the flashing instruments and the doctor's flying fingers — an Eskimo from Alaska, a Sioux from South Dakota, an Oneida from Wisconsin, a Nez Percé from Idaho.

But this scene in the mission



hospital at Ganado, Arizona, heart of the Navajo country, was remarkable in another, deeper sense. It represented the triumph of science over superstition. Not long ago medicine men would have warned the chief against traffic with white man's medicine. They would have tried to drive away his pains with chanting and sand drawings. Today the chief is here in the white man's hospital because a Navajo medicine man *advised him to come*. And now the white medicine man's expert fingers are removing the gallstones which no "sing" could have exorcised, while the Navajo's wife, her silver bracelets and turquoise necklaces hidden by operating gown and mask, stands watching, fascinated.

The doctor, Clarence G. Salsbury, beckons to the wife. She edges in, half fearfully, between two nurses. "Look!" he says, pointing to the heap of gallstones taken from the incision. "No wonder he had pain!" The Navajo woman stares, nods, slowly draws back.

Salsbury glances at me. "I al-

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(The Christian Century, October 15, '41)

ways like to have them *see*," he says. "Seeing is worth ten times as much as telling." Swiftly he sews up the incision.

The chief's torso is lean and tough. These are a hardy people. They fit into their hard land with its undulating deserts, its shell-colored rocks sculptured by the wind. Yet they know sickness and accident so well that their whole religion is centered upon one purpose: healing. Healing is their biggest need and desire, but the Navajo creed raises up a barrier against the white doctor.

Forty years ago the women of the Presbyterian Church established a small mission at Ganado. A doctor made his rounds on foot, sleeping on the dirt floor of Navajo hogans, administering simple remedies, braving the native medicine men. Two years later a primitive adobe hospital was set up. Here various doctors carried on with scanty equipment.

Into this background of heroic service came, in 1927, the tall ebullient surgeon who in his 14 years at Ganado has become known far and wide as the Big Doctor, with double emphasis on the Big. Salsbury, born in Ontario, attended a missionary school in Brooklyn, got his medical training in Boston and New York. Returning on furlough from medical missionary work in China, he took over a temporary vacancy at Ganado and has been there ever since.

A 12-bed hospital with an ancient kerosene sterilizer was Salsbury's material inheritance. His first brush with the medicine man threatened to be his last. A Navajo girl was brought in, her leg badly smashed in a fall from her horse. Salsbury set the shattered bones. The leg didn't heal properly. A few weeks later he had to operate, and the girl died on the table from a blood clot. The Navajos called a meeting, clamored, "Lynch him!" Suddenly a powerful medicine man, Red Point, rose and motioned for silence. He said:

"Both Navajo medicine men and white medicine men do their best to conquer the powers of evil. Sometimes the spirits are not favorable. This man did his best. Suppose you kill him. Will that bring the girl back to life?"

Red Point swayed the meeting from its purpose, but it was some time before any Navajo would trust himself to the operating room.

A case that helped restore confidence was that of a little Navajo girl with a tubercular infection of the ankle. Medicine men had conducted chants, to no avail. Through long disuse the leg had atrophied. In despair the parents consented to let Salsbury remove the diseased bone, put the ankle in a cast. The girl recovered completely and last May finished Ganado mission high school. There is nothing about her to show that she was ever in anything but perfect health.

Another early case was that of a woman with a large abdominal tumor. Medicine men had chanted over her in vain. Salsbury removed the tumor. Today, after 13 years, the woman rides horseback, herds sheep, does all the strenuous daily work of her hogan.

As the surgeon's prestige rose the Navajos began to bring in horses cut by barbwire. To a Navajo good horses are the mark of standing in the community, next to children one's most treasured possession. So Salsbury sewed up many a wounded horse.

The need of an X-ray machine became acute. Salsbury appealed to the Indians. They had little cash, but they came with sheep, wool, wood, turquoise necklaces, silver bracelets — things that could be converted into cash. White friends of the mission supplied the balance, and Ganado got the first X ray in an area larger than New York State.

After a year or more, the demand for beds grew so pressing that Salsbury asked his New York board for \$15,000 to enlarge the old adobe building. By the time the money was granted it was inadequate; Salsbury announced that he needed \$50,000 for an entirely new hospital. The board was aghast. "Then," said Salsbury, "we were forced in late fall to put patients in a tent adjoining the hospital. The nurses would crowd hot water bags around the patients, replacing

them through the night. In the morning the discarded bags would be cakes of ice." When this news reached New York, Salsbury got his new hospital — an appropriation from the legacy left the board by Mrs. Russell Sage.

Since then the hospital has been enlarged several times. In its first year it admitted 300 patients; in 1940 there were 1700, plus over 8000 additional dispensary patients. But this is only a partial indication of its service. Salsbury and his staff hold regular clinics at a dozen outlying points, caring for the health of 10,000 Indians scattered over 5000 square miles. Indians pay their bills in wood, wool, sheep, blankets, day work; but none is ever turned away for lack of means.

Salsbury and his staff have never denounced the Navajo medicine man. Deep-seated in the Navajo is the belief that bodily ill is due to getting out of tune with the infinite. With herbs, chants, sand paintings, the medicine man tries to bring the sick person back into tune, and he often succeeds. "He makes the patient *believe* that the herb and the chant are going to help him," said a doctor on the Ganado staff, "and therefore they sometimes do."

Of course there are limits to this treatment. A Ganado doctor once entered a hogan where a medicine man was holding a sing over a child with pneumonia. The doctor per-

sueded the parents to let him take the child to the hospital. As he carried the child out the medicine man said: "Doctor, can you give me something for my sore throat?"

A Navajo child, helping her mother fry mutton, got her skirt in the blaze and was terribly burned. For several days a medicine man treated her with herbs. She was in agony. A mission worker happened into the hogan and, over the medicine man's protest, induced the family to send the child to Ganado hospital. The medical staff and students gave 150 square inches of skin to graft over the child's burns. She recovered.

One of the greatest achievements of Salsbury and his staff is in overcoming the Navajo's horror of death and the dead. When a Navajo dies in a hogan, the family never set foot in it again. It is a *cbindi* place, adobe of evil spirits. If a person seems to be dying, the family will carry the sick one out into the open, so that his death won't contaminate the house. Once a Ganado nurse saw a baby in convulsions lying naked on a rock pile outside a hogan in the broiling sun. Navajos love babies, yet this family's fear was greater than its love. The nurse rushed the child to the hospital, where doctors quieted its convulsions.

In the early days, Indians brought patients to Ganado in the last stages of disease, so that they would die in the hospital instead of the

hogan. Salsbury had to take a firm stand about this, for if he maintained a hospital only for the dying it would become known as 'a *cbindi* place. When a person did die in the hospital the other patients would run outdoors, even in the winter. Today, however, if a Navajo in the hospital is dying his family will gather round to comfort his last moments.

Many things have contributed to this change, but one is outstanding: the nurses' school. From the first Salsbury realized the desirability of having Indian nurses as a bridge between white man's science and the Indian. Indian girls have the qualities that make an ideal nurse: patience, watchfulness, interest. In 1930 he started a training school for Indian nurses — the only one of its kind. Candidates must be Protestant or Catholic, have a high scholastic record and character recommendations. Today there are 40 girls in training from 24 different tribes. One evening Dr. Salsbury gathered them together to tell me why they had come to Ganado. Many said they had seen a white nurse working among their people and they wanted to do that kind of work too. The varied contour of faces, timbre of voices, gestures and reticences of those 40 girls — from sparkling Apache to quiet Eskimo — made a fascinating study.

The presence of Indian girls at Ganado, tending the sick and dy-

ing, caring for the dead, had a powerful influence in changing the Navajo attitude toward death.

When the first class graduated, the old Navajo medicine man, Red Point, who had saved Salsbury's life, was there in full regalia — velvet blouse of royal purple, green velvet trousers, silver belt, bright

silk headband, earrings, bracelets — and made a speech. He said: "This Big Doctor, Salsbury, and I don't agree about medicine, *but we exchange advice*. He asked me about starting this school, and I told him, 'Go ahead.' It is good. It's the best thing white man's medicine has done for the Indians."



Americans Have a Club for It

WHEN the president and 56 vice-presidents of the Dallas, Texas, Bonehead Club (membership 57) sit down to their weekly luncheon meeting, they wear their hats, in solemn tribute to the hat-check girl, who is "too pretty to work." The Bonehead Club is a once-a-week refuge from sobriety for doctors, lawyers, editors, businessmen, educators and one bishop. It has only one professed aim: to accomplish nothing with a maximum of effort.

The Boneheads treat no one with respect; they brag that their guest speakers never get to speak. Each year they momentarily elect "Dallas's most useless citizen." They like to pass such resolutions as that automobile dealers be compelled to provide a bicycle with each new car so that the motorist may ride to work after parking, or that accidents be carefully supervised so they will happen to the right people.

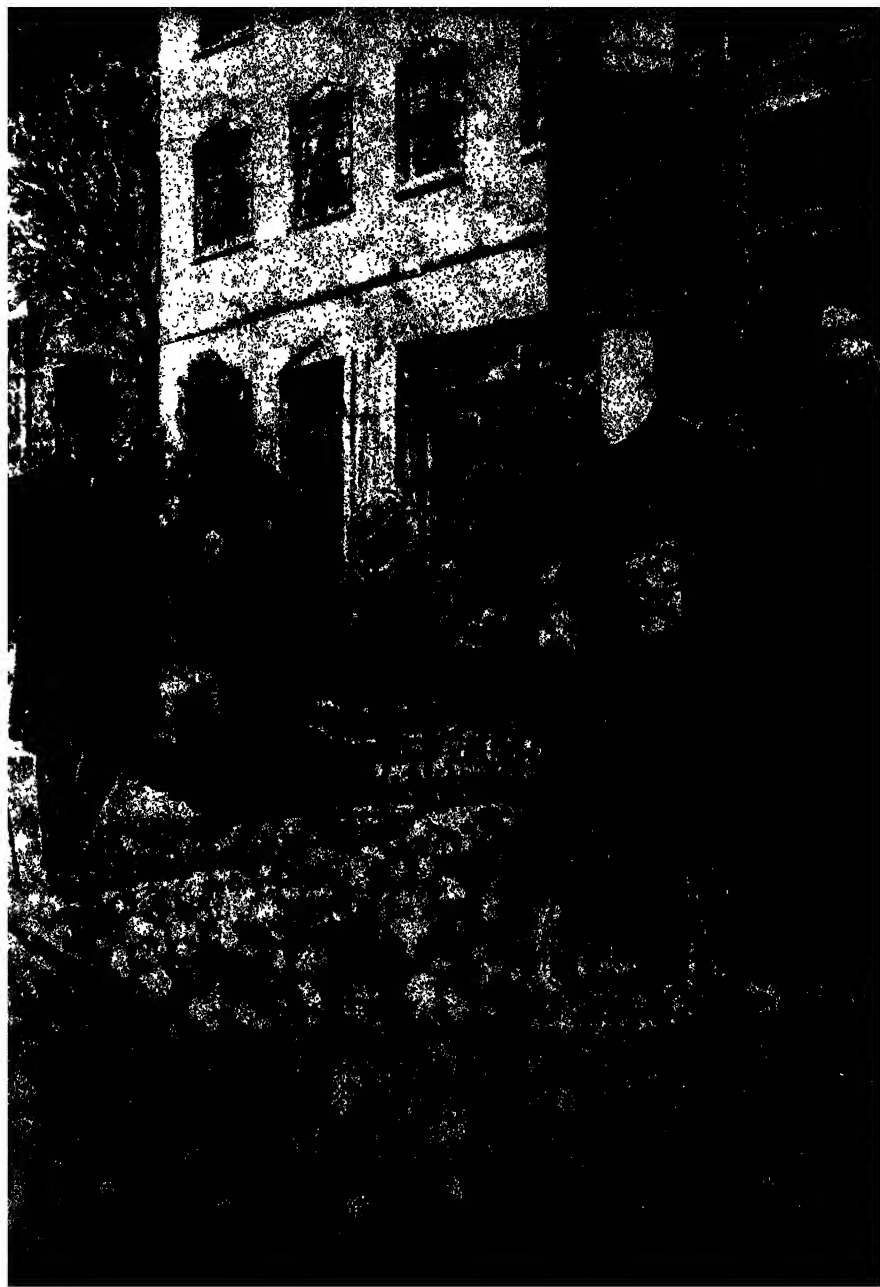
When Dallas water became distasteful due to algae, the club created "Little Algy," retailed his adventures

through the press to tittering Dallas, presented the city manager with Algy's birthday cake, an imposing Limburger cheese. The Dallas city administration has never forgotten Algy. Bonehead missiles often reach Washington. They wired one Texas representative, "Suggest defense debate be limited to six months. If war not over then, limit may be extended."

One of the club's most famous junkets occurred when they matched the government's hog-curtailment program with a fewer-cats-in-Dallas movement, and journeyed en masse to Athens, Texas, each member bearing a cat to loose in the Athens square with appropriate ceremonies. Each year they challenge Dallas society's sacrosanct Idlewild Ball with a Bridlewild Bawl, at which most embarrassing things happen to pompous people.

So far as the members know, the Bonehead Club, which has existed since 1919, is unique, but they think that every town should have one.

— By Michael Scully



any other person below. If you
are not a member, please do not
do so. If you are a member, please
do not do so. If you are a member,
please do not do so. If you are a member,
please do not do so.

Card
and
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Jumping Through Georgia

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Don Wharton

IN MAY 1940 there wasn't a parachute trooper in the U. S. Army. We were fast asleep — inexcusably, for this was originally an American idea. In the last war, farseeing General Billy Mitchell urged a gigantic parachute attack to land 20,000 men behind the German lines. In the early 1920's, Americans led the world in parachute stunts. By 1928 our Air Corps men were making mass jumps of ten from a ship — stunts, done without orders. In 1939 our Forest Service began using parachute jumpers to fight fires.

And there we stopped. The Russians got interested, the Germans carried on, while we slept. In the spring of 1940, German parachutists seized the Rotterdam airfield. Only then did our Army haltingly organize a parachute platoon — two officers and 48 men.

These volunteers, beginning at Fort Benning, Ga., with borrowed equipment, virtually begging rides from the Air Corps, have grown in one year to four battalions of some 400 jumpers each. Officers, learning along with their men, have developed a school that can turn out a parachute battalion a month.

All parachutists are volunteers. More than 18,000 men and 900

The latest on our own parachutists; they're tough and able because their system of training makes leaping from a plane about the easiest thing they do.

officers have tried to get in. The men get \$50 a month extra pay, the officers \$100. They can't buy life insurance, though they've had but one death out of 4500 jumps.

Soldiers chosen must be unmarried, under 30, physically tops and emotionally well balanced. When one of these picked men reaches Fort Benning he starts through the toughest school ever devised for American soldiers. For six weeks he is hardened into a physical superman, driven through exercises which make football practice look soft. He tumbles on the hard Georgia soil, climbs ropes, somersaults off platforms forward and backward. He is pulled along an inclined trolley and dropped, to accustom him to landing with a forward motion. He is taught to spring to his feet while being jerked headfirst along the ground.

Then he is taken to the 250-foot towers modeled after the one at the New York World's Fair. He makes five parachute descents in a chair and four in harness. Then he is

strapped horizontally in his harness, hauled up 150 feet and at a signal told to pull his rip cord for a 15-foot drop which jerks him into an upright position. During this nerve test he holds a tiny rubber ball in his left hand; if he loses the ball he hasn't full control of himself. This shock test washes out a few men; a few more are washed out in the next step: two jumps from the top of another tower with an open parachute.

Now the trooper is ready for the jump from a plane. He has been conditioned psychologically to make it hard for him *not* to jump. This is done partly by making him familiar with his 'chute. Every man packs his own, learning how in 12 four-hour lessons. Plane flights give green men the feel of the air. An experienced jumper goes along and after two hours' riding takes the beginner to the door, talks to him casually about jumping out.

The first jump is not the hardest — the parachutist has been building up to it for six weeks. Part of the emotional hypo of the first jump carries over to the second. Besides, the men feel that if they don't make the second jump their buddies will think they were scared by the first. It is the third, fourth, or fifth which is hardest. By that time the excitement is over, curiosity is satisfied, the man has proved he had the nerve — and now he knows jumping is a tough and frequently painful job.

A parachutist in training can always refuse to jump. The instructors never try to push or talk a man out of a plane. They would rather lose misfits early than late. A man who refuses is sent back to the ground troops — and no hard feelings. He is shipped away quickly, never permitted to eat another meal or sleep another night with the parachute troops — for his own sake and theirs. But after a man qualifies — completes one solo and four mass jumps — a refusal is treated the same as disobedience of any military order.

Rejects average 22 out of 150 starters — five on the towers, five in the planes, three for physical reasons, two for inability to learn 'chute packing, seven for minor injuries.

The take-off of the plane is the worst moment for many parachutists. Then tension begins to ease, the men chatter in their seats, chew gum, light cigarettes. As the plane makes a preliminary pass over the jumping field, the tenseness mounts again. Every man is silent, some are sweating, their minds are working a mile a minute. Behavior is contagious; buck fever can sweep through the cabin — once there were five refusals in the same plane.

The jumpmaster, peering through the door, calls, "Stand up!" The 12 men fill the aisle; tension immediately disappears. "Hook up!" — each man hooks a snap fastener to a cable running along the cabin roof.

A line attaches the snap fastener to the cover of his parachute; when he jumps, this line will jerk the cover off. "Go!" cracks like a pistol. The jumpmaster — a sergeant or lieutenant — jumps, and his men come piling after, all out in 10 seconds.

A parachutist doesn't step or dive out, he jumps. First he quickly spreads his feet, grabs the sides of the door, leans head and shoulders into the air and jumps straight out, pushing with feet and hands so that he stays upright. The propeller blast gives him a half turn; now he is facing the rear, feeling with his right hand for the rip cord of his reserve 'chute. He has no sensation of falling. If he keeps his eyes open — some can't — he may see the plane's tail passing over him. Or a 'chute opening below, or another jumper up above.

Then the 'chute opens — a rough, rude jerk at best — a cruel, wrenching one if the parachutist has gotten into a headfirst fall or if the plane wasn't throttled down to 95 miles an hour. But terrible or merely tough, the jerk is welcomed; so great is the relief that many a parachutist has failed to notice the pain until after landing. A colonel landed with his shoulders wet with blood and didn't even know it.

The third stage is the one parachutists like — floating down. They call it delightful. They come down shouting to one another. Once

opened the parachute will not collapse. By different pulls a parachutist can slow his fall slightly or alter his course.

As he gains experience there is less worry about the jump, more about the landing. Out of the first 4300 jumps there were 111 hospital cases, 28 of them fractures. But serious injuries have been cut in six months to a mere two per thousand jumps. A few feet before landing a parachutist gives his riser cords a mighty tug which pulls him up and cushions his fall; he bends his knees slightly, resists an impulse to pull them all the way up. If there's wind and he's being pulled in a diagonal fall, he tries not to hit on his feet but to land in a tumble. Soon as he hits he tries to collapse his 'chute. He races to get it between him and the wind, knocks it down, unbuckles his harness.

Most training jumps are from 1250 to 1500 feet altitude; some have been from as low as 750, which is more dangerous. In war these men will jump from 250, 300, 400 feet, will not carry a reserve 'chute — no time for it to open.

Every day something new in equipment or technique is tested. If any risk is involved an officer tries it first. Officers made the first jump into water, the first with a gas mask and with a heavy camera. When details were wanted on how to slip in on a target from 3000 feet, two officers went up and tried it.

No officer has ever refused a

jump. Their consecutive string of around 800 without a refusal is the Army's perfect case of leadership by example. Colonel William C. Lee, who commands the parachute troops, is 46, far too old to jump and he was not expected to. But he jumps — and plans to keep on jumping with every class. Once when a soldier was narrowly saved by his emergency 'chute an officer ran up, made sure he wasn't injured and said, "Come on, we'll jump again together."

No wonder morale among the parachutists is high. They are probably the hardest, toughest and best-dressed soldiers in the Army. Every soldier buys a tailored overseas cap out of his own pay — scorning the regular army issue. He shines his boots twice a day. When he finishes his jump training he gets silver wings to wear on his blouse and he is cocky.

After qualifying, one jump a month is about average. The big job at this stage is combat training. Parachutists must develop speed in getting to their weapons — dropped by separate parachutes — and expertness in turning these

weapons upon preselected targets. A parachute attack is planned to the finest details. The enemy territory is mapped from the air. The terrain is then modeled on sand tables, and each company, platoon or squad is given a definite mission. All parachutists are trained to use pistol, rifle, tommy gun, grenade, mortar and machine gun. Some in each platoon are turned into demolition experts. Parachutists can destroy parked planes in a tenth the time it would take infantrymen. In 30 minutes 12 parachutists could disrupt the water system of a city of 50,000 — they know exactly what to wreck.

They can also do some tall marching; recently the 501st Battalion marched 12 miles in three hours carrying all their weapons, including mortars and machine guns. Every spare afternoon these men *run* two and one half miles to a swimming pool and then run back. Maneuvering in Alabama one day against a top-flight regiment, the parachutists moved so fast and took so many prisoners that they had to be stopped in order to keep the mimic war going.



Slogans of the Blitzed

Sign across a badly blasted Birmingham, England, wine shop window:
 "We are carrying on with unbroken spirits."

Sign in front of an English coast-town tobacco shop: "Jerry blew in, why not you?"
 — Manchester Guardian

The Last Thing Schubert Wrote

Alexander Woodcott

An appreciation of Franz Schubert, written with tenderness born of great respect. It is a story of the young musician's last days and, strangely, it is likewise the story of his life — a life profligate with enduring melodies yet always touched with pathos and want.

ON A DAY in November in the year 1828, at the house of his brother on the outskirts of Vienna, Franz Schubert lay dying of the typhus. Only the year before he had been one of the torchbearers when they buried great Beethoven in the Währing and, at a tavern on the way home from the grave, it was Schubert who, with glass uplifted, had proposed the toast, "To the one who will be next." Now it was his turn, and this hapless, clumsy young man — with his dumpy, tarnished body, his myopic eyes and his hungry heart — would give no more songs to the world.

Since that world began, no one had come into it with such a gift of melody. He was an inexhaustible fountain of music and never more so than in the last years of his short life. Music poured from him pell-mell and at such speed that it was nothing for him to compose a quartet and set it down on paper in the time it now takes

a practiced copyist to transcribe it. Or consider the *Serenade*, which will pall when sunsets do or the singing of nightingales.

While the lamp of our civilization still burns, men will remember Schubert's *Serenade*; but it is the whole point that Franz himself could forget it. Indeed, he did. That imperishable song was written in honor of a young girl's birthday, and it was part of the plot that the composer himself should play the accompaniment when they sang it under her window. A piano was trundled across the garden in the twilight and the singers arrived, but Franz forgot to come.

Although he was only 31 when he died, he had produced more than a thousand works. In the inventory of his estate, the sum of 8s. 6d. was optimistically fixed upon as the probable market value of the huge bundle of manuscripts which must have included some of the great works of his last year. Indeed, Schubert left behind him a

Vienna littered with such misprized relics. A generation later, young Arthur Sullivan, coming over from England with his friend Grove, poked hopefully in one forgotten closet and found the lost portions of the *Rosamunde*. It was long after midnight when they came upon this treasure trove and it was sunrise when they had finished copying it. Because they were young and dearly loved Franz Schubert, they could express their feelings only by playing leapfrog until it was time for the coffeehouses to open.

Ironically it was Schubert's own fecundity which had helped to keep him poor. He would compose a dozen songs in a single day and naively try to get a good price for them from a publisher who had not yet had time to print the two dozen which Schubert had sold him the month before.

And the last thing Schubert wrote? Well, it was a letter — a letter to his friend Schober, with whom, earlier in the year, he had shared lodgings at the Blue Hedgehog until he moved out because he could not pay his half of the rent.

11th, November 1828.

Dear Schober —

I am ill. I have eaten and drunk nothing for eleven days and am so tired and shaky that I can only get

from the bed to the chair, and back. Rinna is attending me. If I taste anything, I bring it up again. In this distressing condition, be so kind as to help me to some reading. Of Cooper's I have read *The Last of the Mobicans*, *The Spy*, *The Pilot* and *The Pioneers*. If you have anything else of his, I entreat you to leave it with Frau von Gogner at the coffeehouse. My brother, who is conscientiousness itself, will bring it to me in the most conscientious way. Or anything else,

Your friend,

Schubert.

If you find that letter endearing it may be because it is sometimes in the power of a casual message, thus come upon after many years, to abolish time and space. When you think of Franz Schubert yearning on his deathbed for the sound of a twig snapping under a moccasined foot in the forest along the Mohawk — too bad that *The Deer-slayer* had not been written yet! — somehow the years between 1828 and this one are expunged from the calendar. It is not merely that the distance from Cooperstown to Vienna is shortened. The space between is annihilated. Quite suddenly we are close enough to Schubert's garden to see the fall of a sparrow, close enough to his bedside to hear the beat of a gentle heart.

Radio Quip



Q I AM very lucky at auctions. The last one I went to I made bids on 16 different things — and didn't get caught once.

—Mrs. Meek (*Lifebuy* — CBS)

¶ Saved from political and even physical death by F.D.R., Hopkins is the President's eyes and ears

Roosevelt's Man Friday

Condensed from Life

Felix Belair



AFTER a notably short and uneventful career as Secretary of Commerce, Harry Hopkins had resigned in ill health. A close friend asked: "Harry, how does it feel to be a has-been?"

"Maybe it's all over now," said the one-time king of the New Deal spenders, "but the son of a harness maker did make Roosevelt's cabinet. They can't take that away from me. It's also a good answer to those who say democracy doesn't work."

Six months later he was in Churchill's study at No. 10 Downing Street, chatting by transatlantic phone with his best friend. "I'm sitting here with Winston," he said at the close of the conversation. "Would you like to have a word with him?" Franklin Roosevelt would.

Hopkins had in the interval become a permanent guest at the White House. As President Roosevelt's confidant he was probably the second most influential man in America. And he was acquiring a similar intimacy with Prime Minister Churchill, lunching with the

King and Queen, attending meetings of Britain's Inner War Cabinet, learning the secrets of the empire.

Soon he was to go to Moscow, penetrating a seclusion more mysterious than the Dalai Lama's.

Hopkins — nine years ago an obscure social worker — must wonder what the folks back in Grinnell, Iowa, think of him now. But even prime ministers and dictators must take a respectful interest in a man who: (1) now spending his second ten billion, can get rid of money faster than any human in history; (2) has so secured his place in the White House affections that his motherless nine-year-old daughter, Diana, became a virtual ward of her "Auntie Eleanor."

Even in the early New Deal days Hopkins knew Roosevelt better than any other member of the President's entourage. He knew when to put in his two cents' worth and when to keep quiet. As far as any outsider knows, his book of dissenting opinions is a volume of blank pages. He knew how to dance away when the many-faceted Roosevelt personality

shone too brightly, how to flutter near when the brilliance subsided. He never singed his wings.

Not even a President wants to talk about affairs of state all the time. With his own fluency and charm Hopkins can divert Roosevelt with jokes, anecdotes, a tart review of the day's incidents. They find pleasure simply in each other's presence. But when he talks business with the Boss, Hopkins is a sympathetic listener who understands, encourages — and then with unquestioning loyalty and slashing contempt for cost and red tape puts his chief's ideas into action.

From his association with the younger man, Roosevelt derives a self-confidence that helps him bear up under a strain that has killed more active men. And Hopkins wants nothing more than to be doing the job that the President wants done. It makes little difference whether he disburses billions for relief, directs the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, rubs jowls with Ed Kelly and Frank Hague to put over the Third Term, or flies around the world. He feels that he is in there pitching for the greatest leader of the "active liberals" the age has produced.

Today, aged 51, Hopkins is a one-man cabinet in constant session with the President, and he can make or break a plan with as little effort as a grunt or a frown. He is at Roosevelt's bedside before the President begins his grueling business

day. And he can be found there at 11 o'clock at night in his shabby blue-silk dressing gown, discussing tomorrow's problems before the bigger and wearier man falls asleep.

For Hopkins' bedroom is separated from the President's only by the oval study on the second floor of the White House. From his high-ceilinged room, which Lincoln once made his office, Hopkins pulls the strings that control America's giant war industry. In this bedroom, living room, dining room and office are mapped many of the moves of the Battle of the Atlantic and the Battle of Britain.

All through Grinnell College Hopkins had his heart set on becoming a newspaperman. But he dropped that idea, as he has many others, when a job opened up as councilor at a summer camp for poor children at Bound Brook, N. J. Three years later, at 25, Hopkins was appointed head of New York City's Board of Child Welfare.

When America got into World War I, he was rejected by the Army because of defective vision. Taking a job with the Red Cross he headed their entire Southern Division, with headquarters in New Orleans. After the war he was made assistant director of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. In 1924, age 34, he was put in charge of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, the biggest job — \$10,000 a year — that had ever come his way.

Hopkins remained with the Association until 1933, meeting important people. Five years before, however, he had met the man he was later to call Boss. Together they fought the good fight for Al Smith. And when Franklin Roosevelt, as Governor of New York, set up the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration, he and Mrs. Roosevelt, who also had taken a great shine to the kinetic young social worker, agreed that Harry was just the man to run it. In May 1933 F.D.R. took him to Washington as Federal Relief Administrator, soon to head CWA and its successor, WPA.

Of the President's intimate advisers, Hopkins is one of the few who have endured through all the stresses and strains of the past nine years. Washington correspondents diagnosed him as politically dead as far back as 1935.

But Hopkins has made a hobby of fooling the experts. Two years after the dopesters had consigned him to the political scrap heap, he was despaired of by medical authorities. He was suffering from malnutrition, after an operation for a perforated gastric ulcer, and the experts at Mayo Clinic sent him home to Washington to die.

Summoned by Roosevelt, army and navy medical experts fed him more drugs in a year than most people take in a lifetime. A champion guinea pig, he took medicines that had never been given to a human being. "What the hell; what

have I got to lose?" he said. What those medicines were Hopkins still has little idea. He had taken so many kinds of dope that when it was all over even the doctors didn't know which one cured him.

His closest friends concede that no man could disburse such astronomical sums as Hopkins handed out and keep any appreciation of the value of money. When Hopkins tackles a project for the Boss he always assumes that there will be an appropriation. This explains at once his ability to get things done and his outstanding success where others have failed with the President. Hopkins never asks "how" or "with what." He tells his assistants, "Do the job and let us worry about the money."

Unlike his boss, Hopkins cares no more for his private than for public funds. He tosses his own money around as though there were a never-ending supply. When he was spreading encouragement to the farmers of the parched Midwest in 1936, he would buy food for hard-hit families out of his own pocket. If he has more than \$50 or his person at one time, the chances are that Steve Early has tipped him off to a good thing at the tracks. Friends continue to rag him about being caught by a news photographer at the \$2 window at a race track. And more than once he has dropped \$500 or \$600 at poker.

Allah has been providing for Harry Hopkins a long time. Of his \$10,000

a year salary as administrator of relief agencies more than half went as alimony to his first wife and three sons. He had taken a salary cut on leaving welfare work, and former associates, adopting Hopkins as a sort of project, paid the biggest spender of other people's money in history \$5000 a year to help meet his personal expenses. The contribution was discontinued when Congress increased his salary in 1936 to \$12,000 a year. When ill health compelled him to resign as Secretary of Commerce, another fund was raised to pay him \$5000 a year as head of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Hyde Park Library. Hopkins' change of status from White House visitor to permanent guest about a year ago was opportune. It is doubtful that he could have long continued solvent on the salary of a librarian. The President has since arranged a \$10,000 salary for him under the lend-lease program.

As "Special Assistant to the President supervising the defense aid program," and Roosevelt's "doman," Hopkins' job is all-inclusive. His functions are probably the vaguest of any of that shadowy host of officials the emergency has brought to the nation's capital. If the British Purchasing Commission must be convinced that Russia and China also need the weapons rolling out of the American arsenal, Hopkins is the one to lay down the law. Axiomatic throughout Washington's sprawling production-planning agen-

cies is the byword: "If it's about defense, see Harry." When not laying down the law, Hopkins is diverting through his office-bedroom a constant stream of officials whose problems, they think, can be discussed with none but the President. Reporters know when Hopkins is out of town by the sudden lengthening of the presidential appointment list.

People who normally get the ear of the President and now get it rarely have become keenly aware that Washington has its "other President." At the White House press conference explaining Hopkins' first mission to Britain, Roosevelt called him his "eyes and ears." That mission caused much wonderment in Washington. It was so obvious that none figured it out. Hopkins was to discover who was really running the war for Britain and how serious was her effort. He reported that Churchill was the leader and that Britain was in it for keeps. Any number of people might have supplied Roosevelt with these answers, but none whose impressions and intuitions he could trust as much as Hopkins'. Nor is there any other who could transmit so precisely to Churchill and Stalin what is in the President's mind.

The first night Hopkins was in Russia, Moscow got its worst bombing of the war up to that time. He saw in a single night that the Russians could dish it out as well as take it. Their anti-aircraft fire

that curtains the sky in three tiers was more effective than the pot shots over Britain. He didn't have to ask if the Russians were in the war for keeps. What he learned in conversations with Stalin, Molotov and others Hopkins reserved for the Boss, but after his Moscow arrival a presidential memorandum to the War and Navy Departments stressed immediate aid to Russia.

Hopkins made one mistake on his

latest safari. He lost his vitamin pills between London and Moscow. As a result he spent several days in bed on his return to London before setting out with Churchill on the celebrated rendezvous at sea. He was so weak that the doctors gave him vitamins by needle. Back home, however, he dismissed the whole experience with brief comment. The President had given him a job to do, and he had done it.



The Whole Truth

¶ A UNIVERSITY president was accused of drunkenness. At the hearing before the board of trustees, one of the witnesses was the Irish houseman employed by the president.

"Did you ever see the president intoxicated?" he was asked.

"No, sir," he answered.

"Come, come," said the examiner, "don't you know that he was drunk on last Commencement Day?"

"No, sir," said the houseman. "On the contrary, I know he was not drunk."

"How do you know that?" asked the examiner in an incredulous tone.

"You know them three flights of stairs in the president's house, two of them curving?" said the houseman. "No man is drunk that can slide down all them banisters without losing his cap or gown or hood."

— Nelson Antrim Crawford in *Household Magazine*



Simplifying the News

AFTER struggling with headlines for a dozen different stories on the international situation, the editor of the Clearfield (Pa.) *Progress* gave up. In a single big streamline on page one he informed his readers:

WORLD IN AN AWFUL MESS

— AP

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN.

Small waves chucking the rowboat
under the chin. (E. B. White)

A pretty deb in her early nicoteens.
(W. L. Wilton)

It was a low dachshund of a house.
(Anne Shannon Monroe)

Don't slam your mind in my face.
(Christopher Hale)

She can't dance so well, but gosh,
how she can intermission.
(Private Arthur Hill)

His studies were pursued but never
effectually overtaken. (H. G. Wells)

After two days in the hospital I
took a turn for the nurse. (W. C. Fields)

He always sits with his back to the
check. (Walter Winchell)

Women talking about the amend-
ments to their constitutions.
(Meyer Lubin)

Only a few strong characters can
leave a ringing telephone alone. Its
"brrr-rp-brrr-rp" is like a flame
shouting, "Hey, moth!" (Arthur Caylor)

He was just recovering from the
exchange of silences that had greeted
his entrance. (Edith Wharton)

Every modern miss is determined to
put up a good front or bust.

She spoke nine languages but could
never remember the word for "No"
in any of them.

They buried the hatchet, but in a
shallow, well-marked grave.
(Dorothy Walworth)

As persistent as whiskers (Ray Shelton)
. . . Zealous as a dog on a flea hunt.
(M. Eleanor Fennessy)

In her veins the wine of life runs
vinegar. (Edna Ferber)

The mysterious authority of beauty.
(Edith Wharton)

She was one of those people who
do nothing so nicely that it becomes
something. (Elizabeth Goudge)

Twigs, spider-webbed against the
sky. (Nancy Richey Ranson)

The persistent telegraphy of crick-
ets. (Father Lord)

He gave off quiet comfort as a stove
gives off warmth. (Nina Wilcox Putnam)

Don't marry a girl because she looks
sensible because a sensible girl has
more sense than to look sensible.
(Uncle Walter's Doghouse)

Visitor to the War Department:
"I have crossed a homing pigeon with
a woodpecker. It not only delivers
the message, but it knocks on the
door." (Cartoon in *Click*)

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ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

Chronicles of Americanization . . . [V]

Condensed from Who Magazine

George Mardikian

IN MY LIFE there have been three great moments: the first when, as a boy, I was chosen to carry the flag at the declaration of independence of the short-lived republic of my native Armenia; the second when I first saw the Statue of Liberty; the third, and greatest, when in San Francisco six years later the judge said, "George Mardikian, you are an American citizen."

As a boy I lived in Constantinople. It was a city full of race hatreds, and I remember that when I had to go through the streets at night I always carried rocks for protection. I ran away from school when I was 14, to fight against the Turks.

Our tattered army won Armenia's first freedom in seven centuries. After that I began organizing Boy Scout troops in my country. The first American I ever met was George D. White, of Near East Relief, who opened his warehouse door and said, "Pick out anything your Scouts need." He found footballs and baseballs for Armenian boys who did not know what to do with them because they had never known how to play.

Then came another war, with the Turks in front of us and the Russians behind us. It destroyed the last hopes of the Armenian nation.

Condensed milk, the cruelty of the Turks, the kindness of a boss—these are but some of the elements in this strange story of a citizen in the making.

The Turks threw 200 of us captives into a foul-smelling sauerkraut factory, packed so tightly that we could not all lie down at night. By day we chopped ice on the river. They didn't need the ice; it was their way of killing us off. Every night men died of cold and exposure. When captured I was a husky young athlete; within three weeks I weighed 110 pounds. Only my hands and feet looked plump, for they had been frozen and were swollen.

One day I gave up to despair. I somehow was convinced I would die, and I had a feverish desire to send a last message to my mother. My only chance was to bribe the Turk who guarded us. "If you will let me stand by the road until a Near East Relief official drives by, I will get you some condensed milk," I told him. To a sweets-loving Turk, condensed milk was manna itself. "If you come back without the milk, I will kill you," he growled.

Too weak to stand, I lay shiver-

ing in the snow until the Near East Relief car came by. Luckily for me, it bore Mr. White and his wife. I was so emaciated that he could scarcely believe me when I told him I was Scoutmaster Mardikian. He and Mrs. White promised to rescue me from prison.

"It is too late," I told them. "I am going to die. All I want is to send word to my mother that my last thoughts were of her. But if you really wish to help me, give me some condensed milk."

They gave me two cans.

That night a guard called my name. We were used to having men thus called. They never came back. I bade my comrades farewell. But instead of leading me behind the little Armenian church where the executions took place, the guard took me into the office of the Turkish commandant. Behind him stood Mr. White.

"Mardikian, why didn't you tell us that you are an American?" roared the commandant.

As I stared, dumbfounded, Mr. White nodded his head. "I am sorry, sir, but I was not given the chance," I replied.

"Your being an American does not release you," the commandant barked, "but we are going to send you to the hospital."

Up to that moment it had never entered my head that I might become an American or see America. The very idea gave me new hope. Again I wanted to live.

After three weeks in the American-supervised hospital, I worked in the Near East Relief warehouses. When my strength fully returned, Mr. White gave me and another prisoner canned food, shoes and blankets, and one night we escaped. Hiding under rocks by day, it took us ten nights to limp through the 32 miles of snow to Erivan.

In Erivan, Dr. Clarence Usher took us in, ignoring the Turks' threats of death to anyone harboring a prisoner. I stayed until my frozen feet were fully healed. Then, disguised in a Near East Relief uniform, I rode the trains to Alexandropol, where I became chief guard for the barracks in which thousands of orphans were housed and fed.

Americans, the most humane people in the world, had saved my life and sheltered me when my own people dared not lift a hand. I began dreaming of America and picturing the life there — the happiness, the freedom, the luxury. To think of boarding a streetcar, dropping a nickel and riding like a pasha!

I worked my way to Constantinople and found that my elder brother and my sister had gone to America. After a short visit with my mother, I caught a ship for the United States — just one hour ahead of the Turks who were looking for me.

It seemed to me that the shower bath at Ellis Island washed away

the racial prejudices of the old world. And as I sat for eight days on trains bound for California, I thought, "There is no limit to this country or upon its people." After 20 years I still think that is true.

The day after I reached San Francisco my brother and sister took me to the beach, where I was astonished to see men and women riding the chutes, throwing balls and having a hilarious time. I could scarcely believe my eyes because I had never seen anything like it. In my native land every adult is dignified and sad. "Are these people crazy or am I crazy?" I kept asking myself.

Early the next morning I watched men with lunch boxes come out of houses and run for streetcars or ride off in automobiles. Their faces were happy and hopeful. I had never seen men rush off to work like that. When I returned to my brother's house I said, "American people have the right idea! I am going to get a job and learn how to laugh and be happy."

My first job was washing glasses in a cafeteria. Later I was promoted to bus boy. When a counterman failed to appear one night, I asked for the job. "You can't even talk English," the boss protested. "Give me a chance; I will learn," I begged. So he put me behind the counter. I wrote down the names of the foods, and at home practiced shouting, "Veal cutlet! Cornbeef hash! Ham an' eggs!" until the walls rang.

By the time I was able to express myself in English the boss made me floor manager. One day I said, "I want to be a cook." He argued that cooks made only \$36 a week, whereas I was getting \$50. When I told him that made no difference, he said, "All right." To my amazement, my check at the end of the week was \$50. The boss wanted to help me along. That is the American way. I worked up through cook's helper, fry cook, and chef. Then the boss sent me to all the restaurants in the chain, to introduce new items on the menu.

Aside from my work I had only one ambition — to become a citizen. I read American history. I learned how this country was built. I attended plays, operas and symphonies. It seemed a miracle that I, a cook, could enjoy these pleasures along with the best people. I talked with bankers, writers, anybody who came into the restaurant. They never seemed to feel that they were better than I. In the old country, in my station of life, I should not have been allowed to address them.

When I received my citizenship papers, in 1928, my impulse was to find a way to repay the country that had befriended me. I told my brother, "I can help Americans learn to eat better — to know good food and appreciate it."

I signed as steward on a round-the-world liner. On my second trip I got a job in Alexandria, Egypt,

with a famous chef who had cooked for sultans and czars. In Venice I pored over manuscripts from an old Armenian monastery and rediscovered the secrets of foods served to ancient kings and nobles. Everywhere I collected recipes.

When my journeyings ended, I opened a small upstairs restaurant in Fresno, counting upon the Armenian colony to keep my place going until I found out whether Americans cared for the dishes I wanted to add to their cuisine. So many Americans came I had to move the restaurant to a downtown hotel. To everyone who asked I gave a mimeographed recipe of any dish I served.

One day three years ago while visiting in San Francisco I dropped into a famous old cellar night-spot where writers, actors and newspapermen gathered. One of my former employes greeted me. "You ought to take over this place," he said. "The boss wants to sell it." I

bought it that day. It gave me a great kick to be owner of a noted restaurant in the very block where I had started as a dishwasher. That's America!

In my little place I have served famous people from all over the world. I have talked history all afternoon with H. G. Wells. In the old country I would not have dared express an opinion; here I can say what I think.

Not long ago the Turkish Ambassador was in San Francisco. After I had served him a Near East dinner we talked for some time. Finally I could not help remarking, "A few years ago my greatest joy would have been to put poison in your food, because you are a Turk. But now that I am an American I do not feel the slightest animosity."

The Ambassador looked at me with a puzzled expression. "I know," he said. "I have a funny feeling over here, too."



Short Course in Effective Speaking

By Major Edward Bowes

Q. YEARS AGO, when I first came to New York, Mark Twain gave a dinner in my honor. There were some 30 distinguished guests present, and as the dinner progressed, I became panicky.

"Don't you feel well?" asked Mr. Clemens.

"I'm scared to death," I said. "I know that I shall be called upon to speak, and I'm sure I shan't be able to rise from my chair. When I stand up, my mind sits down!"

"Eddie," said my host, "it may help you if you keep one thing in mind — just remember they don't expect much!"

I have never since been self-conscious when I get to my feet.

—Quoted by W. Orton Towner in *An Attic Salt-Shaker*

New Skin for Burns

Condensed from Hygeia

Lois Mattox Miller

A CHILD tumbles into a bathtub of scalding water; a fireman is horribly burned in a paint factory explosion; a pilot crawls out of a crashed plane, his clothes a flaming torch. Hopeless cases all of them — or hopeless they all would have been not so long ago. Today they may be cured.

Last year 7900 Americans, almost half of them children under five, died of burns. And for every life lost at least a dozen persons were marked by ghastly scars — tight, puckered skin, stiffened limbs, useless fingers. But within recent years, within recent months, even, remarkable new treatments for burns have been developed. As knowledge of these new techniques spreads, burns formerly fatal will be cured — and, miraculously, they will not leave disfiguring scars.

Classic standby among remedies for serious burns was the tannic acid treatment. For 5000 years wet tea leaves had been used for burns. In 1925 Dr. Edward C. Davidson of Detroit applied the active ingredient in tea — tannic acid — and placed the old wives' remedy on a scientific basis.* Tannic

Recent medical discoveries revolutionize treatment of burns that formerly caused death or frightful disfigurement

acid literally "tans" the tissues. A thick, hard crust covers the exposed nerve ends. This relieves pain, checks the escaping body fluids, and acts as a covering under which new skin may grow.

But tannic acid not only "tans" the burned tissues but the surrounding healthy tissues as well, destroying cells that ought to be producing new skin. This results in disfiguring scars. Besides, tannic acid is not bactericidal; if germs lurk on the burned surface, infection is likely to thrive under the supposedly protective crust.

Back in 1933 Dr. Robert Henry Aldrich of Harvard Medical School started a search for a burn remedy that was crust-forming, non-scarring, and a powerful germicide as well. He experimented with a variety of antiseptics, finally coming to the aniline dyes. At last he produced an effective combination of three different dyes: crystal violet, brilliant green and neutral acriflavine. Using this mixture on burned patients in Boston City Hospital, he has reduced mortality in serious burns from 34 percent to 8 percent.

Harsh scrubbing with soap and antiseptics used to be standard

* See "Pain Killer," *The Reader's Digest*, September, '34.

procedure in preventing infection, but Dr. Aldrich dispenses with this, disturbs the burned area as little as possible. He trims away loose bits of skin, then with an atomizer sprays his triple dye directly onto the burned areas. When one coat is dried another is sprayed over it, until the skin looks like purplish-brown leather. Bacteria that escape the sprayed dyes soon register an unmistakable danger sign: the spot becomes soft and moist. The doctor simply snips away this skin and sprays on a new coating of dye. The common dangers of infection and toxemia are greatly reduced.

Today British surgeons are using the triple-dye treatment on war burns. It is especially valuable in treating flame-seared fighter pilots who escape from crippled aircraft but are badly burned about the face, hands and legs.

The triple dye has been used successfully on burns covering as much as two thirds of the body—formerly almost always fatal. The smoothness of the healing process is amazing. Little islands of new skin, pink and normal, gradually appear on the purplish “hide” and spread over the treated surface. No longer does the skin pucker, nor do the tissues tighten. Any necessary grafting is done at this time. Cosmetically, results are far handsomer than with the old treatment.

And now the newest of the sulfa drugs promises to be superior even to the triple dye. Since last Janu-

ary, Dr. Kenneth L. Pickrell of Johns Hopkins has treated 115 burned patients with sulfadiazine and lost only one. Results are so successful that the method is now used in treating all burns at Johns Hopkins Hospital. Even while the patient is being treated for primary shock, nurses begin spraying the burned area. Patients with only skin-deep burns are often ready to go home after two hours; in more serious cases the spraying is repeated at intervals for days.

Sulfadiazine prevents infection and, over severe burns, forms a thin, tough, pliable and transparent film. It can even be used around the eyes with safety. Doctors believe the new sulfa drug will obviate skin-grafting and plastic surgery in all but extreme cases.

Treatment of the actual burns, however, is only the *second* phase of the physician's problem. During the first three days, severely burned patients are more likely to die from “shock” than from the burn itself. Blood plasma, so necessary to the coagulation of the blood and the functioning of the circulatory system, seeps out of the blood stream into tissues surrounding the burn; this lowers blood pressure, pulse rate, and temperature. Formerly, fluids were administered forcibly and in large amounts, to compensate for loss of blood plasma. Recently, however, Dr. H. M. Trusler and his associates at Indiana University Medical Center discovered

that the enormous quantity of fluids thus administered dangerously thins the blood, prevents coagulation. Dr. Trusler's work has led to the substitution of blood transfusion or plasma injections. Dreaded "shock" is thus averted, and the burn itself can then be treated.

All large burns require medical attention. Safe home treatment is limited to small burns of the first degree — burns that do not blister. Placing a mildly burned hand in warm water will check the effect of heat and stop pain. Boric acid can be mixed with cornstarch and dusted on a burn; a thick paste can be made of bicarbonate of soda; or strong tea can be applied.

Burns of the second degree, those that blister, must be treated more cautiously, preferably by a doctor, because ruptured blisters afford an ideal opening for infection.

For all deep or extensive burns, emergency treatment should be limited to keeping the patient warm — wrapped in blankets or put to bed — and as comfortable as possible. Wet dressings of sodium bicarbonate (about three ounces to a quart of boiled water) may be applied safely to burns on exposed parts of the body. *Greasy salves or unguents must never be used* — their removal, when the doctor comes, is painful and difficult. Clothes sticking to a burned portion of the body should not be removed lest the raw flesh be further damaged. The victim should be put, clothes and all, in a tub of warm water.

Further treatment should be left to the doctor. And it is heartening to know that he has new weapons at hand, that medicine has made one more great advance in the war on man's ills and misadventures.



Don't Stop Us . . .

☞ A MAN once owned a very fine horse which was the envy of all his acquaintances, one of whom, a shrewd trader, often asked to buy the animal. The owner always refused, but when the horse died, he had it sent to the trader. Some time later the two men met and the practical joker asked the other how he had liked the gift. The trader replied, "I made \$3600 off him."

"How did you manage to make that off a dead horse?"

"Oh," said the trader, "I sold raffle tickets."

"My dear fellow, didn't anyone object?"

"Oh, yes," the trader answered calmly, "but the only one who objected was the man who won the horse, and I gave him back his money."

— Contributed by M. M. Brown

Kansas City Has Its Chin Up

Condensed from *National Municipal Review*

Stanley High

POLITICALLY calloused Kansas City had never seen such a campaign. It was nonprofessional, nonpartisan and evangelical. It was fought from the street corners, in the pulpits, and at the front door of every home. The men had a big hand in it, but the woman's touch finished the job.

The miniature brooms which Kansas Cityans wore by the tens of thousands were symbols of a political house cleaning the like of which few crime-infested cities ever have experienced. In the year and a half since then, Kansas City has risen from a near-record low among municipalities to rank with the best.

First call to make the 1940 spring elections a woman's crusade to oust the bosses was issued in November 1939 by 40 Kansas City housewives. Leading spirits in the drive were Mrs. George H. Gorton, a grandmother, and Mrs. Russell C. Comer, lately a debutante — both of them generals by instinct and crusaders by conviction. Their zeal was contagious. The women of the city, all ranks of them, began to beat a path to headquarters; 500 volunteer typists worked to classify the applicants.

The 7500 women precinct workers were put through a short course in pavement-pounding, doorbell politics. By election day they had called at every home, had given a woman-to-woman explanation of the family importance of the election, and had left a campaign broom.

In mid-December store windows were decorated with Christmas trees, each bearing the inscription: "Let's Give Kansas City a Christmas Present of Good Government." The week before Valentine's Day the city was placarded with huge red hearts: "Put a New Heart in the Heart of America."

On election day, women with large brooms picketed every polling booth. Two hundred automobiles, driven by women, got feminine voters to the polls. More women voted than in any previous election. And the count sealed the doom of the machine.

Kansas City had been for years the nation's safest gangster hang-out. Its police protected and collected from one of the country's largest red-light districts — a dozen solid blocks of it. Its gambling joints ran wide open. Narcotics were peddled like popcorn.

Behind all this was Boss Tom Pendergast, who ran the city on a fear-and-favor basis. By millions in illegal tax abatements the machine bribed many businessmen into silence. In a variety of ways — from removing water meters to strong-arming — the protests of the average citizen were choked off.

The revolt began in 1932, when a group of young Kansas Cityans started a modest movement to educate the younger generation of voters in "good government." Upshot of this apparently innocuous civic venture was a bipartisan Fusion ticket in the election of 1934. In that campaign, plug-uglies, winked at by the police, broke up Fusion meetings and blackjacked speakers. On election day armed thugs took over the polling places. There were innumerable fights and sluggings. Three men were killed.

But Fusion won two places on the eight-man city council and girded its loins for the election of 1936. Alarmed, the bosses padded Kansas City's voting lists until 35 percent of the names were fraudulent. The machine won handsomely.

This time the political stench was so bad that the federal government took a hand. Successive grand juries investigated the vote frauds two full years and indicted 280 of the machine faithful. All 280 were convicted.*

The big shots temporarily es-

caped. But in 1938 a federal investigation pinned a long string of insurance frauds on them. Pendergast and his right-hand men went to prison.

The city's crusaders returned to the wars. Businessmen put the microscope on the city's finances. They discovered that there was no intelligible accounting system. A secret payroll was unearthed by which the machine financed its precinct workers from the city treasury. The machine-made city manager had illegally dispensed an "emergency fund" of \$8,000,000. A \$32,000,000 bond issue, voted for civic improvements, was being used to cover up deficits.

Now thoroughly aroused, and aggressively backed by the *Kansas City Star*, the city staged the 1940 push. Anti-machine Democrats, the Republican organization, the Charter party (successor to Fusion), and the women's organization all joined to form the United Campaign Committee. And in April 1940 the committee won seven of eight seats on the city council and elected John B. Gage, its candidate for mayor.

Gage, a lawyer who knew little about politics, did know the difference between good business and bad. To help him put Kansas City on a good-business basis, he brought in a new city manager, L. P. Cookingham of Saginaw, Michigan.†

* See "Kansas City House Cleaning," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '38.

† See "Meet Mr. Cookingham," *The Reader's Digest*, November, '38.

What has happened since Gage and Cookingham took hold is a municipal miracle. The merit system has been restored, the boss-padded city payroll slashed from 7200 to 3200. Immemorial deficits have been turned into a cash surplus of \$1,500,000. The general tax levy has been reduced five percent.

No new equipment had been purchased in 10 years for the fire department. Out of various department savings — such as cutting the gasoline bill in half — new apparatus has been purchased. The city's fire loss has been lowered by a third since 1939.

Instead of a dozen inadequately supervised playgrounds, the city now runs and supervises 59. Juvenile delinquency has been reduced 80 percent.

L. B. Reed, a member of the FBI's Kansas City staff, was made police chief. He knew the department and its weak spots. Half the men in it — many of them ex-convicts — were fired. The force he

developed is made up of young men, many with college training, chosen by the merit system.

Gangsters now give Kansas City a wide berth. The red-light district and the gambling joints have been shut tight. Robberies have been reduced 75 percent, burglaries 78 percent, auto thefts from an average of 186 to 18 a month. Civic morale has revived. New industries which, while the bosses ruled, shied away from the city, have begun to move in.

The bosses, buried but not yet dead, are counting on the machine devotion of their army of one-time jobholders — and the tendency of reform movements to languish after a first success — to boost them into power again in 1942. But Kansas City's crusaders are already mobilizing for next spring's electoral combat. They relish the prospect. And against that kind of united front even the shrewdness and corruption of a machine are unlikely to prevail.



Trial by Friendship

¶ MAX BEERBOHM and I once had a discussion about a mutual friend. I liked him and Max didn't, and after it was over I apologized for perhaps having been too overheated in my defense. "Probably you're right," I said.

"No," said Max Beerbohm. "If two people cannot agree about a third person whom they both know, the one who likes him is right, always."

— G. B. Stern, *Another Part of the Forest* (Macmillan)

Watch Out for Wooden Checks

Condensed from The Rotarian

Myron M. Stearns

FORGERY is rapidly increasing, largely because of a new avalanche of checks. Not only do many industrial concerns that formerly paid employes in cash now use checks, but last year, in addition to millions of WPA checks, the government issued 7,500,000 Social Security checks, 1,500,000 Home Owners' Loan Corporation checks, and innumerable others. Thieves follow mail carriers, stealing easily recognized brown government envelopes containing checks before the rightful payees can get them.

Organized check-stealing gangs have sprung up. Detroit's Josh O'Brien mob of 24 members cashed 132 checks totaling \$3182 before being caught. A Chicago gang cleaned up \$5000 from counterfeited WPA checks in two days before the police tracked them down.

Even banks, expert in detecting forgeries, take in as much as \$600,000 a year in bad checks. In one year a single hotel in the Chicago Loop district accepted worthless checks amounting to \$47,000.

Paradoxically, the reason it is so hard for the average honest

person to cash a check in a strange city or bank is because crooks find it so easy. Recently a New York mounted policeman tried to cash his paycheck in an unfamiliar Brooklyn bank. The teller asked for identification. The officer was in uniform.

{ Check-raising and forging are on the increase; simple precautions may save you money }

"What more do you want?" he asked. "I can bring in my horse; he knows me."

"We can't take chances," the teller explained. But not long afterward that same bank honored a forged check for \$17,000.

Starting with an intent to defraud, the forger prepares carefully for his attempt. The bait commonly used is every shopkeeper's desire to make a sale. To this crooks add an appeal to vanity, or to the emotions.

One check stealer tried on shoes two or three days in succession, explaining that he couldn't buy until his WPA check came in. That made him seem honest. Then he brought in a newly stolen check, issued only the day before; the proprietor cashed it without question.

In the "rooming-house gag" the check passer locates his sucker in the Rooms-to-Let section of a local newspaper. He dickers for a room,

decides to take it, pays for a week in advance with a bad check for a larger amount, and walks away with the change. He may cash a dozen checks a day.

Recently bad-check gentry have been victimizing airlines. At LaGuardia Airport in New York a crook asked for a ticket to San Francisco, showed letters of "identification," and forged a check for the amount of the ticket. During the stop at Cleveland he showed up at the ticket counter with an excited story about a telephone call that had changed all his plans. He got a substantial "refund."

Those who cash bad checks will often declare: "Why, I know that man very well!" when they have merely seen the man until they feel acquainted with him, without knowing his name, his occupation, or where he lives. They forget that credentials are easily forged.

One Michigan check thief had on him when arrested last January seven Social Security cards, a Selective Service registration card, and a state unemployment compensation card — also a bottle of ink eradicator with which to change the names on them. Check thieves will often take additional pieces of mail for identification out of the same mailbox from which they steal a check. One nervy young crook would even ring the doorbell, posing as a man from the gas or electric company, and ask for the last bill. This he would take with

him, explaining it was too large and would have to be corrected. He would use it as identification when cashing a check already stolen from the mailbox.

James Weitsman, head of the protective division of the Manufacturers' Trust Company of New York, estimates there are at least 2000 professional forgers at large today. The forger may have a printing press as well as a check-writing machine, printing checks on large industrial firms and forging well-known signatures. Forgers have written checks on the Treasury itself. By the use of acid a forger may remove from a check everything except the printed form and the genuine signature. One Chicago forger raised a \$54 certified check to \$54,000.

Each year the Secret Service investigates between 15,000 and 20,000 check cases. Post office inspectors handle other thousands. The American Bankers Association employs the Burns Detective Agency to fight forgers, and half a dozen large banks have their own protection departments. Against these organized forces check stealers don't last long.

A number of small cleaning establishments were victimized by a soldier. He would change from an ordinary suit to his uniform in the shop. After a few visits he would pay his bill with a stolen check, taking perhaps \$25 change, and disappear. Going to each tailor shop

in that part of the city, agents presently came to one he was "building up." Then they waited for him to come and get his suit. They learned that he was a deserter from the Army.

It takes less than three months for the average check stealer to spin the web that enmeshes him. A skilled forger may last a little longer, but he also weaves a net every time he writes a name. Handwriting experts, using microscopes, can soon tell the work of any penman. They spot the pressure of his hand on an upstroke, the way he touches his pen to paper, the fine tremor on a long stroke.

The first step in picking up the trail of a professional forger may lie in locating the "model" — the good check from which the forged signature has been traced. Hundreds of Jonathan C. Smith's old checks may be compared with the forgery under a ground-glass table top with a light underneath. Finally a perfect fit shows up, the only time Jonathan C. Smith ever wrote his name *exactly* as it was forged. The detailed story of that good check may lead to the forger.

Chief Frank J. Wilson of the United States Secret Service estimates \$100,000,000 as the annual bad-check total. Because of the outstanding success of the Know Your Money campaign that he has been carrying on against counterfeiting he urges that the same educational tactics be used against

forgery. "A well-informed public," he says, "will make things a lot tougher for forgers, just as it has with counterfeiters." *

Here are some precautions:

Don't cash checks for strangers.

Print your name when making out deposit slips. Slips signed but thrown into a wastebasket because of error may prove useful to forgers.

Checks for even amounts are easily raised — 6 to 60, 7 to 70, and so on — unless you are careful to cross out unused space on the check. The written word "Five" can often readily be changed to the beginning of "Twenty-five" or "Two hundred." Look at your handwriting and see.

Scrutinize certified checks as carefully as any others. Certification stamps can be duplicated.

Don't leave bank statements and vouchers in office drawers or other places where they might be seen by someone else. They show where you keep your account, how much there is in it, and your signature.

In cashing checks for others insist on an endorsement you *know* to be genuine, of someone you know personally, who is good for the amount. Take the same precautions with a government check as with any other. Any WPA check with address far removed from the place where it is presented should be regarded with suspicion.

In its warfare against forgers the Secret Service made 2222 arrests

* See "Money to Burn," The Reader's Digest, October, '40.

last year. Postal Inspectors and police officers made other thousands. But for those who were defrauded that was like locking the

stable door after the horse is gone. Far more important are elementary, common-sense precautions in writing checks or cashing them.



Answers to Questions on Page 72

1. The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.

2. Yes. From an airplane, with the plane's shadow directly in the center.

3. The ostrich.

4. Niagara Falls. The brink is receding about two and a half feet a year.

5. Yes. In maritime law, flotsam is the wreckage of a ship or its cargo found floating on the sea; jetsam is cargo cast overboard to lighten a vessel in distress, and usually refers to goods that sink.

6. He heard the last of the 12 strokes of midnight as he opened the door.

7. The only place he could be in such a position after walking south and west would be the North Pole. And the only bears there are polar — which are white.

8. Nothing. They were chosen as a distress signal in Morse code because of their simplicity — three dots, three dashes and three dots.

9. If a catcher drops the third strike and fails to throw the batter out at first, the man is safe.

10. By floating a small bit of butter on top of the cooking liquid.

11. Mexican jumping beans are small seeds occupied by the grubs of an insect which writhe and double up; this causes the bean to jump about.

12. Shivering increases muscular action, thereby heightening the heat of the body.

13. On the pads of his paws, on the nose and tongue.

14. Jim Corbett, one of the great boxers of all time.

15. Max Baer.

16. The hummingbird can.

17. Pale flashes of light seen infrequently over bogs and marshes at night, thought to be caused by the spontaneous combustion of methane and marsh gas.

18. President Harding in 1923.

19. An informal organization whose members all have used parachutes to save their lives. It is named in honor of the silkworms who supply raw materials for parachutes.

20. The "high seas" are those lying beyond the territorial bounds of any nation. The word is used as in "highways" and means the chief seas belonging to everybody.

This Age of Ingenuity

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

ON MY pilgrimage to outstanding industrial research laboratories I have learned of a number of new devices. These are significant not so much for themselves as for the characteristic of American life which they symbolize — our everlasting desire for novelty and improvement, for doing new things or doing old ones better.

Invisible Flashbulbs

A NEW TYPE of photographer's flashbulb will take pictures in complete darkness. It utilizes invisible infrared rays and in most cases the people whose pictures are being taken are not aware that anything has happened. The bulb can also be used in lighted rooms and will be much less annoying than the old-style bulb.

Mechanical Conscience

IF the driver of the next public bus you ride seems more than ordinarily careful about starting and stopping smoothly, the chances are that he is being checked up by a special meter that records all abrupt stops and starts. A simple mechanism, not visible to the driver but studied later by inspectors, makes a line on chart paper

This is one of a series by Mr. Bliven on "Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research experts.

every time the driver jams on the brake or slams on the gas.

Dust Collector's Item

A DEVICE of great importance in rooms where watches are being repaired or printing presses are doing fine work is called a "precipitron." It is placed in the duct through which air enters a room. Negatively charged electrons move across a small enclosed space at right angles to the stream of air. If the air has particles of smoke or dust, the electrons unite with them and carry them to the positively charged surface of plates or collector cells.

Floors That Kill Germs

ATHLETE'S FOOT is frequently spread by means of wet floors at swimming pools, in gymnasiums and shower rooms. There has recently been developed a type of cement floor which, when wet, gives off minute quantities of copper that have a strong bactericidal effect.

Windmill Power Plants

WITH this country facing a shortage of power, large windmills have recently been used to generate electricity. One erected on a hilltop in Vermont has a 100-foot tower, weighs 75 tons and generates 1000 kilowatts — enough to light a city of 10,000 people. The windmill is used to feed electricity into power lines, to supplement other sources. Running full blast, it will permit the power company to reduce the consumption of impounded waters. It is also possible to use such windmills for charging storage batteries.*

Keeping Apples on the Trees

RIPE APPLES fall from the tree, as Sir Isaac Newton and others have discovered. To commercial orchardists this may be a serious matter: the fallen apple is likely to be bruised, inducing decay, and must be sold at a reduced price if at all. Incredible as it may seem, science has recently developed substances which, sprayed on branches and fruit just before the crop is ripe, will keep the apples on the tree.

Killing Germs with Sound

A REMARKABLE technique for killing bacteria by sound waves has been worked out by Dr. A. P.

*Electricity generated by wind power for home use was described in "Going with the Wind," *The Reader's Digest*, June, '38.

Kreuger of the University of California. Dr. Kreuger places a tube made of nickel in a magnetic field which is activated electrically, setting up vibrations at terrific speed. Sound waves are created at the high rate of 9300 cycles per second. These sound waves have been highly effective against the staphylococci which cause boils and carbuncles.

Exploding Rivets

AN IMPORTANT labor-saving device has been brought forward in the form of a rivet containing a minute quantity of a high explosive. It is placed in position and an electric contact is made with the head. This explodes the other end of the rivet, which mushrooms out. With this new method rivets which can be reached from one side only can now be fastened five times as rapidly as in the past. It speeds up enormously the building of military planes, in which there may be as many as 10,000 rivets.

Self-Winding Clock

CLOCKS have recently been built so delicately adjusted that they are wound by changes in temperature. A change of one degree Fahrenheit stores up enough power to drive the clock for four days. Since the temperature changes constantly, there is little likelihood that the clocks will run down.

Do Brains and Character Go Together?

Condensed from *School and Society*

Albert Edward Wiggam

I HAVE ASKED more than 1000 persons these three questions: "Do you believe most geniuses lead loose, immoral lives? Do you believe the majority of exceptionally brilliant men and women are unstable, given to drink, likely to carry on unconventional sex relations? Do you believe most child prodigies are maladjusted, hard to manage, likely to become unbalanced adults?"

Ninety percent of the answers have been in the affirmative — and fortunately all of these were wrong. For science has established the highly significant and heartening fact that as man evolves in intelligence, the higher he becomes in moral character.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM says of himself: "I am an accident as a writer. I wanted to be a financier, but lack of money always prevented. After I had been a lyceum and Chautauqua lecturer for many years an editor who heard my lecture on heredity asked me to write 12 articles. I told him that only enough was known to make two articles. But I wrote 18. Later they became *The Fruit of the Family Tree*." Mr. Wiggam followed that success with *The New Decalogue of Science*, and soon became a leading interpreter to the general public of current scientific and educational developments. His syndicated newspaper column, *Let's Explore Your Mind*, reaches 3,000,000 people daily.

Over 300 group studies of morals and intelligence have been made; the comparative results, involving hundreds of thousands of individual cases, may surprise you.

I have made a hobby of asking persons who believe that high intellect and low morals go together to name the wicked persons on a list of 300 geniuses of the past 400 years. After checking Napoleon, Chopin, George Sand, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, Edgar Allan Poe, Machiavelli, Rabelais, and debating about a few others, they come to the end of their string — dumbfounded that they cannot fill out their preconceived picture of immorality among the great.

The truth that brains and character actually tend to go together has been scientifically proved by more than 300 investigations. The evidence is incontrovertible.

One investigation involved 600 children selected by Professor Lewis M. Terman and his associates at Stanford University. The investigators knew nothing of their moral character; but all the children had scored 140 or higher in the Stanford-Binet intelligence tests (in which 100 is average). Professor Terman

then gave these children numerous tests to reveal moral character.

In one, five smaller circles were arranged around the rim of a circle five inches in diameter. Each child was told to run his hand around the larger circle with eyes shut and then make a cross with a pencil inside each of the smaller circles. Actual trials had proved that there is only one chance in thousands that anyone can hit all five circles without peeking. It is a good test of honesty, and also of will power and self-control — important moral qualities.

The results were then compared with the scores made in identical tests by 500 children whose I.Q. was only 100. The latter hit a much higher percentage of the small circles, showing plainly that those of average intelligence cheated more than the brilliant youngsters did.

Another test was to have the children check off the books they had read from a list of 50 titles, 20 of which were fictitious. Far fewer liars were found among the children of high intelligence.

The chief reason high intelligence and right conduct so often go together is that intelligent individuals know that right conduct is simply intelligent conduct — it gets the best results. All moral and religious codes are simply statements of the solutions which the wisest men have found to life's problems. The more intelligent a person is, the more likely he is to realize that he

can get what he wants in life, by honesty rather than by deception, by accepting social duties rather than by dodging them.

This was borne out by Terman's experiments. The 600 gifted children made decidedly higher scores on *all* the morality tests than did the 500 ungifted. And the older children in both groups scored higher than the younger ones, for most children grow better as they grow older, because increasing intelligence leads to better judgment. One of the happiest findings of practical value was that potentially unstable boys and girls *can be discovered before they become actually bad*.

A sympathetic psychologist can be of great help to parents with a problem child. The child is a problem only because he needs, in his confusion, a higher intelligence than his own to enable him to see straight and thus *do* straight. The tests show that the higher the child's intelligence, the easier it is for parents and teachers to teach him the right thing to do.

In another study of brains and character, two standard intelligence tests were given to 100,153 fifth-grade pupils in the New York City public schools. J. B. Maller of Teachers College, Columbia University, analyzed the results and discovered that from the intelligence scores he could predict the rate of juvenile delinquency in each of the 275 districts into which the city was divided, or predict the in-

telligence scores from the delinquency rate. Could there be more emphatic proof that brains and moral character go together?

In still another experiment, tests of moral behavior and intelligence were given to 10,685 New York pupils in order to measure tendencies to lie, cheat and steal. The tests gave 22 opportunities to cheat, 46 to lie, 2 chances to steal money and 1 to steal small articles.

In one test the children checked their answers to questions without knowing that they were making a carbon copy underneath. After the copy was removed they were given a correct answer sheet and told to see how many mistakes they had made. At this point the examiner purposely left the room. It was then easy to discover those who erased incorrect answers and inserted the right ones.

The children were also given a puzzle to solve by arranging coins in a pasteboard box. Since there were no names on the boxes, a child would suppose there was no way of catching him if he took some of the coins. However, each box was se-

cretly marked and the dishonest youngsters were easily detected.

The report of the investigators on the results of these tests states: "Honesty is positively related to intelligence. The children of higher intelligence deceive definitely less."

Hundreds of other morality studies, including one among students in 28 colleges, all show that intelligence and character are closely knit together in human nature.

While we have not yet learned exact techniques for building character, knowledge gained in these investigations should give us inspiration; for anything we can do to increase intelligence will improve character. Although intelligence and moral character seem to some extent inherited and tend to run in families, we can enable intelligence to make greater achievements through education and can improve character by counsel and training. The greatest adventure for human thought is the development of educational techniques that will make character-building as dependable a science as is the making of steel.



"*W*HY DON'T YOU settle the case out of court?" said an Irish judge to the litigants before him.

"Sure, that's what we were doin', my lord, when the police came and interfered."

What the Soldiers Complain About

—A Sampling of Army Morale

Condensed from *Life*

THE DIVISION I visited is stationed in the South. About 60 percent of the men are National Guardsmen, 40 percent are selectees. They come from the North.

The commanding general says: "Morale is very high." The men tell a different story.

I talked to some 400 privates, from five regiments. Fifty percent of them said they would "go over the hill" when their original year of service was over.

Not V but OHIO was chalked on artillery pieces and latrine walls. It meant "over the hill in October." Actually most of these boys will do nothing so drastic as deserting, but there definitely will be trouble with deserters. Another 40 percent rue the day they got in the Army. The final 10 percent are not happy either, and are anxious to get into the Air Corps or the Armored Force, where they feel they will learn more.

The most important reason for

TO FIND OUT exactly the state of morale in our new army, *Life* sent a staff member to spend a week with one of the National Guard divisions which absorb most of the infantry selectees. *Life* published his article as a sampling of soldier sentiment, and in a subsequent issue it reported a deluge of letters from draftees in other camps repeating the same kind of complaints.

bad morale appears to be national uncertainty. So far as the men can see, the Army has no goal. It does not know whether it is going to fight, or when or where. This lack of any objective is reflected in the training, which is not geared to any real military situation.

Few of the men believe that the emergency is as serious as President Roosevelt insists. Accordingly they see little point in their being in camp at all. Even officers predict that unless the United States takes some definite military course, the morale next year will be worse than now.

A second reason for trouble is that the men have no faith in their officers. Higher officers echo the men's complaint about the junior officers: "Hell, you can't expect an officer to be any good if he has only had as much training as the enlisted men."

The junior officers have their complaints, too. They say that

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(*Life*, August 18, '41)

many of the senior National Guard officers have not bothered to keep up with modern military tactics.

The men complain about junior and senior officers indiscriminately. The officers argue with the non-coms on tactical points and are frequently outargued, losing the respect of their men.

There are many soldier stories of officer incompetence. On recent maneuvers a captain marched his men eight miles trying to find a point only two miles away — and marched them right into the hands of the enemy.

One lieutenant led his company into an area marked with a danger flag. The company was destroyed, judged the umpire. The lieutenant protested: "It's our own artillery." "It is," said the umpire impatiently, "but your own shells will kill you if they hit you."

The men in this division feel their training is hopelessly old-fashioned. Over and over they say: "We came here to learn how to fight a blitzkrieg. Instead, we get close-order drill and kitchen police." They don't see why a lot of the gardening, garbage, coal, wood and latrine details couldn't be done by hired civilians while the men are really being taught to fight.

Even with long drills and camp chores, the men are not kept busy. They go through this work without enthusiasm, then spend the rest of the day sitting around talking.

Because this division lacks equip-

ment and ammunition, most of the men have never shot a trench mortar, and get to shoot a Springfield rifle rarely. The more intelligent men do not complain too much about lack of equipment. They consider this an unavoidable circumstance which time will remedy.

But they do complain that there is no way to get ahead in the Army. They say that very few draftees are given a chance to take officers' training courses, that initiative on the part of privates is discouraged. They have learned all the Army has to teach them, many say, so why shouldn't they be allowed to go home until war starts.

Most of the men I talked to feel that as citizens they are being discriminated against. They resent serving for practically nothing while civilians draw ever larger wages and salaries. They are worried about their jobs at home and are afraid that, after their training, they will not be able to regain a place in civilian life.

The men complain, too, that when they go to the nearby cities they are shunned by the citizens and find it impossible to meet nice girls. Since many of them come from good families, they resent being treated as outcasts.

The lack of recreational facilities is terrible. On the post which houses about 20,000 soldiers is one swimming pool. There is one standard enlisted men's club. Its library can seat about 30 men. Each com-

pany has a small "day room." These are still relatively bare, offer little inducement to a soldier. Each regiment has a recreation hall where all that is lacking is adequate entertainment. The nearest town is worth just one brief visit. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and on Sunday its nice people hide in their shells, and 90 percent of the girls on main street will talk to you — for a dollar and up.

Army life, after all, isn't designed for comfort and pleasure. The grouching and griping at this camp may be in the best army tradition, but it has a sinister sound.

Here are some of the things the soldiers are saying:

Private, Infantry: "The boys here hate the Army. They have no fighting spirit except among themselves when they get drunk. The regiment had its first mass firing on the field the other day. Everybody was scared to death."

Private, Infantry: "I was willing to sacrifice one year but I can't afford more. You can't even see your wife. . . . One of the fellows asked for leave to go to his wife

when she was having a baby. When they turned him down he went AWOL. What would you do?"

Private, Field Artillery: "We'll go over the hill. We'll wait until the suckers get caught and then we'll make a dash for the Mexican border. This is nothing but a concentration camp."

Private, Quartermaster: "Sure, we're the goldbricks. No guy wants to be a sucker. Hell, that's what we'll be if we get into this goddam mess. Marshall and the other generals who say we like it are liars."

Private, Infantry: "These officers' training schools are a lot of talk. There's no chance to get anywhere in this Army. They ought to kick out the bum officers and give some of us a chance."

Private, Infantry: "To hell with Roosevelt and Marshall and the Army. I want to get out of this hole." He called about 30 privates into his tent during an hour, all but one of whom agreed with him wholeheartedly.

Private, Field Artillery: "The papers are always talking about how good the morale is. The hell it is! Why don't they ask us?"

Eye-Opener

THE LONDON *Daily Mail* recently estimated the cost of a single night raid of 300 bombers over the Ruhr as follows: gasoline and oil, \$13,280; losses, allowing three planes shot down, \$240,000; bombs, \$720,000; maintenance on planes, \$210,000. Total: \$1,183,280. — *Time*

Ubico—Boss of Guatemala

Condensed from Christian Science Monitor

Lawrence and Sylvia Martin



THE SUN beat down on the island city of Flores in the Petén, rich chicle land of northern Guatemala. The people, dressed in fiesta best, had waited for hours. Then, "*Mira! Ya vienen!*" cried a sharp-eyed Indian, pointing to silver specks in the sky. Four planes descended on the mainland, from which a fleet of boats soon set out for Flores. On the island the band struck up a tune, a medieval cannon fired a salute, marimba players banged madly, drums rolled as Flores welcomed a small man in white linen—His Excellency the President of Guatemala, General Jorge Ubico.

Flores, which no Guatemalan president had ever visited, knew that when other presidents in gaudy

cavalcades toured the hinterlands they came to punish their foes, reward their friends, and inspire the common people with respect. There were fiestas, lesser criminals were pardoned, jobs changed hands, silver flowed like wine. Flores expected such a visit.

But General Ubico wasted no time. "To the schools!" he ordered, and, followed by his staff and the populace, strode into the School for Boys. "What do you need?" he asked the director, who stood at attention.

The director was taken aback. "Why, some maps, *señor presidente*. And some desks. . . ."

The President turned to his secretary. "Have a new desk sent immediately to serve as a model for local artisans to make enough for the school," he ordered. "Send toothbrushes, quinine, and make note to see that a doctor visits here each week. These rooms must be renovated; health is impossible in uncleanness."

He went next door to the city hall. "Let the municipal authorities and the people enter." And before the bustle of getting settled was over,

LAWRENCE and Sylvia Martin decided in 1939 to retire from teaching and journalism and devote their time to travel. But they found the countries and personalities below the Rio Grande so interesting that they began writing again. Mr. Martin had been a professor at Northwestern University. Mrs. Martin had worked with *The Christian Century* and on the research staff of the Committee for Cultural Relations with Latin America. Now in Mexico, they are arranging a trip to Ecuador, Peru and Chile.

"You may explain your needs."

The young, nervous municipal secretary had a list. Petén wanted a railroad, electric light. . . . The President answered: "Forget about railroads; they are too expensive. I am arranging for the construction of 600 miles of first-class roads throughout the republic. Petén will be favored with 200 miles." He reflected. "In regard to electric light, form a society of townsfolk and raise the funds. The government will help you, but do not forget that when one helps pay for a thing he appreciates it more. Is there anything else?"

"If the President permits, we will sing the national anthem and recite a salutation."

"Consider the anthem sung and the salutation recited," said the general. "I have no time."

That was in 1931, Ubico's first year as President, and Guatemala hasn't had time since then to recover from the shock of the first of his annual trips through the republic. True, the people knew that Ubico had been efficient and incorruptible in his previous political jobs. As governor of the states of Alta Verapaz and Retalhuleu he had cleaned up dirty streets and rotten politics; he had rid the south and west coasts of yellow fever in 1918; as Minister of War he had built up the army. But, after all, a President is different. Guatemalans did not expect a President to inter-

est himself in the welfare of his people.

On one of his trips an old Indian woman stepped forward. "Give me money."

The President raised an eyebrow. "I do not come to distribute largesse."

The old woman was bewildered. "Then why the devil *do* you come?"

Ubico takes a lot from the Indians, who call him *Tata*, or Father. He answered quietly: "I come to inform myself personally of the progress of the nation's interests. I cannot distribute money, because what is the nation's does not belong to me."

And Ubico meant it. He raised officials' salaries—including his own—to remove all excuse for graft, then passed the "law of probity." Upon taking office an official's personal wealth is subjected to rigorous auditing. If his wealth increases out of line with his salary, he is severely punished.

Guatemala did not take kindly to its new-style President. He violated tradition. The word *mañana* was not in his vocabulary. He talked without the flourishes so dear to the Latin heart. When he ordered a thing done it had to be done. Many men lost their jobs or saw the inside of jail before that lesson was learned.

Guatemalans say that it is impossible to put anything over on *Tata* Ubico, that he never forgets a

face or a fact. Or perhaps it is the enormous file index in the steel-shuttered palace in Guatemala City which has made his prodigious memory a legend.

A businessman comes seeking a government contract. Ubico looks at him. "In 1925," he says, "you swindled the government out of \$2000. I will have nothing to do with you."

One of Ubico's aims is to teach the people sanitation and health. The people of Zacapa raised money to build a beautiful park and asked the President for authorization. "Use this money," Ubico said, "for a sanitary drinking water system. When you have good water, then will be time to make a park."

Three days before *Tata* Ubico arrives at a town on his yearly inspection, a cavalcade of accountants from the capital takes possession of the city hall. The President arrives, inspects schools, power plants, waterworks, new buildings and roads, listens to public petitions, and examines the accountants' reports. He has a genius for discovering errors.

Ubico hates social functions and leaves all entertaining to his wife. He has a horror of being interviewed by visiting Americans and even letters from the U. S. State Department or big *yanqui* corporations do not move him. He is happy only when at work; he rises daily at five and often is in his office for 16 hours.

Guatemala, sprawling raggedly below Mexico, is the most populous of the five Central American republics. Her wealth — based on coffee, bananas and chicle — and her strong government and army enable her to play the lead in Isthmian politics. And Ubico's example in building up his country is being followed by other republics.

Almost 60 percent of Guatemala's population of 3,284,000 are Indians whose backwardness can hardly be imagined. Ubico is the first pro-Indian President the country ever has had, and he has lifted the Indians out of semislavery to rank with the ranch owners; he keeps pushing them gently toward a more civilized state. When Indians come to call on *Tata* they have the right of way, even over ministers of state. Even the oversize army has some justification, because the Indian, after finishing his compulsory training, can be relied upon to modify tribal ways when he returns to his village. He is used to toilets and toothbrushes and discipline. He can read and write.

The Guatemalan Assembly is a collection of yes-men chosen by His Nibs; and there is only one party, which wins all elections. But it angers Ubico to be called a dictator, even a benevolent dictator. He poses for his picture with the uniform and medals of a general, in full profile — a profile often compared to that of Napoleon Bona-

parte. Yet he envies Roosevelt his three free elections and craves above all things to be loved by his countrymen.

As the 62-year-old general approaches his eleventh year as President there is no doubt that he has done more for Guatemala than any of his predecessors. Before him, most of the roads were mere mule trails; today Guatemala has 3887 miles of good roads. One of the few sections of the Pan-American Highway connecting two Latin-American republics is that between the capitals of Guatemala and El Salvador. Ubico spends about \$500,000 a year for highways — money raised by direct tax. Citizens unable to pay the tax give two weeks' work on the roads. For the first time in the country's history, taxes are being spent honestly. Ubico has transformed Guatemala City from an overgrown village to one of the

most beautiful cities in Latin America.

Desmond Holdridge, experienced observer and interpreter of Latin America, says: "I rate any Latin-American dictator by the miles of roads and the number of schools he builds. The people learn to read and write, new ideas come running down the roads, and in time the repressive measures of dictatorship are self-liquidating. Ubico is a road-and-school dictator, and his rule is the necessary prelude to a democracy in Guatemala."

On his last presidential tour he roared through the country at the same old pace, his keen eyes missing nothing. But Ubico is growing old. You have only to see his face to know that. It is a tired, worried face. And Guatemala, when she sees it, worries too, for there is no one to take *Tata's* place, no one to step into his seven-league boots.



Barometer of Aliveness

☞ A SIMPLE TEST to discover one's range of interest is to take up the daily paper and see if there is something of interest on every page: foreign news, national news, athletics, the theater, music, books, stock exchange, etc. If there is, the reader is very much alive. Not only does this mean richness and abundance of life and a continually enlarging curiosity, but it is the best form of insurance against old age and against all troubles that one must pass through. Even if one is unhappy, one may find life interesting. The world today is in much worse condition than it was 30 years ago, but it is infinitely more interesting.

— William Lyon Phelps, *Autobiography with Letters* (Oxford)

Cripple Creek Wins a Bet

Condensed from *Forbes*

Marc A. Rose

CRIPPLE CREEK, the incorrigible, has been gambling again, and it has just won the biggest bet in the 50 years of its speckled history. The Colorado mining camp has been gaudy rich and starvation poor, but neither in the delirium of its booms nor in the numbness of its poverty has it ever lost the spirit of the old pick-and-shovel prospectors, ready always to bet their own money and toil on their own hunch — and no whining if they lost.

This time the bet was a million dollars — cash — and the toil of a hundred picked men who risked their lives daily for months to attempt a prodigious engineering feat.

The odds were unpredictable, as usual. But the alternative for Cripple Creek was death. Water was drowning the mines. Deep-pumping costs money, often more money than a mine can produce in gold, though every ounce of it still brings \$35. One mine after another shut down. Cripple Creek foresaw its doom; it would become a ghost town.

But it would not give up without a bold, breath-taking try. It undertook the great Carlton tunnel to

de-water the whole mine field. And this summer the job was completed — the longest blind-end tunnel ever driven.

It is a complete success. Cripple Creek is booming again. The mines are draining — some already have resumed work. The great bore, drilled six miles straight into Pike's Peak, opens for mining an area of 30 square miles and a quarter mile thick. It also releases for the use of Colorado's farmers water from the rains and the melted snows which had been trapped in the bowels of the mountain for uncounted ages.

And the whole achievement is Cripple Creek's own, from start to finish — the bold conception, the detailed plans, the money and the labor.

The story of the mines goes back half a century to Bob Womack. He was looking for a lost cow along a rocky creek that had crippled many a critter, when he found gold. Starting in 1891, Cripple Creek became a roaring mining camp. Its peak production was \$18,000,000 in 1900. Then the mines began to reach water. Incredible! Cripple Creek is 10,000 feet above sea level. But there the water was.

Eventually the geology was figured out. When the world was young, a volcano had made a huge crater in which the molten mass had cooled to form a volcanic plug. This absorbed rain and snow in its pores for thousands of years and, like a sponge in a glass cup, held the water imprisoned. Also the gold.

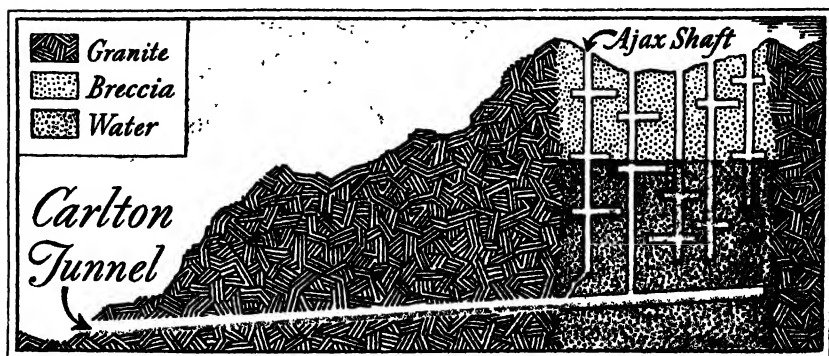
Why not go far down the mountainside and bore a tunnel that would release the water in the crater? This was a question the Carlton brothers, owners of Cripple Creek's biggest mines, had asked repeatedly. They died before the question was answered, but they left behind them the inspiration.

Why not such a tunnel? Well, for various reasons. Shorter drainage tunnels had been dug before, but this one would cost a million, maybe more. No tunnel had ever been driven six miles from one opening. Could so long a dead-end hole be ventilated to permit men to work in it? Granite was formidable enough, but what if they ran into

rock that crumbled, endangering lives and demanding expensive supports? Would they run into underground rivers? Finally, would it pay? Geologists asserted the type of ore at Cripple Creek never reached deep.

The directors of the Carlton interests resolved at last to take a chance, and in the spring of 1939 they appropriated a million dollars for the project. It would benefit the whole district, including scores of mines in which they had no interest, but that was all right. Their own mines were the largest; besides, 85 percent of all Cripple Creek ore is shipped over their railroad to their smelter.

So engineers drew plans for a tunnel eight feet wide and nine feet high, designed special drilling rigs and dump cars. Having worked out all their plans, they sent for Long John Austin, 6 feet 8 inches tall, with a reputation for succeeding on hard tunnel jobs where other men had failed.



Long John recruited his men from the best miners of Cripple Creek. He told them that each of three eight-hour crews would be expected to push the tunnel forward 300 feet a month. For every additional foot each crew achieved, it would get a bonus. Cripple Creek men work best that way; they dislike fixed wages and most of the mining is done on shares.

When the drilling and blasting began, the three shifts worked with the gusto of a winning football team and the precision of a gun crew. The process of hard-rock tunneling is to drill 38 or 40 slanting holes six feet into the rock, fill them with dynamite, blast, haul the shattered rock away in cars. One proud crew completed this cycle four times in eight hours — a record never equaled. The best progress for a single crew in a day was 27 feet; ten feet, remember, was the quota. The best 24-hour progress for all three shifts was 78 feet; the best 31 consecutive days, 1879 feet.

All the region followed the progress of the crews with the excitement of fans. The company, pestered with calls from enthusiastic rooters, had to post each day's results in nearby towns like baseball scores.

Unprecedented problems had to be solved. Ventilation by suction fans proved inadequate as the bore grew in length. Engineers then developed a system which blew 10,-

000 cubic feet of fresh air per minute through 18-inch pipe to the blind end. Thus the best air was at the heading, where the men were working. To get there through smoke and gas they had to wear gas masks.

On February 20, 1941, the tunnel had reached 31,600 feet. Then, after one of the blasts, a jet of water appeared, no bigger than a lead pencil at first. Rapidly it grew larger.

"Get out!" yelled Long John Austin to the crew. Soon the rushing stream was tearing great rocks loose in the tunnel. Within 24 hours the mountain was gushing 25,000 gallons per minute.

Slowly the torrent subsided. It was a month before the electric locomotives could run through the stream and work be resumed. The drillers detoured the fissure down which the water came. Then they met plain going and the tunnel was completed July 23, 1941 — 32,262 feet in 670 working days, a four-year job done in two! The men had earned bonuses that increased their pay 50 percent.

Water in one mine had stood 500 feet deep for two years. In ten days after the Carlton tunnel gushed water, the mine was dry.

There are about 100 mine shafts in the Cripple Creek area — 25 of them important. All the mines will seep dry in time, with no further work. The 700 feet of water in the Cresson mine, for instance, is going

down two feet a day. But to hasten the process shafts that will total nearly a mile are being dug to connect some of the mines with the tunnel. One of these has just been completed.

The water, which has settled down to a steady flow of 700 gallons a minute, is being stored in natural reservoirs. Water is precious in that country; it will all be sold.

And will deeper mining pay? Well, gold that runs \$12 to the ton of ore pays at Cripple Creek. Five miles in from the Carlton tunnel portal the drills struck a vein of

ore; some casual samples ran as high as \$114 a ton. Concerning four more strikes made in digging the tunnel, the company guardedly says only that they are "promising."

Cripple Creek is having a decorous boom this time, as one by one the mines reopen. Production of gold, which sank to a low of \$2,000,000 in 1932, will be \$5,000,000 this year.

The WPA in the district has quietly folded up. They're individualists and gamblers in them thar hills, and you can't win a stake on the WPA.



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933

of The Reader's Digest, published monthly at Pleasantville, N. Y., for October 1st, 1941.
State of New York
County of Westchester) ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Albert L. Cole, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Reader's Digest and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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Need We Fear Our Alien Population?

Condensed from The American Mercury

Raymond Moley and Celeste Jedel

THERE ARE 4,750,000 aliens in the United States. Why have so many failed to become citizens? Is this unabsorbed minority a breeding ground for potential or actual fifth columnists?

Many people are startled by the facts and are raising anxious questions. Let us look at this alien picture closely.

In the first place, 1,750,000 aliens are now going through the naturalization process. They want to be citizens, and in a few years they will be.

Of the remainder, some 400,000 are ineligible. They have not been here long enough; they are under 18; they came here illegally; they

entered the country as visitors or students and have overstayed their time; or, finally, they are barred because of race.

That leaves about 2,500,000 who have passed up the opportunity to become citizens for one reason or another. A great many of these are, in effect, "common law citizens." Some of them took out first papers long ago and have allowed them to lapse — often through sheer ignorance that second papers are required. Thousands actually believed they were citizens until recently, when a number of circumstances compelled them to try to prove it. Congress, for instance, has forbidden the employment of aliens on WPA work; aliens are barred from certain defense industries, some private employers are refusing to hire them.

In 1938 when Congress prohibited the payment of any part of the army appropriation to enlisted men who were not citizens, it was suddenly discovered that some 7000 soldiers could not get their pay. Most of them had served in the World War and believed this automatically made them citizens. One Greek told us, "When government give me discharge, government give me paper too. I think I was

RAYMOND MOLEY is professor of public law at Columbia University and contributing editor of *Newsweek*. After teaching 12 years in Cleveland high schools and at Western Reserve University, he became director of the Cleveland Foundation. Here he developed a special interest in the foreign-born. Out of his study of immigrants and their problems have come such books as *Lessons in American Citizenship*, *Americans by Choice*, *The Schooling of the Immigrant* and *Facts for Future Citizens*.

Celeste Jedel, a former student of Professor Moley's, finished Barnard College in 1931 with honors in government. She has been his assistant ever since, both in public life and in literary undertakings.

citizen ever since." He has been voting regularly for years.

An elderly Scot explained that it was not until relatives in the home country wrote last summer asking him whether he could take their two grandchildren for the duration that he learned he had been born in Scotland and brought here when he was three years old. "I had always felt this was my country," he said. "Can you imagine my feelings when I had to register as an alien? And be fingerprinted? I have always said I was a citizen. I have grown-up children, born in America."

It is of interest that every alien family head is supporting, on the average, one American-born child. A study spread over 15 states shows further that in every household in which either husband or wife or both were aliens there was an average of three American citizens. The families of our 4,750,000 aliens include at least 7,000,000 citizens.

Formerly a wife became a citizen by law when her husband did. The Cable Act, in the '20's, changed that. Meanwhile the proportion of women among the aliens has increased. When left to them, the question of citizenship concerns women less than children, the home, the church. "It is not a woman's concern." "I have four children who go to school, and I never have time." "I don't think it matters to women." These are answers you get over and over again.

Does this suggest that our aliens

are potential enemies or spies? Or does it suggest that most of them are meshed into the life of America by ties which bind them to us with more compelling force than any counterimpulse of ignorance or treachery?

There are a few aliens who do not want American citizenship. An ex-officer, getting a "wound pension" from the British government, explained that it would be cut off if he changed allegiance. An old Mexican who has been a fixture in his little community for years said to me gravely, "No — Pedro not citizen. Pedro born in Mexico. A man cannot have two mothers." You will hear that sentiment often among Mexicans in the Southwest.

Americans, irritated by the attitude of these aliens-by-choice and the more numerous aliens-by-indifference, may demand a policy of "join-us-or-else —." Yet most aliens-by-indifference are simply unaware that citizenship is a privilege or a duty. Before we pass judgment let us remember that three eighths of us citizens entitled to vote in the last presidential election did not do so. The proportion of indifference among aliens is certainly no larger and there is more to excuse their laxity.

Hundreds of thousands of illiterate aliens want citizenship but they cannot pass the tests. When you watch elderly aliens go through the naturalization mill, you cannot escape a pang of sympathy — and

you would find it hard to answer some of the questions that befuddle them.

In theory, all aliens have been registered at ports of entry since 1906. But records were often carelessly kept. Admission over the Mexican and Canadian borders was frequently unrecorded. Names were misspelled beyond recognition. To remedy this situation, Congress in 1929 provided that aliens entering before June 3, 1921, who could prove continuous residence and were of good character, might secure a certificate of lawful entry. Congress also made it possible for those who entered the country in an irregular way before July 1924 to legalize their status. But some aliens do not yet realize that these changes in the law have taken place, and fear they may be deported if they rouse any sleeping dogs.

In more serious plight are the estimated 55,000 who entered the country as visitors or students and have overstayed their time or who entered illegally since 1924. They are subject to deportation, but that in most cases is impossible because of the war. At great expense of money and effort they can, in certain circumstances, leave the country and re-enter legally. But this complicated and thoroughly silly procedure is impossible for most of them.

If for urgent reasons of national policy we want to reduce the non-citizen population, we should make

some practicable procedure available.

National security demands vigilance. Registration? Yes. Fingerprinting? Yes. But the detection and control of the alien-in-spirit is not brought much nearer by registration of aliens-by-law. For the alien-in-spirit may have been born here or may have the education that enabled him to become a citizen long ago. His detection is a job for the authorities. We must not confuse the problem he raises with questions of naturalization.

J. Edgar Hoover tells us: "The experience of the FBI in coping with foreign agents, spies, and saboteurs has conclusively illustrated that the great mass of aliens are loyal to America, devoted to the principles of democracy. Nothing could contribute more to recruiting fifth columnists than unfounded accusations or unjust oppressive measures against them."

An overhauling of our naturalization laws is clearly necessary. Satisfactory bills are already before Congress. But adequate public support is necessary if Congress is to pass them.

Here is the program:

Waive the educational requirements for aliens over the age of, say, 55, who have lived here at least ten years. Suspend deportation proceedings where the only reason for deportation is some irregularity of entry. Grant a certificate of lawful entry to persons who have lived in

the United States for five (or ten) years and can show good moral character. Give aliens on students' or visitors' visas the status of immigrants for permanent residence.

Criminal aliens and those who advocate the overthrow of government by force, or those who are members of the Communist party, the German-American Bund, and the like, should be locked up. Cease to rely upon deportation.

But more than legislative action is required. Press and radio should make a concerted effort to encourage aliens to seek American citizen-

ship and an even greater effort to persuade labor unions, employers, public officials and citizens generally to stop the senseless drift toward discriminatory laws and regulations.

The emergency requires national unity through mutual understanding between native Americans and aliens. We want no feeble or divided loyalty. And the creation of real loyalty is the joint task of those who have been born citizens, those who have achieved citizenship, and those who have had it thrust upon them.



Party Chatter

➤ "OH, I just *love* nature!" gushed the dowager with more than the usual number of shoulder-straps and chins.

"That's loyalty," mused Groucho Marx, "after what nature did to her!"

— Contributed by Olga Swanson

➤ SAID one weary victim to another after meeting at various dull parties: "I see you also travel in the finest of vicious circles."

— Contributed by Elihu T. Feinberg

➤ DOROTHY PARKER, completely bored by a country week-end, wired a friend:

"Please send me a loaf of bread — and enclose a saw and file."

— Eddie Cantor in *This Week Magazine*

➤ "I LIKE large parties," she said, raising her voice above the boom of a bass drum. "They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (Scribners)

➤ THE PARTY was getting a bit rough, and when Beatrice Lillie refused to join the rowdy Conga line that was rapidly turning into "Follow-the-Leader," someone challenged, "Haven't you any sporting blood in your veins?"

"I have," retorted Bea, "and I don't want to spill any of it!"

— Contributed by Olga Swanson

Ⓐ Proper care in operating your furnace can
save money for you and fuel for defense

How to Heat Your Home

Condensed from Science News Letter

Webb Waldron

HOW MUCH money you may save through improving the efficiency of your heating plant is shown by the experience of 7500 Baltimore families who use oil burners. Last year their oil dealer consulted government experts who told him that with a highly efficient furnace (oil, gas or coal) the chimney flue will not get hotter than 600 degrees; otherwise too much heat is being wasted. Coal gas (carbon dioxide) should ideally amount to 10 percent of the flue's contents; less means that combustion is not perfect.

Armed with instruments, the dealer's servicemen tested every customer's furnace. They adjusted the oil burner, regulated draft, repaired leaks, cleaned the boiler. They could not get every chimney to test up to the government ideal, but last winter the 7500 families were comfortable on 1,400,000 fewer gallons of fuel. The average family saving was \$18.75.

Get a Check-Up

Now THE Baltimore idea is being applied on a wider scale. There are 1,260,000 families east of the

Alleghenies burning too much fuel oil, experts assert; if cleaning, repairs and adjustments of their heating plants could bring the carbon dioxide in their chimneys up even to 8 percent, it would save enough oil to release 10 tankers to Britain. The 2000 oil-burner dealers in the East have been vigorously pushing a "war on waste," offering analysis and check-up for \$3 to \$5. Every oil-using household should have it done.

Firing the Coal Furnace

IF YOU FIRE a coal furnace its efficiency is up to you. The deeper the fuel bed, for example, the more complete the combustion and the less coal used. The less a coal fire is disturbed, the better. At night shake the grates gently till the ash-pit shows a glow, then fill the fire pot. In the morning many householders open up the furnace and fire it at the same time. This wastes coal. The better way is to add only a thin layer of coal and then, after the fire has a good start, fill the fire pot. Later, when the fire is vigorously burning and checked, shake gently to get rid of ashes.

If you use bituminous coal, never cover the entire fire bed with fresh fuel — leave a spot uncovered to ignite the gases that arise from the new coal.

Smoke Is Expensive

DRAFT is important. With too little oxygen, the coal can't burn completely; too much draft cools the gases so that they escape before they're burned, yielding smoke instead of heat. Smoke is always proof of waste; the householder who runs a smokeless fire saves money, and helps keep his home and community clean.

Few householders are careful enough in managing draft and damper; in most cases it will pay to install a thermostat to operate them automatically.

Dirt—the Fuel Thief

BE SURE your firebox is tight, furnace and pipes well insulated. It isn't difficult to cover them yourself with asbestos. Boiler water often is rusty from the pipes if the water is high in iron, lime or other minerals that crust. Scum impedes the water from breaking into steam, and it is well to have your boiler flushed out each season.

One eighth inch of soot between fire and boiler hinders the heating of the boiler water as much as two inches of concrete would. Your furnace should be cleaned annually with a vacuum cleaner and wire brushes. Keep your chimney clean;

a soot-choked one hinders⁹ draft and is a fire hazard.

Automatic Thrift

DOES IT PAY to push the thermostat down at night? Engineers disagree. Some insist that any fuel saved during the night is used in warming the house again in the morning. However, tests at the University of Illinois proved that shifting the thermostat from 72° to 60° between 10 p.m. and 4:30 a.m. saved from 7 percent to 11 percent of fuel, depending on the weather. How much *you* save will depend also on your house: a well-insulated dwelling with storm windows and weather stripping cools slowly, and warms quickly in the morning.*

A thermostat is best placed on an inside wall, away from fireplace, chimney, radiators, and outer doors. Old-type thermostats that lag four or five degrees waste fuel. The newer type holds the heat to within one degree of where you set it.

It IS the Heat, not the Humidity

EXTRAVAGANT statements have been made about the value of humidification. Humid air feels warmer than dry air of the same temperature, and it is claimed that since 68° or even 65° is comfortable in a home properly humidified, fuel is thus saved. But the

*See "Home Insulation Saves Fuel for Defense," *The Reader's Digest*, October, '41.

Bureau of Standards has proved that as much fuel is required to evaporate the water in a humidifier as is saved by maintaining a lower temperature.

Many people trace their winter sniffles to the dry air of heated houses. But the American Medical Association states that all tests as to the effect of dry air on health have been negative or indecisive.

Closeting the Radiators

MANY HOUSEWIVES hide steam radiators with pretty covers. They might as well put the radiator in a clothes closet and shut the door.

See that your fireplaces have dampers and keep them closed, otherwise heat escapes up the chimneys. Will cutting off an unused room save heat? If it's an isolated room you will save, but if it is surrounded by heated rooms you'll simply be heating it inefficiently and expensively through walls and floor.

IF YOU follow such of these suggestions as apply to your home, you'll have a warmer home at less cost. And you'll be doing your part in conserving fuel for national defense, with no danger to health or comfort.



The Bell System

AN INVENTIVE New Yorker who was leaving town for a few days and didn't wish to trouble his friends with feeding his treasured tropical fish, worked out a simple system for feeding them himself by long-distance telephone. Using the cardboard out of a shirt, he fashioned a spoonlike device with a long handle, pricked a number of small holes in the spoon end to make a shaker. Then he removed the cover from the telephone box and wired the end of the shaker handle to the bell clapper, filled the shaker with fish food, set the tank on the floor under the telephone box with the shaker poised above the water, and headed out of town with a carefree heart.

A couple of hundred miles from home he put in a call to his own number, listened complacently to nobody answering, seeing in his mind's eye a day's supply of fish food being wafted gently on to the water by the vibration of the ringing bell. It worked, and the fish did fine.

—Rockefeller Center Magazine

70 Percent Is Not Passing

Condensed from The Rotarian

J. P. McEvoy

MY SCHOOLTEACHER father used to complain that too many people thought they knew all about something if they just knew its name. They could tell you that a window is made of glass, but not what glass is made of, or why we can see through it. "If you ask *enough* questions," he would say, "you can start with anything — a match, a bug or a cup of water — and your curiosity will lead you to acquiring a liberal education in almost every field of knowledge."

Years later when I had a boy of my own I remembered this. Experience had taught me that merely learning the names of things might get me 70 percent passing grades in school; but that out in the world a lawyer either wins his case or loses it, a doctor's patient either gets well or doesn't. In life nothing below 100 percent is passing.

Because I felt that our school system put a premium on "just getting by," I took over my own boy's education when he was six. My objective was simple. I wanted him at 21 to have skills by which he could support himself. These skills should be a part of his real interests, and should help him build a life rather than merely make a living.

How a famous father's realistic plan for his son's education — "tailored to fit the individual boy" — made him ready for college at 16 and a successful foreign correspondent at 22.

Dennis was a bright, inquisitive youngster, always asking questions which I was careful not to answer. Instead, I bought him a children's encyclopedia and taught him to look up the answers. Then I would let him instruct me, which flattered him. This gave him a flying start on the fundamentals of self-education: (a) keep your curiosity alive; (b) learn where to find the answers; (c) use your new-found knowledge as often as you can; (d) make this knowledge part of yourself by teaching it to someone else.

My son's first school was a progressive kindergarten where, as a French general with a charcoal mustache, he sang the leading role in a dramatization of a French nursery song. The next summer I took him to France and boarded him on a farm while I went about my business. When I brought him home in the fall he could speak French. "This is part of his education," I explained to friends who chided me for parking a young

child in a foreign country. "All his life he's going to be meeting strangers, and he can't learn how too soon. And it doesn't cost any more than a summer at camp."

As I traveled round the world on business I always took my small son with me. This taught Dennis geography better than any school could do, and taught him how to live with children of other lands and to adapt himself to new sights, sounds, tastes and customs. Helping children on a Normandy farm raise snails for the market cured him early and painlessly of any prejudice about snails as food. Brought up that way, he ate raw fish and seaweed in Japan. The tourists were horrified but the Japanese were flattered.

This constant travel with me surprised people who forgot that in the old days boys tagged along with their fathers on the farm, helped them in the village store, blew the bellows and watched their fathers shoe horses, learning useful trades and acquiring an education without realizing it. Dennis never knew when he started learning — he soaked up knowledge through his pores.

It disturbed well-meaning friends that I jumped Dennis around from school to school. But a bright boy soon learns the teacher's system, then spends the rest of his time sliding by without effort. Learning how to outfox new teachers each year is a liberal education in itself.

I never tried being a pal. Interesting your son in what *you* are doing is your best bet, for he knows you're not really interested in what he's doing. And clumsy efforts to insinuate yourself into his special world embarrass him.

At ten Dennis, like most boys, thought it manly to go dirty and appealed to me when his step-mother tried to clean him up. My sympathy in this predicament so convinced him of my understanding that he was easily persuaded to go to military school, not realizing that he was letting himself in for constant washing and polishing. Here he found that the older boys he looked up to, boys who could jump higher and run faster than he, didn't consider it sissy to be prompt and orderly. He stayed in military school two years, long enough to discipline his body but not to regiment his mind.

About this time I broke the news to him that henceforth he could expect only two weeks' summer vacation. "As long as you live," I told him, "you probably won't have a job that gives you a three months' vacation. You can start now to prepare yourself for life by learning one new subject thoroughly." That summer he built himself a house in the woods, doing all the sawing, hammering and estimating under the supervision of a neighboring craftsman.

The following summer he started on jujitsu and spent the entire

three months being thrown around by a husky Japanese. This gave him painful but valuable proof that unless you do a thing exactly right you get hurt; that in jujitsu, as in life, you are the architect of your own misfortune — and 70 percent is not passing. More important, it made him aware that he could take care of himself in an argument, and nothing contributes more to poise and self-confidence.

It was apparent at an early age that Dennis would not be a scientific or mechanical genius, but almost as soon as he could talk he started telling stories to other children and otherwise showed an unusual facility for language. So his schooling was planned to develop him along these lines. For his 12th birthday I gave him a typewriter, exacting the promise that he wouldn't hunt and peck with two fingers as I did, but would learn the touch system. He promised readily, but a look of betrayal came over his face when he opened the case of his new portable and discovered that all the keys were blank. "There aren't any letters," he wailed. "The touch system," I reminded him.

When he was 14 I sent him to a Spartan school in Germany where everybody was up at six, took ice-cold showers and ran a half mile before breakfast. I wanted him to acquire German as a working tool; I also thought it an excellent way for him to learn American history.

Being the only American, he had a lot to explain, such as, "Why did you send an army over here to kill Germans?" and "What do you mean by democracy?" I got frantic pleas for more American history books. He earned pocket money by organizing classes in touch-typing and jujitsu.

Back in this country he spent six months taking monkeys' temperaments, cleaning cages and typing accurate reports for Dr. Zuckerman, a brilliant Rockefeller Fellowship scientist at Yale Medical School. This apprenticeship to an exacting doctor opened the boy's eyes to the importance of accuracy and the scientific method. When a motherly neighbor asked Dennis what he had been doing that winter, he replied with all the importance of his 15 years, "Dr. Zuckerman and I are examining into the heretofore unknown reasons for the breakdown of the blood vessels during the menstrual cycle."

At 16 Dennis was ready for college. But believing that every boy should work for a year first, to get a foretaste of the real world, I suggested that he find a job and live by himself while he held it. I had early made it a practice when Dennis lived away from home to send him the money and let him take care of his own bills. If he spent it all the first week, he could starve the rest of the month. It was just as important for him to learn how to spend money as how to earn it.

Dennis started in as office boy and cub reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner*, paying all his bills out of his weekly salary. His languages and travel made the waterfront beat a cinch, and Dr. Zucker-man's training had schooled him in accuracy. In a few months he was a full-fledged reporter and loving it.

About this time I got an assignment to write a series of articles from the Far East and asked Dennis to go along. I was convinced that an important part of coming world history would be written there, and that learning the languages and customs of the people at first-hand would add to my son's equipment. It was agreed that, while I was in China, he would go to Tokyo, live at the YMCA, and start learning Japanese. We figured out his living expenses for six months — about \$10 a week.

My friends were horrified. "A 16-year-old boy alone in one of the world's wickedest cities!" But I explained that already Dennis had taken care of himself in Hollywood, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Paris and Berlin. He was going to Tokyo to learn new lessons in handling responsibility. If he made mistakes, that too would be experience.

Six months in Japan definitely focused his life interest. He decided to be an authority on the Far East. Now he had a real reason for getting a formal education at college, and we discussed the possibilities,

finally deciding on the University of Chicago.

"I have to stay over here another year," I told him. "Get yourself in there if you can." It was a crucial test, for his informal schooling had left him without a number of the required credits. But he passed the entrance examinations satisfactorily. As a freshman he was selected to represent the University at the International Student Conference in Tokyo, and when he finished last June he was granted a three-year fellowship by the Rockefeller Foundation to do a series of textbooks interpreting the Far East for American schools.

He is now on leave of absence from his studies, serving as foreign correspondent in Moscow for the *Chicago Times*. His fluency in French, German, Japanese and his knowledge of Russian are the tools of his everyday work — in which 70 percent is *not* passing.

Obviously this plan cannot be applied to every boy. It fitted mine because it was tailored for his special talents and interests as they developed. His best friend, who as a boy made wonderful model airplanes, got his education as an apprentice at an airport, where he learned all about airplanes by first cleaning them, then repairing them, flying them and finally designing them. As he went along he discovered for himself what he needed to know about mathematics, science and other college subjects. Today

at 22 he is a top technical adviser for the RAF.

Dennis' education sounds expensive. But most of it cost little and a lot of it cost nothing. He traveled third class by steamer and train abroad and by bus at home. Today public schools are better than they used to be, and if I were doing the job again I would use them more and supplement them by intensive tutoring which costs little.

Your boy is an individual unlike any other individual, and his education should fit him. That is your responsibility. You will have to spend time and thought on it—but with radio programs, educational movies, improved reading matter, and the wealth of tutoring and apprenticeship opportunities open today, every parent can do a good individual job in preparing his children for life.



Why the Girl Walked Home

Clark Gable
in *American Magazine*

“ONE NIGHT when I was a flat-broke extra I noticed an extra girl who was just about all right, and I offered her a lift home in my old roadster. I talked big about my rich folks and told her I was just working in pictures for a lark. We were getting along fine until a shocking realization struck me about a mile from her house.

Airily I said, “Well, here’s where I turn. So long.”

I stopped and she got out and I spun around the corner. I walked home that night, too. The car stayed right there for three days until I scraped up enough money to buy some gas. The girl was Janet Gaynor, and ever since that night she has politely ignored me. Maybe I’ve got too much false pride, but I’ve never been able to tell her why I let her walk home.

Mark Twain
in *“Roughing It”*

“ONCE at a critical period in my life I took an aristocratic young lady out driving behind a horse only recently retired from a long career pulling a milk wagon.

I intimated I had always owned the horse and was accustomed to grandeur. I tried to appear easy, even vivacious, when the horse started to amble from one side of the street to the other, stopping regularly at every third house. I moved heaven and earth to get that horse out of town but did not succeed. He delivered milk at 162 domiciles and finally brought up at a dairy depot, refusing to budge further. In eloquent silence I walked the girl home. There was a coolness between us after that.

(Harper)

FICTION FEATURE



PENROD

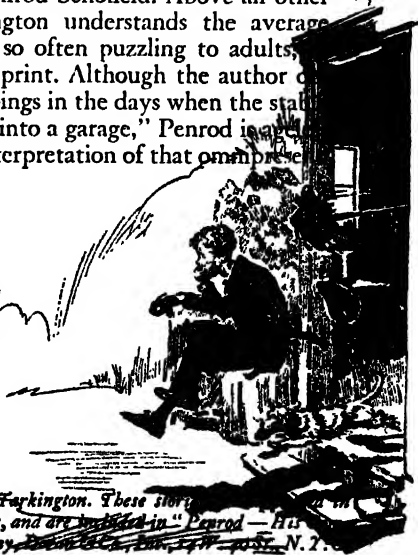
AND HIS FRIENDS

A condensation from the book "Penrod—His Complete Story," by

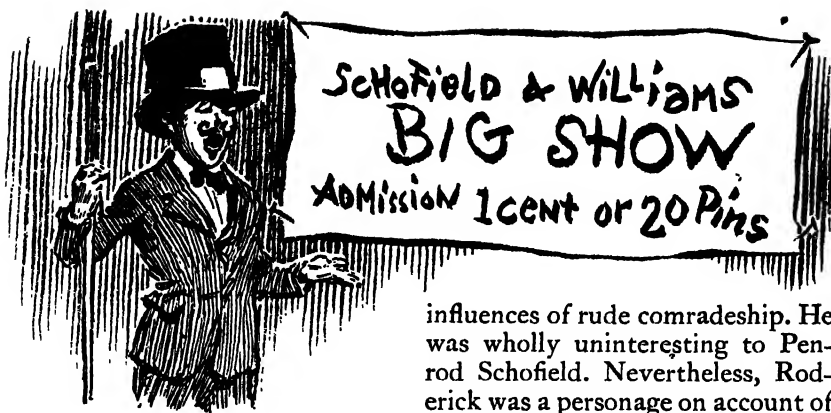
BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by Gordon Grant

FOR more than a quarter of a century young and old have chuckled over the antics of Penrod Schofield. Above all other living authors, Booth Tarkington understands the average boy's emotions and actions — so often puzzling to adults, seldom accurately reflected in print. Although the author describes his stories as "a boy's doings in the days when the stable was empty but not yet rebuilt into a garage," Penrod is a subtle and the stories are a timeless interpretation of that omnipresent subdity Boy.



Copyright 1913, 1914, 1915, 1921, Booth Tarkington. These stories have appeared in *Cosmopolitan* and *Metropolitan* Magazines, and are included in "Penrod—His Complete Story," published at \$2.50 by Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc., 177 West 47th St., N. Y. C.



AT ABOUT ten of the clock one fair Saturday morning Master Penrod Schofield emerged hastily from the kitchen door. His pockets bulged abnormally; so did his cheeks. A threatening mop, wielded by a cook-like arm, followed him through the doorway, and he was preceded by a small, hurried dog with a warm doughnut in his mouth. The door slammed petulantly, enclosing the sore voice of Della, whereupon Penrod and Duke seated themselves upon the sward and immediately consumed the spoils of their raid.

From the street that bounded the Schofields' ample yard came the cadenced clatter of trotting horses, and Penrod beheld the passing of a fat acquaintance, torpid amid the splendors of an old-fashioned victoria. This was Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, a home-sheltered lad, tutored privately and preserved against the coarsening

influences of rude comradeship. He was wholly uninteresting to Penrod Schofield. Nevertheless, Roderick was a personage on account of the importance of the Magsworth Bitts family; and it was Penrod's destiny to increase Roderick's celebrity far beyond its present aristocratic limitations.

The Magsworth Bittses were important because they were impressive; there was no other reason. The adults of the family were impressively formal; they dressed with reticent elegance, and wore the same nose and expression — an expression which indicated that they knew something exquisite and sacred that others could never know. People, in their presence, were apt to become secretly uneasy about ancestors and pronunciation. Magsworth was the important part of the family name, and the Magsworth crest decorated not only the notepaper but the china, table linen, and the victoria, though omitted from the garden hose and lawn mower.

Naturally no sensible person connected that illustrious crest with the notorious Rena Magsworth

whose name had grown week by week into larger type upon the front pages of newspapers, owing to the fact that she was charged with poisoning a family of eight. This statement about sensible people, however, takes no account of Penrod, who never missed a murder in the papers, and had it in mind to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, if the murderess happened to be a relative.

The present encounter did not afford the opportunity. Penrod took off his cap and Roderick nodded sluggishly, but neither his mother nor his sister acknowledged the salutation. A boy can be cut as effectually as a man, and Penrod, chilled to a low temperature, wondered if perhaps Duke, who was no fashionable looking dog, had disgraced him. Duke's name was un-descriptive of his person, which was obviously the result of a singular series of *mésalliances*. He wore a grizzled mustache and indefinite whiskers; he was small and shabby, and looked like an old postman.

Penrod's spirits revived, however, when Della deposited on the back porch a large trap containing four rats awaiting execution. He at once took possession and retired to the empty stable, where he installed the rats in a wooden box with a sheet of broken glass over the top. Thus their agitation when the box was shaken could be studied at leisure. Altogether this Saturday was starting splendidly.

After a time the student's attention was distracted by a peculiar smell emanating from the alley. Across the way a Negro family was moving into a small cottage. A very small dark boy stood near a mule and a ramshackle wagon. In his hand was a rusty chain at whose end the delighted Penrod perceived the source of the smell he was tracing — a large raccoon.

"What's that 'coon's name?" he asked.

"Aim gommo mame," said the small darky.

"*What?*"

The small darky looked annoyed. "Aim *gommo* mame, I hell you."

Penrod conceived that insult was intended. "What's the matter of you?" he demanded advancing. "You get fresh with *me* and I'll . . ."

"Hyuh, white boy!" A colored youth of Penrod's age appeared. "You let 'at brothuh mine alone."

"Well, why can't he answer?"

"He can't talk no better'n what he *was* talkin'. He tongue-tie."

"Oh," said Penrod, mollified. Then, obeying a universal impulse, he begged eagerly, "Talk some more."

"I hoe you ackoom aim gommo mame," was the prompt response.

"What's he mean?" Penrod asked, enchanted.

"He say he tole you 'at 'coon ain't got no name."

"What's *your* name?"

"I'm name Herman."

"What's his name?" Penrod pointed to the tongue-tied boy.

"Verman."

"What?"

"Verman. Was three boys in ow fam'ly. Ol'est name Sherman; he dead. 'N'en come me; I'm Herman. 'N'en come him; he Verman." He pointed to his brother and Penrod's eyes opened wide. Herman had no forefinger on his right hand.

"Look there!" Penrod exclaimed. "You haven't got any finger!"

"I mum map," said Verman, with egregious pride.

"*He done 'at,*" Herman interpreted, chuckling. "Yessuh; he playin' wif a ax an' I lay my finguh on de do'-sill an' I say, 'Verman, chop 'er off!' So Verman chop 'er right spang off up to de roots! Yessuh."

Both brothers were flattered by Penrod's profound interest.

"You goin' to live here?" he asked.

Herman answered, "Mammy an' my sistuh Queenie go' git de house all fix up befo' Pappy git out jail. Pappy cut a man, an' de police done put him in jail; but dey go' tuhn him loose nex' week."

"What'd he cut the other man with?"

"Wif a pitchfawk."

Penrod began to feel that a lifetime spent with this fascinating family were all too short. The brothers were as enraptured as he. For the first time in their lives they moved in the rich glamour of sensa-

tionalism. They cheerfully agreed to keep the raccoon — already being mentioned as "our 'coon" by Penrod — in Mr. Schofield's empty stable, and assented to their new friend's suggestion that it be christened Sherman, in honor of their deceased relative.

At this juncture was heard the sound of that yodeling peculiar to those whose voices have not "changed." Penrod yodeled a response; and Master Sam Williams, congenial to Penrod in years and disposition, appeared, a large bundle under his arm. He stopped short and emitted a prodigious whistle.

"Ya-a-ay!" he shouted. "Look at the 'coon!"

"I guess you *better* say, 'Look at the 'coon!'" Penrod returned proudly. "And that's not all. Talk some, Verman."

Verman complied. Sam was warmly interested; and Penrod, the discoverer, exploited the manifold wonders of the Sherman, Herman and Verman collection. The cumulative effect was enormous, and could have but one possible result. The normal boy is always at least one half Barnum.

"Let's get up a **SHOW!**"

There followed ecstasies of hurried preparation. The bundle under Sam's arm, brought with no definite purpose, proved to consist of broad sheets



of wrapping paper discarded by Sam's mother; there were half-filled cans of paint in the storeroom; and soon the side wall of the stable, facing a rather populous thoroughfare, flamed information upon the passer-by:

SCHoFIELD & WILLIAMS
BIG SHOW
ADMISSiON 1 CENT oR 20 PiNS
SHERMAN HERMAN & VERMAN
THEIR FATHERS IN JAIL STABED A
MAN WITH A
PiTCHFoRK
SHERMAN CAPTURED IN AFRIcA
HERMAN THE ONE FiNGERED
TAToOD WiLD BoY
VERMAN TALKS ONLY IN
HiS NAtiVE LANGUAGS.
Do NoT FAIL TO SEE
DUKE THE INDIAN DoG ALSO
THE MiCHiGAN TRAINED RATs

PUBLICITY thus provided, arrangements proceeded with a fury of energy that transformed the hayloft. Sherman and Duke, despite the latter's agitated reluctance, were secured to the rear wall; the rats were brought up; benches were improvised for spectators. Finally rafters, corncrib and hay-chute were ornamented with flags and bunting from Sam Williams's attic, Sam returning from the excursion wearing an old silk hat, and accompanied (on account of a rope) by a fine dachshund encountered on the highway.

For personal decoration paint was generously used: white and green spirals were brilliantly effec-

tive on the dark faces of Herman and Verman; while the countenances of Sam and Penrod were supplied with the professional showman's black mustache and imperial.

Pondering upon the dachshund, Penrod had an inspiration, and the entire party went forth to add an enriching line to the poster. They found a group of seven, including two adults, already gathered in the street to admire their work. Penrod, with pardonable self-importance, slowly added the words:

IMPoRTENT
Do NoT MISS THE SoUTH AMERIcAN
DoG PART ALLIGATOR

SAM, Penrod, Herman and Verman withdrew with considerable state from nonpaying view. Shortly the loitering multitude was enticed into the hayloft by the seductive strains of a band; the two partners performing upon combs and paper, Herman and Verman upon tin pans with sticks.

Sam officiated as ticket seller; while Penrod, with debonair suavity, acted as master of ceremonies and lecturer. "Walk in, lay-deeze, walk right in — pray do not obstruct the passageway," he said in a remarkable voice to the first patrons, Miss Rennsdale, aged eight, and her governess. There followed Mr. Georgie Bassett and baby sister, and seven other neighborhood children — a most satisfactory audience, although, subsequent to Miss Rennsdale and governess, admission was wholly by pin.

"*Gen-til-mun* and *lay-deeze*," Penrod shouted, "I will first call your at-tain-shon to our genuine South American dog part alligator!" He pointed to the dachshund and added in his ordinary tone, "That's him." "*Next*," he bellowed, "you see Duke, the genuine, full-blooded Indian dog from the far Western Plains and Rocky Mountains. *Next*, the Michigan rats, trained to jump and run all around the box at the — at the — at the slightest *pre-text*! I will now hammer upon the box and each and all may see these full-blooded Michigan rats perform at the slightest *pre-text*! There! (That's all they do now; but I and Sam are goin' to train 'em lots more before this afternoon.)

"Now *gen-til-mun* and *lay-deeze*, I will kindly call your at-tain-shon to Sherman, the wild animal from Africa, costing the lives of the wild trapper and many of his companions. *Next*, let me kindly interodoos Herman and Verman. Their father stuck his pitchfork right inside of another man, exactly as promised in the advertisement outside, and got put in jail. Point to sumphing, Herman. Look! This is the only genuine one-fingered tattooed wild man. Last on the program, *gen-til-mun* and *lay-deeze*, we have Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy that can't speak only his native foreign languages. Talk some, Verman."

Verman made an instantaneous hit. He was encored rapturously

again and again; and, thrilling with the unique pleasure of being appreciated and misunderstood at the same time, would have talked all day but too gladly. Penrod, however, rang down on the monologue.

"*Gen-til-mun* and *lay-deeze*, this closes our pufformance. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. As soon as you are all out, there's goin' to be a new pufformance, and each and all are welcome at the same and simple price of admission."

Forthwith the Schofield and Williams Military Band began a second overture; and all of the first audience returned, Miss Rennsdale and governess again paying coin of the Republic. A third performance found the same patrons once more crowding the auditorium, and seven recruits added.

From the first, there was no question which feature was the attraction extraordinary: Verman was a triumph! Wreathed in smiles, melodious, incredibly fluent, he had but to open his lips and a dead hush fell upon the audience. They hung breathless upon his every semisyllable, and when Penrod checked the flow, burst into thunders of applause that Verman received with happy laughter.

The first afternoon performance rivaled the morning successes. Maurice Levy appeared, escorting Marjorie Jones, and paid coin for two admissions. At sight of Marjorie, Penrod flushed under his mustache,

and lectured as he had never lectured before. A new grace invested his every gesture, and when he fearlessly handled the box of rats he beheld — for the first time in his life — admiration in Marjorie's lovely eyes. And then Verman spake — and Penrod was forgotten. When Mr. Levy and Miss Jones departed the limpid eyes of Marjorie looked back softly over her shoulder — but only at the tattooed wild boy. Nearly always it is a woman who puts irony into life.

After this, attendance languished. About three o'clock, Schofield and Williams were gloomily discussing various unpromising devices for startling the public into renewed interest, when another patron appeared and paid cash — no less than Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, escaped in a white sailor suit from the Manor during a period of severe maternal preoccupation. True to caste and training, his pale, fat face expressed nothing except impervious superiority, and he made a discouraging audience.

"That's my uncle Ethelbert's dachshund," he remarked at the beginning of the lecture. Herman of the missing finger fared no better. "Pooh!" said Roderick. "We have two fox terriers that had their tails *bit* off." Even Verman's torrent of conversation failed to impress. "Rotten," said Mr. Bitts languidly. "Anybody could talk like that. *I* could if I wanted to."

"*Yes*, you could!" Penrod exclaimed. "Let's hear you do it then."

So challenged, the visitor did try; but in the absence of an impartial jury, his effort was howled down. "Anyway," said Roderick, when things had quieted, "I could get up a better show than this with my left hand."

"Well, what would you have in your ole show? You couldn't be a show all by yourself."

"How do *you* know I couldn't?"

"How'd you *be* a show — ?"

Penrod stopped abruptly. He suddenly remembered his intention to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, about Rena Magsworth.

"Roddy," he said, almost overwhelmed by a prescience of something vast and magnificent, "Roddy, are you any relation of Rena Magsworth?"

Roderick had never heard of Rena Magsworth, although the sentence yesterday pronounced upon her had burned, black and horrific, upon the face of every newspaper in the country. He was not allowed to read the journals of the day and his family's indignation over the sacrilegious coincidence of the name had not been expressed in his presence. But he saw that it was an awesome name to Penrod and Sam.

"Roddy," Penrod said again, with solemnity, "honest, is Rena Magsworth some relation of yours?"

"*Is* she?" Sam asked, almost hoarsely.

"She's my aunt!" shouted Roddy.

Penrod and Sam, spellbound, gazed upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior. Roddy's staggering lie had changed the face of things utterly.

"Roddy," Penrod asked tremulously, "will you join our show?"

Roddy could see that the offer implied his being starred. The sensation was pleasant. He had often been treated with effusion by acquaintances of his mother; but until this moment no boy had ever allowed him to presume even to equality. Now, in a trice, he was not only admitted to comradeship but patently valued as something rare and sacred to be acclaimed and pedestaled.

Roderick entered wholeheartedly into preparations for the new show. Assuming, with Sam's assistance, a blue mustache and sideburns, he helped in the painting of a new poster:

SCHOFIELD & WILLIAMS
NEW BIG SHOW
RODERICK MAGSWORTH BITTS JR
ONLY LIVING NEPHEW OF
RENA MAGSWORTH
THE FAMOUS
MUDERESS GOING TO BE HUNG
KILLED EIGHT PEOPLE ALSO
SHERMAN HERMAN AND VERMAN
MICHIGAN RATS DOG PART
ALLIGATOR
DUKE THE INDIAN DOG
ADMISSION 1 CENT OR 20 PINS

DO NOT MISS THIS CHANCE TO SEE
ONLY LIVING NEPHEW OF RENA
MAGSWORTH GOING TO BE
HUNG

MEGAPHONES were constructed out of heavy wrapping paper, and Penrod, Sam and Herman set out to deliver vocally the inflammatory proclamation of the poster to a large section of the residential quarter. The very first audience was larger than the largest of the morning. Master Bitts — the only exhibit placed upon a box — was a supercurio. All eyes fastened upon him and remained, hungrily feasting, throughout Penrod's luminous oration.

The second audience contained a cash-paying adult, a spectacled young man whose poignant attention was very flattering. He remained after the lecture, put a few questions to Roddy which were answered rather confusedly upon promptings from Penrod, and went away to make several brief but stimulating calls.

Late in the afternoon the Big Show was at high tide. The auditorium was filled and throbbing; there was a line — by no means wholly juvenile — waiting for the next pufformance, and people in automobiles had halted to read the poster. These were the conditions when a crested victoria arrived at a gallop; from it a large, chastely magnificent and highly flushed



woman descended with an air of violence. At sight of her, the adults of the waiting line hastily disappeared.

The stairs to the auditorium were narrow and steep; Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was of a stout favor; and the voice of Penrod was audible during the ascent. "*Re-mem-bur*, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, each and all are now gazing upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, the only living nephew of Rena Magsworth, the great ars'nic murderess. She stuck ars'nic in the coffee of eight separate and distinct people and each and all of 'em died. She's a relation of all the Bitts family; but he's her one and only living nephew. *Re-mem-bur!* Next July she's goin' to be hung, and each and all, you now see before you —"

Penrod paused abruptly, seeing something before himself — the august and awful presence that filled the entryway.

Before herself, Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts saw her son — her scion — wearing mustache and sideburns of blue, and perched upon a box flanked by Sherman and Verman, the Michigan rats, the Indian dog Duke, Herman, and the dog part alligator.

Roddy's mouth opened — remained open — then filled to capacity with a calamitous sound of grief not unmingled with apprehension.

Penrod's reason staggered under

the crisis. For a horrible moment he saw Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts approaching like some fatal mountain in avalanche. She seemed to grow larger and redder; lightnings played about her head; he had a vague consciousness of the audience spraying out in flight. The mountain was close upon him —

He stood by the open mouth of the hay-chute that went through the floor to the manger below. In a trice Penrod also went through the floor, but not quite to the manger, for Mr. Samuel Williams had thoughtfully stepped into the chute a moment in advance of his partner. Penrod lit upon Sam.

Catastrophic noises resounded in the loft; volcanoes seemed to romp upon the stairway. There ensued a period when only a shrill keening marked the passing of Roderick as he was borne to the tumbril. Then all was silence.

SUNSET rouged the walls of the Schofields' library, where gathered a joint family council and court martial of four — Mrs. Schofield, Mr. Schofield, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Mr. Williams read aloud a conspicuous headline from the last edition of the evening paper:

"Prominent people here believed close relation of woman sentenced to hang. Angry denial by Mrs. R. Magsworth Bitts. Relationship admitted by younger member of fam-

ily. His statement confirmed by boy-friends. . . ."

"Don't!" Mrs. Williams said vehemently. "We've all read it a dozen times. We've got plenty of trouble on our hands without hearing *that* again!"

Singularly enough, the four grown-ups did not look troubled; they only looked as if they were trying to look troubled.

"What did she say when she called *you* up?" Mrs. Schofield asked Mrs. Williams.

"She could hardly speak at first, and then when she did she talked so fast I couldn't understand most of it. I never did hear anyone in such a state before. So furious — quite justly, of course. And while we must allow for her being dreadfully wrought up, she said that Roderick had *never* been allowed to associate with — common boys . . ."

"Meaning Sam and Penrod," Mrs. Schofield said. "Yes, she said that to me, too."

"She said that the most awful thing about it," Mrs. Williams went on, "was that though she's going to prosecute the newspapers, many people would always believe the story, and . . ."

"Yes, I imagine they will," Mrs. Schofield said musingly, "no matter what the Bittses and Magsworths say."

"Hundreds and hundreds will believe it!" Mrs. Williams said. "I'm afraid it will be a great come-

down for the Magsworth Bittses."

"Well," Mrs. Schofield observed, "there's only one thing to be done, and I suppose it had better be done right away." She glanced toward the two gentlemen.

"Certainly," Mr. Schofield agreed. "But where *are* they? I've searched the stable. They've probably started for the West."

"Did you look in the sawdust box?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then that's where they are."

Thus, in the early twilight, the now historic stable was entered by two fathers charged to do the only thing to be done.

"Penrod!" called Mr. Schofield.

"Sam!" echoed Mr. Williams.

Nothing disturbed the evening hush.

But by means of a ladder, Mr. Schofield mounted to the top of the sawdust box. Within he discerned the dim outlines of three quiet figures, the third being that of a small dog. The two boys rose, upon command, and stood before the authors of their being, who bent upon them sinister and threatening brows. With hanging heads and despondent countenances, each still ornamented with a mustache and imperial, Penrod and Sam awaited sentence.

This is a boy's lot: anything he does may afterward turn out to have been a crime — he never knows. And punishment and clemency are alike inexplicable.

*

Mr. Williams took his son by the ear.

"You march home!" he commanded. And Sam marched, not looking back.

"You goin' to whip me?" Penrod quavered, alone with Justice.

"Wash your face at that faucet," his father said sternly.

About 15 minutes later, Penrod,

hurriedly entering the corner drug-store, two blocks distant, was astonished to perceive a familiar form at the soda counter.

"Yay, Penrod," said Sam Williams. "Want some sody? Come on. He didn't lick me. He didn't do anything at all. He gave me a quarter."

"So'd mine," said Penrod.



THE MIDSUMMER sun was stinging hot outside the little barber-shop and Penrod, undergoing a coifing, was adhesive enough to retain upon his face much hair as it fell from the shears. There is a mystery here: the tonsorial processes are not unagreeable to manhood; but the hairs detached from a boy's head get into his eyes, his ears, his mouth and down his neck, and he does everywhere itch excruciatingly. Wherefore he blinks, twitches and squirms.

"Pff!" Penrod said, endeavoring to dislodge a temporary mustache from his lip.

"Little Gentleman"

"You ought to see how still little Georgie Bassett sits," said the barber reprovingly. "I hear everybody says he's the best boy in town. I haven't heard nobody makin' no such remarks about nobody by the name of Penrod Schofield."

"Well," said Penrod, "who wants 'em to? Ouch!"

"I hear they call Georgie Bassett the 'little gentleman,'" the barber ventured provocatively.

"They better not call *me* that," Penrod returned truculently. "I'd like to hear anybody try. Just once, that's all! After I finished I bet they'd never want to call me that again as long as they lived!"

"What'd you do if it was a little girl? You wouldn't hit her, would you?"

"Well, I'd . . . Ouch! I bet I'd fix her, all right. She'd see!"

The barber dug ten active fingers

into the helpless scalp before him and did his best to displace it, while the anguished Penrod, becoming a seething crucible of emotion, misdirected his resentment into maddened brooding upon what he would do to a boy who dared call him "little gentleman." When the torture stopped, the barber asked, "Now what would it make you so mad fer, to have somebody call you a little gentleman? It's a kind of compliment, you might say."

To Penrod this question was without meaning or reasonableness. His gorge rose at the thought of it.

"You just let 'em try it!" he said threateningly, as he slid down from the chair. "Just once — that's all!"

The barber chuckled as Penrod went out. A moment later his eye gleamed a gleam as it fell upon customers approaching: Marjorie Jones, to Penrod the prettiest little girl in the world, leading her baby brother, Mitchy-Mitch, to have his hair clipped. It was a hot day and idle, with little to feed the mind — and the barber was a mischievous man. He did his worst.

Meanwhile the brooding Penrod pursued his homeward way in one-sided conflicts with malign insulters made of thin air. "You better *not* call me that!" he muttered. "You just try it and you'll get what other people got when they tried it!" He was in a dangerous mood.

Nearing home his belligerent spirit was diverted by the discovery that some workmen had left a caldron of warm tar in the street by his father's stable. He tested it but found that, as a substitute for chewing gum, it was unsatisfactory, being insufficiently boiled down. But it had an excess of one quality — it was sticky. It was the stickiest tar Penrod had ever used for any purpose whatsoever, and nothing upon which he wiped his hands served to rid them of it; neither his shirt nor his knickerbockers; neither the fence nor even Duke, who came unthinkingly wagging out to greet him, and retired wiser.

Much can be done with tar, so Penrod lingered by the caldron. On the ground were scattered sticks and bits of wood, and Penrod mixed quantities of this refuse into the tar, interesting himself in seeing how much of it he could keep moving in slow swirls upon the ebou surface.

Other surprises were arranged for the absent workmen. The caldron was almost full. Penrod endeavored to ascertain how many pebbles and brickbats, dropped in, would cause an overflow. Laboring heartily to this end, he had almost accomplished it when he noticed, across the street, a stone the size of a small watermelon. Getting it to



the caldron tested the full strength of the ardent laborer. Instructed to perform such a task, he would have sincerely maintained its impossibility; but now he set about it with unconquerable energy, feeling certain that he would be rewarded with a mighty splash. Perspiring, his back aching and all muscles straining, he was beginning the final heave that would lift it over the rim when a sweet, taunting voice close behind startled him cruelly.

"How do you do, *little gentleman!*"

Penrod squawked, dropped the stone, and shouted, "Shut up, you dern fool!" purely from instinct, before his about-face made him aware who had so spitefully addressed him.

It was Marjorie Jones, dressed in speckless and starchy white, with the new-shorn Mitchy-Mitch clinging to her hand. "Oh, *oh!*" she cried mockingly. "What a way for a *little gentleman* to talk!"

"Marjorie!" Penrod, enraged and dismayed, felt himself stung beyond endurance. Insult from her was bitterer than from any other. "Don't you call me that again!"

"Why not, *little gentleman?*"

He stamped his foot.
"You better stop!"

Marjorie sent into his furious face her lovely, spiteful laughter. "Little gentleman, little gentleman, little gentleman!" she said deliberately. "How's the little gentleman this afternoon?"

Penrod, quite beside himself,

danced eccentrically. "Dry up!" he howled. "Dry up, dry up, dry up, dry up!"

Mitchy-Mitch shouted with delight. "'Ttle gellamun!" he said.

"You better look out!" Penrod whirled upon this small offender with grim satisfaction. Here at least was something male that could without dishonor be held responsible. "You say that again and I'll give you the worst —"

"You will *not!*" snapped Marjorie. "He'll say just whatever he wants to. Go on, Mitchy-Mitch. He can't do a thing. He don't *dare*. Say it some more, Mitchy-Mitch."

"'Ttle gellamun!" squeaked Mitchy-Mitch malevolently. "'Ttle gellamun!"

The desperate Penrod bent over the big rock, lifted it, and in one miraculous burst of strength heaved it into the air.

Marjorie screamed.

The stone descended into the midst of the caldron and Penrod got his mighty splash. It was far, far beyond his expectations. Spontaneously there were grand and awful effects. A black sheet of eccentric shape rose out of the caldron and descended upon the three children. Br'er Rabbit would have fled from any of them.

When Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch got their breath, they used it vocally; and seldom have more penetrating sounds issued from human throats. Marjorie, quite berserk,

laid hands upon the largest stick within reach and fell upon Penrod with blind fury. They went round and round the caldron, while Mitchy-Mitch feebly tried to follow — his appearance being pathetically like that of a bug fished out of an inkwell, alive but discouraged.

Attracted by the riot, Samuel Williams appeared, followed by Maurice Levy and Georgie Bassett. They stared incredulously at the spectacle before them.

"Little GEN-TIL-MUN!" shrieked Marjorie, with a wild stroke that landed full upon Penrod's tarry cap.

"*Ooooh!*" bleated Penrod.

"It's Penrod!" Sam shouted, recognizing him by the voice.

"Penrod Schofield!" Georgie Bassett exclaimed. "*What* does this mean?" That was Georgie's style and had helped win him his title.

Marjorie leaned, panting, upon her stick. "I cu-called — uh — him — oh!" she sobbed — "I called him a lul-little gentleman! And oh — lul — look at my du-dress! Lul-look at Mu-mitchy — Mitch — oh!"

Unexpectedly, she smote again — with results — and then, seizing the indistinguishable hand of Mitchy-Mitch, she ran wailing homeward.

"'Little gentleman?'" said Georgie Bassett. "Why, that's what they call *me!*"

"Yes, and you *are* one, too!" the maddened Penrod shouted. "But

you better not call *me* that. Just put that in your gizzard and smoke it."

"Anybody has a perfect right to call a person a little gentleman," said Georgie with dignity. "It's a nice name."

"You better look out!" Un-avenged bruises were distributed all over Penrod, both upon his body and upon his spirit. Driven by subtle forces, he was about to run amuck.

"I haven't called you a little gentleman, yet," continued Georgie. "I only said it, and I shall say it all I please —"

Bellowing insanely, Penrod plunged his hand into the caldron, rushed upon Georgie and made awful work of his hair and face. Sam Williams and Maurice Levy screamed with delight and danced about the struggling pair, shouting frantically: "Little gentleman! Little gentleman! Sick him, Georgie! Sick him! Little gentleman!"

The infuriated Penrod turned upon them with blows and more tar. From the tangle of the four boys issued frantic splutterings and strange cries; eight hands dipped lavishly into the inexhaustible reservoir of tar, with more and more picturesque results. The caldron, elevated upon bricks, was not perfectly balanced; under impact of the struggling group it went over, pouring forth a Stygian tide that formed a deep pool in the gutter.

At this chaotic juncture, the exclusive and immaculate Master

Roderick Bitts made his appearance. A repeated epithet continuously half panted, half squawked, somewhere in the nest of gladiators, caught his ear, and he took it up excitedly, not knowing why. "Little gentleman," shouted Roderick, jumping up and down. "Little gentleman! Lit —" The frightful figure of Penrod tore itself from the group, encircled him with a black arm and hurled him headlong. Full length and flat on his face went Roderick into the Stygian pool.

Thus began the Great Tar Fight, whose origin proved so difficult for parents to trace, owing to the opposing accounts of the combatants. Marjorie said Penrod began it; Penrod said Mitchy-Mitch began it; Sam Williams said Georgie Bassett began it. Nobody thought of accusing the barber.

The end of the historic fray came only with the arrival of Penrod's mother. It is a mystery how she was able to pick out her son, for by this time his voice was too hoarse to be recognizable.

MR. SCHOFIELD's version of things was that Penrod was insane. "He's a stark, raving lunatic!" he declared, descending to the library from a painful before-dinner interview with the outlaw. "Do you know *why* he says all that awfulness happened?"

"When Margaret and I were trying to scrub him," Mrs. Schofield responded wearily, "he said

'everybody' had been calling him names."

"Names!" her husband snorted. "'Little gentleman!' *That's* the vile epithet they called him! And because of it he wrecks the peace of six homes!"

"*Sb!* Yes," Mrs. Schofield moaned, "he told us about it several hundred times. He's got it fixed in his head, and we couldn't get it out. All we could do was put him in the closet. He'd have gone out again after those boys if we hadn't."

"He says he'd do the same thing — and worse — if anybody dared call him that again," her husband said. "How long did you have him locked in the closet?"

"*Sb!*" Mrs. Schofield said warningly. "About two hours; but I don't think it softened his spirit at all."

"What are you *sb-ing* me for?" Mr. Schofield demanded explosively.

"*Sb!*" Mrs. Schofield said. "Mr. Kinosling, the new rector, is on the front porch with Margaret; he's going to stay for dinner. I do hope . . ."

"Bachelor, isn't he?"

"*Sb!* Yes; about 30, and of course *so* superior to most of Margaret's friends — boys home from college. Mr. Kinosling talks so intellectually; it's good for Margaret to hear that sort of thing for a change. He seems very much interested in her. It's the third time he's dropped in this week, and I . . ."

TWENTY MINUTES later, a scorched and smouldering Penrod descended



to dinner. During the brief ceremony of presentation, his usually inscrutable countenance wore an expression interpreted by his father as one of insane obstinacy, while Mrs. Schofield found it incentive to inward prayer. By Mr. Kinosling Penrod's glare of virulent suspicion was misinterpreted to be a look of natural curiosity concerning one who might possibly become, in time, a member of the family. He patted Penrod upon the head, which was in no condition to be patted with any pleasure to the pattee. Penrod felt himself in the presence of a new enemy.

"How do you do, my little lad," said Mr. Kinosling. "I trust we shall become fast friends."

To the ear of his little lad, it seemed he said, "A trost we shall bick-home fawst frainds." Mr. Kinosling's pronunciation was, in fact, slightly precious, and the little lad, mistaking it for some cryptic form of mockery, assumed an expression arguing so ill for the proposed friendship that Mrs. Schofield hastily suggested dinner and the small procession went into the dining room.

"It has been a delicious day," said Mr. Kinosling presently. With a benevolent smile he addressed Penrod. "I suppose, little gentle-

man, you have been indulging in outdoor sports?"

Penrod laid down his fork and glared openmouthed at Mr. Kinosling.

"You'll have another slice of chicken?" Mr. Schofield inquired loudly and quickly.

"A lovely day!" Margaret exclaimed, with equal promptitude and emphasis. "Lovely, oh, lovely! Lovely!"

"Beautiful, beautiful!" Mrs. Schofield said, and after a glance at Penrod she continued, "Yes, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"

Penrod closed his mouth and sank back in his chair — and his relatives took breath.

Mr. Kinosling looked pleased. This responsive family made the kind of audience he liked. He passed a delicate white hand gracefully over his tall, pale forehead and smiled indulgently.

"Boyhood is the age of relaxation," he said. "One is playful, free, unfettered. It is good for little lads to jostle, push and wrestle, to simulate little, happy struggles with one another in harmless conflict. Boyish chivalry develops, enlarges, expands. They learn courtesy in their games, consideration for one another. I make it my pleasure to join them often. I understand them, you see." He sent to each listener his beaming glance and, permitting it to rest upon Penrod, inquired: "And what do you say, little gentleman?"

Mr. Schofield uttered a stentorian cough. "More? You'd better have some more chicken! More! Do!"

"More chicken!" urged Margaret simultaneously. "Do please!"

"Beautiful, beautiful," Mrs. Schofield began. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful . . ."

It is not known in what light Mr. Kinosling viewed the extraordinary expression of Penrod's face. Perhaps he mistook it for awe. At any rate it caused not the faintest perturbation in his breast. He waived the chicken and talked on. So passed a threatening meal, which Mrs. Schofield hurried by every decent means to its conclusion. She felt that somehow they would all be safer out in the dark of the front porch, and led the way thither as soon as possible.

"No cigar, I thank you," said Mr. Kinosling, establishing himself in a wicker chair beside Margaret. A moment later he turned toward Penrod, who was perched upon the railing in a dark corner, and said, "The evening is touched with a slight coolness. And my hat is in the hallway. Perhaps I might request the lit —"

"I'll get it for you," Penrod said suddenly, and a feeling of relief carried from one to another of his three relatives.

"The day is done, and the darkness," began Mr. Kinosling — and recited that poem entire. He followed it with "The Children's

Hour," and, after a pause at the close to allow his listeners time for reflection upon his rendition, called in the direction of the doorway, "I believe I will take my hat now, little gentleman."

"Here it is," said Penrod, unexpectedly climbing over the porch railing.

Mr. Kinosling placed the hat firmly upon his head. It had a pleasant warmth, which he noticed at once. The next instant he noticed something else, a peculiar sensation of the scalp — a sensation he was quite unable to define. He lifted his hand to take his hat off, and entered upon a strange experience: his hat seemed decided to remain where it was.

"Do you like Tennyson as much as Longfellow, Mr. Kinosling?" Margaret inquired.

"I — ah — I cannot say," he returned absently. "I — ah — each has his own flavor and savor, each his — ah — ah —"

Struck by the strangeness of his tone, she peered at him curiously. His arms were uplifted in a singular gesture. He seemed to be wrenching at his head.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. Kinosling, are you ill?"

"I — ah — I — believe —" he said, in the same odd tone. He dropped his hands from his hat, and rose. His manner was slightly agitated. "I fear I may have taken a trifling — ah — cold. I should —"

ah — perhaps be — ah — better at home."

At the steps, he instinctively lifted his hand to remove his hat, but did not do so, and, saying "Good-night" again in a frigid voice, departed with visible stiffness from that house, to return no more.

"Well, of all —!" Mrs. Schofield cried, astounded. "What was the matter? He just went — like that!" she made a flurried gesture. "Why, he didn't even take his hat off when he said good-night."

Margaret caught the ghost of a whisper behind her. "*You bet he didn't!*" Penrod knew not that he was overheard.

A frightful suspicion flashed through Margaret's mind — a suspicion that Mr. Kinosling's hat would have to be either boiled off or shaved off. With growing horror she recalled Penrod's long absence when he went to bring the hat.

"Penrod," she cried, "let me see your hands!" She seized them.

Again they were tarred!



"**Y**OU BETTER keep that ole yellow dog o' yours back," Penrod said ominously to the fat-faced stranger of 12 or 13 who wandered into the neighborhood one day, accompanied by a gaunt brown hound. "Duke's chewed up some pretty bad bulldogs."

The fat-faced boy gave Penrod

Rupe Collins

a fishy stare. "You'd oughta learn him not to do that," he said. "It'll make him sick."

"What will?" Penrod demanded.

"Eatin' dead bulldogs people leave around here."

This was formula adapted from other occasions; but it was new to Penrod, and he was so taken with it that resentment lost itself in admiration. Committing the gem to memory for use upon a dog-owning friend, he inquired in a sociable tone: "What number school you go to?"

"Me? Third," the fat-faced boy returned. "I got 'em *all* scared in *that* school."

"What of?" innocently asked Penrod, to whom "the Third" —

in a distant part of town — was undiscovered country.

"What of? I guess you'd see what of, if you ever was in that school about one day. They're mighty careful how they try to run over Rupe Collins."

"Who's Rupe Collins?"

"Who's he?" the other boy echoed incredulously. "Say, ain't you got *any* sense?" He laughed harshly, then said with truculence, "Say, 'bo, what's the matter of you, anyhow?"

"Well," Penrod urged timidly, "nobody ever *told* me who Rupe Collins is. Who *is* he?"

"*Who* is he?" mocked the other with scorn that withered. "'Who is he?' ME!"

"Oh!" Penrod was humiliated but relieved. "Rupe Collins is *your* name, then, I guess. I kind of thought it was, all the time."

The fat-faced boy still appeared embittered. Concentrating his brow into a histrionic scowl he thrust his face within an inch of Penrod's. "Yes, sonny, Rupe Collins is my name, and you better look out what you say when he's around or you'll get in big trouble! *You understand that, 'bo?*"

Penrod was cowed but fascinated; he felt that there was something dangerous but dashing about this newcomer. "Yes," he said feebly, drawing back. "My name's Penrod Schofield."

"Where'd you get that wart on your finger?" demanded Mr. Col-

lins suddenly, pointing at Penrod's right hand.

"Where?" asked the mystified Penrod, extending his hand.

"There!" Rupe Collins exclaimed, seizing and vigorously twisting the wartless finger naïvely offered for his inspection.

"Quit!" Penrod shouted in agony. "*Quee-yut!*"

"Lick dirt," Rupe commanded, twisting until Penrod writhed to his knees; then Rupe forced his captive's face to the sidewalk and the suffering Penrod completed this ceremony. "There, that's the way we do up at the Third," said Rupe.

Penrod arose, dusted himself off, and offered a diversion. "Say, Rupe, I got a box of rats in our stable. Come on and look at 'em."

"All right," said the fat-faced boy, slightly mollified. "We'll let my dog kill 'em."

"No, *sir!* I'm goin' to keep 'em. They're kind of pets. I've got names for 'em, and —"

"Looky here, 'bo. Did you hear me say we'd let my dog kill 'em?"

"Yes, but I won't —"

Mr. Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye-to-eye scowl as practiced "up at the Third." Frowning appallingly and thrusting forward his underlip, he placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod, whose eyes naturally became crossed. "He kills the rats. See?" hissed the fat-faced boy, maintaining the horrible juxtaposition.

"Well, all right," Penrod said, swallowing. "I don't want 'em much." And when the pose had been relaxed, he stared at his new friend for a moment, almost with reverence. Then he brightened. "Come on, Rupe!" he cried enthusiastically, "We'll give our dogs a little live meat — 'bo!"

AT THE dinner table that evening Penrod surprised his family by remarking, in a voice they had never heard him attempt — a law-giving voice of intentional gruffness: "Any man that's makin' a hunderd dollars a month is makin' good money;" Rupe having issued this dictum and the added information that that was what his father made as foreman at the ladder works.

"What *are* you talking about?" Mr. Schofield demanded.

"Good money?" Margaret asked, curiously, "What is good money?"

Penrod turned upon her a stern glance. "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had *some* sense?"

"Penrod!" his father shouted. Penrod's mother gazed with dismay; her son had never before spoken like that to his sister.

Mrs. Schofield might have been more dismayed if she had realized that it was the beginning of an epoch.

The next day and the next, the increasing change in Penrod puzzled and distressed his family. How might they guess that hero-worship

takes such forms? They were vaguely conscious that a rather shabby boy, not of the neighborhood, came to "play" with Penrod several times; but they failed to connect this circumstance with the peculiar behavior of the son of the house, whose ideals (his father remarked) seemed to have suddenly become identical with those of Gyp the Blood.

At the table and about the house he was bumptious, loud with fatuous misinformation. Among his intimates his new superiority was outrageous. He twisted the fingers and squeezed the necks of all the boys of the neighborhood, meeting their indignation with a hoarse and rasping laugh he had acquired after short practice in the stable. He bragged by the hour, Rupe Collins being the chief subject — next to Penrod himself. "That's the way we do up at the Third" became staple explanation of violence, for Penrod was plastic in the hands of his own imagination, and at times convinced himself that he was one of those dark spirits of whom "the Third" was composed. For Penrod, "life had taken on new meaning, new richness." He had become a fighting man — in conversation at least.

Within five days Penrod even almost alienated Sam Williams, who finally declared that Penrod made him "sick." He made the statement with fervor, one sultry afternoon, in Mr. Schofield's stable, in

the presence of Herman and Verman. "Up at the Third!" repeated Sam, with scorn. "You haven't ever been up there."

"Looky here, 'bo!" Penrod, darkly argumentative, prepared to perform the eye-to-eye business. "When haven't I been up there?"

"You haven't *never* been up there!" In spite of Penrod's closely approaching nose, Sam maintained his ground. "Has he, Herman?"

"I don' reckon so," Herman said, laughing.

"*Wbat!*" Penrod transferred his nose to the immediate vicinity of Herman's nose. "You better look out what you reckon around here! *You understan' that, 'bo?*"

Herman bore the eye-to-eye very well; indeed, it seemed to please him, for he continued to laugh, while Verman chuckled delightedly.

"Haven't I been up at the Third?" the sinister Penrod demanded.

"I don' reckon so. How come you ast me?"

"Didn't you hear me *say* I been up there?"

"Well," Herman said mischievously, "hearin' ain't believin'!"

"You take that back!" Penrod shouted, striking out wildly.

"Don' git mad," the small darky begged, while a number of blows falling on his warding arms failed to abate his amusement. He behaved exactly as if Penrod were tickling him. Penrod pummelled

till he was tired, with no greater effect.

"There!" he panted, desisting finally. "You'll get hurt worse'n that if you stay around here much. Rupe Collins is comin' this afternoon. We're goin' to make some policemen's billies out of the rake handle."

"When's he coming?" Sam Williams inquired rather uneasily. He had heard a great deal too much of this personage; but as yet the pleasure of actual acquaintance had been denied him.

"He's liable to be here any time," Penrod answered. "You better look out. You'll be lucky to get home alive if *he* comes."

"Who Rupe Collins?" asked Herman.

"Who Rupe Collins?" Penrod mocked, and used his rasping laugh. Herman appeared to think he was meant to laugh, too. So he did, echoed by Verman.

At this moment a brown hound ran into the stable and fraternized with Duke. The fat-faced boy appeared upon the threshold and gazed coldly upon the little company, whereupon the colored brethren, ceasing from merriment, were instantly impassive. Sam Williams moved nearer the door leading into the yard. The ominous newcomer was a head taller than either Sam or Penrod; head and shoulders taller than Herman; and Verman could hardly be used for comparison, being a mere squat brown

spot, not yet nine years on this planet.

"Hello, 'bo!" Penrod said in the deepest voice possible to him.

"Who you callin' 'bo?" was the ungracious response, accompanied by immediate action. Rupe held Penrod's head in the crook of an elbow and massaged it with a hard-pressing knuckle.

"I was only in fun, Rupie," pleaded the sufferer, and then, being set free, "Come here, Sam," he said.

"What for?"

Penrod laughed pityingly. "Pshaw, I ain't goin' to hurt you. Come on." As Sam maintained his position near the door, Penrod went to him and caught him round the neck. "Come on, Rupe," he called. "Make the baby lick dirt."

Thereupon was Penrod's treachery to an old comrade properly rewarded, for as the two struggled, Rupe caught each by the back of the neck and with creditable impartiality forced both boys to their knees. "Lick dirt!" he commanded.

At this moment he received a real surprise. With a loud whack something struck the back of his head and, turning, he beheld Verman in the act of lifting a piece of lath to strike again. "Em moys ome!" said Verman, the Giant Killer.

"He tongue-tie'," Herman explained. "He say, let 'em boys alone."

Rupe strode across the prostrate

Sam, stepped upon Penrod and, equipping his countenance with the terrifying scowl and protruded jaw, lowered his head to the level of Herman's. "You'll be lucky if you leave here alive!" And he leaned forward till his nose was less than an inch from Herman's.

It could be felt that something awful was about to happen and Penrod, as he rose from the floor, suffered an unexpected twinge of apprehension and remorse. He hoped that Rupe wouldn't *really* hurt Herman. A sudden dislike of Rupe and Rupe's ways rose within him, as he looked at the big boy overwhelming the little darky. Penrod all at once felt sorry about something indefinable; and, with equal vagueness, he felt foolish. "Come on, Rupe," he suggested feebly, "let Herman go, and let's make billies out of the rake handle."

The rake handle, however, was not available, if Rupe had inclined to favor the suggestion. Verman was at this moment lifting the rake in the air.

Rupe had allowed his nose to remain too long near Herman's. Penrod's familiar nose had been as close with only a ticklish spinal effect upon the not very remote descendant of Congo man-eaters. The result produced by the glare of Rupe's unfamiliar eyes, and by the dreadfully suggestive proximity of Rupe's unfamiliar nose, was altogether different. Herman's and Verman's great-grandfathers never consid-

ered people of their own jungle neighborhood proper material for a meal; but they looked upon strangers — especially truculent strangers — as distinctly edible.

Penrod and Sam heard Rupe suddenly squawk and bellow; saw him writhe and twist and fling out his arms like flails as Herman's teeth bit home. When he was able to do so, Mr. Collins stepped backwards, holding his left hand over his nose, and striking at Herman with his right. Then Verman hit him with the rake.

Verman struck from behind. He struck as hard as he could. And he struck with the tines down. For in his simple, direct way he wished to kill his enemy as soon as possible. On this account, Rupe Collins was peculiarly unfortunate. He was plucky and he enjoyed conflict; but neither his ambitions nor his anticipations had ever included murder.

The rake glanced from the back of Rupe's head to his shoulder; but it felled him. Both darkies jumped full upon him instantly, and the three rolled and twisted upon the stable floor. From the panting, pounding, yelling heap issued a hoarse repetition in the voice of Rupe concerning his ear which left no doubt that additional mayhem was taking place. Appalled, Penrod and Sam retreated to the doorway, where they dumbly watched the cataclysm. They no more thought of interfering than they would have

thought of interfering with an earthquake.

Time and again Rupe got to his knees only to go down again under the earnest brothers. At last, out of the ruck rose Verman, disfigured and maniacal. With a wild eye he looked about for his trusty rake; but Penrod, in horror, had long since thrown it out into the yard. Naturally it had not seemed necessary to remove the lawn mower.

The frantic eye of Verman fell upon the lawn mower, and he leaped to its handle. Shrilling a wordless war cry, he charged, propelling the whirling knives straight toward the prone body of Rupe Collins.

"Cut his gizzud out!" shrieked Herman, urging on the whizzing blades. They lacerated Rupe's shin as, with the supreme agony of effort a creature in mortal peril puts forth, he tore himself free of Herman and got upon his feet. Herman was up as quickly. He leaped to the wall and seized the garden scythe. "I'm go' cut yo' gizzud out," he announced definitely, "an' eat it!"

Rupe Collins had never run from anybody in his life; but the present situation was very unusual. Verman was swinging the grass-cutter about for a new charge, and Herman had made a quite plausible statement about what he intended to do with the scythe. Rupe paused for an extremely condensed survey of the horrible advance of the brothers, and then, uttering a

blood-curdled scream of fear, ran out of the stable and up the alley at a speed he had never before attained.

Penrod and Sam watched the flight, and were without words. But Herman and Verman were laughing and chuckling.

"Hiyi!" cackled Herman to Verman. "See 'at ole boy run!"

"Who-ee!" Verman shouted in ecstasy.

"Nev' did see boy run so fas'!" Herman continued. Verman roared with delight, apparently wholly unconscious that the lids of his right eye were swollen shut. Herman was a similar ruin, and gave as little heed to his condition.

Penrod looked dazedly from Herman to Verman and back again. So did Sam Williams.

"Herman," said Penrod in a weak voice, "you wouldn't *bonest* of cut his gizzard out, would you?"

"Who? Me? I don' know. He mighty mean ole boy!" Herman shook his head gravely, and then, observing that Verman was again convulsed with unctuous merriment, joined laughter with his brother. "Sho! I guess I uz dess *talkin'* when I said 'at! Hiyi! Reckon he thought I meant it, f'm de way he tuck an' run."

Penrod looked at the scythe; he looked at Herman. He looked at the lawn mower and he looked at Verman. Then he looked out in the yard at the rake. So did Sam.

"Come on, Verman," said Her-

man. "We ain' got 'at stove-wood f' supper yit."

Giggling reminiscently, the brothers disappeared, leaving silence behind them in the carriage house. Penrod and Sam retired slowly into the shadowy interior, each glancing now and then, with a preoccupied air, at the open, empty doorway where the late afternoon sunshine was growing ruddy. At intervals one or the other scraped the floor reflectively with the side of his shoe. Finally, still without either having made any effort at conversation, they went out into the yard.

"Well," said Sam at last, "I guess it's time I better be gettin' home. So long, Penrod!"

"So long, Sam," said Penrod feebly. With a solemn gaze he watched his friend out of sight. Then he went slowly into the house, and after an interval occupied in a unique manner, appeared in the library holding a pair of brilliantly gleaming shoes in his hand. Mr. Schofield, reading the evening paper, glanced frowning over it at his offspring.

"Look, Papa," Penrod said. "I found your shoes where you'd taken them off in your room, to put on your slippers, and they were all dusty. So I took 'em and gave 'em a good blacking. They shine up fine, don't they?"

"Well, I'll be d-dud-dummed!" the startled Mr. Schofield said.

Penrod was zigzagging back to normal.

People in Pain

By

Pearl S. Buck

HERE is a letter from a nurse in one of the hospitals in China. She is writing of what happens after a bombing raid, when the wounded are brought in to be operated on — without anesthetics, because the need for anesthetics is so much greater than the supply.

“ . . . Even the children are very brave about it. They realize that there is not enough ether to go around, so they grit their teeth and bear it. Sometimes, of course, they cannot help screaming, and sometimes they faint away. It's not watching their anguish that's so hard to bear. It's the fact that so many of them die of shock, who could be saved if we had ether.”

The brave Chinese have had to accept as inevitable the ghastly, medieval suffering of operation without ether. Let us not comfort ourselves by saying the Chinese do not feel pain as we do. They are flesh and blood and bone, as we are. Their nerve centers are alive and sensitive, as ours are. They are compelled to agony.

Since the war started, fifty million Chinese have been driven from their homes. That is as many people as there are in America west of the Mississippi River. Some ref-

ugees have found work, some are being taken care of by friends and relatives. But more than half of them are still homeless and shelterless, without food or clothes. They sleep in the streets of crowded cities, they huddle together for warmth. But winter is coming on — winter nights as cold as ours. They are weakened by hunger and exposure, and are easily taken by typhoid, cholera, and bubonic plague.

Medical supplies and hospitals are so scanty that in one sense of the word there are none. Here are the facts — one registered doctor for every 50,000 people; young Chinese doctors and orderlies and nurses, even though they are being trained, lack microscopes and elementary medical equipment; even iodine and gauze are at a premium. Thousands of Chinese die horrible, unnecessary deaths from gangrene and lockjaw.

Let us not comfort ourselves by saying there are so many Chinese that what we can give seems useless. China is not so big as we think. There are fewer Chinese citizens than there are subjects in the British Empire. Should we withhold our help from either because of the number of their human beings?

And in China a dollar buys more relief for a human being than it does anywhere else in the world. One dollar will buy ether for 15 operations. Ten dollars will save 30 people from lockjaw. Twenty dollars will supply food and clothes and shelter for one refugee for a whole year. One hundred dollars will start two small factories making surgical gauze.

Yes, the Chinese people are doing all they can to help themselves in their desperate situation. They are distributing food to their homeless. They have set up small factories to make some of the drugs they lack. In army workshops they are forging crude surgical scissors and scalpels. In other workshops they make gauze. But China cannot devote herself even to the re-

lief of her own people. Her chief energies must still go into the war against the aggressor, now in its fifth year.

The Chinese are not a strange faraway people fighting an unknown war. They are people like us, in a country more like ours than any other, fighting the same war that England and Russia fight. They are brave, heroic, too proud to press us, but they look to us with all their eager, suffering hearts. Their cause is our cause. It is the fight of free peoples against the ruthless forces of fascism.

Christmas draws near again, our beautiful, generous, warm American Christmas. But Christmas will come to the Chinese only insofar as we share with them what we have.

¶ The editors of The Reader's Digest have carefully considered the finances, work, and personnel of United China Relief, Inc., for whom Miss Buck has written this special appeal, and they make her appeal their own.

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Sister Kenny vs. Infantile Paralysis

By

Lois Mattox Miller

DR. Aeneas John McDonnell, chief surgeon of Toowoomba General Hospital in Queensland, Australia, read a longish telegram one day in 1910 and shook his head sadly. Sister Elizabeth Kenny, graduate nurse, working alone in the bush country 100 miles away, needed advice in treating four children stricken by a strange disease whose symptoms she described. Dr. McDonnell scribbled a reply: INFANTILE PARALYSIS . . . NO KNOWN CURE . . . DO BEST YOU CAN.

A year later, young Elizabeth Kenny, tall, robust, tanned, returned on leave from the lonely outlands where she served as visiting nurse, midwife, and counselor to the sparsely settled families. Dr. McDonnell inquired anxiously about the polio cases.

"There were two more — worse than the first lot," said the young nurse. "But all six are well now."

"Splendid!" said the doctor.

"How badly are the children crippled?"

"Why, they're not crippled! They're entirely normal."

Dr. McDonnell looked hard at Sister Kenny. Then he took her telegram from a file.

"These read like severe cases — some of them already in the paralytic stage," he said. "Good heavens, nurse, such cases just don't recover as completely as that!"

"But they're all right," the nurse insisted.

"What did you do?" the surgeon demanded with mounting excitement.

"I used what I had — water, heat, blankets, and my own hands," the nurse said. "The children recovered."

Still incredulous, Dr. McDonnell hustled the nurse into the hospital. On one white bed lay a small boy, his legs strapped in splints, his face contorted from pain.

"Here is a new case," said

the doctor. "You're in complete charge. Now show us what you did."

Doctors and nurses gathered around to watch this highly irregular procedure. Before they could protest, Sister Kenny had gently stripped the splints and bandages from the child's pale and aching limbs. Then she called for boiling water and a heavy blanket, and went to work. She tore the blanket into sections which she wrung out in hot water and packed around the aching limbs. As fast as these hot packs cooled, she replaced them.

To everyone's amazement, the little patient rallied. Within a few days all pain and soreness were gone from his legs. The pale, shrunken flesh took on new color and vitality. Then Sister Kenny began moving the child's arms and legs and massaging the muscles. Eventually, she encouraged the patient to try to move his own limbs. A few weeks later the boy romped about as sturdy as ever before.

Thus, 30 years ago, Sister Kenny — the British give chief nurses the title of "Sister" — began her heroic one-woman war against the cruel ravages of poliomyelitis. Interrupted only by service in the first World War, she has devoted her life to the one crusade, demonstrating to physicians, training other nurses in her methods, spreading her influence with missionary zeal. The nurse practicing the

Kenny method does not replace the doctor, but works with him. She does not cure the disease — medical science knows no cure for it. But she does make it easier to bear, and does cut down — often completely eliminates — after-effects.

In Australia, her work is complete. Government funds sustain Elizabeth Kenny clinics in eight large hospitals strategically located throughout the Dominion. Hundreds of nurses take the two-year postgraduate course which fits them to use the Kenny method. The medical profession has accorded her full recognition. The public reveres her.

But she would not rest with these achievements. She had dedicated her life to extending her merciful work as widely as possible, and America was her goal. Polio occurs everywhere, but for some reason not yet understood, the United States and Canada have more cases than all the rest of the civilized world combined. Also, the United States has maintained the most enlightened and realistic attitude toward the problem — has tried hardest to push research into polio's mysteries, has done more advanced work in after-therapy, and, through the great National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, supported by contributions from the entire nation, has demonstrated its determination to reach out for the best and newest at any cost.

Early in 1940, Sister Kenny realized this one of her great dreams: an invitation to demonstrate the Kenny treatment before the medical profession in the United States.

Dr. Melvin Henderson, chief orthopedic surgeon of the Mayo Clinic, arranged for Sister Kenny and her staff to work at the University of Minnesota Medical School and the Minneapolis General Hospital. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis made a small grant to pay assisting nurses and technicians. Since June 1940, the Kenny method of treating polio patients has been undergoing exhaustive, scientific trials under the supervision of American specialists.

The preliminary report, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in June 1941, a year after the demonstration began, shows that the Kenny method is producing amazing results. This report indicates that four out of five patients who undergo the Kenny treatment early enough — within two weeks of the onset of the disease — recover in four to six weeks with no trace of crippled muscles. Drs. Wallace H. Cole and Miland E. Knapp, assigned by the University to supervise the test, declared: "This method will be the basis of the future treatment of infantile paralysis."

The first class of graduate nurses and physiotherapists has been en-

rolled at the University of Minnesota Medical School for training in the Kenny technique. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis renewed its grant in aid. It seems certain Sister Kenny's work in the United States will go on.

Plain people in and around Minneapolis know all about Sister Kenny's accomplishments. Take the extreme case of little Rita N. In November 1940, Rita — 10 years old — was brought to the hospital critically ill, completely paralyzed on her left side. Her head hung back at such an extreme angle that she was unable to swallow. She was afflicted not only with the common type of polio, but in addition the bulbar type affecting the vital centers of the brain, which is frequently fatal. The doctors considered the case hopeless. A priest was summoned and administered the last rites. Then Sister Kenny was called. The odds, she said after making her examination, were 20 to 1 against little Rita. Nevertheless she went to work. Two days later she was able to reverse her opinion: not only would Rita recover, but 20 to 1 she would not be permanently paralyzed. Twenty-one days later she was discharged, completely recovered, and uncrippled! Rita's mother says simply: "It seemed like a miracle — we had given up hope."

In Rita's case, the treatment was used almost immediately. The case

of Joan B. is more nearly typical. She was admitted to the hospital last July, after nine days of suffering severe pains in the spine, neck and legs. The doctors found the muscles of Joan's back, abdomen, trunk, legs and face affected. She breathed with great difficulty and slept with her eyes open.

Ordinarily, Joan would have been a "respirator case." Sister Kenny, however, called to the doctors' attention the very evident spasms in Joan's muscles. Hot fomentations were applied continuously. Then Joan was taught to breathe deep by consciously expanding and contracting her ribs. In less than a half hour she ceased gasping and breathed more normally. The pains soon disappeared. Gradual exercising enabled her to regain full control of her impaired muscles. The facial paralysis vanished, and Joan was able to smile, talk and purse her lips. Six weeks later she was pronounced completely cured.

Sister Kenny's battle has been long and hard. The tall, gray-haired, motherly woman proudly refers to herself as a "bush baby." She was born in Queensland some 50 years ago, the daughter of Scotch-Irish pioneers, and she spent all her early life on the Australian frontier.

When the great emergency confronted her in 1910 — when she first saw a case of poliomyelitis — her chief, Dr. McDonnell, threw her on her own because it was futile

to instruct her by telegram to adopt in the bush the elaborate conventional system of treatment then — and now — used in most hospitals. Unable to prevent or to treat the disease itself — a virus-borne infection of the spinal cord — the doctor's great task has always been to prevent its crippling aftermath. The accepted way of doing this has been to "immobilize" the affected parts of the body in splints or braces. The theory has been that in the acute stage of the disease the affected muscles are weak and flaccid and that the healthy related muscles are likely to pull them out of shape and cause deformity.

Tackling with a fresh mind the plight of those six back-country children, Sister Kenny observed one important symptom which apparently doctors had not noticed before. At least she couldn't find it in medical textbooks. In the acute stage, the muscles weren't weak and flaccid — they were in a state of spasm.

"Spasm is the first symptom to be dealt with in this disease," she said later. "Otherwise, a contraction occurs that months and years of orthodox treatment cannot rectify."

Improvising methods in those first cases, Sister Kenny found that muscle spasm could be relieved by the prompt application of hot, moist "fomentations." With pain and soreness eliminated "(a merciful

treatment in itself!) she was able to go to work directly on the affected muscles with massage, manipulation and passive exercise before lasting damage was done.

This procedure upset the accepted method of splinting first and rehabilitating later. Dr. McDonnell remarked: "She has knocked our theories into a cocked hat; but her treatment works, and that's all that counts."

Despite her first Australian successes, the medical profession still had to be convinced. Some doctors denied the phenomenon of muscle spasm, or minimized its importance. Many more condemned her methods because of her bold refusal to use splints or braces, which they considered unwise and hazardous. But Sister Kenny turned a deaf ear to suggestions that she would get ahead faster if she ignored the doctors. "This treatment can be developed only within the medical profession," she said, and stuck to it.

The war interrupted her work. She was serving as a nurse aboard a troop transport in 1916 when the first great polio epidemic spread over the world. When she returned to Australia after the Armistice, she found hospitals overflowing with cases, homes and schools saddened by crippled children.

Sister Kenny plunged into the fight. She made only one request — that competent medical men observe her treatment at firsthand

and judge it by results alone. Slowly, often reluctantly, doctors did give it a trial. The news of success spread. Eventually, a distinguished group of Australian physicians, publicly critical at first, reversed itself with this handsome retraction: "Sister Kenny has evolved a satisfactory and commendable treatment . . . which holds out more hope for recovery than any other method seen anywhere."

The treatment naturally has been refined since Sister Kenny's days in the bush. As used in Minneapolis, the patient is laid flat on a firm mattress which is short enough so that feet extend past it. The soles of the feet rest firmly against a hard footboard. The painful spastic muscles are located and treated with hot fomentations — still pieces of blanket wrung out in hot water — which are renewed every two hours or oftener. "By this method," the Minnesota doctors report, "the stage of muscle soreness can usually be shortened to three or four days." In contrast, under ordinary treatment there is a long, grim siege of pain — anywhere between two weeks and many months.

Muscle training begins as soon as the pain and soreness have disappeared. The purpose is to maintain the normal nerve pathways from the brain to the muscles and to restore those that may have been damaged. At first, the exercise is

"passive"; the nurse gently moves the affected hands, arms, legs or feet, while the patient is encouraged to "think" the process of moving them. Gradually, the passive period ends, and the patient takes delight in finding that he can move his limbs of his own free will.

"The patients observed were much more comfortable and cheerful during the acute stage than those who were immobilized," the Minneapolis doctors report. "Thus far, we have seen no contractures or deformities. Even the most paralyzed patient has passively full range of motion of all his joints."

To one doctor who has been in daily watch over Sister Kenny's work, I put this obvious question: "Is it possible that this remarkable, strong-minded woman may practice some form of mental suggestion on her patients?" His answer was firm: "You can dismiss any such idea. If that were the case, patients wouldn't continue to improve, as they do, long after they are removed from her influence. Nor would she be able to teach her method to others so successfully. Remember that these Kenny-trained nurses produce every bit as good results as does Sister Kenny herself."

Few doctors know that for over 20 years Sister Kenny has not accepted a penny for her work — in

salary, fees, grants, or otherwise. Those who do know it have often wondered how she lives. The answer is simple. Out of her experience as a nurse during the World War, Sister Kenny invented and patented a "transport stretcher" and a device to stabilize a wounded body in transport. The modest royalties have been sufficient for her extremely simple needs.

Says Dr. John H. Pohl, of the Minneapolis General Hospital: "Hers has been a mission of altruism, expecting neither money nor glory, but only acceptance of her teaching in order that the child might benefit."

Elizabeth Kenny is being paid in a higher, more intangible form of exchange. Throughout Queensland a special blessing is asked for Sister Kenny and her work in the prayer with which all school children begin each day. And last year, in Townsville, where her first public clinic was established, the people dedicated Elizabeth Kenny Park, planted with groves of her favorite trees, and reserving a site for the retreat of her old age. Seated on the speakers' platform that day was a prominent Australian businessman with his two small sons beside him. He was one of the "bush babies" of 30 years ago — Sister Kenny's first case.



Britishers: Know Your America!

Condensed from the British pamphlet
"Notes for Your Guidance"

The Saturday Evening Post for October 11, 1941, printed an article, "As the English See Us," which attracted wide attention. It was based on a pamphlet given to each of several thousand Royal Air Force boys who are in the U. S. for flight training. We present here a condensation of the pamphlet. Incidentally, its suggestions may be followed with profit by Americans traveling in other lands.

YOU ARE GOING to America as guests. You will receive almost unbounded hospitality, the American standard of hospitality being as high as any in the world. Remember that just as high a standard is expected of the guest as of the host. You will be expected to show appreciation. Do so. You will not be expected to tell your hosts what is wrong — in your opinion — with them and their country. Don't be misled by the fact that many will ask you how you like America. They mean, how do you like it — not what do you dislike.

Englishmen in America, and Americans in England, are sometimes misled by similarity of language into thinking that the two peoples are practically the same, that visitors are at home, and therefore free to speak their minds. It is far better to remind yourself that the United States is "abroad."

The Americans are a tremendous nation who have built up standards different from ours in many ways. Expect Americans to be different from us.

To learn to like and understand Americans is almost as important as your technical training. During this war, and probably after, our fate is closely bound up with that of the United States, and we shall need people who understand the American viewpoint.

The first essential of learning is an open mind: dismiss many of the ideas you may have picked up from the cinema. Don't think you know all about America already. You don't — nobody does; not even the Americans.

One great advantage of this attitude — letting Americans see that you want to learn to understand them and their country — is that they will gladly show you and teach you, and that you will not be likely to offend them unwittingly, as one can so easily offend people of another nation. Just think of stories against Americans in England — they are nearly all based on the American explaining to us how much better things are done in U. S. A. Let that be a lesson to us. Listen more than you talk.

The United States is to be com-

pared in size and population with the whole of western Europe without Russia. There are six or seven great regions, larger than most European countries, each with its own climate, products and occupations.

These American regions are very different in character and in wealth. The Northeast is rich, industrialized, full of great cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants. It is the creditor region — the seat of finance and government. The South, more properly the Southeast, is comparatively poor, rural, dependent on a few cash crops — cotton and tobacco — for which the markets have narrowed. The two regions are unlike in climate, the South being almost tropical in its southern parts. The people differ, too.

Then there is the Middle West — with its icy blizzards and scorching summer heat. It is an empire more rich and varied in resources than Germany proper and the Ukraine together, and about as large, a thousand miles from either ocean, on lakes containing half the fresh water in the world. This region has great industries of all kinds, and a varied agriculture. In many ways it is as nearly "typical" as any one region can be. It was opened up by Americans from the northeastern and southeastern regions, and all the framework of the new society was American, not English.

The constitutions of the new States, their schools and churches,

their whole way of life were the work of the generations following the War of Independence. Into that framework was built a great German immigration. Swedes came in, some Dutch, some British, and in the big towns many Slavs. In the countryside they were absorbed and became completely American in two generations; in the towns the last remnants are now being absorbed.

Then there are Texas and the Southwest, rather like southern Brazil and Uruguay. California and southern Oregon are like parts of Australia. The Pacific Northwest is not unlike New Zealand in parts, and much like British Columbia.

You will readily understand that generalizations about people who live in so vast and varied an area are bound to be dangerous. The astonishing thing is that the American people are as uniform as they are. That uniformity is due to the schools, the press and the political institutions — and the fact that any man may move freely over the whole area. Today an old Ford car, and the price of some gasoline, is a passport to the whole United States.

American uniformity is not due to purity of race. America has been enriched by immigration from all the chief strains in Europe, and though there are some unassimilated pools here and there, the mixing goes on and a stable population of rather varied types of men is in sight. That diversity of origin has the most profound consequences.

No more than half the people of the States owe their origin to British sources.

The best key to a nation's mind is its language. That, you will say, is English. Not at all. It is American. Do not assume that Americans always mean the same things by the same words we use. They not only pronounce them differently, but many words call up different associations. And make sure you know the American meaning of any slang you use. You may be funnier than you mean to be.

Your hosts may be rather afraid of the shyness and reserve which is, with truth, attributed to Englishmen. There is no need for you to assume false geniality, but it is well to remember that fellow travelers are by that very fact acquaintances in the States, and that it will not be resented if you get into conversation without preliminary maneuvers. You will learn a lot. You will find that very important people are accessible. It has been said that of the three great democracies France specialized in equality, England in liberty, and the United States in fraternity. You will find all three in the United States, but the greatest of them is fraternity.

You will see something of American games and sports — and here too there is the possibility of misunderstanding. The average American has inherited something of the tradition of the American Indian, through the redoubtable frontier

fighters who beat the Indian at his own game. There is the same preliminary war dance and concurrent excitement, the same love of violent action and speech, the same war cries, and the same concentration on the scalp as the object of the expedition. You will find plenty of sportsmanship, and a code of what is and what is not done. But it is not always our code, and you may be surprised at some of the things that are done. Don't expect the stately minuet of cricket with its elaborate etiquette on the baseball field. The idea is to win, not just to have a game — and it is not a bad idea for a fighting man.

Americans do business as they play games, with great attack and vigor, zest and enjoyment, and to win. The money is not sought for its own sake particularly and Americans are not more avaricious than other people in business. But the dollar is a scalp, the symbol of achievement and success, and is pursued as such. More than that, Americans like the activities and excitements of business for their own sake as well as for the distinction that success in them brings. England is a country where men of leisure often take to business, while America is a country where men of business take to leisure only occasionally and reluctantly. Culture and social activities are still mainly left to the women.

What Americans leave to no one is generosity and philanthropy.

Their charities cover the earth and no cry of distress goes up anywhere which does not bring a prompt response in dollars. And when the Americans give, they give with both hands, as we in England have every reason to know.

There are two topics on which you will be expected to express some opinion that may sometimes prove a little ticklish. The first is the quality of the American planes here. These models have important merits but — like aircraft produced elsewhere — none is perfect and all are capable of improvement. Nevertheless, you will be the first to admit that, with your limited knowledge, you could not express any authoritative opinion as to the suitability of U. S. A. types.

The second topic is the extent and speed of American aid. You are likely to be asked outright whether you think that the United States should have come in long ago, whether or not they should now send capital ships, or do something which they have not done. You must remember that the extent of American aid is a matter for the Americans themselves to decide.

Having said that, you should express our deep appreciation of American help given so far. You should realize that the government of the United States has to carry with it the various sections of the country whose interests are affected and great masses of people

WHEN 6,000,000 British children went back to school this fall they found in their curriculum a subject brand-new to most of them: the history of the United States.

Though English history has long been taught in American schools, it was not until this year that the British Board of Education decided to reciprocate. Summer schools at various universities offered instruction in American history to more than 1000 teachers, and illustrated pamphlets have been prepared to give the children a graphic presentation of American life and culture.

— *The Journal of Education*

who are not even remotely of British origin. Beware of even thinking that the United States owes help to Britain as a duty. The first duty of her government is to defend the people of the United States in whatever way they think most effective, and in the way that the American people will approve and follow. Having made that clear, there is every reason why you should frankly state that American help is absolutely necessary to us, that we depend for victory upon American supplies reaching us in addition to our own output. Make it clear that no American aid, however great, will cause the least slackening of our own efforts.

Apart from these quite obvious precautions you have only to respond to the generous and kindly interest of your American hosts.

❧ *A challenging and controversial question, to which every good citizen must give intelligent attention*

Whither Bound?

Condensed from The Annals
of The American Academy of Political and Social Science

Freda Utley

FOR AT LEAST SIX OR SEVEN years there has been in the United States increasing government control or, if you like, state participation. It is calculated that investments by the federal government during this period have totaled some five times the private investment in new enterprise. That is, the sphere of state was constantly expanding before the war began. James Burnham, in his remarkable book *The Managerial Revolution*, calculates that about half the population of the country is now directly or indirectly dependent on the government. Already we are

FREDA UTLEY has not only lived under a totalitarian government, she has been a part of one. Formerly an ardent Communist, she left her native England for Russia, where for six years she was a government official in the Comintern, the Commissariat of Foreign Trade and the Institute of World Economy and Politics. Her insider's view disillusioned her completely, and she returned to England to tell of her experiences in *The Dream We Lost*. After a period of teaching at the University of London she went to China as a war correspondent for the *London News-Chronicle*. Her adventures there are vividly described in her book *China at War*. She is now in the United States, dividing her time between writing and lecturing.

getting state control of foreign trade. Already we are getting price control, although that is coming piecemeal. One need not be a prophet to know that we will at some time have labor, profit and investment control, as in Germany and Britain.

A fundamental reason for this growing power of the state in time of war is that war is no longer profitable. It has become far too costly. Today there are no winners. But if the state is to wage war, production must go on and be increased in spite of the fact that it is not profitable; and it is only the state that can run industries when they are not profitable. This leads inevitably to centralized state direction of the whole national economy — price control, direction of investments, priorities, foreign trade control, control of prices and production independent of market competition, and control over wages.

As regards labor, nobody can prophesy exactly, but in all probability the carrying out of our defense program will bring state control of labor. It is a misconception to believe that the government, which is thought to be in sym-

pathy with labor, is likely to give labor all it wants. Once it is in full charge of production, it naturally begins to put production first. That must be all the more true in a country participating in a war effort; in such a time the state comes more and more into every section of economic life.

In fact total war means the militarization, the regimentation, of the whole population. In other words, the profit system is thrown over during war, and it is pretty certain that it cannot be brought back when once the state has taken so much under its wing. To begin with, the mass unemployment which would result from any attempt to go back to free enterprise would be politically disastrous, and might lead to revolution.

So I see a new system coming into existence, based on state ownership or state control, and I do not think there is much difference between them. This state management of industry requires a different type of official than in a state which merely protects the life and property of its citizens. It also requires a certain amount of continuity. There cannot be a different administrator, a different politician, elected every few years, taking the place of someone else in the management of a business. There must be some kind of specialist, either as administrator or executive, to be able to control a whole sphere of enterprise from Washing-

ton. Therefore we must recognize that this new system may lead to totalitarian government.

The longer the war goes on, the more likely is this new system to be established in complete form, and the more likely it is to spread; and to put it sharply, can the people control the state once the state becomes their employer, directly or indirectly? Sovereignty is coming more and more to be vested not in congress but in boards and commissions and bureaus. As I have said, the government officials in the new state will require far greater knowledge, ability and training than in the old kind of state, and it will also be necessary for them to hold office for longer terms.

The survival of democracy in this new economic system will depend largely on whether or not the people can work out mechanisms for controlling their own executives. How is the state itself to be controlled when it controls the land and the productive capital?

In Russia the state owns the land and the capital; in Germany the state controls the land and the capital. In Russia the capitalists have all been liquidated; in Germany the capitalists are still nominally owners but really are servants of the administrators of the all-powerful totalitarian state. In both countries the state itself is owned by a party led by an authoritarian leader. The people have no means

of controlling their government. The people in both countries are completely in the power of the state.

As for England, even if it is still possible for her to win the war, it can only be at such terrible cost and after such great sacrifices and destruction that the middle class will likely be ruined, wiped out, as in Germany after the last war. Will it be possible to preserve a democratic way of life then? Even the leader of the British Liberal Party has said he is in favor of postponing an election in England until at least three years after the war. It is realized that the state controls of capital and labor must be continued in the postwar period if there is not to be a tremendous dislocation of the economy, with mass unemployment and possible revolution.

Our only hope of preserving

democracy is in perceiving the development of the world and learning how to control it in ways that make possible the survival of democracy. We cannot do this unless we recognize what is happening, and unless we study the lessons of the immediate past. We must start our thinking on what we mean by "democracy" — "government of the people, by the people, for the people" — and attempt to solve the problem of how to control the unlimited state.

I have no answer. Economic socialism is, I think, coming. I used to want it, because I thought it meant greater liberty, but now I am extremely doubtful of it. It is coming, and it is turning out to be not what we thought it meant, and we must begin fighting all over again for liberty and equality under a new name, under new conditions.



Signs of the Times

¶ *On a movie theater: Children's Matinee Today. Adults Not Admitted Unless With Child.* — Hugh Dixon in *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

¶ *On a Negro dressmaker's shingle in New Orleans: Skirts that Strut.*

¶ *Mortuary advertisement in Omaha World-Herald: Ask Those Whom We Have Served.* — *The New Yorker*

¶ *Warning on a Cape Cod fence: NO HUNTIN
NO FISHIN
NO NOTHIN*

— Jeremiah Digges, *Cape Cod Pilot* (Modern Pilgrim and Viking)

The Army Fights Venereal Disease

Condensed from Life

Francis Sill Wickware

Civilians can play a major part in this war against prostitution around military camps.

IN 1917-18 the U. S. Army fought two wars: one against Germany and one against venereal disease. The military war it won; the other, waged with every resource of medicine and morality, it lost. In the hush-hush then surrounding venereal disease most citizens didn't know that the Army came out of the war with a far higher syphilis rate than when it went in. Cases of syphilis and its more prevalent companion, gonorrhea, outnumbered total casualties — dead, wounded and missing — by nearly 160,000. Not only were some 400,000 men laid up for days, but many went home to spread syphilis through communities where it had hardly existed before, creating a grave health problem for the entire nation.

Now another great citizen army has come into existence, and the Medical Corps is already in the thick of the battle against venereal disease. But this time it can call the enemy by name and fight it in the open. For that it can thank Surgeon General Thomas Parran, head of the U. S. Public Health Service, whose campaign of the 1930's to

end prudery and treat syphilis as a matter of health, not morals, is an epic of medical history.* The Public Health Service taught that syphilis can be cured, opened free clinics all over the country and inspired legislation requiring premarital syphilis tests in most states. As a result, venereal disease has sharply decreased. Among draftees the venereal rate is only one sixth the rate for recruits in the last war. The Public Health Service and the Army Medical Corps have joined efforts to prevent the rate from surging upward again among the soldiers.

Professional prostitutes are responsible for practically all venereal disease. In every town convenient to a camp, known houses of prostitution have multiplied. But the number of "known houses" is no index to the number of prostitutes. Like the Army, the modern prostitutes believe in mechanization. If police shut down their houses or hound them off the pavements, they continue business in automobiles, parking in likely spots to wait for callers, or cruising up

* Surgeon General Parran's first article on the subject was written for *The Reader's Digest*, July, '36, "Why Don't We Stamp Out Syphilis?"

and down for prospects. Lately fleets of trailers have appeared on the outskirts of various camps.

Great numbers of young girls are employed as waitresses or hostesses in cheap roadhouses, honky-tonks and the dine-and-dance tents which have mushroomed around the camps. Most of these girls start with good intentions, and some hang on to them, but the majority are driven to prostitution as a sideline by starvation wages and bad environment.

Realistic army men have no illusions about abolishing prostitution overnight. The Army estimates that 15 percent of its men are incorrigibles. Another 15 percent are abstainers, being married, engaged, fearful or disinterested. The remaining 70 percent are subject to occasional lapses; and this group the Army is particularly interested in protecting. Through lectures and motion pictures the soldiers are taught the dangers, prevention and cure of venereal disease, and urged to provide themselves with prophylactics which the canteens sell at cost.

Aside from moral suasion, the Army imposes no penalty for visiting brothels; but any man who has visited a prostitute must report as soon as possible to a prophylaxis station. The time factor is important because during the 90-minute period following exposure the prophylaxis treatment is 99 percent effective. After that the percentage

declines rapidly until ten hours later it is probably ineffective. But it isn't easy to get soldiers into the stations on time, even though the precaution may save them months of doctoring. Failure to report venereal infection is a court-martial offense, but many cases go unnoticed because the regulations provide that venereal patients draw no pay while in the hospital and require that lost time be made up. Many soldiers prefer to take a chance on court-martialing.

The Army is handicapped in its efforts to remove sources of infection. It has no authority over civilians and has to appeal for coöperation from local officials. When venereal infection turns up in camp most men are willing to tell where they contracted the disease; then the Army asks local health officers to close the brothels. If no action is forthcoming the Army can go to state authorities, as it did in Florida last spring when state police closed infected houses in Pensacola. As a last resort the commandant can declare a red-light district out-of-bounds and send military police to patrol it. But this invasion of local rights creates great resentment among the citizens.

Here and there the Army has encountered a strange disinclination on the part of politicians to take action against graft-producing and vote-producing vice sections. Usually the towns are eager to help, but haven't the means. Small com-

munities are overwhelmed by the sudden influx of thousands of soldiers and scores of dive-keepers and prostitutes. Furthermore, the outlines of a "camp area" are shadowy, embracing numerous widely separated towns with different laws and customs. It is usually impossible to get these towns to act together.

In many towns well-intentioned folk advocate a return to the legal red-light district with imported prostitutes to protect respectable local girls. The Army is dead set against this. In the relative security of a red-light district the professional prostitute can receive many more customers and consequently can infect more men. Regardless of medical supervision, no red-light district is free of venereal disease. A prostitute may be infected by a client immediately after a doctor has given her a clean bill of health.

Even when army towns have succeeded in driving out local prostitutes they may be inundated on paydays with trainloads of girls from nearby cities. When possible, the racketeers who boss these commuters (as well as most trailer girls) are prosecuted by the FBI under the Mann Act. Indeed, federal authorities are aiming not so much at the prostitutes as at the men who reap most of the profits from their activities. This means an attack on the overlords of the vice rings, and strict enforcement of

wage-and-hour legislation so that girls in cheap juke joints will not be driven to prostitution. Major Bascom Johnson, of the Federal Security Agency, sums up the objective: "We are going to make prostitution an unprofitable racket." A bill passed by Congress last July empowers the Army to establish zones around each camp, within which prostitution becomes a federal offense. This drastic step has not yet been invoked, although by it the Army can probably reduce the evil to a minimum in the vicinity of the camps.

Beyond these repressive measures there is need for quite another approach to the problem. Ways must be found to provide recreation, congenial surroundings and the companionship of respectable girls for the lonely soldier.

There is a recreational program in all camps designed to fill free time with sports, theatricals and so forth. In the South the Army is building half a dozen recreational centers where the men will be sent for two-week holidays. Lately camp canteens are selling beer at cost to offset the lure of the towns.

However, the fact is that draftees think of themselves primarily as civilians and after the week's routine have a natural desire to get away from camp and return temporarily to civilian ways. It isn't pleasant for a young soldier to discover that because of his uniform he is ostracized by the "decent ele-

ment" and barred from associating with the kind of girls he is used to. A few towns welcome the men to dances and other entertainments where they meet local girls, but in most places civilians look on soldiers with cold suspicion. Furthermore, only a handful of cities can absorb and amuse thousands of men who descend for a day or a week-end. Around Norfolk, Va., for instance, the 350,000 soldiers, sailors and defense workers outnumber the normal population. On free days the men stand five deep along the main streets. Few can fight their way into restaurants and movies. Beds are so scarce that hundreds of soldiers travel 90 miles to Richmond to sleep away from camp. No wonder many soldiers are disgusted with their free days and through sheer loneliness buy the companionship of prostitutes.

A start has been made toward ending this demoralizing state of affairs. The U.S.O. has raised \$13,000,000 to pay for the first

year's operation of 350 service clubs to be built near army camps and overseas bases. Only the government's delay in erecting the necessary buildings has kept U.S.O. from putting its program into effect. The aim is to create attractive places where men can read their home-town papers, write letters, eat, entertain their friends, and otherwise enjoy the comforts of home. Each club will be the liaison point between soldiers and civilians, and will be the scene of dances, theatricals, and what not.

"In this broad fight against loneliness, boredom, prostitution and syphilis the peculiar, precious contribution which civilians can make is the element of warmth and personal enthusiasm difficult to simulate in colossal projects. "Repressive measures, medical and public health measures are not enough," according to Major Johnson. "Hospitality, recreation, and the holding out of a welcoming hand are essential."



War Tales

¶ "YOU HAVE never kissed so wonderfully before, Laura. Why is that? Because we are in a black-out?"

"No. It's because my name is Vera."

¶ TWO ITALIAN businessmen met in a street in Milan. "How's business?" asked one.

"Very much better," said the other.

"Better?" cried the first in surprise.

"Yes, very much better than next year," the other explained.

— *The Living Age*

We're Going to Have a Baby .

Condensed from Good Housekeeping

Franc M. Luther

THE WORLD turns in agony, old values collapse, democracy is under fire, economic foundations tremble. And we're going to have a baby!

In a world as chaotic as today's, parenthood requires more careful thought than ever before. My wife and I looked at our problems, our future — and the world's. And we decided that now, of all times, we needed children. When we found that we were to have one we told our friends, expecting them to share our joy. Their reaction amazed us.

They pointed out that to support a child in a time of mounting living costs and taxes we would have to lower our standard of living. Moreover, they felt strongly that it was unfair to bring a child into a world rapidly growing unfit for human habitation. What sort of world, they asked, would our child face in manhood or womanhood?

Their arguments seemed plausible and for a while they frightened us. Why should Glenn enter the valley of the shadow merely to put another cross in some Flanders field, or produce another slave to totalitarian brutality?

Somewhere, we thought, there must be answers to these questions. If the birth of our child was to

mean more than a biological happenstance, we needed those answers.

I work on a San Francisco newspaper. An assignment took me to a shipyard in Vallejo which had been idle a few months before; it was busy now only because men were killing each other and ships were needed to carry weapons to them for further killing. While waiting for the man I wanted to see, I sat down next to a young welder who was eating lunch. He had been on the job four months, and had married a month after he got the job. Did he plan to raise a family? I asked him.

Have kids? Hell, yes! he answered. He was young and strong; if welding jobs ran out he could always find something else. Why get married if you weren't going to have kids?

Later that day, as I drove homeward, I thought of the welder and felt better.

I went to Los Angeles to cover an aircraft strike. There I saw workers and policemen fighting with tear gas, clubs, wrenches, fists. Was this to be my child's heritage?

When the men went back to work I talked to some of them. A 20-year-old boy in the production department was glad the strike was

over. "My wife's been worried," he said. "I don't like to have her worry — we're going to have a kid pretty soon."

What did he think of having a child? What sort of world would it be by the time his child was old enough to work?

"It'll be a better world," he said. "It's gotta be. Besides, he's going to have a better break than I got — he's going to have an education. That's the thing about this country — he can be whatever he's got the stuff to be, and I'm going to see that he has what it takes."

That night I told Glenn what I'd seen and heard. Were our answers there? Not all of them, but the rest we would find.

I told a friend about the talks Glenn and I had had. This man has three children and another on the way. Had he thought of their future, of the world they would face?

"They're not going to *face* any sort of world," he said. "They're going to be *part* of that world, and help make it. I just want to fit them to do a good job. But the big thing is that my wife and I love kids and couldn't be happy without them. We're going to have all we can afford."

I liked that, and so did Glenn. We found that people might differ on whether others should have children, but never did we find parents who weren't tremendously glad that *they* had children, or parents who felt they had too many.

And so we found one answer: our instincts had been right; we should have children. But there was still the question of whether it was fair to the child.

The answer to this would take into consideration that the birth of a child is now not only a matter of the happiness of the parents but one of vital concern to the nation.

Our national birthrate has declined alarmingly — from 23.7 per thousand in 1920 to a low of 16.5 in 1933, and hovering slightly above or below 17 per thousand ever since. To solve the problems and overcome the dangers that will confront us, we will need a virile, *growing* nation.

Today, as young men go into the army or defense factories, young wives take over their jobs. And working wives have fewer children than those who stay at home. Dr. J. C. Geiger, San Francisco's Director of Public Health, has a solution for that. "The employer should encourage married women to have children," he says. "Give them three months off before the child is born, three months afterward, and promise that their jobs will be waiting. They need their jobs; the nation needs their children. With intelligent coöperation we can have both."

Such things could help, but in the last analysis it's up to us. We can refuse to have children, and thereby abandon the world to aggressor nations and let our way of

life go by default, or we can realize that the world of the future will be what our children make it.

Could the few children that Glenn and I might have influence the world? A guest at our home the other night laughed at this. "One child, or ten or a hundred children, won't make any difference," he said. "No individual can do anything. The thing is too big; it's a world revolution."

"You may be right," Glenn said. "But if one person can terribly harm the world, another person must be able to do an equal amount of good."

Of course no child of ours will ever do enough good to compensate for the evil of a Hitler. Yet society is the sum of millions of individuals, and our children shall be good individuals and do their part toward making a good society. They shall not be a handful against the world. They shall be part of it, shall do their bit to make it a world of which they can be proud.

Yes, there *are* reasons why our child must come into being. Most important is the one that time and dictators and economic upheaval cannot change: Glenn and I love each other. For the oldest reason in the world we *want* our baby. That child, and the brothers and sisters we hope will follow, will share our love, fulfill it and grow with it. Love is important in a world where millions suffer because some have forgotten its meaning.

And so we are having our child *because* of the world's troubles, not despite them. The world needs our child and millions more children of free men and women. Children whose blood springs from the hearts of pioneers who faced a new continent, unafraid, and conquered it. Children born of love and trust, brought forth in the hope and determination that their world shall be a better one.

Uncertainties? Yes. But my grandmother bore my mother in a western Kansas town where my grandfather remembered Indian raids. I was born during the last war. My first ancestors in this country were born 300 years ago on a savage shore in Maryland. Glenn's forebears helped make a great dominion of the wilds of Canada. They were not afraid!

It is not a question of whether we should bring children into the world: we *must* bring them. These aren't just our answers; they must also be the answers of a generation that is to tackle the most staggering task the world has known. Where else but here can children be nourished on liberty and hope, and how else shall there be carried to a darkened world the flame we live by?

We're going to have a baby. He shall be the father of future generations of the free. He shall be exalted by the greatness of his land, and be humble in his devotion to his God. Honest he shall be, and true.

Our son — and America's.

Nicotine Knockout, or the Slow Count

By

Gene Tunney

Former heavyweight boxing champion of the world;
Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R., now in charge
of navy physical training and athletics.

*A great athlete and conditioner of men
indicts tobacco for poison and fraud.*

IT'S OVER 13 years since I retired from the Heavyweight Championship. But here's a challenge: If Joe Louis will start smoking, and promise to inhale a couple of packages of cigarettes every day for six months, I'll engage to lick him in 15 rounds!

Of course, Joe wouldn't be foolish enough to meet my terms. No boxer, no athlete in training smokes. He knows that whenever nerves, muscles, heart and brain are called upon for a supreme effort, the tobacco-user is the first to fold.

But how about the ordinary chair-sitting citizen who never climbs into a prize ring or laces on a spiked shoe? Does smoking affect *his* vitality, shorten *his* life and nudge him down the trash skid before his time? The grim monosyllabic answer, based on medical testimony, is "yes." Heavy smoking has a positive and demonstrably bad effect on longevity, physical and nervous energy, and general health.

With every puff, heavy smokers shorten their own lives. Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins found

that among 100,000 heavy (over ten cigarettes a day) smokers, 53,774 die before the age of 60. Among the same number of nonsmokers, only 43,436 die before that age. "Smoking," he announced, "is associated with definite impairment of longevity. This impairment is proportional to the habitual amount of tobacco used." Even if you smoke *moderately*, you have much less chance of reaching 60 than if you don't smoke at all. It's a slow count, but it gets you finally.

The cause of most of the trouble is, of course, nicotine. No one has ever denied that nicotine is poison. Taken clear, it is as quick-acting and fatal as prussic acid. A drop of it on a shaved rabbit causes immediate convulsions and death. The nicotine dissolved out of a few cigarettes and placed on the tongue of a grown man would kill him in 15 minutes. Luckily the bulk of the nicotine in tobacco is volatilized in smoke; you do not get the poison straight. But if you smoke a pack a day, you inhale 400 milligrams of it a week. That much in a single dose would kill you as quick as a bullet.

This powerful poison is the source of all the "pleasure" derived from

smoking. It touches off the mechanism by which the adrenal glands release quick energy from the liver and muscles. You *do* get a "lift" when you light a cigarette. But it's exactly like the lift you get from cocaine, heroin, marijuana. All these things can stimulate the adrenals, cause a momentary increase of sugar in the blood. Under the flogging of the nicotine whip, the body burns up sugar faster; heart action, respiration and blood pressure are kept at a ding-dong pitch. At the end of a two-pack day, the smoker's system has received an unmerciful beating. Impoverished nerves and body cells cry out with fatigue and irritation. The chain-smoker suffers from a chronic "tired feeling." He is an energy bankrupt and must borrow new energy at the outrageous interest rate of still heavier smoking. Meanwhile, his food tastes like a motorman's glove, and a hacking cough keeps his throat as raw as a sandpapered blister. Some fun, smoking!

But these are minor matters. Nicotine leaps straight at the heart and circulatory system. Smoking even *one* cigarette narrows every blood vessel in your body. Dr. Alex is Carrel states that even *one puff* from a cigarette contracts the tiniest capillaries in your legs and feet. As a result of this constriction, the heart must pump faster and harder in order to force blood through the narrowed arteries. The resultant strain is clearly shown in electro-

cardiographic examinations. The Life Extension Institute, which makes thousands of these examinations annually, lists excessive smoking high among causes of anginal heart attacks and Buerger's disease — the latter a horribly painful blocking and tightening of the blood vessels in the body extremities. Nicotine also causes undue amounts of hydrochloric acid to pour into the stomach. Heartburn, indigestion and "acid" conditions are directly traceable to excessive smoking, and an almost certain way of getting stomach ulcers is to smoke regularly on an empty stomach.

But nicotine isn't the only toxic substance found in tobacco. When you inhale, you take carbon monoxide, ammonia, carbolic acid, pyridine and a host of tarry substances into your lungs — and through them into your blood stream. Carbon monoxide causes headaches; ammonia irritates your nose and throat. Pyridine is a powerful irritant of the bronchial tubes. The tarry substances coat your tongue, blacken your teeth and are thought to play an important part in causing mouth and tongue cancer, found oftenest among heavy smokers. Arsenic, sprayed on tobacco plants to kill insects, remains in the processed tobacco in measurable quantity. The scorching heat of the smoke itself, reaching 140 degrees as your cigarette burns down toward the end, sears the mucous membrane of nose, throat and lungs, reducing

your resistance to colds and other respiratory diseases. "Not a cough in a carload" may be true about cigarettes themselves — the cough is in the smoker's roughened throat and congested chest.

Too many people accept their craving for tobacco as a commonplace social habit. But I maintain that heavy smoking is a *disease symptom*. Whenever I see a chain-smoker in action I know at once that he is plain *sick* and should submit to a searching medical examination to discover the underlying cause of his smoking. On the physical side, this may range from a thyroid deficiency to a faulty diet or lack of exercise. Or there may be an emotional factor. My psychiatrist friends tell me that most of their patients are frantic smokers. When their lives get straightened out, the craving for tobacco falls away.

I've always opposed the pernicious advertising that extolls the "benefits" of tobacco-using. While I was training for my second fight with Jack Dempsey I was offered \$15,000 to endorse a certain brand of cigarettes. I didn't want to be rude, so, in declining, I merely said I didn't smoke. Next day the advertising man came back with another offer: \$12,000 if I would let my picture be used with the statement that "Stinkies must be good, because all my friends smoke them." That compelled me to say what I thought — that cigarettes were a

foul pestilence, and that advertising which promoted their use was a national menace.

I am here reminded of the Metropolitan Opera tenor whose picture was blazoned on billboards with this joyful declamation — "Gaspies Do Not Hurt My Throat." When asked about it, he laughed and replied: "It is true, Gaspies never hurt my throat — I don't smoke."

Such misleading advertising I cannot rap too hard. It is dangerous, particularly to our 35,000,000 young people. To contract the tobacco habit when the growth factors of the body are exerting themselves to their maximum is to handicap oneself physically and mentally for life.

To me the ugliest of advertising is that which features soldiers or sailors smoking cigarettes. As Director of the Navy's Physical Fitness Program, I can bluntly say that few things could be worse for physical fitness than promoting the cigarette habit.

Sentimentalists will object: "Why deprive the boys of the innocent pleasure of tobacco?" My reply is: "Should our citizen army be less rigidly conditioned than a college football team?" And here's a special word to mothers — send your boy in camp athletic equipment instead of cigarettes — a baseball mitt or a set of boxing gloves.

If you think this sounds goody-goody, take a look at my compan-

ions in the nonsmoking section. The late Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's wonder coach, said: "Tobacco slows up reflexes, lowers morale; any advertising that says smoking helps an athlete is a falsehood and a fraud." William Muldoon, famous conditioner of men, considered nicotine the greatest harm to health in the modern world. Ty Cobb, the famous Georgia Peach of baseball, says: "Cigarette smoking stupefies the brain, saps vitality, undermines health and weakens moral fiber. No one who hopes to be successful in any line can afford to contract so detrimental a habit." In the face of such testimony I can only ask, with Tolstoi:

"Why do men stupefy themselves with tobacco?"

I have never heard a sensible reply. But let me tell you the story of the Bedouin chief who told the young men of his tribe: "There are three good reasons for smoking: First, if you smoke enough tobacco, you smell so strong the dogs will never bite you. Second, if you smoke long enough, you will develop a lung trouble which will make you cough even when you sleep. Robbers hearing you cough will think you are awake and so will not try to steal your belongings. Third, if you smoke as much as you can, you will have many diseases, and will die young."



Character Analysis at a Glance

❖ WHEN the whites of the eyes are naturally tinged with red, you may count on a suspicious nature and a quick, bad temper. Drooping eyelids denote musicians and poets. A man with both small eyes and small ears is not to be trusted. The man with shifty light-blue eyes is a lover of feminine beauty and the women he invites out require chaperons.

— Louise Bascom Barratt in *The American Magazine*

❖ A WOMAN with a triangle-shaped fingernail can't keep secrets and is not to be trusted. A man with long, slim fingernails is artistic, but he'll never be a good provider. Little round nails show honesty coupled with a hot temper. A person with strong moons will rise high in his world. Ridges on the nails show nervous temperament. — AP, and Margaret Barron in *Des Moines Register*

❖ PEOPLE with vertical furrows on their foreheads are intellectual fighters and enjoy arguing. Horizontal furrows indicate the worrier.

— Nancy Van Court in *The American Magazine*

❖ THERE is a very simple test by which we can tell good people from bad. If a smile improves a man's face, he is a good man; if a smile disfigures his face, he is a bad man. — William Lygn Phelps

Cabby on the Burma Road

Condensed from Asia

George Kent

How an ex-hackman from the Chicago Loop took the kinks out of China's lifeline—and, while he was about it, persuaded Burmese officials to abolish a tariff costing China millions.



BEFORE Daniel Arnstein went to China he was just another American who started poor and ended up rich. Born on Chicago's South Side, at 18 he was driving a taxi. Five years later he owned a dozen cabs; today, at 50, this muscular six-footer runs a fleet of 7000 cabs in New York and owns 8000 trucks.

Last spring the Burma Road,

GEORGE KENT has roamed over most of the globe as a reporter, magazine writer and publicity man. While still in his teens he put in enough time aboard tramp freighters to acquire an Able Seaman's certificate. Later he became correspondent for the United Press, editor of an English-Portuguese newspaper in Rio de Janeiro, and European publicity director for the Western Electric Company. During the past ten years he has been a regular contributor to the magazines.

China's one highway to the friendly outside world, became clogged at a hundred bottlenecks. Sorely needed food and munitions were piling up along the road and in warehouses. In panic, Chiang Kai-shek cabled for help. Harry Hopkins sent for Danny Arnstein. To the ex-cabby, the Burma Road was just a name. But when asked to go to China to straighten out the knots in the Chinese lifeline, he said, "Okay, when do I start?"

Flying, Arnstein was soon in Chungking, and with him two business associates, Harold S. Davis and Marco Hellman—both experienced authorities on trucking and road transport. The three men spent 18 grueling days studying the turmoil of the Burma Road.

Then they shut themselves in hot hotel rooms in Rangoon and dictated hundreds of pages which railed at inefficiency and made sweeping recommendations for improvement. They delivered their report, boiled down to 35 pages, personally to Chiang Kai-shek at Chungking. The generalissimo acted at once.

The customs office on the Chino-Burmese border was ordered to remain open 24 hours a day. It had previously closed at six each evening, though a mile and a half of trucks, loaded with munitions, might be waiting to get through.

Another order concentrated the operation of trucks in a single agency. Hitherto, authority had been scattered through 16 separate government departments. Trucks of one department would be laid up for lack of spare parts, while another had a warehouse packed with the very parts needed. One agency had 30 mechanics for 50 trucks; another 15 for a fleet of 150.

The report chronicled delays of convoys of 40 trucks, while clerks insisted on useless red tape; complained of the genial habit of an entire column of trucks halting, out of neighborliness, while one of them made repairs; and of drivers lingering over wine or wenches. Chiang Kai-shek ordered that any truck delay of more than half an hour be reported to him personally.

A good half of the road is so narrow that it is one-way only, but by

starting trucks from both ends of the road at the same hour each morning, unimpeded going for two thirds of the 726-mile run was made possible.

These and other reforms, urged in short, iron sentences by Danny and his associates, cut driving time in half and increased freight deliveries from 6000 tons a month to 15,000. The commander of China's armies was so pleased with Arnstein's report that he carried it with him constantly, calling it "my Bible of the Burma Road."

Their work done, the three men wanted to go home. But the generalissimo urged them to remain, offering to place them in full charge of the Burma Road, for which they could name their own figure, perhaps with the thought that foreigners with a commercial incentive would move traffic with the greatest efficiency and bring him a greater flow of munitions. Danny Arnstein replied:

"I don't see why we should make money out of war when the Chinese themselves can do the job. If the system doesn't work, we'll be back."

With this speech Arnstein turned down an income worth perhaps four to five million annually, and the next night he and his associates were on their way home.

The entire trip lasted only three months. Yet all three men, haggard and underweight, looked as if they had come out of an internment camp. During their stay in Chung-

king, the Japanese had bombed the city daily. But bombings and discomforts were minor trials; Arnstein's real heartbreak came when he saw good American trucks being mishandled. A violinist watching a child hammer a Stradivarius could not have been more horrified. In a field near Chungking he found 150 trucks standing idle for lack of spare parts.

"There are enough parts here on the lot to get many of these trucks rolling," yelled Danny, hopping from truck to truck. "Hey, take the clutch out of this one and stick it into that one at the end. And use these springs. . . ." He raged over trucks that had never known a grease gun, carburetors out of whack because air filters had never been cleaned, springs supported by a wedge of wood.

Of 2887 government trucks, 1407 were out of commission when Arnstein arrived. Those that were in commission were sent forth on the deadliest road in the world without a jack or tire iron, 726 miles of twisting, roller-coaster highway without a solitary service station. Trucks had to carry enough gasoline for a round trip, thus greatly reducing their freight capacity.

The Burma Road looks — as one engineer put it — as if it had been scratched out of the mountains by the Chinese with their fingernails. At no point can a driver see more than one eighth of a mile ahead and top speed is 15 miles an hour. At its

widest, the road is 16 feet. At least half of it is only nine feet wide, and the swaying suspension bridges, which can hold only one truck at a time, are even narrower. Unpaved, and without rock or guardrail, it is the most dangerous road in the world with sheer drops of 1000 to 7000 feet. Since it was opened, 1300 trucks have careened off to destruction or serious damage.

Thirty-five American mechanics are now on their way to China to man six dispatching and service stations along the road. Expert freight handlers from Arnstein's trucking company will join them shortly. Primarily they will be teachers, returning home when they have trained native assistants.

Since there isn't a telephone or telegraph office the entire length of the road, Arnstein has ordered a fleet of police prowl cars with two-way radio to pull drunken drivers from behind their wheels, break up social gatherings, and keep traffic moving.

The Americans discovered that almost half the traffic on the Burma Road was made up of private trucks carrying freight which had nothing to do with the war. When these trucks halted at the 11 toll stations, every government truck behind them was obliged to wait — occasionally for days while a tax question was being settled.

Private trucking was highly lucrative; speculators in Rangoon would load a truck with luxuries,

send it for one or two trips into China, then sell the truck itself at a profit. Men were doubling their money every 30 days.

Now, at Arnstein's suggestion, the first two loads carried by a private truck over the Burma Road must be all government freight, and the third load must be gasoline. Every fourth load may be private merchandise.

Arnstein's most publicized achievement resulted from his curiosity about the Burmese transit tax, a cash-down levy of one percent on tonnage passing through Burma, including the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of lease-lend material being sent to China by the United States.

Often the Chungking government did not have money for the tax, with the result that thousands of tons of valuable freight remained immovable. Hundreds of shiny new American trucks stood in fields, fender deep in weeds.

"It's a pity," Arnstein remarked, "that China should be penalized on this lease-lend freight when she is fighting an aggressor that one day may be at Burma's throat. And when Burma gets around to wanting lease-lend help, the United States might hesitate — especially when British goods go through without paying a nickel."

Arnstein talked with the Burmese and British officials, but got only promises until the newspapers got hold of the story. When report-

ers called on him, he told them exactly what he thought of the tax. Their stories created a sensation, were cabled to the United States, and Danny sent a cable to Harry Hopkins fully describing the tax and its evils. Then he continued to talk to officials and newspapermen about its injustice. Finally, representations made from Washington to London caused the Burmese government to erase the tax measure from the statute books.

In less than a month, Danny Arnstein had saved China millions of dollars on future lease-lend shipments.

Before he departed, he saw drums of asphalt — part of a 10,000-ton shipment from America — waiting at the frontier to surface the worst sections of the Burma Road. He also saw the first of 4500 new trucks come rolling up to the Chinese border. With the new trucks and his system of traffic control and maintenance, he feels that he has opened the way for a regular delivery in volume sufficient to make possible a more vigorous defense against Japan.

In China Danny Arnstein will be long remembered, for no foreigner ever accomplished more in so short a time, or talked more bluntly, with greater disregard of "face." When they warned him that he mustn't do this or that, he retorted, "I'm not smart enough to learn the Chinese way," and went forthrightly ahead.

I Believe in Immortality

Condensed from "Are We Immortal?"

Winifred Kirkland

ARE WE immortal? Does the human spirit, so precariously and briefly housed in a physical body, cease to be when that body ceases to be? Or does that soaring entity, the soul, once it has passed the gate of darkness, continue somewhere the challenging adventure which characterized its earth existence? No one knows the answer, or can know, but we all have an equal right to choose on which of the two hypotheses we shall build our philosophy of life.

We constantly talk about a philosophy of life, but we rarely examine that philosophy of death on which so much present-day thought and action depend. Too many men and women who arrogate to themselves intellectual leadership are proud of their denial of any God, of

WINIFRED KIRKLAND wrote fiction and light essays for 10 years before the World War. That holocaust completely changed her outlook and her career. Up to that time she had not been much interested in religion. "Now," she says, "I was possessed by a book of faith, which blazed and burned, shattering from head to footsole." She set down what she believed about herself and God, and called it *Chaos and a Creed*. Since then she has confined her writing to religious subjects — primarily for nonchurch people. Her books include *The Road to Faith*, *Portrait of a Carpenter* and *As Far as I Can See*.

their contempt for any immortality. A personal God and a personal survival are, they maintain, the sentimental refuge of the silly. The totalitarians carry this to its logical conclusion: If we are no better than animals, why not *be* animals, here and now and heartily?

Yet for a score of centuries there has existed a little band of people who have believed. Christianity is a religion founded on the survival of human personality after death, a religion motivated by the assumption that what one man achieved for himself others may be permitted to expect for themselves.

Christian faith means, to me, the daily, hourly attempt to live as if the most mysterious man in human history were closer than breath beside me. The more I study the short records of his passage across time, the more I am impressed with the fact that Jesus of Nazareth lived every moment of his earthly life as if he expected to live forever. His proved ability to achieve such competent serenity through happy days or hideous ones is to me even more significant than his Resurrection.

By his "Resurrection" I mean the reputed reappearance of Jesus to his friends, after they had

watched him die, seen him buried, and witnessed the official sealing of his tomb. I find that I believe in the Resurrection primarily because of its effect. An incredible result implies an incredible cause. Something happened 2000 years ago that no one has ever satisfactorily explained away. Men were dazed and astounded — and transformed by it. The whole course of subsequent history was changed by it. I can see Jesus of Nazareth still alive today wherever people will let him be, inspiring many present-day Christians to blazing lives of dedication. I believe in the Resurrection, too, because of its effect on myself. I believe that we all possess within us the seed of that perennial immortality that Jesus, first of all, succeeded in adventuring and revealing.

At the time of the crucifixion the followers of Jesus were utterly despairing and broken men and women. They all ran to hiding, fearing that their leader's fate would also involve themselves. "I never knew him!" screams one of them hysterically, afraid of even a housemaid's tongue.

Yet the same nerve-shattered coward who had shouted denial is six weeks later proclaiming in the street and in the very face of the terrorists, "This same Jesus is alive!" Something transcendent must have happened to transform Peter. And Saul, the maddened persecutor, was recreated into Paul, the intrepid announcer of an incredible return.

Something had made both Peter and Paul bold enough to go to death for their conviction that one man had come back from the grave.

Far more than by the people who told the strange tale am I influenced by the kind of tale they told. The accounts of the Resurrection form an ill-matched record, naïve to absurdity. It is as if men and women came before us still gasping out their stupefaction, breathless with wonder. Examine the Resurrection narratives one by one, and you find an astonishing absence of invention. Jesus entering a shadowy room through locked doors to reassure his disciples, gathered together in secrecy and terror; Jesus at the portal of the tomb comforting a grief-stricken woman, himself so natural in voice and appearance that she thinks he is the gardener; Jesus joining two despairing wayfarers on a Sunday afternoon walk; Jesus at a beach breakfast drawing aside the man who had denied him to reiterate his reinstatement in the sublime missionary effort — all these Resurrection stories are variants of the same theme, the identity of the Jesus who had returned from death with the Jesus who had gone to death.

Human invention would have pictured Jesus as confounding his enemies, not as a man still solely occupied with comforting his friends. Human invention would have represented Jesus as returning with a blare of celestial thunder, in a

blaze of ineffable glory. The utter simplicity of the scenes that describe Jesus' restoration make them strangely convincing.

I cannot explain the change in the course of history that occurred in the first century, except by the Resurrection. It does not seem possible that the teaching of ghost-ridden men could have released for the world a brand-new system of ethics, vigorous with new life and exacting in its demands; nor that a flickering specter could have been sufficient to send men and women laughing to the lions. Since all of Jesus' followers had fled to hiding when he died, if his life had ended with his death — if he had not come back to reassure them — how would anybody have heard of him?

When I gaze back across the centuries and perceive all that came into the world in the wake of Jesus' Resurrection, I cannot doubt that far-off transcendent fact. I know no other way to explain the radiance of certain humble people whom I see today beholding Jesus as close beside them as did Peter or Paul or Mary of Magdala.

A belief in immortality, plus the belief that the living embodiment of that immortality is sharing every breath and thought and movement, actually seems to produce a multiple personality. Men and women reveal powers and fulfill purposes neither they nor anyone else would have believed possible.

When I use the word "Chris-

tian," I think of Wilfred Grenfell, the great surgeon whose unremitting toil among the Labrador fishermen will long stand as a monument of human sacrifice and endeavor. We knew him as a man who walked with God. He saw Jesus leading him like a star through ice and snow and bitter desolation. A lifelong friend of his lately wrote me, "I think the one principle that guided him was to do what Jesus would do in a similar situation."

Grenfell believed and lived his immortality. He once spoke to me of the unseen Friend so vivid before us both: "But we shall not know him, any of us, until we become able to see him, not ancient and discarded, but dressed in black dinner dress beside us, our fellow guest at a modern table."

Too long our whole concept of immortality has suffered from the peculiar misconception that immortality is a state of being that occurs when we die! But if we are immortal at all, we are immortal now, this very moment. Why postpone our adjustment to a sublime condition? Let us be as fearless in the discipline of our souls as of our bodies. It is amazing how completely tangled nerves relax, how anxieties and fears evaporate, if once we incorporate into our daily philosophy of life the slogan, "Use your immortality now."

Let us dare to live as if we are immortal, for then we shall be better prepared for a condition that

may be imposed upon us whether or not we choose it. Let us recognize each moment the companionship of a man who achieved the impossible, let us imitate each mo-

ment the daily conduct of the one man of our climbing race who succeeded in living every day of his mortal life as if he were to live forever.



Chronicles of Americanization — VI—

Sam Dambrosia — Patriot

EVERY MORNING at 6:30 a big, heavy man in mechanic's jumpers opens his filling station near Paramus, N. J., with a special ritual: he unfurls an American flag on a tall standard in front of the station, salutes and drops a nickel in an old tin can. At the end of a year, when he has accumulated \$18.25, he will go to the bank to exchange the money for a check made out to the United States Government — "For the Flag."

Sam Dambrosia was born in Italy of poor parents. As a boy he came to America in a little steamer, crowded with immigrants eager to get to the land of hope and opportunity. As they passed the Statue of Liberty, Sam's imagination was fired and he made the pledge he is fulfilling now in his daily ritual. For 35 years Sam worked as a laborer. Four years ago he bought a three-room stucco house flanked by a filling station and a pretty garden.

"Thirt'-five years ago I make this pledge. Nobody knows about it, I just have it in my own head. It's just like young falla', sometime he get an idea in his dome, he gonna do a something.

Sometime it fade away, he forget all about it. And sometime it stay in his dome and he know someday he gonna' do it. For thirt'-four year, I have this pledge, and when I get my own place I know I have to do it. Thirt'-four year after I think this, at last I do it."

A year ago Sam bought four flags, one for everyday, a smaller one for stormy days, a big one for holidays, another for week-ends. This summer he sent his first check to the government. On the wall of his station there is a framed letter from the Treasury Department, thanking him for his gift, allocated to national defense. "I send it for the flag, that's all I care," Sam says. "They do what they want with it, that's all right with me."

So his pledge to give a nickel a day for the flag — not defense, especially, just the flag — is being fulfilled. "Do you mean," he was asked, "that by your gift you are trying to make payment for the honor of flying an American flag over your own place?"

"Now you got it exactly," answered Sam Dambrosia.

— O'Brien Boldt in *Bergen Evening Record*

The Citizens Themselves Prevent Strikes

Condensed from *Future*

Karl Detzer

ONE DAY last year half a dozen worried citizens of South Bend, Ind., met at lunch. Their town had become a jungle of industrial strife. Picket lines cluttered the streets; workers and strikers brawled outside factory gates; federal and state conciliators were impotent. In the 18 months preceding January 1940, the city had lost \$750,000 in strike-bound payrolls. Bank balances had shrunk; no one could collect bills, and many local businessmen faced bankruptcy. No matter who won a strike, the people of South Bend lost.

The six who met for lunch had no stake in either big industry or labor unions. They were tired of being pushed around by both. Next day, with six other business and professional associates, they formed an unofficial committee, "South Bend Citizens, Inc.," which made neutrality its keynote and said to workers and employers:

"There must be a better method of settling your disagreements than by strikes, and we intend to discover it. Our interest in the welfare of this community transcends wages and profits; we speak for the people and we intend to see that they get a square deal."

You should know what happened in South Bend when it was realized that no matter who won a strike the people lost.

In the group were two lawyers, a doctor, a dentist, a teacher, a real estate agent, an insurance salesman, an editor, a storekeeper. They asked fellow townsmen to join them in bringing industrial peace to South Bend. And 1800 South Benders have responded.

The committee started "cold." Its members had no experience in labor relations and both labor and management scoffed at it. But in its first year and a half payroll losses due to strikes were reduced to \$25,000, a near-perfect record representing a saving of nearly \$725,000 over the preceding 18 months. Even more important was the new spirit that entered labor-employer relations. Fury, bitterness and strong-arm tactics gave way to the American method of sitting down around a table, hollering a little to prove earnestness of purpose, then starting the slow, reasonable process of compromise.

The committee of 1800 includes merchants, housewives, preachers, mechanics, persons in the various professions, employers, and union

members. Its success can be traced to five factors: actual neutrality; independence of governmental agencies; the dual role of umpire and interested party in all disputes; realization that the time to stop a strike is before pickets start marching; the committee's wise choice of a secretary and good sense in giving him a free hand.

This secretary is William M. DeWitt — called "Bill" by labor leaders and industrialists alike. DeWitt is no labor-relations careerist, sociologist or politician; he is a middle-aged farm-bred Hoosier who has been a machine-shop helper, refrigerator salesman, advertising writer and sales executive. His career has made him sympathetic to the problems of both employers and workers. His neutrality is genuine.

Whenever DeWitt's keen ears pick up a hint of trouble on the labor horizon he quickly calls together the principals, who meet in his small, plain office. He sits down with them as the accredited representative of one of the three parties vitally affected by every labor dispute — the mass of hitherto unorganized citizens.

Unlike municipal, state or national conciliators, DeWitt isn't speaking for a nebulous thing called "government" and is not playing politics. Both sides know that he's beholden to no higher-up, and that he speaks only for Jones the butcher, Smith the landlord,

Mrs. Brown the housewife. He's there solely to see that they get a square deal from both capital and labor.

He talks plainly but not tough. He never lets either side forget the public's stake. Usually he begins by saying, "Gentlemen, remember that no strike ever was endless. All are eventually settled at a conference table. The longer it takes getting to that table, the more it costs all concerned. Since you'll get together eventually, why not do it now before you lose anything?"

He submits figures which his office gathers constantly on wages, hours, working conditions and union contracts in local industries, and from all cities of South Bend's size (100,000). He reminds them that the people he represents don't relish dislocation of their normal lives by strikes and picket lines and will make their decision, on the evidence presented by both sides in the public prints, as to which is at fault. Then he asks them to state their cases.

"Nine times out of ten," DeWitt says, "when they have done that they find they're not as far apart as they thought. In the neutral calm of my office, small misunderstandings that loom large in a director's room or a union hall revert to their actual size. Each side finds that to some extent it has misjudged the other. Thus meetings that begin with recriminations

usually settle down into genuine attempts at compromise and each gives in a little till there's nothing left to argue about."

In conferences with quarreling factions DeWitt expounds his cracker-barrel philosophy in plain words that executives and union leaders understand. Both respect his common sense and tenacity and realize the power of his single weapon — public opinion — when facts become known.

"Citizens" is an inexpensive setup and membership dues are small. DeWitt and a stenographer comprise the staff. Yet the committee in its first 18 months handled 48 disputes involving 96 firms and 27 unions (AFL and CIO). Fifteen times the request for help came from unions, 17 times from employers, four times from both. The other dozen times DeWitt jumped in on his own initiative when a strike threatened.

In these 48 disputes, strikes resulted from only 12, and all of those were settled quickly except one still in negotiation at the time of writing.

Speedy action, as well as the reasonable and neutral attitude of "Citizens," has cut down the number of walkouts and lockouts to one tenth of those of the previous 18 months. For example, a chain-store dispute:

DeWitt's telephone rang and a voice said: "Strike coming up, Bill. The Blank chain-store clerks

will walk out in 15 minutes. Picket line forming now."

With only 15 minutes leeway, Bill DeWitt prevented that strike. He phoned the union organizer, reminded him that the public didn't like picket lines, got him to postpone action a few hours and send five representatives of the clerks to his office. Then he argued the angry store manager into coming, and in a quarter of an hour the representatives of labor and management were glaring at one another across DeWitt's conference table. He had won his first skirmish.

Now to find out what the quarrel was about. The clerks, he discovered, got low pay, demanded high rates. The local manager lacked authority from absentee owners to negotiate, so DeWitt telephoned the company president in a distant city, gave him the facts on wage rates in other local stores, told him what the strike would cost in public resentment.

"You keep out of this!" the president yelled. "We'll wash our own dirty linen!"

"Then you'll wash it in private," DeWitt replied firmly, "not on Michigan Avenue in South Bend."

The president hopped a plane, next day sat down with DeWitt and union leaders in DeWitt's office, to argue and to look at statistics furnished by "Citizens." As the hours passed they yelled less, gradually grasped each other's point of view. Bitterness vanished,

and after two days they came to complete agreement and shook hands around the table *three* ways — representatives of management, labor and the general public. Each of the three had won a victory over costly industrial strife.

Wage rates are the major cause of disputes. This is the easiest type of quarrel to settle. With facts on current rates made available to union and employer, a compromise usually results quickly. As a rule the employer has been paying too little, the union asking too much, and it's merely a matter of both sides backing water gracefully.

Interunion jurisdictional disputes cause DeWitt more concern, because there is no middle ground. Recently a factory with CIO employees let a contract for the construction of a new building to a concern employing AFL workmen. Soon CIO pickets prevented work on the building and halted production in the plant. A conference in DeWitt's office between opposing union leaders speedily brought peace. He suggested that each union stick to

the field it had organized, pointed out the folly of CIO-AFL strife, which injures both sides in the public estimation. The CIO leader called off the pickets.

What South Bend has done any city can do. It is a typical industrial town, with its share of radicals in the unions and reactionaries in management. Its unions claim a membership of 30,000 — three quarters of all the city's wage earners.

South Bend's remarkable progress toward labor peace has been accomplished by ordinary citizens banding together voluntarily to provide information, a neutral meeting ground, a fair and trusted go-between. They didn't wait for a government agency to take the lead. They foot the bill — \$9000 a year — with no penny from municipal, state or federal government. This covers DeWitt's salary, office rent, stenographer, and minor expenses. In return, the people of South Bend are insured against picket lines and all the distress that inevitably accompanies them.



The Women

“I DON'T think I look thirty, do you, dear?”

“No, darling, not now. You used to.”

— Alabama *Courier*

“OF COURSE I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good. . . .”

— Bill King cartoon in *Collier's*

We Need a Tourist Dollar!

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Desmond Holdridge

BEFORE the war, the thoughtful Germans created the "travel mark" to assist Latin Americans to visit the Reich. The travel mark, exclusively for tourists, could be purchased at a substantially lower rate than the standard mark. It was valid for passage on German steamers, planes and trains, as well as for hotel and restaurant bills. The German tourist industry thrived on the arrangement.

Precisely the same device should now be adopted by this country. Axis propaganda depicts us as a money-worshipping, crude, decadent people. All too often in the past, convincing examples have been furnished by the Hollywood version of the American way, or by hijinxing tourists out for a good time.

Latin-American tourists who visit the United States almost invariably are delighted. They find a rich and vital society that inspires them with confidence in our democratic formula. They go home enthusiastic about hemisphere solidarity and seething with new ideas for their own countries. One of the pleasantest experiences a traveling North American can have is to hear a Latin American describe to other

An important step toward creating hemisphere understanding is to make it possible for our southern neighbors to visit us.

Latin Americans his visit to the United States. Our industries, our agriculture, our cities, our absurdities and our foibles are discussed with enthusiasm born of unmistakable liking.

At present the capitals of Latin America swarm with visiting North Americans. Our people are discovering the many pleasant aspects of life in the southlands. The new tourist influx is giving our neighbors a badly needed source of income and at the same time letting them see that we are not nearly so bad as we have been painted. But this is all one-way traffic.

The reason is simple: our southern neighbors cannot afford to visit us. For one U. S. dollar our tourists now get nearly five Mexican pesos, 21 Brazilian milreis, more than four Argentine pesos, 30-odd Chilean pesos, five Peruvian soles, or 60 Bolivian bolivianos. But when citizens of those republics consider visiting the United States they are on the short end of the bargain. The coveted dollar is very hard to

come by, in some cases unobtainable.

Consider, for example, the well-to-do Chilean businessman who would like to come to the United States to investigate trade possibilities. He must pay for his passage in U. S. dollars. But the sale of dollars is regulated by his government and the supply is carefully controlled. None of the precious dollars are available for travel. He is forced to deal with the racketeering "black bourse." From beginning to end the transaction is tedious and expensive. He must be a very patient man, and wealthy, to go through with the project.

Much the same exasperating situation awaits the Bolivian mining man who wants to come to the United States to study new methods, the Brazilian doctor who would visit our hospitals and medical centers, the Peruvian scientist, or the Colombian author.

We should therefore set up a tourist dollar, available in Latin America at a discount of approximately 40 percent from the cost of the normal dollar. This tourist currency — similar in appearance to the familiar traveler's check and requiring the owner's signature — would then be accepted on our steamers, planes and buses, and in hotels and restaurants selected for their willingness to coöperate by maintaining Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking personnel and paying especial attention to the likes

and dislikes of the visitors. Stores of all kinds, wishing to enjoy the patronage of the tourist traffic, would be permitted to coöperate upon meeting the same requirements.

The tourist dollar would be redeemed by the Export-Import Bank at 85 to 90 percent of face value, according to the type of enterprise presenting it. In that way the businesses benefited would contribute 10 to 15 percent of the cost of the plan. The rest would be charged to good will and advertising.

It may be argued that this is a very expensive device, but really it is not. It amounts to letting the Latin Americans visit us at the actual cost of transporting them, feeding them and housing them. Compare the cost of such a scheme with that of a single capital ship, and compare their relative values in hemisphere defense. Good friends are sometimes more important than legions.

Let us give our neighbors to the south the chance to visit us. Let Latin Americans see what we really are like. Travelers from the United States to Latin America — useful as they are — are mostly North Americans at play; the really impressive spectacle is North Americans at work, and a tourist dollar will present it to tens of thousands who want to see the truth with their own eyes at a price they can afford to pay.

❧ *Revealing the insidious technique by which the Communists are hoodwinking millions of loyal Americans, and planting hidden Soviet control in supposedly humanitarian organizations*

Stalin's American Power

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Max Eastman

TO ONE who has studied the Communist movement here and in Moscow, the blindness with which some of our eminent citizens lend themselves to its Machiavelian maneuvers is appalling. A mere handful understand the ingenuity of the attack that is being made on our way of life by Stalin's apostles. They know the Communist party has less than 100,000 members. Yet they see millions enrolled in organizations mysteriously conforming to its party line. They see labor leaders, busi-

nessmen, movie actors, parsons, government officials, socialites, college professors, publishers — they have even seen the First Lady of the Land — hoodwinked into giving aid indirectly to the effort of a foreign dictator to destroy our democracy.

How does this prodigious thing happen? How can it be stopped? These questions are among the most important that Americans can ask. Their importance is redoubled since Stalin has become virtually a companion-in-arms of the United States. Stalin is the weaker of two gangster-tyrants, and common sense demands that we support his resistance to Hitler. But common sense also warns us against the added strength this gives his American agents with their own more subtle plot against our way of life.

This plot's technique was invented by Lenin in 1903-04. Lenin was then head of a conspiratorial party attempting to overthrow the Czar and lay the foundations of socialism. He told his followers that fighting the battles of the working

MAX EASTMAN is thoroughly familiar with Communist techniques. From 1913 to 1922 he edited the Communist weeklies *The Masses* and *The Liberator*, and he spent the next five years abroad studying the aftermath of the Russian revolution at first-hand. He returned thoroughly disillusioned with socialism in action, and his books on the subject have been called by Edmund Wilson "the most searching and best informed in English." Mr. Eastman has taught philosophy at Columbia, and written poetry, fiction and humor. His works include *Enjoyment of Poetry*, *The End of Socialism in Russia* and *Marxism: Is It Science?* A new book, *Heroes I Have Known*, will be published this winter by Simon and Schuster.

class is not enough — they must go into every phase of national life, and *wherever they find any discontent about anything*, make themselves its mouthpiece. Thus every vigorous kicker, and every idealistic reformer, would come to identify the party with the cure of his particular grievance.

He also told them that "a revolution cannot be made by revolutionists alone." The party must surround itself with a series of organizations, each less and less definitely affiliated with it, until remote circles little interested in its ideas become subject to its influence. In these organizations the party should plant a "nucleus" of its own disciplined members through which in a crisis the whole organization could be swayed.

It was largely by this adroit technique that Lenin was able, when he seized power with his tiny party in October 1917, to control all Russian society. It was as though he had cast a net over the progressive forces of the entire country.

Stalin's Red Network

EXACTLY the same net is being thrown over American society — but now with vast sums of money to spend, and without Lenin's genuine purpose of liberation and enlightenment. Stalin's emissaries are going into every phase of our national life, and wherever they find any discontent with anything

are making themselves its mouthpiece. They are building organization after organization, ostensibly dedicated to some specific democratic reform, really concerned only to bring larger and larger masses under the party's sway. Where an organization already exists, they try to form in it a "nucleus" strong enough to control its policies, or if that proves impossible, destroy it. In this operation they do a great deal of work for various noble causes. That is what makes them so insidious. But their sole real loyalty is to the party, and behind the party the Soviet Union.

About eight years ago, when an energetic young woman named Viola Ilma decided to unite all America's youth groups, from Junior League to Young Communists, into one grand national organization, she was actuated by the ideal of Tolerance. But the Communists saw in this venture a rare opportunity to capture a block of unformed American opinion. They already had a front organization in the colleges, the National Student League; with this, the Young Communist League, and a number of other organizations which they invented for the purpose of producing delegates, they went to work to win the key positions in Miss Ilma's grandiose adventure. By the time the First American Youth Congress met in 1934, they were able, by combining with the Socialists, to control a majority of

its votes, and Miss Ilma found herself, and Tolerance, on the outside looking in.

It remained now only to get rid of the Socialists, and that was accomplished by the usual Communist tactic for destroying a rival organization. The National Student League, covertly controlled by Communists, proposed a merger — on the plea of “unity” — to the Socialist Students’ League for Industrial Democracy. Unity was achieved in a new organization called the American Student Union. In this, the Socialist leaders were given positions without power, and the American Student Union toed the Communist party line with exactitude from the day of its birth.

The Youth Congress and the Party Line

SINCE this merger the Communist control of the American Youth Congress has been absolute. Yet it is doubly concealed from view. The Congress itself has no official or visible connection with Communism. Neither has the American Student Union, which so mysteriously wields a preponderant voice in the deliberations of the Youth Congress. There is simply expert operation of Communism’s “nuclear” system of control from within.

At its fifth annual meeting in 1939, the Youth Congress claimed

Every thoughtful reader will consider this one of the important articles in recent months, and will be glad to know that three reprints will be supplied gratis to any individual upon request.

to represent 513 organizations and 4,700,000 members of all hues and connections, from Polish Catholics to “young Coughlinites.” Yet in its official resolutions, this vast and heterogeneous assemblage has never swerved on any vital issue from the course laid down for it in Moscow. Up to the Stalin-Hitler pact it voted hosannas to Roosevelt and death to Hitler. From the date of that pact, reversing itself with the speed and mechanical exactitude of a piston, it attacked Roosevelt and denounced the “imperialist” war on Hitler. Meeting just after Hitler’s attack on Soviet Russia, it reversed itself once more and came out with a war cry against Hitler.

Notwithstanding these naked exposures of its loyalty to Russian tyranny as against American democracy, this organization produced at the 1941 congress 1100 delegates and claimed they represented “five million American youth.” They may have represented 2,000,000, and that is a lot of young men and women — youths so lacking in mental vigor, honesty and independence that they have gone a long way toward becoming totalitarian robots.

Further proof that the attitudes

of these young people are being molded by Stalin's American Power is obvious to anyone who reads the Communist press. The *Party Organizer*, published in New York, has all along issued instructions for the Youth Congress in a tone of parental authority. The *Daily Worker* has openly boasted of the party's success in steering this prodigious instrument of propaganda. While President Roosevelt, Attorney General Jackson, Secretary Ickes, and hundreds of other eminently patriotic Americans were cherishing this "awakening of independent thought among American youth," clasping the Youth Congress leaders in a fatherly embrace, and Eleanor Roosevelt was brooding over it with a mother's solicitude, Earl Browder, in his book *Communism in the United States*, was frankly telling the world that in the American Youth Congress "the center of gravity is the Young Communist League. Practically all the basic proposals and policies come from us and those influenced by us."

This situation reached a climax of absurdity when, even after that second incriminating change of policy which followed the Stalin-Hitler pact, Mrs. Roosevelt insisted on welcoming the Youth Congress to Washington, and entertaining its ostensible leaders in the White House. Some of her protégés, acting on instructions from their real leader in Moscow, after gratefully

enjoying her hospitality, booted her husband on the White House lawn.

Even then she could not summon up the courage or the clear-headedness to admit that she had been duped. For a year she said nothing, and when at last she did speak it was only to say that she was not disillusioned of the young people's effort toward independent thinking, but merely no longer found herself in accord with their conclusions on foreign policy.

Now that the Youth Congress has once more reversed itself, she will find herself in renewed accord with their conclusions. Will she coddle them again? Will she pretend to herself that they changed their minds in June 1941, as well as in September 1939, because they had thought things over and arrived in their independence at a wiser judgment about our foreign policy? Or will she recognize that they are not exercising judgment at all, but permitting themselves to be manipulated by a totalitarian conspiracy?

The question is not personal. Mrs. Roosevelt represents our American democratic humanitarianism at its best. Her being hoodwinked by Stalin is also representative. That is why the question is asked.

The Case of the Revolutionary Writers

THE AMERICAN Youth Congress is the most sinister instrument of

Stalin's American Power — as the indoctrination of youth is the spearhead of the totalitarian attack upon civilization. Another revealing intrigue is the attempt through the League of American Writers to capture American literature for Stalin. Here it was not a case of inserting a Communist nucleus into an organization formed by others. The League of American Writers was openly Communist-created and controlled from the beginning. It was launched by a Congress of American *Revolutionary* Writers held in New York City in April 1935. Only writers sympathetic to what was then still called proletarian revolution took any part in its proceedings. For a full year no attempt was made to disguise the fact that the League of American Writers was a literary battalion of the international Soviet army.

But with Moscow's adoption of the "Popular Front" policy, word went out that the Soviet Union was to be defended in a new way. Gestures of revolution were to be abandoned, and Stalinists in other countries were to comb their hair and crease their pants — I mean this quite literally — and join the respectable forces of democratic reform. The idea was not to win converts to the Soviet system but to inveigle the democracies into defending the Soviet Union against Hitler. Accordingly, the League of American Writers underwent a not-

very-subtle transformation. When it held its second congress, in June 1937, the names of Comrades Browder, Gold, Hathaway, Moissaye Olgin, etc., which had adorned the call to the first congress, had disappeared as though by magic. The party had decided that the League of American Writers should now "be" a perfectly spontaneous American movement, possessed through the miracle of its own intelligence of an unswerving loyalty to the party line. And nobody with a word to say in fundamental denunciation of Stalin's tyranny, no matter how prominent an American writer he might be, ever appeared in the membership lists of this "League of American Writers."

Hoodwinked Celebrities

IT WAS NOT, and is not, a "League of American Writers." It is a League of Writers for the Defense of the Soviet Union and the Substitution of Totalitarian Party Dictatorship for the American System of Government. Nevertheless it has swept up in its brief career of hypocrisy many of the most distinguished authors in the country. Marc Connelly, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, Lincoln Steffens, Lewis Mumford, Upton Sinclair, Thomas Mann (honorary vice-president), Carl Van Doren, H. V. Kaltenborn — the list is amazingly long of intelligent writers who, at one time or another, often through sheer innocence, permitted this camou-

flagged totalitarian organization to use their names and money, and wield their influence.

Most of them came to their senses after the Stalin-Hitler pact, and quietly resigned from the League. At its recent congress, in June 1941, which once more reversed its war policy, there were only a few "big names," together with a number of regular party stooges.

It is easy to laugh at the downhill slide of the League of American Writers. But do not laugh too soon. Stalin is fighting Hitler now; and literary men love to kid themselves. Only one thing can make sure that hundreds of these imaginative souls will not flock back to the League of American Writers. That is a hard-headed, practical, Yankee understanding of just what the Stalinists are up to.

"Led by Our Party"

A MORE prodigious playing of adult Americans for suckers is the "American People's Mobilization." From its creation in 1932 as the "American Committee for Struggle Against War" this seemingly so American organization has been an instrument of Soviet foreign policy. Its pacifism has never been anything but a purpose to keep the Soviet Union out of war, and defend it if attacked.

This organization has gone through six changes in name. The American Committee for Struggle Against

War was formed in obedience to the decisions of a World Congress Against War held at Amsterdam under openly Soviet auspices. Hitler was not then in power. The name "League Against War and Fascism" was invented when it was realized that fascism, in the person of Adolf Hitler, was a war threat against the Soviet Union. Earl Browder, Donald Henderson and other Communist party leaders became officers of the League. Browder in his next report to Moscow stated that "the Congress from beginning to end was led by our party quite openly." This plain speaking continued for several years, the *Daily Worker* boasting that the League is "guided by the higher committees of the party."

Notwithstanding this brazenness, by the time of its 1936 Cleveland convention, the League could claim that it represented 992 groups with a total membership just under 2,000,000. Harold L. Burton, Republican mayor of Cleveland and a former national commander of the American Legion, welcomed the convention with an official address. Major General Smedley Butler also spoke, and Bishop Edgar F. Blake of the Methodist Church.

Excellent pickings so far! But in the atmosphere of indignation aroused by the great purge in Moscow, in 1936, Stalin's hand and purpose in this 100 percent American peace crusade had to be con-

cealed. It had been so brazenly boasted of in the Communist press that the only way to conceal it was to change its name. Call it the "American League for Peace and Democracy." Who would ever suspect that Stalin was running an organization with such a name?

Moreover, Stalin *wouldn't* be running it any longer — not so you could read it in the party press. The Communist party actually withdrew as an affiliate. Could there be more convincing evidence that this pacifist organization, never heard of before, was an "independent," indeed a "spontaneous," American creation?

But Browder, in announcing the party's withdrawal, served plain notice that the party would continue to run things on the network system: "This does not mean the withdrawal of Communism . . .," he explained. "We are perfectly satisfied to have our representation through *those who are elected as representatives* of nonparty organizations."

Providing a figurehead for this elaborate swindle of public opinion was Harry F. Ward, professor of Christian ethics at Union Theological Seminary. Under cover of his prestige as a teacher of Jesus, the League's real bosses managed to increase the enrollment of high-minded American suckers to millions — to 7,500,000, according to their own claims!

The Stalin-Hitler pact increased the threat both to peace and democracy, and would have galvanized an honest League for Peace and Democracy into violent life. But that same pact *decreased* the threat to the Soviet Union. It also turned this million-membered pacifist organization, with its carefully nurtured hatred of the new friend Hitler, into a gigantic White Elephant on the party's hands. A decree went out from party headquarters that the League for Peace and Democracy, that noble organization that had been sponsored, contributed to, and prayed over by a majority of our most eminent American idealists of peace and democracy, must die! Although supposedly devoted to democracy, its members were not permitted to vote on the issue of its life and death. They were simply informed, or allowed to find out, that the people who ran it had called it off.

"Peace Mobilization"

AND AS THOUGH by divine inspiration, there sprang up, like flowers upon its grave, a number of "Yanks Are Not Coming" Committees. And these, by an equally mysterious magnetism, soon drew together into a new national organization called the "American Peace Mobilization." This organization again was filled with a zeal both for peace and democracy — and its job now was not to stop Hitler from attacking Russia but to stop

the United States from helping England attack Hitler!

The American Peace Mobilization lasted — I needn't have told you this — exactly as long as the Stalin-Hitler friendship. When Hitler attacked Russia last June, it too had to die, and be born again — with the old hatred of Hitler again flashing from its eyes. Only now not quite as before — not as a League Against War and Fascism. What Stalin wanted now was a League *for* War Against Fascism. So, as the American People's Mobilization this same hypocritical, mock-pacifist, fake-American, Moscow-controlled amalgamation of unmitigated suckers is now agitating with the same old typewriters, and the same old "guiding nucleus," to bring America into the war on Stalin's side.

Screened by Worthy Causes

I HAVE TAKEN these three examples from a list* of over 100 front organizations dedicated ostensibly to all sorts of noble purposes, but operated by Communist nuclei with but two ends in view: defense of the Soviet Union and extension of Stalin's brand of pseudo-socialist totalitarian gang-rule into the United States.

* Source: Compilations by the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, John Dewey chairman; and by the Research Bureau of *The New Leader*. A number of other organizations appearing on this list, and illustrating the variety of worthy causes affected, are mentioned at the end of this article.

Almost every one of them represents the drawing into the Communist network of hundreds of prominent Americans, and the use of their names and money for causes they actually despise. These organizations have a rank-and-file membership of millions who are equally innocent of the real purposes behind them.

For instance, when the Stalin-Hitler pact made it likely that the American authorities would begin treating the Communist party in the same way they did the German Bund, the party suddenly discovered a mighty enthusiasm for civil liberties and the inalienable rights of man. Although these liberties and rights do not exist in Soviet Russia, and the party's purpose is to destroy them here, it was going to need them now. As though by magic, meetings, parades, groups, organizations by the score dedicated to civil liberty began to spring up all over the country. The startling fact is that droves of thinking Americans lent their names and money to this Communist maneuver as though they were fast asleep.

Nothing in our history teaches us how to combat this underground form of attack upon our society. It is caused, in a world panic-stricken about its unsolved economic problems, by the spread of a religious mania — a fanatical belief in an earthly paradise. Eugene Lyons, in a brilliant book just published,

called *The Red Decade*, has correctly named this psychosis "Russian Worship." It does not matter to the worshipers what the actual state of things in Russia is. They have the will to believe, and the will is abundantly nourished by the highly paid dope-writers of Stalin's propaganda machine. The obtrusion of unpleasant facts about governmental mass murders and deportations, forced labor, state-planned famines, universal spying, regimentation by police raids, arbitrary arrest, and execution without trial, becomes to them a kind of test of faith. The worse it is, the greater is their virtue in believing in it.

Ways to Check the Red Racket

THIS COMMUNIST conspiracy to destroy American democracy, actuated by a manic faith in a non-existent super-democracy on the other side of the planet, can be balked only if all sane democrats still loyal to fact and reason will observe the following simple rules.

(1) Always call the Communist movement what it is — a totalitarian conspiracy. Do not let its dupes or minions scare you out of this by shouting "red-baiter," "reactionary," "hidebound conservative," etc. The distinction between "radical" and "conservative" has no relevance to this situation. The question is whether you believe in democracy so far as we have developed it in America or

whether you want to throw it over for the dictatorship of a party and its leader.

(2) Check up very cautiously on any organization, enterprise, publication or meeting which features the name of a known Communist or Fellow Traveler. Donald Ogden Stewart, Rockwell Kent, Corliss Lamont, Paul Robeson, Anna Louise Strong, Ruth McKenney, Ella Winter, Franz Boas, Congressman Vito Marcantonio, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Dashiell Hammett, Lion Feuchtwanger, Harry Bridges, George Seljes, Michael Quill, Margaret Bourke-White, Erskine Caldwell, Dorothy Parker, Theodore Dreiser, Leane Zugsmith, Leo Huberman, William Gropper. . . . It may be that none of these people belong to the Communist party, but whenever their names are played up in a political "cause," you may guess that a party nucleus is at work in the underground.

(3) If the names of those actually sponsoring an organization leave you in doubt, demand the addition to the list of someone well known as a critic of Soviet Russia or an opponent of Stalin's American Power. Exclusion of an outspoken anti-Communist from a movement alleged to be for ends which he would naturally endorse is evidence that a party nucleus is at work.

(4) Test all enterprises, organizations, publications and meetings which profess democratic aims by demanding an unqualified public

repudiation not only of Hitler, Fascism and Nazism, but of the Communist party and Stalin's totalitarian regime in the Soviet Union.

(5) Don't denounce the Communists as radicals. There will always be radicals in every healthy society. The Stalinists know that, and their chief aim is to get themselves identified as those radicals. That is why they save their worst venom for those who oppose them

from the left. They want radicalism identified with totalitarian control. They want to make the masses believe that there is no such thing as a militantly progressive American — above all in the trade unions — who doesn't take orders from Moscow. Don't play into their hands by denouncing them as "radicals." Call them what they are — totalitarians, agents of Stalin's power, conspirators against the democratic way of life.

MR. EASTMAN submits the following list of front organizations to illustrate the kind he refers to on page 46:

American Committee to Save Refugees. A "holding company" for various refugee organizations, itself held firmly in the hands of the Stalinists. By playing up Lillian Hellman and Ernest Hemingway as hosts, it tricked Governor Lehman of New York State, among others, into sponsoring a dinner-forum on "Europe Today." Lehman's telegram: "When I accepted your invitation I did not notice that the small print at the bottom contained the names of certain committees. It has now been represented to me that these committees have long been connected with Communist activities."

National Lawyers' Guild. Organized to liberalize the legal profession, it toed the Communist party line so persistently that lawyers who were intelligent as well as liberal, including Justice Pecora of the Supreme Court of New York State (once its president) and Adolph Berle (then Solicitor General of the United States), resigned in protest.

Progressive Committee to Rebuild the American Labor Party. Typical piece of Stalinist skulduggery. Pretending that the American Labor Party (a notable force in New York State politics which hopes to become national) is reactionary, it is trying to insert into the ALP a Communist nucleus which will convert it into a camouflaged Communist party.

League for Democracy and Intellectual

Freedom. Presided over by Franz Boas, world-famous anthropologist and world's champion in sponsoring Communist front organizations. A group of highly conscious and active Stalinists using big names in American science and scholarship in defense of a conspiracy to destroy democracy and intellectual freedom in America. Invited by Professor Sidney Hook to unite with the American Committee for Cultural Freedom on the basis of opposition to all forms of totalitarianism, including the Russian, this Committee replied with an eloquent NO.

International Workers' Order. A fraternal order selling death benefits, burial plots, etc. Claims 500,000 members. Before the Dies Committee, Earl Browder said: "Mr. Bedacht is general secretary of the International Workers' Order and a member of the National Committee of the Communist party."

Russian War Relief. Active in its organization are the same people who, following the Stalin-Hitler pact, put over the American Peace Mobilization, and after Hitler attacked Stalin transformed it into American People's Mobilization for War. Their present job is easier because every anti-Hitler American wants to help the Russian people. Hence sponsors are now to be found all the way from the White House to the Chaplin studio. The secretary is Harriet Moore, secretary for years of the American-Russian Institute, unofficial Soviet agency in the United States.

These Millions Need Not Die

By

Paul de Kruif

THIS WINTER will see the most formidable mass attack in history launched by American doctors and health men against some of the deadliest of mankind's microbe enemies. Their weapon is the new chemical, sulfadiazine — fourth in the recent parade of sulfa miracles, and most amazing of all. Against the coccus microbes of pneumonia, meningitis, blood poisoning, peritonitis, childbed fever and gas gangrene, sulfadiazine is so effective that within the next few years its name is likely to be called blessed in nearly all of America's forty million homes.

Astounding facts and figures spotlight the speed of the chemical events that have so suddenly turned medicine's old grim rear-guard action against the coccus killers into an unprecedented offensive. In the early 1930's certain German



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Sulfadiazine, latest and safest of the miraculous "sulfas," gives every doctor a potent new weapon against many marauding microbes.

chemists developed prontosil, a chemical compound which proved effective against blood poisoning. French scientists, taking prontosil apart, found in 1936 that its potency was due to only one of its ingredients, a substance called sulfanilamide. Trying out various combinations of sulfanilamide and other chemicals, the chemists two years later happened upon lifesaving sulfapyridine.

The doctors were now able to attack with amazing success a wide variety of deadly diseases and infections. Within three years the United States pneumonia death rate was actually cut in half — thanks largely to the early sulfa drugs.

This is certainly the greatest single lifesaving victory in all medical history; and yet, across the beds of thousands of desperately sick people — now at last with a chance for life — these drugs threw a shadow. They're powerfully poisonous to microbes, yet not by a long shot always safe for men. While sulfanilamide was spectacularly saving mothers from childbed fever, bring-

ing meningitic children back from the edge of the grave, that same lifesaver was turning other patients blue, sending some into crazy delirium or threatening their lives with blood-dissolving anemia. Sulfapyridine, astounding doctors by its beneficent blitz against pneumonia, yet caused terrific nausea and vomiting in many a forlorn one whose life it almost saved. Why? The doctors didn't know. So they administered tiny, sometimes ineffective doses. Many more thousands might have been saved, had they dared force to the limit the new weapon's two-edged power.

But the sulfa-chemists were undaunted. They burned midnight electricity in hundreds of laboratories in one of the tensest, tautest life hunts the world has ever known. By 1940 they'd given the doctors sulfathiazole. Fully as powerful as sulfapyridine against pneumonia, it was largely free of nauseating and blood-destroying dangers — so that now physicians could battle that death in home as well as hospital. And yet, the skin of many a sufferer saved by sulfathiazole broke out in horrid bumps and rashes. Ominous hints of blood in the urine of many people warned that the new enemy of microbes was not always the friend of human kidneys.

Now the spotlight turns upon Richard O. Roblin, Jr., and his co-workers who, in the American Cyanamid Company's research labora-

tories at Stamford, Conn., were trying out hundreds of different sulfa combinations. In April 1940, after months of epic stewings and distillations, they announced a strange mongrel sulfa — part sulfa, part vitamin. They had produced hardly more than a whiff of this pure chemical, far less in weight than a lump of sugar. But they gave it a name. Sulfadiazine.

Cyanamid's research chief, M. L. Crossley, put this negligible whisper of white powder into the hands of the company's microbe hunters, W. Harry Finestone and his co-workers. They tried it out on mice threatened with assorted microbic doom.

Mouse-wise, this sulfadiazine proved a wow!

Against the deadly hemolytic streptococcus — which produces childbed fever, blood poisoning, meningitis after mastoid infections — sulfadiazine was as potent as sulfanilamide, 15 times more life-saving than sulfathiazole! Moreover, sulfanilamide, sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole were all limited in scope. Sulfanilamide was weak against the coccus of pneumonia, sulfapyridine was no sure bet against staphylococcus infection of injuries, sulfathiazole was feeble against streptococcus blood poisoning. This precious new sulfadiazine was not so choosy, was a well-nigh universal coccus killer.

The sweat and ingenuity of chemist Roblin and his aides brought

slightly larger and larger batches of sulfadiazine to Cyanamid's mouse men, who now jumped their testing to rats, dogs, monkeys. It seemed too good to be true. Great doses of it were kind to monkeys' kidneys, harmless to their blood.

But a thousand hopes, dashed by disaster, have conditioned the minds of microbe hunters to be cautious about jumping their reasoning from animals to men. In the words of Perrin H. Long — pioneering sulfa doctor of Johns Hopkins Hospital — mice do not get rashes or drug fevers; they are not known to vomit; they don't go crazy and jump out of windows.

This time, however, there came great news — as stirring as it was unanimous — from hospitals in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston. Drs. Norman Plummer and Herbert K. Ensworth, of Cornell Medical College in New York City, reported that sulfadiazine taken by mouth reached a fantastically high microbe-fighting level in human blood, left by the kidneys very slowly and, unlike previous sulfas, resisted change by the body into a form not potent against microbes.

Reported Dr. Long of Johns Hopkins: tried on 80 patients, sulfadiazine had not produced ill effects. From Dr. H. F. Flippin at Philadelphia General Hospital — who had tested sulfadiazine on 100 cases of pneumonia — came word that not a single patient had died when treatment had begun within

three days of the onset of the peril.

Veteran infection-fighter Dr. Maxwell Finland of Boston City Hospital sent the most thrilling news of all. Dr. Finland had long been a supporter of pneumonia serum, as against these new-fangled chemicals. Now he wrote his salaams to sulfadiazine into the scientific record: the new drug, used for a variety of infections among 446 very sick people, was not only highly effective against a wide range of microbic killers, but against pneumonia as well. And its harm to these 446 people? Dr. Finland reported that this was "relatively mild and infrequent" — a few cases of slight nausea or harmless rashes, only one case of kidney colic.

So now at last it appears that our sulfa-chemists may chase away the shadow of sulfa danger from the beds of sick people. Dr. Long insists only on one warning to be observed by doctors. They should always inquire whether a patient has had a sulfa drug before. If so, and if the patient has shown a severe reaction — then a small preliminary test-dose of sulfadiazine should be given.

Sulfadiazine will be widely available this winter, and the potential supply is limitless. Soon our physicians everywhere, in rural regions, in tenements, in homes as well as hospitals, can sail into infection with both fists swinging — in the very first days of sickness, when the chance of cure is greatest. If these

tactics are used, the victories nation-wide will be as brilliant as the recent astounding report from the U. S. Army. During five weeks last winter, in the Army's 548 cases of primary pneumonia, the death rate hit the all-time low of 2.1 percent — ten times lower than the death rate from pneumonia among our soldiers in 1917-19! This time the army doctors were using the sulfa drugs, and *early in the battle*.

To surgeons, sulfadiazine gives a new and powerful lifesaving weapon. Automobile and industrial accidents often result in dangerous infection. Sulfadiazine, given *immediately after injury*, bids fair to prevent deadly gas gangrene and other infections and hastens the quick mending of reset bones.*

Recent, incomplete experiments indicate that sulfadiazine may

prove potent to control one of the most tragic of all microbic infections — osteomyelitis, the sickness of the bones which disables scores of thousands of children, sometimes for life. There is also hope that this new lifesaving sulfa can be used to prevent "strep sore throat" — often the precursor of rheumatic heart disease, which kills some 40,000 young people yearly.

But, even disregarding such possibilities, sulfadiazine is probably the most important lifesaving discovery in this generation. Our doctors — if they use it early enough, boldly enough, and yet with care — can reduce a great cohort of microbe killers to the present relative feebleness of typhoid fever and diphtheria.

Unchecked, in a generation these microbe assassins have murdered millions. Now, thanks to sulfadiazine, in the coming generation these millions need not die.

* Johns Hopkins Hospital reports that sulfadiazine is also being used with great success in treating serious burns. See "New Skin for Burns," *The Reader's Digest*, November, '41.



Statistics

¶ CHICAGO bus seats are made two inches wider than those in New York because the average Westerner is broader of beam. — *Fortune*

¶ IT COSTS about \$800 to take a woman visitor through the big Douglas Santa Monica aircraft factory, a company official estimated — she distracts so many of their young men workers. A similar factory barred a proposed visit from movie actress Susan Hayward, estimating that time lost for ogling would in this case cost \$20,000.

— *The Christian Science Monitor and Time*

They Called Her Mousie

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*

Grace Sartwell Mason

A short story of a girl who didn't dare call her soul her own — until she met Caesar.

IT WAS because of Big Brute, the most decrepit typewriter in the office, that Mousie had come by her name. By unwritten rule the old rattletrap had always been assigned to the latest girl hired, but by some hocus-pocus the other girls had managed to leave Mousie stuck with it month after month. And she could never get up courage to complain to Mr. Erickson.

"The trouble is, Mousie, you got no guts," the other girls would remind her. "Look, what you gotta do is breeze up to old Erick like this . . ." And they would go into stitches giving imitations of themselves mowing down Mr. Erickson. She knew they were right, and every morning on the subway she rehearsed her speech, but she never succeeded in getting it off.

Today, as she sat staring at the hateful machine, she knew she could delay no longer. Somehow it had become mixed up with the bossy sister she lived with; the lumpy divan she slept on; the never having any privacy; her one young man haw-hawed right out of existence by her brother-in-law; and her own secret scorn of herself. Un-

less she got rid of that machine she could never get rid of the weakness that made all these things possible.

The clock struck twelve-thirty and she jumped. Her legs barely carried her down the hall. Mr. Erickson was in his office, apparently doing nothing. Her heart gave a desperate flop, like a fish on the dock. "Excuse me, Mr. Erickson," she began faintly, "but if you don't mind, I —"

Mr. Erickson at once became busy with the telephone.

"S'm'other time," he muttered.

Outside, Mousie leaned against the wall, her eyes shut, her face as white as milk. On the way to the tea shop for lunch, neither the golden autumn warmth nor the ribald sound of a calliope in front of the wild animal show around the corner could revive her spirits.

As usual, the black-browed lordly boy who waited on her made her feel of no consequence, but she could always forget everything else by dreaming about a room of her own; and now as she ate her caramel sundae and macaroons she was not aware of the sudden commotion outside. She was first aroused by the screams of a plump lady, caught, apparently, within the revolving doors.

"What's all this?" called a bright young hostess as she sailed down the room. Then the hostess screamed. For something swept through the revolving doors past the hostess's knees, and she went plunging out onto the sidewalk. In short, it was a lion.

With the appearance of this outrageous customer, everyone stood or sat gaping, frozen. The lion, also, stood sprawling where the revolving doors had deposited him. Then he lowered his head slightly — and at this movement everyone became amazingly acrobatic. Two ladies buying pecans at the candy counter got up on a radiator. A man with half a doughnut in his mouth shot across the soda counter on his stomach as if he were sliding for third base.

But Mousie, unable to climb up on anything, could only sit on her stool, staring. The boy behind the counter was tugging at her sleeve, but she could not move. Voices screaming "Telephone the police . . . Hit him with a chair . . . Blind him with pepper . . ." sounded far off.

The lion raised his head and took a step forward. Mousie tried in vain to shut her eyes. The sepia-brown and tawny-red mane fell back; the golden eyes opened and closed slowly; the pink and black leather-lined nostrils sniffed the air. The tufted tail waved nervously.

Voices shrieked: "Quick! Get up on the counter!" But Mousie could

hear only the soft padding of the lion's paws. It seemed hours since she had last breathed. Within a few inches of her, the lion stopped, stretched out his neck, raised his eyes to her hand — and with a tongue as innocently pink as a kitten's slowly licked his black and creamy-white lips.

Suddenly he thrust forward his head. A low groan of horror sighed through the room. But the furry chin stopped beside her knee. Bound in an icy spell, Mousie stared down and saw in her paralyzed hand the crushed remains of a macaroon. The lion's pink tongue came out again, and licked a crumb from between her fingers.

And then a strange thing happened to Mousie. In her terror all her senses seemed to sharpen. She drew a shallow breath. For the first time she noticed the small dark-brown question marks over each slanting eye, the deep furrows between the short ears, the dark scar across the fawn-colored nose. Could the lion be afraid, too?

Now the black-browed boy behind the counter went into action. "Look out!" he said hoarsely. "I'm goin' to give 'im this, right in the schnozzle!" Mousie turned her head with an effort and saw him drawing boiling water from the big nickel urn into a container.

"No!" she screamed. "Don't you know that will hurt him?"

She slid from her stool and stood between the lion and the embattled

boy. The beast pressed close to her knee, and involuntarily she reached out and gently scratched the short sepia-brown fur behind an ear. The lion put his head on one side. Suddenly she was no longer afraid. As if she had dropped through the very bottom of terror and had come out into a place where there was not and never had been any fear.

All at once, the lion began to tremble violently. A policeman was charging through the revolving door, followed by a chunky man in a dirty sweater with straw sticking to it. Outside, a weather-beaten cage with the sign "Jimpson's Wild Animal Show" backed up to a side door. The chunky man flourished a club. "Hey, you, Caesar. Down, down!" he barked.

"You're not going to hit him, are you?" cried Mousie.

The chunky man stared at Mousie. "Gawd!" he muttered.

Some reporters and a cameraman sidled in. There was a flare of light, a puff of sound, a roar from the lion — and then pandemonium. When things cleared, there was Caesar, drooped in the corner of his cage, just an old lion, tired and bored. The reporters paid no attention to him. They swarmed toward Mousie, clicking cameras, shouting questions at the girl who had tamed a raging lion with macaroons, keeping him from tearing a dozen people limb from limb.

Finally they let her go. She got back to the office ten minutes late,

in a panic. "Any time, Mousie," murmured the office manager sarcastically. With shaking hands Mousie took the cover off Big Brute. The old machine shied and jibbed and got into a tangle. The girl at the next desk grinned. "Why'n't you ask for a new machine, Mousie?"

Mousie put some finished letters into her wire basket. But outside Mr. Erickson's office she felt so shaky she had to go to the wash-room. This was the end. She could never do it. Dispiritedly she brushed at the front of her skirt. Then she noticed a bit of tawny fur just above her right knee. She sniffed. No doubt about it. She smelled of lion.

She caught sight of her face in the mirror. What was the matter? Was she going to cry? But no tears came. Suddenly she knew that she was mad — mad with something she could never put into words — the rebellion, the regret, the comicalness of everything. A moment later she had wrenched open the door and was glaring at Mr. Erickson across his desk.

"Mr. Erickson, I've got to have a new typewriter! No one else would put up with that old one, and I won't either. Not even if you discharge me. And you promised me a raise at the end of the year, and there isn't any, and I'll have to keep on living with my sister and sleeping on the divan, and I won't do — it — any — longer,

Mr. Erickson." She banged a fist on the desk between each word.

Mr. Erickson's eyes bulged out. "Jumping Pete, what is this?" he muttered.

"Do you know what they call me, Mr. Erickson? Mousie! And I hate it—I won't stand it any longer—I can't—"

Her voice broke. What was she doing? Ruined, she was. She stared at Mr. Erickson. She saw a bald, middle-aged man with the scars of life plain upon him. Astonished, she met his eyes. "Mr. Erickson, have you got a headache?" she faltered.

"No, but I'm tired and discouraged," he said. "It's been a heck of a day."

"Oh! I'm sorry!" Strange. As if a door had opened, she was back

again in that place where there was no fear. "Look, Mr. Erickson, there's nothing to be scared of, honest."

Mr. Erickson lifted a grizzled eyebrow; then he grinned. "Well, by heck, that's the first good word today. Maybe you're right. Anyhow, you can have another typewriter. And a raise, too. A little more won't sink us, I guess, Mousie. Er, I forgot you don't like that name."

"I don't mind it—now. Thank you, Mr. Erickson."

Mousie smiled fleetingly. Then she scuttled out quickly, for the ridiculous thought came to her that in another minute she would be scratching Mr. Erickson gently behind the ear.



Eloquence of the Inarticulate

¶ MANY delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of a Negro that is difficult to excel. The Reverend C. P. Smith tells that he had just married a young couple, and the bridegroom asked him the price of the service.

"Oh, well," said the minister, "you can pay me whatever it is worth to you."

The young fellow looked long and silently at his bride. Then, slowly rolling the whites of his eyes, he said: "Lawd, suh, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure."

—A. C. Edgerton, *More Speeches and Stories for Every Occasion* (Noble)

¶ RESTING with his wife on the front stoop after the day's chores, a taciturn old Vermonter surveyed his spouse and said, "When I think of what you've meant to me for all these years, sometimes it's more than I can stand not to tell you."

—Adapted from *Vermont Is Where You Find It*, arranged by Keith Warren Jennison (Harcourt, Brace)

I Bomb Germany by Daylight

Condensed from *Life*

ONE OF the most spectacular RAF daylight raids on Germany was that of August 12 on the great Knapsack power station, which provides power for some of the Ruhr's largest cities and industries. The raid was carried out by 54 Blenheim bombers. Forty-two returned. In keeping with RAF policy, the author of *Life's* first person account of the raid remains anonymous.



WE KNEW something big was up because we'd laid off operations for several days and the tops were talking a lot. We rather guessed it would be a daylight job on some interior German target. It was, but even worse than we'd thought.

We assembled on Tuesday morning for briefing. Our job, the Group Captain explained, was to smash the power station at Knapsack, 150 miles inside enemy territory. We were to fly at low level and our bomb fuses were timed. Low level means 10 to 20 feet above the ground and a delayed fuse gives you just time to get away before the bomb explodes. Flying in tight formation, you're likely as not to get the full blast from the plane in front. We were warned not to plot our course on our maps because if one of us were shot down in Holland it would give the whole show away before we even got there.

We took off at 9:15, flying in vics of three joined into boxes of six. I

was leading the second formation of 24 planes. It was a sunny morning, practically no haze or clouds. As we crossed the coast we picked up the escort of Whirlwinds which was to accompany us into Holland.

We flew along just missing the whitecaps. A lot of wisecracking went on through the intercom phones. "Getting your ruddy wing in the water," my observer kept shouting, and one of the pilots swore he'd caught a fish in his propeller. I might add that one of the chaps did have two seagulls in his engines when we got back.

North of Antwerp, we crossed the Dutch coast and went hedge-hopping across Holland, dodging trees and telegraph poles. One chap hit a high-tension wire and crashed. But aside from the danger of hitting things, low-level flying isn't so bad. You are safe from anti-aircraft and also from fighters, which can't dive on you without hitting the ground. They can only come up behind or on the side and there you

are more than a match for them with your turret guns. Of course, there is machine-gunning from the ground, but at 250 miles an hour it's pretty hard for a gunner to get you in his sights.

People in the fields waved farm implements and hats as we went over. In one village square we saw four policemen standing together who solemnly saluted us. A group of children standing on a pillbox jumped up and down and waved. We weren't sure exactly when we crossed the German frontier, but soon we saw people running for cover. The air was full of Blenheims. Once a squadron flew right over us on its way to another power station near Aachen. It only cleared us by a few feet. We were bunched so close together that some of the chaps were having trouble with the slipstream from planes in front. So I told them to loosen up the formation.

We had no trouble finding our way. We passed the spires of Cologne Cathedral, a sort of landmark because we knew the power station was eight miles above the city. Then we saw the target sticking out a mile. It looked exactly as in our photographs, with two sets of chimneys about 150 yards apart. Our job was to go in between them and unload our bombs on the main plant.

Up to then we had not encountered a single hostile plane. We'd evidently taken the Jerries by sur-

prise because our Wellingtons¹ had been over the same territory all night and I don't suppose they were counting on another raid so soon.

I was banking to go in when my rear gunner shouted, "Fighters to port!" Two Me 109's were coming down at us from the side.

I told the flight to take evasive action, which means sawing up and down and taking skidding turns. I could see cannon shells ripping chunks from the wing fabric of the next plane. The flak was also bursting all around. I could see flashes from a gun emplacement and was wondering what to do about it when one of the chaps went straight for it with all three front guns going. He silenced it.

I saw the leader of the first flight going in over the target so low that he was right between the chimneys. I realized we would have to get altitude or run smack into his explosions, and I signaled my group up to 800 feet. As we went over the target I saw red flashes inside the buildings from bombs dropped by the planes in front of us. We planted ours just where we wanted them. Clouds of black smoke were rolling up and fires starting.

By now the air was full of flak. We could feel jolts as splinters hit the plane. My rear gunner got a clout on the head from a piece of shrapnel, but luckily he had his tin hat on and got only a souvenir dent in it. As I dived to get out of the flak area, I saw Number 2 of my vic

go down in flames. Number 3 was also missing.

My observer, who had been trying to get some photos, shouted that two more Me's were coming at us. We were over a huge sand pit or stone quarry and I took the whole formation — what was left of it — right down into it. We must have gone 30 feet below ground level — probably the lowest an aircraft has ever flown. But it did fool the Huns and when we came back up we had shaken them off.

I tried to get closer formation in order to concentrate our fire-power, and finally got six planes together just as another Me attacked from behind. My rear gunner could not train his guns on it without shooting off our own tail. I sideslipped to get a better angle, and my gunner opened fire. Other planes were also firing. We saw the Hun crash and his plane bounce on the ground.

The maneuver brought us low. Suddenly my observer shouted, and I turned just in time to avoid a church steeple. As I banked, my port wing caught the top of a tree and I thought we were going to pile up right in a village square. But the plane righted itself just in time.

As we approached the coast the Me's left us and we tacked on to a larger formation of Blenheims. Above us we saw a larger German trans-

port plane. Its pilot was obviously unaware that we were under him. We all nosed up and everyone had a crack at it. We last saw it going down behind a group of trees. I'll bet that Jerry never knew what hit him.

Off the Dutch coast we ran into a big mix-up between a group of Me's and the Whirlwind escort that had come to meet us. Our fighters seemed to be doing a good job on the Huns because only one peeled off to attack us. His first burst sent one of our chaps down, but those following shot him down and both planes crashed in the water within a few yards of each other.

Over the North Sea we ran into heavy rain, which acted as a screen and enabled us to bring together our stragglers. When we got home a great crowd was waiting for us. They had probably seen us take off and guessed what was up. We gave them a pretty good show, too, because several of the chaps had their landing gear shot up and had to do a belly landing. Our last plane came in at 13:13 o'clock.

Most of us felt rather flat out for a few hours after we'd made our report. Rather like having a hang-over. Over there we didn't have much time to think about it — too damned busy. Now I suppose there's no point in thinking about it. It wasn't much of a show, really.



Where all think alike, no one thinks very much.

— Walter Lippmann

The Eight Greatest Mysteries of Science

Condensed from The New Republic

Bruce Bliven

AMONG the scores of experts with whom I have talked, the comment was often made that what we know about the secrets of the physical world is as nothing compared with what we shall some day know. I asked these men to list the most important unsolved problems of science. Here are the scientific mysteries which received the heaviest vote:

The Mystery of Life's Beginning

SCIENTISTS look back across millions of years to the time when, among the inert chemicals of which all matter is composed, the first cell must have arisen and developed its power of multiplying by division, which is the fundamental fact of growth. How did that cell appear?

The fundamental stuff of the cell and of inert chemical matter is the same; but the cell is able to act upon itself to produce more cells — each exactly like itself. From this natural phenomenon come all the complicated forms of life — fish, animals, men. But how did it start? It is impossible for scientists to think life always existed. What incredible concatenation of circumstance brought the first cell into being among the atoms of such

This is one of a series under the general title, "Men Who Make the Future," based on interviews with leading research scientists.

substances as hydrogen and oxygen?

The Mystery of Adaptation

ANOTHER great mystery is the development of higher forms of life from lower ones. This requires two things: mutation and successful adaptation.

Once in a great many times an unexpected change occurs in an individual organism which thereafter is hereditary and transmitted to descendants. Science has recently come to believe that it knows how mutations are brought about, through changes in the ultramicroscopic genes found in the reproductive cells. Such mutations become the hereditary pattern of a whole new group, species or genus.

Organisms that are well adapted to survive in a given environment are more likely to grow to maturity and thus transmit their characteristics to their offspring. For example: If you turned loose 1000 rabbits, half of them black and half white, in the far north, the white

ones would be less visible against the snow — and thus less likely to be caught and more likely to survive to produce the next generation. Thus, if the blackness and whiteness were hereditary, before many generations black rabbits would be rare.

This theory of mutation and successful adaptation seems acceptable when applied to such a simple problem as black or white fur in snow rabbits; but it is difficult to imagine it providing the mechanism for some of the complicated developments of nature. To take a simple example: Science knows that termites cannot themselves digest wood. It is digested for them by bacteria living in their stomachs. The mind refuses to visualize an adaptation in which the new insect appears which lives exclusively on wood and the bacterium appears simultaneously to take up residence in its stomach and do the digestive work.

The Mystery of the Green Leaf

ONE of the cryptograms science is seeking to unfold is the manufacturing process which goes on in all the green parts of plant life. In its most important form this process consists of sunlight creating chemical sugars out of carbon dioxide from the air and water from the soil. These sugars are then changed into other substances, such as starch and wood.

All life, including our own, depends on this photosynthesis. Mankind consumes some vegetables, but in large measure we permit sheep or cattle to eat nature's green factories and their products, and we then consume the animal. If we could learn to create sugar from sunlight, air and water, as every plant does, the worst troubles of the human race would probably be over. (The scientists are just beginning to duplicate nature's work on a small scale in the laboratory.) Food would then be available so readily and at such a minimum of effort that we should enter a new existence incredibly changed from anything now known.

The Mystery of Cosmic Rays

EVERY SQUARE INCH of the earth's surface is bombarded day and night with rays that come from outer space. Their energy is enormous, but we know of them only from the effects they produce in breaking up atoms of matter, ripping their outer electron structure and often wrecking their central cores.

Since cosmic rays constantly smash atoms throughout space, they act thus within our own bodies. What do they do there? They may have enormously important effects, either for good or evil. It is barely possible, though most biologists do not accept the idea, that the cosmic rays may rearrange the atomic structure of the genes, which de-

termine heredity. If so they would be responsible for the miracle of mutation, through which all the vast differentiation of species is brought about. Even beyond this, it has been suggested that the cosmic rays represent a great part of all the energy of the entire universe. But where this powerful force comes from and how it affects us, no one knows.

The Mystery of Nature's Zippers

A PROCESS called catalysis goes on incessantly both in the tissues of all living things and among inorganic chemicals. A catalyst is a substance which changes one or more other substances into something else without itself being affected. A rough illustration is the zipper which joins together two edges of fabric without itself being changed.

Catalysts are utilized in scores of important industrial processes today. The enzymes which are at work in countless numbers within your body are catalysts. Ceaselessly they produce millions of chemical changes of one substance into another, thus making your life possible.

How does this magic process take place? How does substance A turn substance B into substance C, and itself remain unaffected? Presumably the process is electrical, since the ultimate basis of the whole universe is minute charges of posi-

tive or negative electricity in a state of tremendous tension. But how it works we do not know.

The Mystery of the Proliferating Cell

SOMETIMES in the tissues of men, animals and plants there occurs an uncontrolled growth of cells until the individual dies of cancer. So far as science knows, cancer cells are like any others except that they are uncontrolled, in that they do not form themselves into any real structure, like an organ of the body. Cells normally stop reproducing by division when they have gone far enough; but cancer cells continue to divide and increase until they are halted by artificial means such as surgery, X ray or radium, or until they have extinguished the life of their host. Once in many, many times apparently the process does stop of its own accord, no one knows why.

What causes this wild growth? Present thought among research scientists is running in the direction of a possible failure of the machinery represented by the hormones and the enzymes. If so, it may be connected with the vitamins which play an important role in the proper functioning of the body chemicals. Some day we may discover that dietary errors upset the delicate regulatory machinery of cell growth and thus cause cancer. But now we do not know.

The Mystery of the Common Cold

THIS ILLNESS causes lost time in industry worth several hundred million dollars a year, and is sometimes the forerunner of other and dangerous diseases. But, despite the fact that large sums of money have been given to finance its study, science knows little about it.

It is assumed that colds are caused by a filterable virus, but the evidence is not yet entirely satisfactory. It is known that there is a vast variation in the susceptibility of individuals and that these differences can be hereditary. About all that science knows of a cold is that the bacteria or viruses are apparently air-borne, and that sterilizing the air with ultraviolet light or otherwise seems to reduce the danger of infection.

The Mystery of the Ice Age

SEVERAL TIMES within the last million years vast sheets of glacial ice have come from the polar regions to cover great areas. In North America there were probably five invasions, with the ice going as far south as Virginia and the Ohio and Missouri Rivers. Each invasion lasted a long period and destroyed or drove out almost every living thing. Between invasions the climate probably became as mild as today; plants and animals came back. It is probable that even man existed in these regions during some of the

last glacial epochs, of which the latest may have been as recent as 15,000 years ago and certainly was not much farther back than 50,000 years.

What caused those visitations? Will the ice come back? Solely on the basis of probability, scientists believe that another glacial epoch may force mankind and all his works to retreat from vast areas of the northern latitudes. It is probable, too, that our interglacial epoch has passed its maximum warmth, that the climate has been getting cooler and more moist in the last few thousand years.

Many hypotheses have been brought forth to explain this amazing phenomenon. It has been suggested that the earth's axis might have shifted, so that the sun's rays struck at a different angle, which would profoundly affect the climate. Physicists and astronomers reply that any such change would be practically impossible. Did something happen to the sun — some series of solar storms — to reduce the effectiveness of its rays upon the earth? Possible, but highly improbable. Did the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere decrease, thus reducing the warming blanket of air which lies over the earth?

It is hard to think of any such happening that could have occurred five times or more, and lasted for tremendous intervals, during a period of something between 300,000 and 1,000,000 years. As to what

caused the ice ages, and what may cause them again, science offers us only a blank page.

Other Riddles

HERE ARE a few of the other mysteries which received votes:

What is electricity? Assuming it is a flow of electrons, just what is the mechanics of such a tremendously rapid movement?

We now know that electric power can be transmitted by radio. What is the process?

How do emotional and physical states in the individual react upon one another? How, for example, does a baffled state of rage create indigestion?

Is there any relation between the electric waves in the brain and thinking?

What is the actual process, chemically and physiologically, of getting old?

SOME OF the foregoing questions may remain mysteries for hundreds of years; some may have been solved while this article is being printed. Solutions of some will be worth millions of dollars; in other instances the scientist's only reward will be knowledge of important work well done. In either case, man's conquest over nature through knowledge marches on ceaselessly and the rate of that conquest justifies optimism about our collective future.



Cinema Minds at Work

◀ DIRECTOR Mike Curtiz was arguing about a scene in a script.

"What's so tough about it, the way I want it?" he roared. "Give me four writers and I could write it myself!"

— Paul Harrison

◀ SAM GOLDWYN took his son to see the previews of a picture his studio had just made. Suddenly Goldwyn screamed: "Stop it! Stop it!" The film was stopped.

"What does all that mean?" Goldwyn demanded. "I don't understand it."

His son spoke up impatiently: "It's so simple a child can understand it."

Goldwyn flashed around on him: "And since when are we making pictures for children?"

— Hedda Hopper

◀ IN HIS directions to the composer for a Deanna Durbin movie, a script writer wrote: "Please write music like Wagner, but louder."

— *Coronet*

◀ WHILE Edna Ferber was writing *A Peculiar Treasure* she visited Hollywood, where Sam Goldwyn asked her what she was doing. "I'm working on my autobiography," she told him.

"What's it about?" asked Goldwyn.

— Leonard Lyons

— I —

Only Five Short Blocks

By Frederick Van Ryn

I WAS 25, broke and hungry. I had been broke and hungry before, in Constantinople, Paris, Rome, but it is particularly humiliating to be jobless in New York where the very air is charged with success and conquest.

I didn't know what I was going to do; there wasn't much I could do. I thought I could write but I didn't know how to write in English. I spent my days walking, not for exercise but to keep out of my landlady's way.

One day on 42nd Street I bumped into a blond giant of a man. I recognized him at once: Feodor Chaliapin, the great Russian singer. As a boy I used to stand for hours in line at Moscow's Imperial Opera House to get a gallery seat to one of his performances. Later, while working



on a newspaper in Paris I had interviewed him. I didn't expect he would remember me but he did.

"Very busy?" he asked. I mumbled something. He must have guessed my state of mind. "Let's walk up to my hotel at 103rd and Broadway," he said.

Walk! It was noon and I had been walking steadily for five hours.

"But, Mr. Chaliapin, that's 60 blocks from here —"

He cut me short. "You're crazy — it's only five short blocks."

"Five blocks?" I gasped.

"Yes," he said. "Not to my hotel, to be sure, but to a shooting gallery on Sixth Avenue."

This made no sense, but I followed him meekly. Soon we stopped in front of the shooting gallery. We watched a couple of sailors miss the bull's-eye a great many times, then continued on our way.

"Now," announced Chaliapin, "it's only 11 blocks."

I shook my head. Before long we arrived at Carnegie Hall. Chaliapin said he liked to study the faces of the people who were buying

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tickets for a Philharmonic matinee. After a few minutes we were off again.

"And now," said Chaliapin joyfully, "we are within eight blocks of the Central Park Zoo. There's a gorilla that looks like a tenor I know."

We paid our respects to the gorilla. About a dozen blocks later, back on Broadway, we stood in front of a delicatessen store. In the window was displayed a barrel of dill pickles. Chaliapin's doctor did not let him eat pickles so he merely stared. "A beautiful sight!" he exclaimed. "It reminds me of my youth."

I should have been half dead by this time but to my surprise I felt better than I had in days. When we finally reached Chaliapin's hotel (after having paused to admire the array of fruit in a market at 90th Street and a newly painted subway station at 96th Street) Chaliapin laughed contentedly. "It didn't take long, did it? Now let's have lunch."

Over a satisfying meal my host confessed why he made me walk those 60 blocks. "You'll never forget that walk," the great man explained gravely. "It was a lesson in the art of living. Never worry about the distance between you and your goal. Always concentrate on what is within five short blocks from you. Don't let the faraway future

bother you. Always think of the joys, no matter how small, awaiting you in the next 24 hours."

Nineteen years passed. Chaliapin is gone and so are most of the landmarks that stood along that well-remembered trek. But in those years, Chaliapin's practical philosophy has come to my rescue many times.

It helped me when I set out to master English. I never said to myself, "It will be years before I can write in that strange language." I said instead, "Today there were 28 words on the editorial page of the *New York Times* that I didn't know. Tomorrow there won't be more than 20."

It kept me going when, because of a mistake made by business associates, I was obliged to assign to creditors one half of what I expected to make in the following four years. Had I admitted to myself that for 208 weeks I would be deprived of all comforts, chances are I would have lost courage and not made a cent. But I merely said, "On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays I will work for the creditors; on other days, for myself." Somehow that made a world of difference. The creditors got paid in full and I accomplished enough to afford a few comforts.

Anyone can benefit by the rule of "only five short blocks." While it may take a long time to reach your goal,



it's only five short blocks to your counterpart of Chaliapin's shooting gallery on Sixth Avenue — and by

similar easy stages you will not only arrive at your destination but enjoy many interesting things along the way.



A Lesson in Nettle-Grasping

By Carl Brandt

FOR YEARS I made a habit of dodging unpleasant tasks. When an appointment promised to involve tough argument or careful diplomacy, I would postpone it. When I came across an angry letter in the morning mail or one which demanded an answer which was bound to be disappointing to my correspondent, I would shuffle it to the bottom of the pile on my desk, furtively hoping that something would happen which would relieve me of the necessity of answering it. Like the king in the fable who punished anyone bearing him bad tidings, I was often even ill-tempered with employes who called knotty matters to my attention.

I knew that this evasion was childish and cowardly. Sometimes, at first, I sickened at the thought of how cowardly it was, but in time it became a habit and I was almost unconscious of its hold upon me.

Then one morning I called on the calmest, most efficient man I know. I was bursting with good news for him and he could see it

from the eager excitement in my eyes. Yet he asked me to wait while he attended to a few matters. While I sat chafing with impatience, he dictated two letters that obviously involved perplexing problems and settled a difficult complaint by phone. When he had finished he grinned at me.

"Thanks for letting me get those things out of the way," he said. "Now tell me the good news."

But I could only ask in astonishment, "Do you actually *like* to grab nettles like that?"

He laughed. "Nettles don't sting much if you grab them hard and quick. I found out long ago that if I attend first to pleasant matters and put off the unpleasant ones, I'm in bad humor all day — the unpleasant ones are always hanging over my head. But if I solve the thorny problems first and then go on to smoother things, I feel fine. It's like taking candy after bitter medicine — you forget the bad taste."

That was a turning point for me.

I went back to my office with a new determination.

An angry client was waiting, seething with a complaint I had long neglected. Instead of stalling again, I got down to cases immediately. The storm was severe, but blew itself out in five minutes. I breathed easier and plunged into a pile of other nettles — letters containing impossible requests, accounts that stubbornly refused to balance, phone calls I'd been dreading, important decisions of all sorts. That night, for the first time

in years, I went home feeling like a free man, happy that my day's work was really finished — and well done.

I've been a confirmed nettle-grasper ever since. The lesson that good friend taught me has proved invaluable: nettles aren't so bad if you grab them hard and get rid of them quick.

CARL BRANDT is a well-known literary agent, whose business involves voluminous correspondence and daily contacts with many people.



Street Scenes

ONE MORNING, a young man honeymooning in New York had a Wall Street appointment, and his pretty bride inspected him, admonishing, "Darling, you'd better get a shoeshine. I want you to look your best." A little later the bride boarded a Fifth Avenue bus to go shopping. Love and husband still very much in her mind, she happened to notice the shoes of the stranger sitting beside her which also needed shining. "Dearest," she said, tapping his knee, "you didn't get your shoes shined." She got off at the next corner.

— *Rockefeller Center Magazine*

AN ELDERLY, impeccably dressed gentleman was walking down Broadway when he noticed a spot on his tie. Without hesitation, he stepped to the nearest automobile, unscrewed the gas tank cap, dipped a handkerchief in, carefully rubbed out the spot, replaced the gas cap and proceeded on his way.— Contributed by Philip Cohen

THE eight-year-old son of a professor of psychology was taken to see Fifth Avenue during a visit in New York. He stopped in amazement before the show window of a famous jeweler, where the use of invisible glass makes it appear that nothing but air separates the passer-by from the glittering display. The boy gazed for a while and then turned away, saying wistfully, "If I were not so well adjusted, I would reach in there and grab some of those jewels!"

— *Rockefeller Center Magazine*

Nobody's Sweetheart

Condensed from Time



WHEN Harold LeClair Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, is having a good, rich, wrathful week, probably every man, woman and child in the United States is against him. Even when things are dull there are always a few million people who are still burned up at his last crack. He is really happy only on Saturday afternoons, when he can sit down at his typewriter in his study and, alternately chuckling and scowling, finger out insulting, sulphurous letters to the newspapers that have most recently attacked him. The Department will stop as many of the letters as possible and ration the furious little Secretary on the papers he hates most — but the *Chicago Tribune* is sure to hear from him several times a year.

Honest, fearless, shrewd, and loyal to his boss — Harold Ickes long ago earned his post as dog robber to the New Deal. For eight and a half years he has been the scout who goes ahead, trial balloon in hand, prowling the unexplored bushes of public opinion. He is the whipping boy who takes the blame when anything goes wrong. He is the New Deal's janitor who sweeps

up the floor (usually using some victim as broom).

He is also the gadfly of conscience to the Administration. Every time the other New Dealers get fat, happy and optimistic, Harold bores in, stinging, squawking, kicking. Most recent object of his attention has been the defense program. He watched it falter, swamp itself, stumble along from delay to delay. Then he boiled over.

His basic point: the country is going to run out of everything. Ickes ran out of aluminum months before Stettinius' materials division saw any real problem. He ran out of steel in January. In quick succession he ran out of electric power, coal, transportation, and finally oil.

Harold Ickes got his reward for so long and valiantly proclaiming the critical deficiencies in the defense program. When Judge Samuel I. Rosenman waddled around getting advice on defense reorganization, he found unanimity on only one point: keep Ickes out of it. With the President's full approval, the gadfly was boxed out of the program. Yet not a tear fell anywhere for Harold Ickes. He had asked for it.

The scion of generations of Pennsylvanians, Harold at 16 went to the University of Chicago. Graduated, he went to work on space rates for the Chicago *Record*, some weeks earning as much as 75 cents. Just as the axe was about to fall, he came on a scoop. For weeks Chicago newspapers had been looking for a missing Mamie Doane. One day young Harold had a bright idea: why not call on the Doanes? Mrs. Doane greeted him, "Come in, young man. Mamie just got home."

The story got Ickes a job on the Chicago *Tribune*, where he worked up to the humble post of assistant sports editor before he abandoned journalism. He still refers to himself as an ex-newspaperman, and credits his reporter years with producing his "literary style." This style resolves itself into calling names more luridly than anyone else. He once said that Huey Long had "halitosis of the intellect"; that Hugh Johnson had "mental saddle sores"; that when Thomas E. Dewey announced his presidential candidacy he "tossed his diapers into the ring." In recent years the press, and particularly the columnists (whom he calls "calumnists") have inspired the full splendor of his invective. Walter Lippmann, he said, "would never even break his wooden sword unless he should trip over it in a minuet." Boake Carter "could enter any intellectual goldfish swallowing con-

test." Of Mark Sullivan he said that "the world would still manage nicely without the pontifications that waddle through his worried columns."

But his juiciest wrath has always been reserved for big business, especially private power interests; and from 1907, when he got his law degree, until 1932, Ickes made a record as a persistent gadfly who never knew when he was licked and never forgot who had licked him. He fought Samuel Insull without result for 25 years. He was on the losing side in every election, save one. He is an old-fashioned, muckraking, Bull Moose reformer.

Ickes' relationships with businessmen have always been conditioned by complete inability to understand the process of earning a nickel. He has no idea what a man goes through to earn money. He married a wealthy divorcee, Mrs. Anna Wilmarth Thompson, in 1911. (She was killed in an auto crash in 1935.) They lived near Chicago and Ickes, who did not have to practice law too hard, became expert at raising prize flowers, named one dahlia "The Anna W. Ickes." His office work was chiefly in civil liberties cases and in reading about conservation — one subject he has mastered. Because his wife was the active, successful member of the family (she served in the Illinois legislature for several years), he was known in the community as "Mrs. Ickes' husband."

The Ickes had a small summer place near Gallup, New Mexico. There Ickes came to know the Indians fairly well. On the strength of that knowledge Senator Hiram Johnson recommended him as a likely Commissioner of Indian Affairs. At their first meeting President-elect Roosevelt and Mr. Ickes discovered that they spoke the same political and economic language, and the President's search for a Secretary of the Interior ended.

Now after eight furious, hard-working years in that job, Ickes still loves flowers, still has no roots in reality. He has never had to consider the shabby, compromising people that other men must rub elbows with in politics or business. Consequently he is unable to understand the pressures which force honest Senators to make compromises or shade their positions to square with realities. He is against politicians, does not believe in sharing-the-wealth. He is the tightest, stingiest string-saving, pinch-fist administrator the U. S. government has had in years. Personally he is generous, but exact, and he has a

dry, unsmiling humor. When President Roosevelt once summoned his Cabinet for a cruise, Ickes, a wretched sailor, announced: "I'll die for my President but I'm damned if I'll get seasick for him."

In all his 67 years the gruff, dour little Chicago lawyer has had little credit. The records fail to show that any substantial group has ever paid him any great tribute, named a street or baby after him, or just told him they loved him. Sometimes Harold Ickes gets wistful and wonders why he is nobody's sweetheart. Recently he said: "I'm not a backslapper. I'm not a popular man and I know it. I'm short-tempered. I don't want yes-men around me. I'm arbitrary — but I get things done." His intimate adviser, Mike Straus, interrupted: "I'll say he's arbitrary. He's ornery, hardheaded, the damndest, most unreasonable hotheaded man you ever saw."

Ickes spoke up mildly with almost childlike eagerness, peering over the tops of his spectacles: "You see? See how he talks to me. I don't want any yes-men working for me. . . ."



Margin for Error

A FRIEND in conversation with Voltaire said: "It is good of you to say such pleasant things of Monsieur X when he always says such nasty things of you."

To which Voltaire replied: "Perhaps we are both mistaken."

—Edna B. Smith, *The Best I Know* (Waverly)

Personal Glimpses

¶ A REPORTER was interviewing President Calvin Coolidge. "Do you wish to say anything about Prohibition?" was the first question.

"No."

"About the farm bloc?"

"No."

"About the World Court?"

"No."

The reporter turned to go.

"By the way," said Coolidge, "don't quote me."

— Stewart Anderson, *Sparks of Laughter* (Spruce)

¶ FEW COULD TOUCH the late Harvey S. Firestone when it came to salesmanship. Some years ago when he was touring the West with Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, Ford — no mean salesman himself — challenged his ability. Edison set the terms: each man would try to sell his product to a certain wealthy Indian.

For an hour, Ford spoke eloquently about his car, but returned without making a sale. Since the Indian had no car and wouldn't buy one, Firestone's proposal to sell him a tire seemed futile.

Undaunted, Firestone took the man aside and in a few minutes returned to his friends wearing a broad smile. He had sold the Indian a tire — to be used as a hoop by his son.

— E. E. Edgar in *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

¶ HUGH GIBSON, ex-ambassador to Warsaw, tells that one day when he was

ill in bed at the Embassy there, he suddenly heard the piano being played in the living room. It was Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, played as magically as only Paderewski could play it. When the music stopped, Gibson told his servant, "Ask the Premier to come in."

"He has already left," the servant said. "He said he simply wanted you to know that he had called."

— Leonard Lyons in *N. Y. Post*

¶ IN Beverly Hills, I once took a wrong turn and came abruptly to a gate barring the way. Instead of the usual stern "Keep Off" or "No Trespassing," a little sign said, "This Is the End of the Road. Sorry."

It was so unusual, so warm, so personal that I asked whose house it protected. The house was Pickfair, and Mary Pickford had put it there.

— Homer Croy in *This Week Magazine*

¶ AT A particularly dull academic meeting, a fellow guest remarked sympathetically to Albert Einstein, "I'm afraid you are terribly bored, Professor Einstein."

"Ach, nein," replied Einstein pleasantly. "On occasions like this I retire to the back of my mind, and there I am happy."

— *Wall Street Journal*

¶ DR. HU SHIH, Chinese ambassador to the U. S., is not only a scholar and a diplomat, but a wit, and he enjoys using American slang. A lady once cabled him an invitation to her home in Hawaii, beginning in her best oriental manner, "O sage and honorable sir, deign to honor our humble board," etc., for 300 words. Dr. Hu Shih promptly cabled: "Can do. Hu Shih." — *World Digest*

Even though there isn't plenty of room at the top,
every lumberjack would like to become a high-climber

Glamour Boy of the Big Timber

Condensed from American Forests

Stewart Holbrook

Author of "Holy Old Mackinaw," "Tall Timber," etc.

AT THE BASE of a 250-foot Douglas fir in western Washington, lumberjack Jan Ormi prepares for the glamorous but often fatal job of "high-climbing." Strapping spurs to his legs, he throws a steel-cored manila rope around the massive, seven-foot trunk above his head, ties it and hauls it taut, digs his spurs into the bark and starts to climb, bracing himself by leaning back at a 45-degree angle against his rope. After a few steps he loosens the rope, throws the slack higher, hauls it taut, then walks up again. Throw, brace, walk — up he goes, like a monkey on a stick.

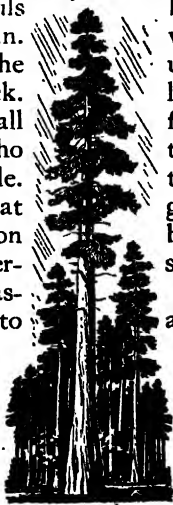
Ormi is one of the small band of ace lumberjacks who make modern logging possible. Latest methods require that the tallest tree in each section of the forest be used as a derrick with which logs are assembled and then hoisted onto flatcars or trucks. But before his tree can serve as a derrick, Jan Ormi must shear away its branches and saw off its topmost 75 feet. The remaining 175 feet of

solid trunk will be a trustworthy weight-bearing "spar-tree."

For the first 100 feet Ormi finds the ascent easy. But 120 feet up he encounters a branch as thick as a man's body. He ties himself loosely to the tree and reaches for a cross-cut saw dangling from the leather belt at his waist. Soon the branch crashes to earth.

With axe and saw the young woodsman continues to hew his way upward. Limbs weighing a ton each fall until the ground at the base of the giant fir is matted with them. Finally, 175 feet up, Ormi — who now looks like a pygmy — lashes himself firmly and begins "topping" the tree. It is this performance that makes his job most dangerous and spectacular, a cross between trapeze artist and steeplejack.

With his axe he first makes an undercut, working carefully lest a stroke cut his slim rope and send him hurtling down. Now the sawing begins. The cramped position makes the work doubly hard, but soon the upper-



most tip of the tree begins to waver, then to shudder, then to lean, and —

"*Timmmm-berrr!*" Ormi's cry of warning seems to come from the very clouds.

The great top hangs motionless for a moment, then over it goes, plunging down with a cyclonic roar. Ormi clings for dear life as the tree oscillates in a wicked 60-foot arc. Two minutes of such vibration leaves him nauseated and faint, but he manages to hang on. Gradually the trunk ceases to shake and he climbs the few feet to its smooth top and sits down to get his wind. Then, with axe and saw flying beneath him, he comes down the long trunk in leaps and digs of his spurs — 175 feet in less than a minute.

Sometimes the trunk to which the climber is clinging splits when the top falls, tightening the rope and squeezing him until his back is broken. Sometimes the top does not topple over cleanly, but slides backward over the trunk toward the man clinging there. If he is lightning quick he may circle swiftly to the other side, out of the way; if not, those tons of stiff limbs will claw him, snap his safety rope, and toss him to his death.

With his feet on the ground once more, Ormi offers his only comment. "She make a gude spar," he says, wiping chips, dust and perspiration from his face.

Next day a small army of ground

rigging men, with Ormi in charge, goes to work. The tall spar is securely guyed, and a 2000-pound pulley is hauled up and fixed to the spar's top. Through this pulley the men run a cable, the "main line," then rig a loading boom to the spar. During this rigging operation, which lasts two days, Ormi goes up and down the spar; crawling hand over hand — often head downward — over high cables, making fast the big block and other gear.

Meanwhile two big donkey engines have been moved up. One of these, pulling the "main line," will be used for "yarding" or assembling the logs in a pile near the base of the spar; the other will work the boom with which the yarded logs will be loaded on flat-cars.

High-climbing began soon after the introduction of steam-power machinery in the West Coast timberland. By 1900 donkey engines had driven ox teams out of the forests. Early steam-loggers used a cable with the pulley block close to the ground. This proved much faster than logging with oxen, but often a log would ram into stumps and underbrush, breaking tackle and tempers. Then some genius had an idea: why not hang the pulley high on a tree? Then the logs being yarded could be hoisted so that they would ride high above stumps and other obstructions. The idea worked beautifully, and the high-climber's job was born.

Today every young West Coast logger would like to be a high-climber, but the work demands more than most men possess in physical stamina, fearlessness, immunity to panic at dizzy heights, and presence of mind in the face of danger.

When a high-climber has an accident, first aid is seldom of any use — only a pine box is needed. But, miraculously, some have fallen and lived to tell how it feels. Not far from Bellingham, Washington, high-climber Lars Jenson had just topped a tree successfully, but near the clean-sawed top surface was an ugly knot. Jenson, a man who liked everything shipshape, swung at the knot with his sharp axe — and cut right through his safety rope, steel core and all. For one sickening instant he clawed the bark with arms and spurs, then toppled backward and plunged to the ground.

The rigging crew ran to the spot, expecting the worst. But Lars was on his feet, rubbing his hip. "Ay little mite dizzy," he told would-be rescuers, "but ay ain't hurt much." Nor was he. That was nine years ago and Lars Jenson, the Indestructible Swede, is still climbing.

Charles Roberts, one of the best-known climbers in the West, had a close call that loggers still talk about. While he was topping a tree near Hoquiam, Washington, the tree split for half its length and the consequent bulge tightened Roberts' safety rope and was about to

break him in two when he succeeded in cutting it with his axe. But the trunk was still swinging back and forth in great arcs. Roberts dug in his spurs, got a grip with his hands, and held on. The men below did not breathe until the tree stopped vibrating. There he was between sky and ground with nothing but spurs, fingers and strength to save him. Could he make the top of the spar?

The loggers watched in awed silence while Roberts, using strength given to men at such times only, inched his way to the top, scrambled onto the flat surface and lay there limply.

Saved for the moment, he was still a long way from home. No other man in camp had ever climbed such a tree; the nearest high-climber was five miles away. The foreman jumped onto a logging locomotive and set out at breakneck speed. Jolting to a stop at the next camp, he called for their high-climber. Then followed a wild ride back up the mountain. As he rounded the last curve the foreman could see Roberts still clinging to the top of the spar, despite a high wind. The visiting high-climber quickly adjusted his spurs and rope, climbed the tree, hauled up a new belt and rope and put it around Roberts' waist. Roberts then made the descent, slowly but without other aid. He high-climbed for several more years, quitting at the age of 40.

The years catch up with a high-

climber quickly. Most of these dare-devils are in their 20's or early 30's, and the ranks are not overcrowded. The "steeplejack of the timberland" is a hero to the rest of the lumberjacks. His opinions are sought on all subjects. He makes good wages — \$10 to \$11.50 a day. The waitresses adore him, and he usu-

ally marries the prettiest one in camp.

Excitement and danger combine to make the high-climber feel that he is cock of the walk. True, he is not a preferred life insurance risk, but neither is he a victim of the boredom that often comes to those who keep both feet on the ground.



Broadway — Coast to Coast

FOR NEARLY 20 years drama critics and commentators mourned the "death of the road," spoke in the past tense of touring companies, one-night stands and troupers. Radio and Hollywood, they said sadly, had killed the theater in "the sticks"; only Broadway remained to support "living drama."

Yet in one week in October, when only 19 Broadway showhouses were lighted, 32 road companies played 59 American cities and towns, and the SRO sign hung out from coast to coast. Boston had its choice of six plays, Chicago of five, San Francisco and Indianapolis three each, Detroit, Schenectady, Cleveland, Washington, Los Angeles and Pittsburgh each saw two.

Hellz-a-poppin wowed 'em in Laramie, Colorado Springs, El Paso; *Life with Father* packed theaters in Binghamton, Allentown, Cleveland; *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, with two road companies, played to standing room in

New England and on the West Coast. Old favorites and new hits crisscrossed the nation.

Broadway couldn't be snooty about "second companies," either. Stars on tour included Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Peggy Wood, Ed Wynn, Charles Butterworth, Dorothy Gish, Victor Moore, Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson, Ethel Waters, the Lunts, and a score of other top box-office names.

So "the road" is back, and "the sticks" are having a wonderful time. Radio and the movies, instead of killing drama outside New York, have given it a new audience and new life. Americans everywhere, having heard leading actors on the air, seen them on the screen, and read about hit plays in syndicated Broadway columns, turn out in white ties, black ties, no ties, to welcome the new season. Living drama still lives, and Broadway now stretches from coast to coast.

Crisis at Kindergarten

Condensed from "Two Ends to Our Shoestring"

Kathrene Pinkerton

THE YEAR Bobs was six we began looking around San Francisco for the proper school for her, and were delighted to find a progressive kindergarten with the most advanced teaching methods. The pupils were a select list of superior children. I had no doubts about Bobs' superiority being recognized instantly, but I took great pains to impress upon her the importance of the occasion. I must have overdone it. Personally interviewed at the kindergarten, Bobs made sure of committing no error by doing and saying absolutely nothing. But somehow she was accepted.

The day kindergarten opened,

KATHRENE PINKERTON and her husband may best be described as itinerant writers. When Robert Pinkerton had to leave his newspaper job on account of his health, they made their way to northern Canada, hewing a pioneer's life out of the wilderness. Later they wandered over the West meeting new people, meanwhile collaborating with great success on fiction for the magazines. They lived for several years on a small boat cruising along the coasts of British Columbia and Alaska. Mrs. Pinkerton's narratives of their wanderings, *Wilderness Wife* (condensed in *The Reader's Digest*, October, '39) and *Three's a Crew*, have been best sellers, as is her current work from which this excerpt is taken.

A mother reports her small daughter's adventures in experimental education.

Bobs appeared in our room at dawn and said she'd thought she heard us call. When I reminded her she'd used that excuse last Christmas, she said, "But this day's important, too."

On the way to school her small fingers held mine in a tight grip. Her feet set an eager pace. Early as we were, we found the classroom filled with parents and small sons and daughters. Mothers who wished to could remain through the session, and I decided to be one of them. But Bobs' firm "Good-bye, Mother" had the finality of the closing of a door. She had recognized the last outpost of babyhood before I did.

My husband Robert looked forward as much as I to Bobs' report on her first day at school, but her answers to our queries were monosyllabic. When this unusual reticence had gone on for several days, Robert asked me if I thought she was getting on well. I wasn't as confident as I pretended when I said she was only becoming adjusted.

At the end of the first week I was asked to call at the supervisor's office. The gravity of her manner was portentous. I could see she thoroughly disapproved of me as a parent, and I stiffened for a blow.

"You must not give up hope," she said, after exhorting me to courage. "A great deal can be done for the subnormal child."

I came out of my daze. "Bobs subnormal!" I cried.

"Please!" she interrupted. "You must face this honestly if only for your child's sake."

She summoned an assistant.

"Show what Bobs couldn't do," she commanded.

The assistant held out two strips of cloth, one with a row of buttons and the other with buttonholes.

"Bobs can't even button buttons," she said.

That was on home ground. I assured them Bobs had been buttoning buttons for a year. The two women exchanged glances. "Really!" I insisted. "For a year she's been going to the bathroom —"

The supervisor held up her hand as though begging to be spared the intimate details of our home life.

"Don't you see we can be of no help to you until you're honest with us?" she said. "I wanted you to take a hopeful attitude and work out a plan for her future training. It can't be with us, of course, but in some school or institution designed for children of her mentality —"

The supervisor walked to the door with me. Her manner softened. "Go home and think this over," she said, "and see me when you're more calm. I'll make a list of schools and we'll attack the problem together. But never give up hope!"

Bobs was waiting in the empty classroom. "Why didn't you button those buttons?" I asked.

"They didn't button up anything!" Bobs cried. "What's the use of just buttoning and unbuttoning? She kept one boy buttoning and unbuttoning buttons all morning. I think they gave him that to do because he's sort of dumb, don't you?"

I said I didn't know the child.

"But he'd *have* to be dumb to keep on doing that," she said.

However, the grave crime of refusing to button and unbutton buttons couldn't be passed over lightly. At luncheon Robert supported me in an impressive discussion of obedience and coöperation. We started out well, but that silly phrase of buttoning and unbuttoning buttons, chanted back and forth across the table, undermined our efforts. One might as well try to be stern when speaking of Peter Piper picking peppers.

Robert gave up first. "I'm for Bobs!" he said. "To hell with the buttons!"

After a thorough search for more congenial academic surroundings for Bobs, I discovered that a Miss Williams conducted a school nearby.

We promptly went to inspect it. It looked like a living room that had run extensively to tables.

"Every child works separately," Miss Williams explained. She turned to Bobs. "What do you like to do, my dear?"

The humiliation of those buttons must have still rankled, for Bobs said without a moment's hesitation, "I like to read."

"Why, Bobs Pinkerton!" I exclaimed. "You don't know one letter from another!"

But she made good! Practically overnight she jumped from a primer to novels. When I said she couldn't possibly understand half the words, she explained that she guessed at them and liked the stories. Within six months she was reading anything in print, preferring McFee and Conrad, liking any author who told a story, and filling in the chinks with fairy tales and Oz books. Had none of these been available, she would have undoubtedly read almanacs or labels with the same absorbed interest.

A message several months later asked me to call at school without letting Bobs know of my visit. Scarred by the button incident, I had misgivings.

At the school, a young woman psychologist led me to a corner and pulled two chairs sociably close. "I've been giving all the children intelligence tests," she said.

I tried not to flinch, but I felt my jaw tense.

"Intelligent parents can do so much to help," she went on. History seemed to be repeating itself. Then she told me Bobs' intelligence quotient. Unfortunately I had no idea whether she was breaking good news or bad.

"Should we do something about that?" I asked tentatively.

"Of course!" And she caught fire. "Give her a chance to live up to her possibilities!"

She went on to explain that now, at last, superior children were being given as much attention as the stupid. "You could have that child through college at 16!" she finished.

I blinked. This was more alarming than the buttons. I was pleased, of course, but frightened. And when I took the astounding news home to Robert, he was inclined to feel outraged.

"One school tells you she's subnormal. This one says she's too bright. And both say she must have special training," he stormed. "Why can't we have just a plain child?"

The following winter a teachers' college formed a group of 20 children of high I. Q. for a demonstration in the possibilities of superior children. Bobs was tested and enrolled. When I heard that progress in arithmetic, which Bobs had never liked, was to be the measuring stick for advancement, my heart sank. Robert, more practical, offered Bobs a \$5 bonus for each promotion. She

reported that promotion was by half grades.

"Then I'll pay \$2.50 whenever you move up," he said.

He paid the first bonus six weeks later, and remarked that domestic problems required the male mind. Just before Christmas he paid the second bonus. Bobs spent the entire \$5 on our Christmas presents. Robert admired his slippers extravagantly and I displayed my cigarette case on all occasions.

Bobs, however, got no further bonus that winter, and one day a school supervisor reported that she had scarcely glanced at arithmetic for weeks. I took that little problem to the male mind. Robert investigated.

"But, Dad!" Bobs said. "I only needed money for Christmas."

I tried not to laugh, at least until Bobs left the room.

Bobs continued through the spring to show no interest in bonuses. But

her ecstatic accounts of the diverting activities of the select group of 20 superior children aroused our sympathy for the school staff. A note asking me to call at the college was no surprise. I was more curious than troubled as I entered the dean's office. The dean's proposal was simple. The select group of 20 was to be disbanded. He hoped I'd forget I'd ever heard of an intelligence quotient.

"Twenty individualists, set apart, destroy the normal balance of society," he said.

That was an educational formula I could understand. The dean and I found we both believed that emotional adjustment was more important than a trained mind. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart. When he had arranged for Bobs' enrollment in an ordinary school, I went home jubilantly.

"You've got your wish," I said to Robert. "A plain child."



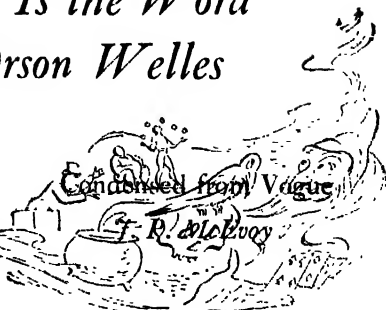
A LITTLE Scotch girl made a list of "My Twelve Loveliest Things, People Not Counted." They were:

The scrunch of dry leaves as you	Honey in your mouth
walk through them	Smell of a drugstore
The feel of clean clothes	Hot-water bottle in bed
Water running into bath	Babies smiling
The cold of ice cream	The feeling inside when you sing
Cool wind on a hot day	Baby kittens
Climbing up and looking back	

— Douglas Horton, *The Art of Living Today*



Magic Is the Word for Orson Welles



MAGIC is the word for Orson Welles — magic and showmanship. When he was nine he deserted home in blackface to eke out a precarious existence as a card trickster and street-corner juggler until, toward evening, his parents recaptured him. Since then the child magician has run his amazing talents for wizardry into a baffling string of sleight-of-hand successes. Last year at 25, he arrived in Hollywood with an epoch-making contract for two pictures at \$150,000 each and a percentage of the gross.

Hollywood screamed with jealous rage. Welles grew a beard for the first picture — later scrapped — and someone sent him a bearded ham. Somebody else cut off his necktie in a public restaurant. Others tried to buy full-page newspaper ads ordering him to be gone. To his first Hollywood party Welles invited everyone who was anyone. The lawn was full of butlers and food, music and lights — but nobody who was anybody came to

He'll try anything — providing it's impossible. A legend at 26, this fabulous actor is now showing Hollywood how to make pictures. . . . And this is only one of the incredible exploits that stud his career.

Orson's party. In fact, nobody who was nobody. In short, nobody.

So Orson hid himself in a projection room for a year, ran hundreds of pictures, and secretly studied every phase of movie-making. He ignored the brass hats and pumped the hired hands — the cameramen, cutters, sound technicians, the wizards of the back lot. He worked up two complete scripts and threw them away, together with \$125,000 of his own money. Then, having discarded his deuces, deftly out of his sleeve he shook an ace: *Citizen Kane*, which opened to unanimous critical acclaim and is netting millions.

Orson Welles wasn't born in a theatrical trunk, but he was raised in a false face. His first toy was a

puppet theater, his first book *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He listened to his mother read Shakespeare aloud, the way Junior listens to the Lone Ranger, and was familiar with Hamlet and Othello before he knew his ABC's.

His mother was a musician. His father, from whom she early separated, was an inventor — of the army mess kit, for one thing — and a world-wide playboy. Orson was early accepted as a mature mind among his parents' associates, as well as by many celebrities introduced to him by Dr. Maurice A. Bernstein, Chicago psychologist who later became the prodigy's guardian. Asked if Welles at the age of two talked like an adult, Dr. Bernstein mildly amends: "Yes, like a *cultured* adult."

Sophisticated little Orson had no patience for schooling — it meant that he had to associate with children. But at the age of 11 he was talked into a period at Todd School in Woodstock, Illinois, because of the theatrical facilities there. Advertising himself as a dramatic coach, he spent his time preparing self-illustrated Shakespearean texts.

The following year Orson took a trip to the Orient with his father — discovering then that he could make money disappear by signing for everybody's drinks at the ship's bar. (Later he perfected this disappearing trick with a \$40,000 inheritance left him at the age of 14 when the elder Welles died. Orson

borrowed against the money until he was 25, then threw a party splurging the entire remaining estate — total: \$12.)

At 15 Orson made himself disappear, and turned up in Ireland as a guest star with the Abbey Players. He had first landed a job with Dublin's Gate Theatre by telling them he was from the Theatre Guild in New York, arguing to himself that if the Guild knew how good he was they would have hired him. At 17 — a disillusioned old failure — he decided to retire to Africa, but the next year he was touring America with Katharine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Married at 19 (divorced last year), he formed his own producing company — the Mercury Theatre — and was a star on Broadway at 20. At the same time he was an anonymous actor in so many radio plays that he had to hire ambulances to get to them all on time. Before he was 22 he and his Mercury Theatre Company had scared the wits out of two of the nine millions who heard the *War of the Worlds* broadcast and thought that Martians really were invading New Jersey.

Prodigious? Everything about Welles is prodigious. A shambling man-mountain with a cavernous capacity for food, he puts on and takes off 40 pounds every few months with alternate periods of huge steaks and nine-day diets of

bananas and milk. He has been known to work 72 hours at a stretch, and while making *Citizen Kane* went for months on three hours' sleep a night. During the staging of *Native Son* on Broadway last winter he stayed in the theater 48 hours, working everyone around him into a coma of fatigue. Then he complained bitterly: "No one sticks with me. Now that I'm ready to go out and have a little fun, where are my friends?" His friends, moaning in fitful slumber, were all laid out in ragged rows.

Citizen Kane is the result of months of arduous labor and a willingness to experiment. Welles' insistence that everyone on the picture, from himself down, try any new idea, no matter how impossible it sounded, inflamed with unprecedented enthusiasm the veteran crew and neophyte cast (most of whom, including Welles, had never appeared in a picture). "The curse of Hollywood," says Welles, "is that it is run by people who are afraid to get out in front. The bigger they are the more cautious they become. They say it's better to be safe than sorry, and they wind up both."

Among the things Welles was told "couldn't be done" in *Citizen Kane* was the trick of shooting the camera straight into banks of spotlights to give the illusion of standing on a grand-opera stage and looking into the audience. Welles and Gregg Toland, Hollywood's

ace photographer, did it anyway. Unique and highly dramatic, the trick also eliminated a stereotyped audience scene and the expense of a mob of extras. Ceilings on all sets was another innovation, requiring drastic changes in lighting.

Every moviegoer is familiar with the sharp profile of the hero in close-up and the foggy forms of other actors in the background. Welles insisted that Toland show everyone in a scene clearly and in focus. It couldn't be done — but Toland did it.

Welles encouraged Maurice Seiderman ("The greatest make-up man in the world," says Welles) to experiment to his heart's content. The principals in *Citizen Kane*, including Kane himself, whose hands, face and neck age 50 years before your eyes, are engineering triumphs of plastic art. The flabby weight of Kane's aging body is no pillow, but a built-up simulation of the flesh itself, made of a synthetic rubber which is Seiderman's secret. There are subtly changing combinations of 16 different chins and a like number of noses, cheeks, jowls, ears, necks, hair lines, eye sacs. The aged Kane even has eyes veined and rheumy to match — delicately designed contact lenses, fitted to the eyeballs.

Orson himself has the body of a Japanese wrestler, the face of a world-weary altar boy. He hates sports and never exercises, was rejected by the Army for asthma,

sinus trouble, a flock of allergies, and finally "inverted" flat feet — the Wellesian touch. An omnivorous devourer of books, he gorges on everything from pulp thrillers to philosophical treatises, passionately follows all the comics, and is secretly ambitious to write and draw one of his own.

Hating possessions, he gives anything away — generally to the first person handy. What he doesn't give he loses. Orson dodges parties and premieres, hates clothes, and would "look like an unmade bed" if Dolores del Rio, his fiancée, didn't pick out his wardrobe.

Once when his press agent urged that he add dignity to his public character, Welles snorted: "Nobody who has the abject vanity to smear his face with grease paint and recite in public should even think about dignity. I have no more dignity than a nude at noon on Fifth Avenue. Get this straight — I am a lurid character!"

Welles' three passions are flying, long-distance phoning, and steaks. He wanted to take up gliding but thought better of it when it was pointed out that he is too absent-minded to drive, has wrecked three cars and now can't get a license. He rationalizes his gargantuan meals thus: "I was raised in the country, so as a boy became used to a heavy meal at noon. But I spent so much time in Europe I became condi-

tioned to Continental habits, so I have my heavy meal in the evening. Then at midnight I recall that I am of the theater, so I have my heavy meal after the performance." He doesn't explain the big steaks he eats between meals.

He has no idea of money, is always broke, and can't figure unless the deal involves at least \$100,000. In this statistical stratosphere he is completely at home, astounding bankers and movie moguls alike. He hires by intuition and never fires anyone. His Mercury Players, whom he has managed to take with him from one job to another, were all added one by one — and every one has stayed. Loyalty begets loyalty, and the smallest bit player in Orson's troupe adores him blindly.

The glare, glitter and grit of street carnivals, honky-tonks, county fairs and circuses appeal to the ham in actor Welles. The jugglers, card manipulators, ventriloquists and magicians are his heroes. Now he's working on his RKO "medicine show" — a complete evening of cinema entertainment including his own feature picture, his own B picture, newsreel, short and maybe bingo. His office is cluttered with magical illusions — with one of which he is practicing in his spare time sawing off Dolores del Rio's arm.

Meanwhile he is busy sawing off both of Hollywood's legs — and Hollywood fears this is no illusion.

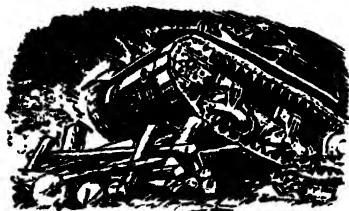


Engineers to the Front

Condensed from Scientific American

Don Wharton

Whose article on the parachute troops
appeared last month



THE ENGINEERS run the greatest show in the Army. At Fort Belvoir, on the Potomac near Mount Vernon, the drama opens daily with a company of 200 Engineer troops marching out to block a road against tanks. They have two hours, may use whatever materials are at hand. They dig holes, put in logs two feet thick rising six feet high, braced with other heavy logs and lashed together with steel wire. In front of this and behind it they build other obstacles — one to throw a tank off balance, another to tip it further, a third to turn it over, or snag it in the belly. For good measure they pile on loose logs crazily — to roll with the tank and maybe tangle in its tracks.

A whistle blows — time is up — and the troops stand by to see their work tested by a tank whose driver has but one ambition: to bust through what the Engineers have built. The drivers are volunteers for this special duty — altogether the most courageous men I've seen in our Army. For three months they have seen the obstacles get more formidable each week, yet never have refused to tackle one. Two have light tanks, one a medium. This afternoon it's the medium.

The most American branch of the new American Army: here Yankee ingenuity and mechanical aptitude have their fullest play.

Sergeant Cochrane, a Kentucky boy, has come down the road afoot to look the block over. Asked whether he can get through, he draws, "I'm going to try like hell."

Now he's back with his tank, a quarter mile away, warming up his engine. An officer warns the Engineers that the tank may turn over, catch fire, injure or kill the driver, but that they are not to move. Tank troops will deal with any emergency.

Now the tank is coming, all buttoned up with only the driver inside. The tank roars nearer, siren shrieking, making nearly 40 miles an hour. It hits the first block, swerves, plows through the second, hits a third and is thrown skyward. Its belly nine feet off the ground, the 25-ton tank hurtles 30 feet through the air; crashes down, splintering oak and pine; thunders into the last obstacle — and stops, its motor dead. A cheer rises from the Engineers — and then silence, from them and from the tank. A tank

trooper races to the silent monster, climbs up and looks in. The driver is unconscious and is sent to the hospital, but the Engineers again have learned something.

Next day, another Engineer company builds another road block. It is tested by a light tank, which is stopped upright on its tail, gas pouring from a broken line while a tank trooper runs up with a fire extinguisher.

At Fort Knox, where the Armored Force trains its Engineers, you can see another good show. At night you stumble down a hill and glimpse black forms moving. They are Engineer troops who slipped across the river in assault boats this afternoon, established a bridgehead, built two floating footbridges, and a ponton* bridge for light tanks. Five minutes after completing it they tore it down. Now, stripped to their shorts, they are building it in utter darkness.

These men have been in the Army only eight weeks (the Germans reckon two years as the minimum for training Engineers); they have never built a ponton bridge before and their reservist officers are themselves a little green. Yet they span 170 feet of river in two hours and 50 minutes, 70 minutes faster than their first bridge built in daylight.

Thus our Engineers prepare for war. Except for the Air Corps, they

are the Army's fastest expanding branch, today numbering 70,000 — nearly half the total strength of our Army when war began. Tanks, planes and parachutes get the front page, but the Army, by watching a single barometer — the German decorations list — knew that in this war Engineers have been playing roles equally important.

German engineers forced the surrender of Belgium's great Fort Eben Emael, destroying the myth of impregnable fortifications, and constructed bridges on which German tanks crossed the Meuse, thereby opening the way for the Sedan break-through. (Contrary to popular belief, the French *did* blow up the strategic Meuse bridges.) British engineers helped make the Dunkirk evacuation possible. Their demolition work, accomplished by a relatively small group, slowed the Germans down.

Mechanized warfare has doubled the importance of the Engineers. Bridging streams is their No. 1 job. The engineer corps of one German army on the western front built 57 ponton and 183 semipermanent bridges in a few weeks. In this war, bridges must be constructed faster and stronger than ever before.

In 1940 we had no ponton bridge for the medium tank; today we have one which has been called the best in the world. The wooden sleepers and flooring are made of Douglas fir; the boats are aluminum; all are carried on semitrailers which

* Pronounced pŏn' tŏn. This spelling is used throughout the Army.

roll along at 45 miles an hour — twice as fast as the Germans can move their equipment.

But we haven't stopped there. Early this year Colonel Lunsford E. Oliver and Major Thomas H. Stanley challenged the belief, current in all armies, that ponton bridges should be made of parts small enough to be handled by men. Why not a few large steel treadways instead of many small wooden parts? By August the new bridge was a reality: steel treadways supported by rubber boats; all carried by special trucks equipped with cranes.

At Fort Knox a Canadian engineer and I watched a section of this bridge put up. The Canadian told me that the British, Russians and Germans had nothing comparable to it. To span 300 feet of river normally takes 200 men five hours; *25 men can put up the new bridge in two hours*. It will even carry the 60-ton (heavy) tank. No German ponton bridge will do that. A span of it makes an excellent ferry — to get a few tanks across quickly and into action while bridges are built for the rest of the tanks.

The Engineers have developed a portable overpass — invaluable when one column of troops must cross another's line of march.

In the last war Engineers marched afoot and worked by hand. Today each regular army division has an Engineer battalion of 634 officers and men who move entirely on

wheels and work largely with power tools.

One of these tools is a motorized air-compressor unit which will do everything except whip up a salad. A saw hooked to it cuts standing timber for bridges and barriers; with another attachment it drives logs or steel rails into the ground for barriers; other appliances excavate, break pavement, make machine-gun emplacements, spray paint for camouflage. It has a pump of tremendous power. The Engineers can drive up to a muddy stream and in a few minutes be delivering enough clear, pure water for 4000 men. At Fort Bragg an Engineer platoon with the air-compressor unit and a bull-dozer completed a crossing over a 120-foot swamp in 18 minutes.

The Engineers have the important job of producing maps for the army in the field. High speed printing equipment is used, in mobile units that can be transported anywhere.

For hardening and training their men under difficult conditions they use an obstacle course which includes a hurdle, a ditch jump, a smooth wall, and a four-foot breastwork. These human steeplechasers must also be able to swing by a long rope across a ravine, jump fire trenches, cross a stream on narrow stringers, and go through barbed wire.

Another big job of the Engineers is laying antitank mines — an ob-

stacle armored forces fear. To develop the best pattern for laying mines, tanks were driven by remote control over live mines. Small imitation mines which send up smoke when a tank passes over them are now used for practice, and the troops can thus see how good their work is when a tank tries to get through their pattern.

Everywhere the Hairy Ears, as the army song calls them, learn by doing. They have bought a 58-mile railroad in Louisiana to practice with. Come war, the Engineers may have to operate railroads — they did in France. They blow up part of this line, to practice quick repairs. They are making it 20 miles longer — more practice — and they are testing light locomotives and cars for use near front lines.

Daily at Belvoir, Engineer troops practice building crude shelters designed for troops near the front. The nails they use have two heads, one above the other; driven in until the lower head is flush, they are easily pulled out by the upper one. The lumber is used over and over. Months before we moved into Iceland, an Engineer battalion learned

how to build arctic barracks out of prefabricated parts.

Camouflage is another Engineer responsibility. At Belvoir they made models of two of our air bases so that from a high water tower these photographed the same as the bases themselves do from 10,000 feet up. As a result, they learned enough to halt the construction of one of our new bases and have it redesigned. The Engineers' new center near Belvoir will be virtually invisible to aerial observers.

In New England they are camouflaging an air field in another test: leaving barns and groups of trees in the field, making a parachute tower that looks like a church steeple, putting in a false cemetery, eliminating the usual row of hangars, painting a dummy highway across the landing field, and even sowing sections of the field with different grasses to make it look like farmland.

Meanwhile, they are carrying on the tasks they always have to do — construction work for the Army, including air bases from Alaska to Puerto Rico, seacoast defenses, and the new set of locks at Panama.



THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn Heights, New York City, concludes its newspaper announcement of services with the footnote: "No mention of Hitler on Sunday mornings."

C Proud and sensitive, rich and powerful, the Argentine Republic has two presidents and a sense of mission in South America

The Perplexing Argentine

Condensed from "Inside Latin America"

John Gunther

RICHEST and most powerful state south of us, Argentina is the least "American" country in the hemisphere. Its roots, its instincts, its markets have been largely European; it sometimes seems almost like a projection of Europe into the Western Hemisphere. It is a country piercingly sensitive to affront, and deeply proud of its nationalism and its acknowledged mission, which is to be the dominant state of Latin America. It is the country where beef is king, and Buenos



JOHN GUNTHER has become, in thousands of American homes, the No. 1 authority on the customs, politics and personalities of foreign lands. He acquired a broad political back-

ground during 11 years as European correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. In 1935 he wrote *Inside Europe*, which became practically a standard reference work and sold more than half a million copies. Before writing *Inside Asia*, another success, he spent 18 months on a 30,000-mile tour of the Far East. *Inside Latin America* is the product of a similar exhaustive on-the-spot survey. In late October Mr. Gunther flew to Lisbon and then to England to gather material for a revision of his book on Europe and to broadcast news to the United States.

Aires the resplendent queen. I know no place more difficult to understand, or more fascinating.

One very small point to begin with: Buenos Aires is a city of two and a third millions. I have never seen such churning, roaring traffic. The ugly, aggressive buses are called "mankillers" and the drivers "assassins." Yet there is not a single traffic light in all Buenos Aires. Traffic lights were once experimented with, but no one would obey them.

Argentina today is gripped by profound crisis. Not merely political crisis, though she has one. Not merely economic crisis, though as the greatest producer and exporter of agricultural goods on earth she has been savagely hurt by the war. But also spiritual crisis.

This dates from the fall of France. Every upper-class Argentine thought of Paris as his spiritual home; I have met some who had never read a book in Spanish till they were 20. Everything had to be French. The all-powerful Church likewise represented a profound European tie.

But now Europe has been cut off.

Exports have shrunk and spiritual imports have dried up. The Argentines are disturbed and frustrated. They do not know where to turn in a world of collapsing values. Out of this bewilderment are emerging an intense Argentine nationalism, a feeling of stewardship for the rest of Latin America, and a highly complex attitude toward the United States.

Argentine Traits

ARGENTINA developed one of the most closely knit and self-sufficient landed oligarchies that survive in the world. Its sources of revenue were the great *estancias* (ranches) producing almost limitless quantities of beef; its citadel was the *Círculo de Armas* in Buenos Aires, probably the most exclusive club in the world; its hallmarks were a patriarchal family life and clannish aloofness; its culture an enameled mingling of Marcel Proust, strict Catholicism, the latest novelties from Paris, and holidays in Biarritz. Also it produced, and produces, some of the most chic, most sophisticated, most intellectually cultivated folk that exist anywhere.

The country is essentially white, the result of European immigration. There is no Negro problem, scarcely any Indian or mestizo problem. Thus Argentina has more white people than Brazil, which is three times as populous. Leading families intermarry; practically everyone in the top flight is thus re-

lated. The "common" people know all the names and characteristics of the upper set, much as in England, and follow their careers with vicarious snobbery.

Social taboos are strict, and not merely in the upper classes. It is still unusual to see young men and unchaperoned women together, and young girls are guarded more carefully than in any other Latin-American country. Divorce is absolutely forbidden. But two factors are serving to break down social taboos. First, many young women now work for their living and this makes for independence. Second, American movies show a kind of life that Argentines might like to emulate — also the theaters are a convenient rendezvous for young lovers who have no other place to go.

The Pampas

THE BODY of Argentina is the land, the pampas. At least 70 percent of Argentines live by agriculture. Much of the fattest land is held by individual landowners whose *estancias* reach fabulous size. In Buenos Aires province 15 families own more than 250,000 acres each. The cattle-breeding aristocracy are, on the whole, anti-United States, partly on nationalistic grounds, partly because we exclude their beef. They tend to oppose the industrialization which Argentina needs, fearing that industrial production would cut down

imports, which in turn would cut down exports of beef.

But the growth of an urban middle class, the collapse of European markets and the winds of social reform are undermining the prestige and power of the landed class. A Homestead Law was passed in August 1940, which aims to divide up unproductive estates, settle small farmers on the land, and improve housing conditions of the peons.

I asked an eminent *estanciero* why his class was losing its grip. "Because we have no brains," he answered. What he meant was that in the turbulent modern era a land-owning aristocracy can no longer exist merely as a luxury. It must work, must pay its keep.

I spent one of the happiest weekends of my life as a guest on one of these Argentine *estancias*. It covers about 120,000 acres; it holds 40,000 sheep, 30,000 cattle, 6000 horses. It has its own railway station, telegraph, churches, hospitals, shops, dairy, police post. It is a self-governing autonomous community, rare and wonderful to behold.

The road, rutted, muddy, tawny, at least 175 feet wide, sweeps up to a castle closely resembling a Loire château. Surrounding it are thousands upon thousands of trees, every one of which had been imported into what was then a wilderness, planted, and tended till it grew up. (But before the trees, a church was planted.) I have never

seen such variety of animal life: deer, hawks, pheasant, ostriches darting across the yellow linseed fields, owls squatting on fence posts, enormous white horses, rabbits fat as raccoons.

The heavy red earth is so incredibly rich that fertilizer is unknown. No one even collects the natural manure. Wheat grows twice in a season.

Britain's Sixth Dominion

THE ROOTS of British influence in Argentina go far back and reach deep. British bankers, traders, railway builders and a few settlers came into Argentina, entrenching themselves through virtual control of the railways. Stationmasters in provincial towns were Britons, just as they are in India today. The British own 78 percent of the railroad mileage; the rest is state-owned. British influence has always bitterly opposed road building, to prevent competition with their rails. This is one reason Argentine highways are so indifferent.

Argentina became so important to Great Britain that it has been called the "Sixth Dominion." Dr. Hubert Herring tells of an Englishman saying to an American, "You may take Canada from us, but never Argentina." Argentines loathe this.

Argentina sells more to Great Britain than it buys, roughly in a ratio of 10 to 6, so customarily it has a credit balance in London.

Normally this would be transferred to dollars and utilized in the United States. But the British now block it in sterling. Argentina has between £2,500,000 and £3,000,000 thus sterilized. This is cause for considerable worry. Suppose the British lose the war? Suppose sterling should crash? One proposal is that Argentina ask the British to sell some of their colossal Argentine investments, which amount to about £2,000,000,000.

Fifth Column

THE NUCLEUS of fifth columnism in Argentina, where it is powerful and dangerous, is of course the German colony of 60,000 German-born. Besides these there are 135,000 Argentine-born of German parents, and another 250,000 with some German blood.

The German organization is the biggest and most widespread in South America. There are 203 German schools with 13,500 students; a chamber of commerce, boy and girl scouts, various bunds and even a Nazi party for women. The Nazi propaganda machine works full blast and costs about \$3,000,000 a year. The principal vehicle is a daily afternoon paper, called *El Pampero*, ostensibly independent, actually a Goebbels megaphone. Ten or twelve papers are definitely pro-Axis.

There are 3,000,000 folk of Italian blood in Argentina, but in ten years they become more Argentine than the Argentines. More anti-Fas-

cist than pro, they are the despair of visiting Fascist officials. Italian influence is profound but not political.

Despite the great bond to Spain and the influence of the Church, Falange influence in Argentina is not conspicuous. Spain, on its part, courts Argentina hotly.

The Argentine government was the most laggard state in the hemisphere in taking definite measures against fifth columnism, but in the summer of 1941 it adopted a drastic policy, arrested 30 leading Nazis, closed a radio station and started a thorough investigation. Propaganda had turned into espionage and incitement to riot.

Fascism could conceivably grow at an alarming rate in Argentina. The youth, especially the upper-class youth, want to do something for their country but they don't know what to do. They have never seen democracy work well and are aware that something is radically wrong with the present system. They are restless, confused, dissatisfied. The army was German-trained for a generation, so that the older officers are pro-Nazi.

An important antitotalitarian movement is the *Acción Argentina*, organized in the spring of 1940 and now claiming 800,000 members. It is not a party but a movement, with adherents in almost all parties, strongly pro-British and more or less pro-United States. It is against Nazism, Fascism and Communism;

its avowed aim is to "defend the Argentine way of life." The trouble is that the movement has no real leader and a strange set of bedfellows.

Solidarity and Defense

THE ARGENTINE attitude to the present war is that of absolute neutrality. This has been reiterated again and again. Most Argentines hope emotionally that the British will win. But they have no intimate feeling that they themselves are involved (except economically), or that the British fleet is protecting Argentina just as much as the British Isles. And they have no intention of risking anything if they can possibly avoid it.

When I asked them why they were not willing to coöperate with the British and the United States in order that the three countries might stand shoulder to shoulder, they were likely to answer that Hitler might win the war anyway, and how could the United States defend Argentina in the event that Germany became annoyed and attacked them?

All of which brings us to the vexed question of hemisphere bases. In the autumn of 1940 the United States, in utmost secrecy, dispatched officers to Chile, Argentina and Uruguay to conduct informal exploratory talks about the possibility of creating defense bases in the Plata region. The story leaked out and such a howl arose from Argen-

tina as had never been heard below the bulge.

Key to the defense of Buenos Aires is Montevideo. This Uruguay-an city controls the Atlantic approach to Argentina and dominates much of Buenos Aires province as well as the upriver approach to Paraguay. The Argentines would think it an insufferable affront if the United States were to build a base at Montevideo and thus be able to dominate Argentina from the soil of a small neighbor.

But the world moves, and so does Argentina. We are much closer to the development of bases in the Plata River region than we were a year ago. The Argentine government, gradually moving into the orbit of hemisphere solidarity, has agreed in principle to bases provided they are not at Montevideo or Punta del Este nearby.

Beef and Diplomacy

LET NO ONE ignore the influence of science — or lack of science — on politics. The development of solidarity in the Western Hemisphere depends essentially on relations between the two chief countries, the Argentine Republic and the United States. These in turn depend on an unidentified filterable virus in the marrow of diseased steers.

The virus causes hoof-and-mouth disease, so violently contagious that even laboratory work on it is forbidden in the United States. It

is not dangerous to man, but swiftly destructive to cattle, sheep and hogs. The disease is endemic in parts of Argentina. The last outbreak in the United States was in California in 1929, relatively minor though 400,000 animals had to be slaughtered. An epidemic in Germany and Switzerland in 1920-21 cost \$189,000,000 in destruction of herds. For that reason the United States maintains a strict quarantine against fresh beef from 50 countries where the disease occurs, including Argentina, although the disease there takes only a mild form and some parts of the country are free from it.

This enrages and humiliates the Argentine. It hits him in the pocketbook and — more important — it deeply hurts his pride. He says, with much reason, that we are masking an economic boycott under a sanitary pretext.

In 1930 the quarantine against fresh beef was formally embodied in a new tariff act; moreover, a duty of six cents a pound was placed on it. The cattle states put this across. In 1935 a Sanitary Convention signed by the United States and Argentina provided for a regional application of the quarantine, but it has never been ratified by our Senate. If the Senate would ratify the pact it would help our relations with the Argentine enormously. Beef would come in from the province of Patagonia, which is free of the disease. Pata-

gonia produces only about 10,000 tons a year, but Argentina would greet the move as a beneficent gesture.

When President Roosevelt visited Buenos Aires in 1936 he expressed hope for an application of the quarantine on a regional basis. Ever since, Argentines have complained, "If Mr. Roosevelt really means so well by us, why can't he influence Congress to buy our beef?" The answer is — he can't.

Two Presidents

THE ARGENTINE Republic has a president, Dr. Ortiz, incapacitated by illness. It is ruled by an acting president, Dr. Castillo. The two are political opponents. A third figure, a former president named Justo, is almost as powerful. The story in Buenos Aires is that Ortiz is the hope of the radicals, Castillo the hope of the conservatives, Justo the hope of Justo.

Argentina is the only country in South America with a genuine middle class — the sons of immigrants, the shopkeepers, the businessmen. In politics, these town-folk are the radicals. Opposed are the conservatives — the aristocratic old landowning families.

Since there are more townsmen, industrialists and shopkeepers than there are members of the Jockey Club, bull breeders and other aristocrats, the radicals will win any honest election. Therefore the conservatives, to keep from being

thrown out, must prevent fair elections.

The conservative oligarchy has ruled Argentina since a *coup d'état* in September 1930 ousted Hipólito Irigoyen, the first genuine people's president in all South America. In his later years Irigoyen became bewildered, befuddled, a tool of his secretaries. In 1932 the conservatives did not even allow the radicals to vote. In 1938 they planned to buy off rising discontent by running a coalition ticket — a radical whom they could control as president plus a conservative vice-president. The radical was Dr. Roberto M. Ortiz, a wealthy lawyer; the conservative was Ramon S. Castillo, a venerable judge. The Ortiz-Castillo coalition won.

Then an astonishing thing happened. Ortiz had campaigned all over the country. He saw children of families too poor to afford meat in the world's greatest meat-producing country. He saw mud hovels, crushed farms, unbearable destitution. He came back declaring that he intended to insure free elections and to work for the good of the people as a whole.

The conservatives were horrified. It happens that Ortiz, capaciously built and not in first-class health, was fond of food and drink. One legend is that the outraged *conservadores* decided to get rid of him by banqueting him to death. In July 1940, a victim of diabetes and blind in one eye, Ortiz was

granted an indefinite leave of absence with the right to return to office if his health improved. Castillo took over as acting president, appointing a government of his own men.

Friends of Ortiz say that now he is reasonably competent to resume office, but the Castillo group will go to almost any length to keep him out. So Argentina has two presidents, and its immediate future becomes predominantly a medical question.

Why We Aren't Liked

BEEF is the first reason why some Argentines do not like the United States. The second is jealousy and latent fear of North American imperialism, for Argentina considers itself the competitor of the United States in hemisphere leadership. Other reasons:

Lack of knowledge, insularity. Few prominent Argentines have ever visited New York or Washington. Many of them believe that people in the United States are savages, culturally. This opinion grows out of the tactlessness of American businessmen, the vulgarity of American movies, the inadequacy of American radio programs.

Many of the British who had a profound influence in developing Argentina were colonial-minded Yankee haters, and the Argentines came to reflect this attitude.

The Spanish-American war seems

remote to us, but many Argentines remember it vividly or were told about it by their fathers, and most of them took the Spanish side.

And finally there is envy of the United States — its power, wealth and influence.

No ONE could reasonably envy Argentina at the moment. The budget deficit is enormous. Millions of tons of surplus wheat and corn are piled up in storage. Wheat will keep, but corn will not. The government is faced with the problem

of disposing of at least six million tons of corn from last year's crop, with a large new crop coming in. It sells some corn, at a staggering loss, to industrial firms for use as fuel. Argentina is burning corn just as Brazil burned coffee.

In 1940 the United States lent Argentina \$110,000,000 — no mean sum — of which \$60,000,000 came from the Export-Import Bank, the rest a direct loan from the U. S. Treasury to support the peso. Which goes to show what a vital stake we have in Argentina.



Navy Day at River Rouge

SOME MONTHS AGO the Navy asked Henry Ford if he would permit a few sailors to get machinist training in his plant. "How many?" he inquired. The Navy said it would be nice if he would take 100. "How many do you want to train in all?" Well, 2000 every three months. "Send them all here," said Ford. And now the little round white caps of the gobs are conspicuously dotted through the River Rouge plant. The youngsters, hand-picked from Great Lakes Naval Station recruits for mechanical aptitude, work 32 hours a week at actual machines, instructors from the Ford Trade School beside them. Eight hours a week they spend in classes.

The sailors are housed on the riverbank. A great marsh was transformed into a naval station, with administra-

tion building, barracks, mess hall and recreation center with an 1100-seat auditorium, in 40 days at a cost of \$1,000,000. Just after it was completed and turned over to the Navy (compliments of Mr. Ford) Ford was told that Admiral Downes, Commander, Ninth District, was coming to make an inspection next day. He was upset.

"Why, the place looks terrible!" he exclaimed. "It isn't fit for him to see. Fix it up."

An army of Ford workmen was hastily organized into a landscaping crew. Darkness fell and portable floodlights were rustled up. When the Admiral arrived next morning, the buildings were shaded by big trees, shrubs flanked the doorsteps, and where yesterday was mud, today stretched a broad, green lawn.



The Mysterious Blue Paper

From *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Albert Payson Terhune

MORE THAN 30 years ago a college classmate told me he had heard this strange story from an aged Canadian priest who said it was a folk-yarn long before it was imprisoned in print. Neither my classmate nor I ever discovered who wrote it. Cleveland Moffett, Elizabeth Jordan and others have written versions of it since, based on my oral recital. Perhaps you may know the original source:

John Thane, a successful young American, is sent by his firm to France on a business trip. He has never before been abroad and has no knowledge of French.

Arriving in Paris late in the afternoon, he takes a room at a hotel, then goes out to a sidewalk café. At a nearby table he sees a beautiful young Frenchwoman who smiles repeatedly at him. He makes no move to respond, and in a few moments she takes a piece of blue stationery from her handbag, writes something on it, and drops it at her feet. Then, with a meaningful glance at him, she rises and quickly disappears in the boulevard throng.

Curious, and now sorry, he has failed to make the acquaintance of

so charming a creature, Thane retrieves the paper. On it are a few words in French. Expecting that the young woman has written something for him, he asks the headwaiter to translate the message. After taking one horrified look at the words, the man orders Thane to leave the café.

Back at his hotel, Thane tells the manager of his strange experience and shows him the paper. The manager eyes him in abhorrence and orders him to clear out of the hotel at once, refusing any explanation.

Dazed and miserable, Thane puts the blue paper in his pocket, determining not to show it to anyone else in that strange city.

Upon his return to America, he tells his story to the president of his firm, a native Frenchman, who has been his father's friend and his friend for years. The president readily agrees that it must be some cruel jest and offers to solve the mystery. But when Thane shows him the blue paper he stares at it with lips contorted, throws it in Thane's face and orders him out of the office and out of the firm's employ.

Jobless, crushed, Thane stumbles

into the street. Not only his peace of mind but now his career is lost — all because of a few words on a little piece of paper!

At last he has an idea. His old childhood nurse, who is devoted to him, is French. Going to her home, he pours out the tale of his hideous predicament. She swears solemnly that she will translate the mysterious words for him. As he sits down

he draws out a pistol and lays it on the table between them. "A simple, correct translation," he reminds her, "or I will never leave this room alive." She nods and holds out her hand for the paper.

Thane digs into the pocket where he has always kept it. Then he fumbles hysterically from pocket to pocket. The paper is gone. Thane never saw it again.



They've Always Known How

❧ LONG BEFORE man ever thought of such a thing as controlling temperatures by special types of insulating materials, the praying mantis was making thermos bottles to protect her eggs from the weather. She surrounds the eggs with a frothy mass of bubbles. This mass works on the same principle as our thermos bottles. No matter how cold or how warm the air gets, the tender eggs within are protected.

❧ It is common practice with the orb weaver spider to attach a "telephone line," a thread pulled tight, to the center of her web. She carries this line to a hiding place and goes to sleep. The instant the web is struck by an insect the silk line vibrates and wakens the spider. She then uses the "telephone line" as a bridge over which she runs first to the center of the web, then to the captured insect, which she subdues.

❧ HONEY BEES have a system of air conditioning. They maintain a constant

temperature and a specific condition of airflow in order that their larvae may be properly reared and the honey successfully cured. Muscular exertion of certain bees produces heat from their bodies. Other bees — the fanners — anchor themselves to the floor of the hive and vibrate their wings at just the right speed to create and maintain the exact amount of air circulation needed.

❧ WITHOUT refrigerators or ice, spiders and some wasps preserve meat for weeks. Spiders need live meat to eat and they cannot depend upon getting a sufficient supply every day. So they preserve the surplus of a catch by injecting a liquid into insect victims which stupefies but does not kill them. Many wasps do the same. Their babies must have live meat, so the wasps inject their paralyzing fluid into spiders and caterpillars which they catch and save for their babies' food.

— John Y. Beaty, *Nature Is Stranger Than Fiction* (Lippincott)

The Golden Age of Belledom

Condensed from "The Springs of Virginia"

Perceval Reniers

As a mating place Eros never had anything better than the Springs of Virginia — the Warm Springs, the Sweet and the Hot, the White Sulphur, Salt Sulphur and Red Sulphur. From the time their social as well as their curative worth was discovered, while George Washington was still riding his acres, until the end of the 19th century, the Springs were a common ground where the business of healing and the business of pairing went on furiously side by side. You took the waters or you took a mate or you took both; and the waters came to be regarded as love potions.

To make the circuit of the Springs you had to cut back and forth across the mountains, traveling in all about 170 miles. Everyone in

PERCEVAL RENIERS was formerly a theater and motion-picture critic in New York, and later a free lance writer. He then "retired" to the uplands dividing Virginia and West Virginia, but soon became fascinated with the history of the region. He collaborated with his wife, an artist, in producing charming accounts of early life in the Old Dominion. They now live near White Sulphur Springs, and Mr. Reniers reports that he is "reviving an old farm and raising berries and fences."

the South who could afford it — planters from Louisiana and the Carolinas, bankers from Baltimore and Memphis — made an annual tour of the Springs, sampling the water and the company, a few days here and a week there. No better mating device has yet been discovered than this Springs Tour: the belles entraining with their families for the next resort, the beaux tumbling after, breathless in pursuit, fearful of losing them forever. One more Spring, one step nearer the altar. A two weeks' chase would do more for a girl than a year of sitting at home; flight was the thing to break a man down, flight and pursuit. Any belle who returned home without at least one bona fide engagement per season was renegade to a great tradition and no credit to the family, to say nothing of her own feelings in the matter.

For nearly three decades — after the War Between the States — belledom was the very beau ideal of life. During these years, every southern girl stretched every means to get herself to the Springs, where she threw herself into the race with zeal and abandon. Her one compulsion was to get a good husband

in a postwar world of stringencies and stratagems. If straitened circumstances kept her parents at home, she teamed up with other young ladies under a chaperone. It was a belles' world: belles were what the gallery came to see; belle-dom was what the newspaper reporters came to judge.

The stamina of the southern belle was amazing. She could dance until three o'clock in the morning and be up for a seven o'clock horse-back ride with one of her beaux. After breakfast she kept hourly (sometimes half-hourly) engagements to walk through Courtship Maze; in the parlor she paraded with her admirers before and after meals, passing in review before the old guard without whose approval her energies were wasted; and she still had the legs to carry her through a morning cotillion from 11 to one and an evening cotillion that lasted into the morning again.

After the ball, when quiet had settled down, softly out of the night would come music, a flute playing, a man's voice singing; those buckoes who could neither sing nor play got the more substantial support of an entire band to play softly under one window after another. Serenading had its code. Incognito was the word. The songster must give no warning of his coming and leave no token of his identity. Behind drawn blinds the lady must betray no sign of recognition, never shake the curtains or show a pale hand.

The first undisputed queens of this golden age were Mary Triplett and Mattie Ould. Hearts beating fast for Mary Triplett's beauty beat faster still because she was a creature of high romance. A duel had been fought for her, and one of her lovers had died.

"Grace, wit and beauty, these make a Triplett." So Mattie Ould once toasted her brilliant rival. But Mattie Ould herself was the wit of wits and knew it. Her sallies became the joke currency of the day. Everybody got fun out of the skirmish of the couplets. It seems that she had dropped her glove and an elderly and unwelcome admirer had recovered it. Handing it to her, he said:

If from your glove you take the letter
"g,"

Your glove is love and that I bear for
thee,

and she shot back:

If from your name you take the letter
"P,"

Your Page is age; that will not do for me.

In the parlor she turned on another of her talents, a small, tear-laden voice. Every afternoon during her Springs Tour a crowd gathered around her at the piano and there wasn't a dry eye in the house as she sang through the four verses of *Under the Daisies*.

All around her the girls were taking husbands from among the older beaux, that being the order of the postwar day. But Mattie Ould rebelled. In the summer of '76 she

scandalized society by eloping with Mr. Oliver J. Schoolcraft, a northern-born resident of Richmond, in very good standing at the bank but not old at all. He was 24; she claimed 23. Retribution for this rash revolt caught up with her too soon; she died in childbirth. Instead of hymns at her funeral they sang *Under the Daisies* and they planted daisies on her grave.

Years of indecision followed the Triplett-Ould regime, years when the course was as crowded as usual but no one got the palm. From time to time reporters polled the gentlemen, hoping for a popular decision, but the gentlemen couldn't agree. Then, in the mid-eighties, two more undisputed queens emerged: May Handy and Mrs. Willie Allen.

May Handy was the prime product of her age. She had been schooled for a belle's career as a thoroughbred is schooled for the track. Nobody ever saw her looking fatigued or a hair of her head out of place. Her beauty was electric. When she entered a parlor people forgot what they were saying and stared. At the "Beauty Luncheon" (Beauty Luncheon fairly describes the age) she was the only guest whose appearance stopped the chattering. In Richmond the little girls would run out to see her as she walked down the street, scooting around the block to meet her again and drink in her beauty. They had run around the block for Mary Triplett, too. That was the final test of a great belle.

A path was being worn to the North now by the feet of the premier belles — to Bar Harbor, Newport, Saratoga — bound for the better marriages of bonanza land, and May Handy followed it. But her marriage to the divorced Mr. Potter rather shocked the young ladies back in Virginia. To them, there was still something unholy about divorce.

As for the beautiful Savannah-born Mrs. Allen, she achieved the front rank of belledom because she had all the beaux. "The beauty of White Sulphur" swept all before her until she took her charms and her husband northward to larger arenas. But echoes of her daring returned to the Springs.

She dared, out of spite, to publish *The Love Letters of a Liar*, the outpourings of a Virginia lawyer-poet and as torrid a collection of amorous epistles as ever found their way into print. She dared, after Mr. Allen died, to bring her next husband, a musician, to play sad airs over Willie's grave. She dared to spend the gravestone money, so the story ran, for a jewel that hung about her neck. "This," she would explain, "is Willie's memorial stone."

At the White Sulphur, a new star arose. She was launched into belledom from a window sill. It was the custom for the subdebs to sit in the deep window embrasures of the ballroom during the first half-hour of the ball, to gape at the fashionable kaleidoscope, to envy the ar-

rived belles, to sigh with impatience when their parents sent them to bed. One evening in July 1889, the "starry-eyed" Irene Langhorne was sitting in an embrasure with several of her fellows when one of the married beaux sailed up before her. "How old are you, Irene?" he asked.

"Sixteen," she said.

"Then it's time you were out," and he pulled her from her perch and whirled her into the dance. The last of the great belles had made her debut.

"The bewitching Miss Langhorne," whose eyes "glowed with liquid fire," dominated the scene for six years. Then she married the most accomplished and popular young artist of his day, Charles Dana Gibson, and went on to greater fame and into every household as his model of the Gibson Girl, the symbol of an era.

For now something was happen-

ing to belledom. Something happened to it the afternoon Miss Gertrude Rives jumped her horse over every tennis net on the lawn to win a bet. Something happened when the lovely creatures came out of the muslin and tarlatan party dresses in which they had futilely tried to play tennis in the '80's and got into more serviceable cottons. Something happened to belledom when the shocked piazza brigade heard a young lady exclaim, "Oh, that's rot!" Things were cutting loose from their old moorings. Someone even gave a mixed swimming party.

Would-be belles played baseball; at the White Sulphur in '97 a nine of fair maidens defeated a nine of gentlemen over 50. Belledom reeled under the blow. Golf came in like a new madness. In 1900 Mrs. Sorolls, a former Virginia girl, appeared as the Women's Golf Champion of New Orleans. Belledom was dead.



¶ PULLMAN PASSENGER: "Porter, what about these shoes? One's black and one's tan!"

Porter: "Well, if it don't beat all! Dis is de second time dat's happened dis mawnin'."

— *Business Education World*

¶ AN INSURANCE AGENT, writing a policy for a cowpuncher, asked if he had ever had any accidents.

"No," said the cowboy, then added, trying to be helpful, "A bronc kicked in a couple of my ribs and a rattlesnake bit me a couple of years ago."

"Well!" said the agent. "Don't you call those accidents?"

"No," replied the knight of the branding iron, "they done it a purpose."

— *Gris*

The Epic of the Santa Fe

Condensed from The Rotarian

Edwin Muller

THERE WAS a picnic at Waka-rusa, Kansas. Some fellows in nearby Topeka had promoted a railroad — as so many western towns were doing in 1869. They had laid seven miles of track; today the first train had run the whole length of it.

Half the town was gathered in a grove on the banks of the Kaw River. There were barbecued steers, burgoo, plenty of whisky. There was singing, backslapping, and speechmaking.

Cyrus K. Holliday, promoter-in-chief of the road, was the principal speaker. At 43 he had a distinguished bearing, well set off by the plug hat and Prince Albert coat. From under jutting brows his eyes swept over the crowd, leaped eagerly beyond them to the far horizon and glimpses of the future.

This road, he told them, had a mighty destiny. Some day it would touch the Gulf of Mexico. Not only that, he said, the road would connect the West with the Mississippi Valley. And, with a magnificent gesture: "Fellow citizens, the coming tides of immigration will flow along these lines and, like an ocean wave, advance up the sides of the Rockies and dash their foaming

American pioneering in its heyday: the story of Cyrus Holliday's extravagant dream.

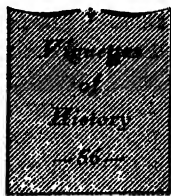
crests down upon the Pacific."

That was too much. After all, this was just another jerkwater line. The New York capitalists wouldn't touch it.

One Tom Anderson perfectly expressed the sense of the gathering. He threw himself on his back in the grass, kicked up his heels, brayed: "The damned old fool." The meeting dissolved in a roar of laughter.

IT WAS an expansive vision Holliday saw — called forth by an expansive land that stretched from the Mississippi to the Rockies. A thousand miles of prairie. Hardly a tree — only the buffalo grass that grew waist high over millions of acres. It was thought that the Great American Desert would always be a barrier between East and West.

Adventurous settlers were beginning to accumulate on its fringes there in eastern Kansas — the jumping-off place. Some even pushed out into the prairie. They found



that it was not as barren as it looked. It would raise cattle, grow wheat. But what could you do if there was no practicable way to get your products to market?

Transportation was the urgent need of the times — the obsession of the up-and-coming men of the West. Cyrus Holliday was one of them. He came to Kansas in 1854 at the age of 28, with \$20,000 made in law and business in Pennsylvania. Most people, including his wife, thought he ought to settle down. But he was a restless young man, sure there was something more exciting on the other side of the range.

In Kansas he practiced law, farmed a little, took a hand in politics, bought and sold land, did a lot of talking. He pushed beyond the settlements into the virgin prairie. He risked all his capital, persuaded others to risk theirs and soon had a town of his own started. He called it To-Pe-Ka, which is Indian for Good Place to Raise Potatoes. There Holliday had a law office, a one-room shack. Its main feature was the map of Kansas on the wall. It had nothing to do with Kansas as it was then. It showed cities and farmlands and a spreading network of railways.

When Holliday and the other incorporators of the railroad went over to Atchison, then the capital, to put their plan through they traveled in a hack donated by the local livery stable, carried a cold lunch to avoid restaurant expense.

They came back with the charter of the Atchison & Topeka Railroad in their pockets.

For ten years it was nothing but a hope. Holliday went up and down the country trying to make men see his vision. Wall Street laughed at him. In Washington he buttonholed Congressmen and Cabinet members.

At last he got through the barrier of indifference — just a little way. There was no thought of giving him any government money. But Kansas land was worth nothing, to the government or anybody else, unless it could be developed. This super-confident young man might as well have a try at it. Congress made his company, now called the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, a grant of sections of land totaling millions of acres along the right of way — contingent on building the road through to the western boundary of Kansas, the Colorado line, within 10 years.

Gleefully Holliday wrote the good news to his wife and to the newspaper at home: "The child is born and its name is Success; let the city rejoice."

Then he returned confidently to the assault on Wall Street. But they laughed at him again. He hadn't laid a rail. The Colorado line was hundreds of miles from Topeka; in fact no one knew exactly where it was, for the government had never surveyed it.

Finally Holliday told his thousand-times-repeated story to Dodge,

Lord & Co., a big construction firm of Cincinnati. They sent one of their partners, T. J. Peter, to Kansas to look over the proposition. In a buckboard Holliday drove Peter out over the prairie. Before they got back Peter was seeing cultivated fields, grain elevators, smoke rising from factory chimneys. He not only persuaded his firm to finance the building contract, he moved West to become builder of the road.

SO THERE they were at Wakarusa with the first seven miles built and a train running and Cyrus K. Holliday practically at the Golden Gate. But to make a reality of his dream, the road must push out quickly toward the Colorado boundary.

It passed the villages and thrust out into the great emptiness beyond, where week after week the same horizon moved back. First went the surveying party. The transit man galloped forward on horseback, his instrument over his shoulder. He'd jump off, make his sight, signal his flagman, check the observation, then on again. Far ahead the scouts rode in great circles, watching for Indians. Sometimes there'd be thunder on the plain and stampeding buffalo would cross the right of way, knocking down the stakes. When darkness came the party drew together, posted a sentry and made their bivouac. Some of those camp sites are busy towns today.

A few days behind the surveyors came the grading gang. Plows and scrapers gashed open the prairie, load after load of dirt was dumped and leveled. Last came the track-laying outfit.

And so, like a long, brown earthworm, the road crawled toward the West. The vision was taking form.

The railroad made its own towns. Always at railhead was Hell-on-Wheels, a sprawling conglomeration of shanties, tents, saloons, cowboys, merchants, gaudy ladies, card sharps, sober citizens. The spot would have a few weeks of wild, booming prosperity, then subside as Hell-on-Wheels went farther west. All the material for building a town moved along on flatcars — lumber, furniture, crates and barrels. People watching it go by would say, "There goes Garden City. There goes Cimarron."

West of Dodge City the road forced a passage through long stretches of arid foothills. Here and there, far out on the prairie, signs were set up — "5 miles to R.R." They saved many lost men from dying of hunger and thirst. The train crews had orders to pick up any who signaled them. There was a section of 130 miles with only one house.

Early in 1872 the road reached Newton, nearly halfway across Kansas. Surveyors had finally established the Kansas-Colorado line, 285 miles away. There remained less than a year to reach it.

Then came a drive like the thrust of an attacking army. Superintendent Peter accumulated masses of supplies, elaborately organized their transport. Rails and ties came on flatcars to the end of the line, were rushed forward by mule teams whipped to a gallop. Working in close coördination from dawn to dark a crew would slide a rail out, lift it into place, straighten it, hurry up the next. Behind came men swinging heavy sledges, driving in the spikes. The line marched forward across the prairie to the clanging tune of a great anvil chorus.

The mileposts multiplied, town after town was left behind—Hutchinson, Great Bend, Larned, Dodge City. The map of Kansas showed a long line of new towns. It began to look a little like that map that hung in Holliday's office. The

railroad crossed the Colorado line on December 28, 1872.

The Santa Fe later pushed on into Colorado, then through New Mexico and Arizona. It reached the Pacific in 1887, put out tentacles into Texas as far as the Gulf, stretched back to Chicago.

AND SO it was Cyrus Holliday who laughed last. His prediction at Wakarusa had been too modest. Before he died the road had grown into a network of more than 10,000 miles with an annual revenue of over \$50,000,000. Along its route the Great American Desert had become the great American farm-and-homeland.

Tom Anderson, the lad who had laughed so hard at Holliday, lived out a contented life as a freight agent for the Santa Fe.



Pigeonholed

☞ THE GRAVE DIGGERS of Memphis, Tenn., have organized, taking out cards with the CIO Cannery and Packers' Union.

— *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

☞ A RULING that a magician who conjures drinks out of a hat must take out a regular liquor license was passed by the Michigan Attorney General's office.

— *Business Week*

☞ UNIONS which hire pickets become employers and therefore must pay into the unemployment insurance fund, the New York State Labor Department ruled.

— *N. Y. Post*

The Last Best Hope of Earth

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Harry Scherman

*"We shall nobly save or meanly lose
the last best hope of earth."*

— Abraham Lincoln

ABOUT 83 percent of the American public, according to Dr. George Gallup, expect us to be in this war before it is over. What shall we be fighting for? On this question his investigators find far less certainty. Yet there is a deeply felt need, among most people, for a philosophy concerning the war more satisfying than words like "freedom," "democracy," "security," "defense." There is need for a philosophy so basic that no doubts can shake it. It is impossible, I believe, to acquire such a philosophy until one great simple truth about modern society is understood: that all the diverse peoples on this planet

are bound together *inseparably* in an economic world union.

The evolution to this state has been proceeding inexorably through all recorded history, and is now at an advanced stage. It cannot be reversed. But while economic world unification has speeded up, political unification has lagged. The economic interests of mankind demand that this lag must cease. There can be no end to periodic world war until the peoples of the world make as much progress toward political unification as they have made in their economic and cultural relationships.

Most of us are only dimly aware of how far this earth-wide economic unification of mankind has gone.

Since the Age of Steam (about 1750) the population of the earth has more than tripled: from 660,000,000 to over 2,100,000,000. This extraordinary increase in six generations is explained by the rapid progress toward earth-wide economic unification which took place during the same period.

If tomorrow the infinite variety of goods produced had to be confined within the nations where they were produced, tens of millions of

HARRY SCHERMAN, America's most successful bookseller, is likewise one of its best-known writers on economic subjects, particularly monetary theory. He is a frequent contributor to the magazines and author of the widely read book *The Promises Men Live By*. He was the founder and is head of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which he launched in 1925 and has made spectacularly successful. "The Last Best Hope of Earth" is published in book form (Random House, seventy-five cents).

people would die of starvation; hundreds of millions more would be in the last extremes of destitution.

Goods are the great travelers over the earth's surface. From our own boundaries, grains and other foods flow to feed foreign mouths, motion pictures to amuse hundreds of millions, cotton to clothe them, tobacco to solace them, oil to keep machines moving, and, in larger quantity than anything else, machines themselves. Other streams of goods cross these outgoing ones: sugar, cocoa, coffee, bananas, spices, and a hundred other foreign-grown foods; rubber from the East Indies; tin from there, too, and from Bolivia; from all the seven seas, raw materials to keep our myriad industries whirling.

An almost inconceivable variety and mass of goods are produced within each nation *for others outside its borders*. Multitudes of men are so employed. The livelihood of hundreds of millions of others is maintained, very often created, by the *incoming* products from other lands.

It would be hard to find a common article of use in any advanced nation the price, quality, or constitution of which does not in some measure rest upon foreign products. There is a clear planetary indivisibility of production and employment.

But the bonds among men go deeper than goods. Culture too knows no frontiers. Men are bound together by the ever advancing knowledge of humankind. Scientists

particularly are the most confirmed of internationalists. They work together over every frontier and all appropriate any new knowledge any one of them gains.

Neither can the faith of men in one another be confined within national boundaries. Debt and credit have never recognized any frontier. The streams of goods moving between nations are matched by the mutual confidence of all the participants. This close relationship of debt and credit maintains society in its economic indivisibility.

Once it is recognized that human society has now become an economic whole, many blurred notions about the war fall into more meaningful order. It is clear now that the Germans started the war because they propose to control — *for their prime benefit* — this economic world union which human civilization has achieved.

One of their basic notions is that the "technical means" for such planetary control by a single people now exist. By technical means they imply first the military subjugation of the entire globe.

Allied with this is another basic notion which so far has simply amused people of other lands — that the Germans are a "master race." It becomes less amusing when one looks upon the acts it results in; and it becomes ominous when reflection reveals its true character: that it is nothing but a crazy rationalization, justifying to

the Germans themselves the cold purpose to achieve a *political* control of this completely organized *economic* world union that now exists.

Nazi leaders have made no secret of their blueprint of the future. They visualize three great geopolitical empires. Their own would cover most of Europe, Asia and Africa. The second great empire, the Japanese, would cover East Asia, all the Mongolian and Malayan peoples. The third would take in the Western Hemisphere and be ruled by the United States.

But this free-handed apportionment of the liberty, labor, and resources of the world is a mere concession, in terms of time, to distant peoples whose power and resources are at the moment manifest. Eventually, in the Nazis' view, there can be but one ruling people of a unified world; they refer to themselves as "lords of the world."

The fate of the countries of Europe plainly shows that the Nazis are religiously following their grand scheme, and on a timetable. We ourselves merely come at the end and in due time, if we wait.

This war, then, is a war to defeat the insane effort of a single people to be supreme, for their own special benefit, in an already unified world society. Germany's opponents are fighting to preserve a *free* economic union -- well established, even if not contractual and even though it has many imperfections.

The final issue, therefore, is: are

men going to *perfect* world society under the heel of armed force, or by a free meeting of minds? And is this union to be perfected for the prime benefit of one people, or for the benefit of all?

Just as the nature of the war is illuminated by a recognition of world economic unity, so also are the differences among Americans explained by it. Extreme interventionists and isolationists agree that the best interests of our own people are the end to be sought. But one side recognizes that our 130,000,000 people are not only an inseparable part but *the most important part* of the existing economic world union. The other side does not recognize the actuality of this unification.

In between the extremists lie the great bulk of the American public. They do not in detail see just how we are an ineradicable part of a world society, but they understand that we are.

Looking backward, one can see American opinion changing with the recognition of one thing: the danger of total Nazi success. In the beginning that danger to most people was nonexistent. The war was "phony." This complacency was electrified into an about-face with the swift subjugation of Belgium, Holland and France. For the first time in our history, we drafted an army before the declaration of a war. Our piddling military preparations overnight began to be transformed into a great war effort.

The obstructions to Britain — embodied in the arms embargo, the Johnson Act, the Neutrality Act, the cash-and-carry provisions — went down the drain. Immediately our national policy became simple and clear-cut. In our own interest, not in hers, Great Britain could not be allowed to be subjugated like France.

Opinion will continue to change with events. Again — as in 1917 — it will probably bring us into the war when events make clear beyond any doubt that world society is on the verge of *successful* domination by the Germans.

This slowness may be disheartening to the British, but it is the way all free peoples go to war. Before they can be persuaded to take the final plunge, danger must be hanging over them like an immense breaking wave.

Looking at the war from this key conception, we see one heartening fact: the Germans cannot win such a war. The notion that technical means exist to hold two billion proud human beings in subjugation could only originate among minds as politically inexperienced as the Germans have always shown themselves to be. The "thousand years" of the Nazi State which Hitler promises his people could be nothing but 1000 years of rebellion. In 1000 days or less, with ourselves actively in the war, the theory of a German military world state will topple into oblivion.

Their insane ambition is plainly bucking an inexorable, glacier-like evolution. The slowly achieved economic unification of human society has taken place to an accompanying development of political freedom of peoples. The Germans cannot win this war, no matter how great their transitory military successes, because the organized will of the rest of mankind will never allow it.

This impervious will has its voice. "We will not permit," said President Roosevelt, "and will not accept this Nazi shape of things to come." Nor did Winston Churchill speak alone for the British in saying, "We shall go on to the end . . . we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender." That is the almost universal will which the Nazis must meet. The bitter hate they have raised in every conquered people is a mere reflection of it, momentarily suppressed and biding its time. The logic-mad Nazi idea ignores only one thing: 2,000,000,000 human beings.

This conception of the nature of the war has a final great value: it clarifies the burning question of the peace that must be set up. The joint Churchill-Roosevelt proclamation maps broad principles of reconstruction. Yet the heart of that statement remains the simple war aim and peace aim: "Hitlerism must be destroyed."

Since Hitlerism in its final essence is an avowed attempt to control the economic world union for the prime benefit of Germans, this attempt must be defeated so utterly that it will never be tried again — just as the idea of “secession” has gone forever in the United States. Perhaps the peculiar quality of the German mind cannot be changed, but the ideas in that mind regarding *what other peoples will stand for* can certainly be changed.

Neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Roosevelt has tried to make an exact blueprint of the peace. That peace will be the hardest governmental job that ever faced the world. While its hard details cannot now be foreseen, the basic principle upon which it has to be set up is plain: *economic and cultural world union is in existence*. That great fact must determine the nature of the peace. This unification is growing closer and more intricate with every year and it must be matched by a world political organization which, by some agreed limitation of sovereignty, will allow that union to function and progress without the deep conflicts of interest that end in war.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that modern statesmen will be as farseeing and audacious as our own Founding Fathers. These great men were not so fearful of “limitation of sovereignty” when necessity clearly imposed it. They adopted it

as their key principle, and the most powerful nation in history was the result. Many Americans blanch at the mere words today. Yet they will agree that our own future progress requires that world war must end, and that therefore there has to be what is often called a “peace-enforcement union.” Enforce peace — how? Order is maintained within every boundary by police. That is the first function of “sovereignty.” When we talk of “international policing,” then, to maintain a world-wide peace, it makes no sense without a higher control than in this one respect at least must limit the sovereignty of each people.

Until this is done economic world union can never realize those benefits which human achievement in other fields so bountifully promises. Until this is done the universally guaranteed “freedoms” of Mr. Roosevelt are pure delusion. And until this is done there can be no end to periodic world wars — into every one of which we shall be sucked.

Is it not clear that a peace based soundly upon this necessity is, as Lincoln put it, “the last best hope of earth?” The men and women of this generation will “nobly save or meanly lose it.” To think that it will be meanly lost by no effort to achieve it is to grade the modern human being lower than all his forebears.

Who but the cheapest cynic will subscribe to that appraisal?

Bean, the Happy Hunter

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Webb Waldron

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago L. I. Bean, an easygoing Scotch Yankee, was running a country store in Freeport, Maine. He was more interested in hunting and fishing than in shopkeeping, and only the sufferance of his creditors kept the place his. Today Bean does a million-dollar yearly business in his store; his customers, in both hemispheres, number 300,000.

Bean's success tale begins on the day he came home from a hunting trip with feet so sore he could hardly walk. Woodsmen's shoes were never meant for men who spent 50 weeks a year on floors and pavements. They were heavy and stiff, dried into torturing shapes when wet, froze hard as iron when cold — and murdered unaccustomed feet.

Bean sought a solution. Rubber boots are waterproof, of course, but they're heavy and hot. Why not a rubber shoe with a leather leg? Bean hired a local cobbler to add leather tops to some rubbers. Then he tried them out in the woods. They were light, comfortable, waterproof — the answer to hunters' foot troubles. Bean got his shoe patented and put it on the market as the Maine Hunting Shoe. He sold a few pairs around

A Maine country storekeeper whose hobby brings him 300,000 customers.

the village, then got a list of men who held hunting licenses — and sold a few more. Each pair was made to fit the man who ordered it. The little factory in the basement of Bean's store began to hum. He had discovered that there was both pleasure and profit in helping city men to have a good time in the woods.

If hunters would buy shoes to fit their needs, reasoned Bean, why not other useful, woods-tested things? Stockings are nearly as important as boots — so Bean engaged a local knitting factory to turn out special hunters' stockings, hand-knit to fit the feet. He perfected a hunter's coat whose gaudy checks decreased the risk of being shot by fellow hunters, then a really waterproof gun case. The following spring he added a line of fishing tackle that he had himself tested. Bean's factory expanded into the building across the street.

The aimless country storekeeper, over 40, an apparent failure, had his mind suddenly awakened by a need that touched what was near-

est his heart — the ripple of trout-water, the fragrance of campfires, the flicker of autumn woods. And once his mind was waked up it became sharp as a hunting knife, looking for more new ideas useful to men who sought recreation with rod and gun.

News about Bean's goods went around the country by word of mouth. Men wrote for information and he sent out circulars. The circular grew into a 4-page catalogue. Today one issue of his 80-page catalogue requires 20 tons of paper. The Maine Hunting Shoe is worn by hundreds of thousands — including 3000 U. S. Marines in Iceland. The store and factory — much of Bean's merchandise is manufactured on the premises — has grown into a rambling frame building. Almost every year Bean adds a section. This fall he increased his space by a third; business is 50 percent better than last year! Alaska is his best customer.

Since the business is mainly mail-order, the Bean catalogue is his showcase. Packed with down-to-earth sportsman's talk based on Bean's own woods experience, it expresses the man behind it as no other mail-order catalogue does. "It is my opinion," Bean confides in its pages, "that more Atlantic salmon are lost through faulty leaders than for all other reasons." In one place he describes his favorite method of taking large trout; in another "the shirt I per-

sonally use on my hunting trips." He's proud of his duck-hunter's coat with sheepskin cuffs that turn down to form a muff. "Many a time I've waited in a blind till my hands got stiff with cold," he says. Gloves "keep you from handling your gun quick." But the muff arrangement is ideal — "your hands are warm and you're ready to shoot." He's proud, too, of his folding sled, weighing only 7½ pounds yet strong enough to haul a 1000-pound load of game into camp.

"Your catalogue is a dangerous book," says one big-game hunter. "A sportsman can no more pass it up than a drunkard can pass a saloon."

Bean is famous for warning customers not to squander their money. When he found that hunters were throwing away the leather tops of his boots when the rubber bottoms wore out, it irked his Yankee frugality. "It is about the same as throwing away a \$5 bill," his catalogue scolds. He offered to put new rubbers on the old tops for \$2.85. Now he's rebuilding 100 pairs a day.

He lectures fishermen sharply for buying too many flies. Nine, he contends, are all anyone needs for brook trout, six for Atlantic salmon, six for bass. "If bass won't take one of these," he writes of the six bass flies listed in his catalogue, "they aren't rising."

Part of Bean's success has been

due to his receptiveness to ideas from others — customers, employes, his own family. One of his first customers pointed out that the rubber-bottomed shoes, while soft and waterproof, left a man feeling flat-footed at the end of a day's hike. Bean contrived an inner sole with a steel arch.

Other customer suggestions that have clicked include a fur-lined bottle-holder (so a bottle can be chucked around without breaking) and a camera case with accordion-like compartments to hold a miniature camera and accessories. An employe invented a decoy with a removable head; it prevents breakage of heads, allows more compact storage, and permits more lifelike attitudes. Bean considers it the biggest advance in decoys in years. When an employe comes through with an idea like this, Bean hikes his pay. One day L. L.'s older brother, "O. R.," back from a day in the woods, complained that a seam in his shoes chafed his heel cords; he suggested a backstay with seams at either side which presented a smooth piece of leather at the heel. L. L. adopted this at once.

Bean's staff of 112 employes is a family-community affair. There are many Beans and Bean-in-laws. The cobbler who helped make the first hunting boot and his wife are still there, heads of departments; their daughter is office manager. The night watchman's six children are

workers. When someone asked a Freeport high-schooler what career he was preparing for, he grinned, "Bean's." When I walked into the fly-tying room I found only three tyers at work. I had been led to expect more. "The others," a girl explained, "have gone on a fishing trip."

The Freeport post office is on the first floor of Bean's building and his shipments chute directly into it from the stockrooms — 1000 to 2000 packages a day. When Bean started his business, local post office receipts were \$11,500 a year; this year, due almost entirely to Bean, they'll exceed \$70,000. Last year the government proposed a new \$85,000 Freeport post office, but Bean was agin it — it would end his chuting arrangement. Guy C. Bean, the postmaster, L. L.'s youngest brother, got the appropriation killed, and won fame as "the only postmaster in history who ever refused a new building."

Although most of his business is mail-order, Bean has a lively cash-and-carry trade, too. At the height of the season, when men swarm day and night into the wilds of Maine and Canada, hundreds stop at Bean's to get fitted out. Those who hit Freeport after hours can ring the night bell and get what they want from the watchman. One night there were 70 such customers, the last one at 4 a.m.

Bean himself, powerful, bronzed, gray-haired, with a square jaw,

has a desk in a tacked-on addition to the original building. Up to his desk ripples a steady current of visiting sportsmen. "If a man wants to yarn about fishing or hunting — in other words, take up half somebody's day — he's turned over to me," Bean grins. Sometimes, after an exciting discussion, Bean will

heave himself up, take a visitor out to try a new rig at his testing pond, which he keeps stocked with trout.

I've rarely seen a man who gets as much fun out of life. He'd rather fish and hunt than do anything else — and he's made a fortune helping other men do it successfully. Why shouldn't he be happy?



American Newsreel

❑ A MISSOURI movie house invented "Sparkin' Night" as a new audience lure, admitting adult couples for the price of one ticket and announcing: "All lights will be turned off at 9 o'clock for three minutes."

— *Inspiration*

❑ A MICHIGAN service station has erected a giant thumb-pointing sign. Weary hitch-hikers are invited to attach notices of their destinations, then rest on nearby benches until the right motorist comes along.

— *United States News*

❑ THE HOLLYWOOD soda fountain where Lana Turner was first seen by a movie talent scout has installed a copper plaque on a stool. The memorial message reads: "On This Stool Sat Lana Turner When She Was Discovered."

— *Time*

❑ FOR HOLLYWOOD couples who wish to be married in Phoenix, Arizona, an airline company offers a "Package Deal." The couple never have to leave the airport. On hand are clerk and license, a judge, two witnesses, flowers for the bride, and a plane waiting to fly the couple back to Hollywood.

— Sidney Skolsky in *Philadelphia Record*

❑ A RESTAURANT in Cleveland, Ohio, featured a 50-cent Hang-over Breakfast: "One jumbo orange juice, toast, coffee, two aspirins and our sympathy."

— AP

American Doctors on the British Front

Condensed from The Living Age

J. D. Ratcliff

IN EVERY previous war, bacteria have been more deadly than bullets. But medical science has made such strides since 1918 that, so far in this war, disease and infection are killing fewer soldiers and civilians than are bombs and shells.

During the last war a compound fracture — where bone pierces skin — was grim business. Despite heroic fights against infection, one out of every seven persons with such fractures died. In this war infection kills not more than one in 200. Surgery is startlingly improved; research has conquered tetanus, typhus and gas gangrene, traditional scourges of war; new techniques are sharply cutting down deaths from other infections.

Many of these lifesaving discoveries were made by American research men, and much of the credit for pioneering them belongs to the valiant little band of surgeons in the American Hospital in Britain.

Dr. Philip D. Wilson, chief surgeon at New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, planned the project months before war broke. When hostilities began, he started recruiting. For Unit No. 1 he chose from a host of volunteers six sur-

A pioneering band of volunteers achieves miracles in wartime surgery.

geons, the oldest 37. After a long siege the State Department finally granted permission for the party to sail on a vessel under belligerent flag. With 53 cases of equipment the unit crossed to Liverpool on a grimy freighter without escort. Four other units have followed. Now 12 surgeons and 25 nurses are in charge of 300 beds at Park Prewett, a base hospital 50 miles from London. American dollars support the work through the British War Relief Society.

These men and women are there both to help and to learn, for war is the surgeon's greatest teacher. Harvey Cushing perfected his exquisite brain surgery in France, and George W. Crile accumulated there invaluable data on the treatment of surgical shock.

Dr. Wilson's people work long hours in the midst of incredible confusion. Periods of idleness are broken by the sudden descent of scores of patients. About one third are civilians wounded in air raids.. Bomb fragments, particularly from incendiaries, often pierce the brain

causing loss of speech, blindness or paralysis. Prompt surgery can often bring back the lost faculty. The procedure is to remove a disc of skull, clean the wound, dust it with one of the sulfa drugs and replace the bone. The shell fragment is often left in the brain — a departure from previous practice. The surgeons reason that the intense heat of the metal has sterilized it, and since it cannot set up an infection it is best let alone. This makes the operation relatively simple. If the piece of skull is damaged beyond use, the surgeon borrows good bone from another part of the body.

Most spectacular of the new surgical techniques is the Orr method of treating compound fractures. During the last war irrigation tubes were inserted to feed Carrel-Dakin solution deep in the wound, to destroy bacteria. Daily dressings were necessary and frequently the tubes had to be replaced. A patient faced months of this torture.

Dr. Winett Orr of Lincoln, Neb., reasoned that doctors might be "overtreating" such injuries. Daily dressings might expose the wounds to contamination, and it was possible that the daily shock and pain did great damage. He upset this whole regimen of daily cleansing and constant antisepsis. After setting the bones, he encased the fractured limb in a plaster cast and ignored it for four to six weeks. What happens inside the cast isn't pretty to behold. Pus gathers un-

checked and unheeded; there is a foul odor. But when the cast comes off and the wound is washed, there is healthy pink tissue — healing is well under way. Meanwhile the patient has no fever, no pain, good appetite. British physicians have partially obviated the one objectionable feature; a bag of charcoal surrounding the cast absorbs much of the stench.

During the Spanish War, Dr. Trueta, chief surgeon of the General Hospital of Catalonia, used this treatment on 20,000 patients. Fatalities were so few that surgeons all over the world were skeptical of his reported figures. Next they lamely guessed that the soil of Catalonia contained relatively few bacteria! But in the first three months at the American Hospital in Britain, there were no deaths from fractures and only one amputation.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of the treatment is that in addition to saving the time of overworked doctors — making daily dressings unnecessary — it saves the patient so much suffering. Within a few days he is well enough for a wheel chair. Soon he is walking with crutches. Some patients are allowed to take the bus into the village, where there are movies and pubs. Occasionally a patient goes home for a month, until time to have his cast renewed.

No one knows why the treatment works so well. Possibly complete rest of the wound is a factor, or per-

haps blood clots in capillaries seal off infection.

Plastic surgery likewise has made notable advances. Shattered fragments of jaw are strung together, missing pieces are supplied. New noses and chins are built of cartilage or bone. New eyelids that work are built of flaps of flesh taken from arm, ear or foreskin — even new eyelashes are furnished. Some of the mutilated faces of the first World War were so horrible that the victims were fitted with masks, or were herded into institutions, out of sight. This time there will be few such, for now hardly any face is beyond repair.

For plastic work surgeons are using cartilage or bone taken from the dead, which they have learned to preserve for reasonably long periods. Its use obviates the necessity of a secondary operation to get the repair materials from the patient or from a donor.

The technique of skin-grafting has been revolutionized. Grafts as large as a foot square are being used; when large areas are to be covered, pieces are stitched together like a patchwork quilt. And they are being applied promptly, instead of waiting weeks for preliminary healing. A new roller device peels skin from hips or thighs in any thickness desired. Such "skin dressings" laid on a fresh wound hasten healing remarkably; patients who normally would need eight months

are well in three weeks. Disfigurements are fewer. The heavy flying suits that men in the RAF wear protect their bodies pretty well; it is their faces and hands which are seared by flaming gasoline when they crash. Now horribly burned faces emerge from hospital with hardly a scar, and surgeons skillfully rebuild hands from twisted, useless claws.

Warfare in 1941 presents a thousand problems not encountered in 1918. Weapons have become more deadly. In the first World War, there were four wounded for each one killed. Today the proportion is five wounded to four killed.

In 1918, war was fought along a rigidly defined front. Front-line dressing stations fed patients back to base hospitals that were notified in advance when to prepare for big convoys of wounded. This time no one knows where the wounded will come from, or when, or how many. Soldiers on leave speak of going "home to the front." Warfare which may strike anywhere at any time puts a terrific burden on transport and on medical men.

A new 600-bed hospital is being built at Oxford. The American staff will be enlarged. The present budget of \$10,000 a month will be increased to \$25,000. In this new hospital, American surgeons will be able to enlarge their merciful service. They will also get training that will be invaluable in years to come.

Bad Boy + \$25 = Good Boy

Condensed from The Commonweal

Karl Detzer

ON THE city map in the office of Police Chief Frank J. O'Malley, at Grand Rapids, Mich., an area of about half a square mile is outlined in red. River and railroad yards cut it off from the rest of town. Generations of citizens have called this district "Hell's Half-Acre" or "The Badlands." But Chief O'Malley now calls it simply — and proudly — "The Neighborhood."

For decades this bleak, poverty-stricken region produced nearly a fourth of the city's juvenile crime, although it contained less than one fortieth of its population. Of the 450 boys and girls who called it home, an average of 135 were arrested each year. Various social agencies made repeated attempts to heal this sore spot. They always failed. Extra police also proved ineffective.

Then in 1938 big, handsome, white-haired Chief O'Malley, who has five children of his own and 32 years of police experience, decided to try a new kind of cure. Believing that lack of decent recreation, more than anything else, leads to street-corner gangs and subsequent crime, he said: "You can't prevent crime with either hymn-singing or a cop's nightstick. Only thing to do is keep

How Grand Rapids' wise police chief turned "Hell's Half-Acre" into "The Neighborhood."

these kids so busy they don't have time for devilment."

He had neither the money nor the desire to employ trained social workers. He knew that slum boys don't trust well-dressed, well-fed strangers snooping about. So he called on firemen and policemen — hard-bitten, realistic men who as boys had learned the tough and miserable facts of poverty out of their own experience. These men would see through the sooty, hard-boiled veneer of slum boys and girls, would speak their language, understand their problems.

Using a small staff of such men, plain horse sense, hard work and sympathy, Chief O'Malley attacked crime in its own dirty back yard. Result: the very next year — 1939 — instead of 135 arrests, there was exactly one. And in the 22 months since then *not a single boy or girl from this shabby neighborhood has landed behind the bars.*

The neighborhood remains ugly, poor and dirty. But the boys and girls now hurrying daily through sodden streets to a bright, newly

painted little house in the middle of the district have something to live for, something important and exciting — a clubhouse of their own, where they can whoop and holler without anyone to shush them, where they can fight and play. They have a skating rink in winter, an athletic field in summer, a machine shop and a library, radios and a kitchen. The club is open from morning till late night.

At the club, and stemming from it, scores of the youngsters have jobs at which they not only learn how to use tools and machines, but make a little money. All they lack is enough hours in the day to take part in all the club's programs, to share all the adventures.

Chief O'Malley had no money or place to start his plan. But there were two small adjoining houses in the district which a church had been using as a part-time mission. The church gladly turned over the buildings. O'Malley called a meeting of firemen and policemen, outlined his plan, and asked for volunteers to help repair the houses. To a man they responded. To get money they organized a field day, police versus fire department, and a boxing match for which Joe Louis donated his services as referee. This raised \$900.

Policemen and firemen spent weeks in off-duty hours remodeling the two houses, connecting them by a hall, building lockers, planting lawns. To take charge of the club-

house O'Malley selected a big, kindly patrolman who doesn't expect all boys and girls to be saints. For athletic coach he sent the police department drillmaster, who has a reputation as a boxer. A police-woman headed the girls' activities. Firemen and policemen help with the Boy Scout troop; police radio operators and fire alarm electricians hold classes in their specialties; volunteer teachers from the public schools teach shop classes.

Grand Rapids quickly got behind the plan. The city incorporated a "Youth Commonwealth," with leading citizens as officers and advisers. Memberships cost from \$2 to \$100, and every cent is spent on the youngsters. There is not a single paid employe. Annual cost of the entire project is about \$3500, an average of \$25 for each boy and girl saved from arrest and disgrace.

"Two or three cops," says O'Malley, "spend part or all of their time working with these kids. But they prevent more crime this way than by walking beat."

The chief divides the club program into almost equal parts of work, study and play. Two miles from the clubhouse the city sewage plant stands in a waste of bottom lands. The soil is rich and black. This area became the club garden.

Boys and girls are divided into teams — another word for gangs — and each one gets the same amount of land. Each team tries to outdo the others in growing more and bet-

ter vegetables. The youngsters keep them for their families.

For diligence in shop and field, for helping around the clubhouse, the kids receive scrip which they redeem for payment on Boy Scout uniforms, camping trips, summer vacations. Products of the club's metal, leather and wood shops are sold by the makers for pocket money. And they add to their income by repairing bicycles, lawn mowers and furniture.

Three afternoons a week a police-woman teaches the girls how to cook and serve meals, how to buy food wisely and make an inexpensive dinner seem like a banquet. One hundred students, in age from 10 to 16, take this course.

For a class in mechanics the police brought in a confiscated slot machine, allowed the boys to take it to pieces. Learning something of mechanics, they also discovered that it was impossible to win, for the machine had been "fixed" to pay back only 10 percent of the coins dropped into it.


Club members range in age from 8 to 20, with a handful of preschool tots in the day nursery. There are about 100 girls, 225 boys in almost

daily attendance, another hundred who attend once or twice a week. "You can't kill the gang spirit in youngsters," O'Malley says. "But you can control and guide it."

Last fall a group of boys on a hike discovered that apples in a certain orchard were rotting on the ground. With the owner's permission 50 youngsters picked 70 bushels of windfalls and took them to a cider mill. On Halloween, which is a police headache in any town, the club had a party, drank 55 gallons of cider, ate 66 dozen donated doughnuts, made lots of noise, had a wonderful time. And while "high-class" residential neighborhoods telephoned in nearly 1000 complaints of rowdiness that night, not one call came from "Hell's Half-Acre."

"That ought to prove something," the Chief says.

It proves something, too, when policemen in that tough neighborhood have a hard time making their rounds because boys and girls who two years ago ran from the sight of brass buttons now recognize them as friends, insist on stopping them to chat. "Making a good boy out of a bad boy," says O'Malley, "is certainly worth \$25!"



A YOUNG LADY, with a touch of hay fever, took with her to a dinner party two handkerchiefs, one of which she stuck in her bosom. At dinner she began rummaging to right and left in her bosom for the fresh handkerchief. Engrossed in her search, she suddenly realized that conversation had ceased and people were watching her, fascinated.

In confusion she murmured, "I *know* I had two when I came."

— Contributed by John Enskine

Flying Boxcars—Today and Tomorrow.

Condensed from Forbes

Frank J. Taylor

OUT OF the sky above Sacramento slipped a huge transport marked with the Army Air Corps insignia and the letters SAAD—for "San Antonio Air Depot." As the craft taxied to a stop a tractor-drawn trailer pulled alongside. A door was flung open. The wooden boxes which filled the plane were quickly unloaded and the plane, reloaded, was soon in the air again, Texas-bound.

This hurry-up 3000-mile flight from San Antonio to Sacramento and back, dropping cargo at waypoints, was just another day's work for the 50th Transport Wing of the Army Air Corps. These "flying boxcars" deliver army cargo anywhere between Alaska and Cuba, between Newfoundland and Panama—and do it in a hurry. When the defense emergency is over, and planes and pilots are available, much cargo that now travels on wheels will take wing.

The Army now has 50 freight planes and hopes to have 200 more by the end of the year. It has four air depots: Sacramento, San Antonio, Fairfield, Ohio, and Middlefield, Pa. Two more are nearing completion at Mobile, Ala., and Ogden, Utah. All are operated by the Transport Wing, created in

"Air freight transportation will make this country shrink to the size of Pennsylvania."

1935 because it was found impossible to keep spare parts for every kind of military plane at every army field. Yet new engines, wing sections, rudders, bombsights, and hundreds of other accessories are constantly needed, and in a hurry.

A typical run is from Santa Monica to take airplane parts from the Douglas factory to Savannah Air Base, returning to Sacramento by way of Paterson, N. J., to pick up a cargo of airplane engines for delivery to the West Coast. Last year the Wing flew 2,878,073 ton-miles without an accident.

As Major Ralph Moore, executive officer of the unit at Sacramento, put it, "We're busting bottlenecks in the delivery of defense material."

The Wing's cargo hauling is this country's first large-scale demonstration of the possibilities of moving freight by air, and commercial airline operators are keeping close watch. Attempts at commercial air freighting in the U. S. have been short-lived. In 1925 Henry Ford regularly flew parts from his De-

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(Forbes, November 1, '41)

troit factory to Chicago and Buffalo in his own ships, but later he abruptly quit the aviation field. In 1936 TWA launched a flying box-car service between New York and Chicago, but shortly gave it up because pick-up and delivery costs were too high.

Today, however, hopes are buoyed by the army operations and the success of flying freight lines in Canada, Alaska, Central and South America.* Last July Universal Air Freight Corporation launched a new air cargo service, picking up small packages, bunching them, dispatching them over existing airlines in cargo compartments, and delivering them at rates one third lower than regular air express. Early this year Air Cargo, Inc., was established by our four major airlines. The door was left open for the 13 smaller lines to join in ownership if they desire. Air Cargo proposed to operate freighters over existing airlines, using interchangeable transport equipment. Since neither sufficient pilots nor cargo planes are now available, Air Cargo is marking time, finding out how much air freight is in the offing and what kinds of planes will be needed to handle it. A United Air Lines survey found 17,564,000 pounds of cargo in the Chicago area alone that would be switched to air freight annually at double existing surface freight rates.

* See "Central America's Aerial Mules," *The Reader's Digest*, August, '41.

Meantime, the 350 transport planes operated by the airlines primarily for air mail and passengers are handling almost as much heavy freight as the Army does. Most of this consists of machinery parts being rushed to industrial plants. Seats or berths intended for passengers are often stacked with emergency goods for defense work.

One day last spring on faraway Wake Island, a 500-pound crankshaft snapped in a Diesel engine supplying power for a navy project. The nearest available replacement part was at Harvey, Ill. — 7000 miles away, weeks distant by train and boat. The Navy ordered it shipped by air, and in six days the new crankshaft was on the job. In Burbank, Calif., the Lockheed factory ran out of aluminum tubing needed for a hurry-up military job. The nearest supply was near Pittsburgh — five days by the fastest ground service. A ton of tubing reached Burbank the next afternoon, by air.

Not all air cargo consists of emergency shipments. San Francisco growers last winter moved 28 tons of gardenias to eastern markets by air. Crabs packed in dry ice at Seattle are flown daily to Los Angeles and Chicago. Airline officials foresee a profitable cargo movement in perishable foods eastbound from California.

Knotty problems must be solved, however, before air freight can come into its own. At present surface pick-

up and delivery costs half as much as transport by air across the country. Technical sticklers abound — how to load and unload heavy cargoes quickly, how to secure them against shifting during flight. One of the heaviest commodities handled is airplane engines, whose high center of gravity makes them a cargo the pilot dreads. "Mister, if one ever came loose in bumpy weather she'd go right through the side of the ship," a pilot told me.

Designers are also trying to determine what type of plane is the most economical air freighter — a craft of great load capacity making 150 miles an hour, or a smaller, faster plane offering more runs per day.

The Army, in operating our first large-scale, all-freight airline, is working out some of these "bugs." Air Cargo is studying others, while designers, despite defense demands, are planning the flying freight car of tomorrow. Douglas is laying out a plane that is expected to carry freight at rates comparable to those of the railroads and truck lines.

Even now their recently completed B-19 bomber — the world's largest plane, with 7000-mile cruising range — could be converted into a transoceanic freighter making three round trips to England a week with an 18-ton load.

Consolidated's four-motored B-24 bomber could carry 10 tons of commercial cargo on 4000-mile hops at 300 miles an hour. The company's engineers are designing a freight-carrying counterpart to be put into production when emergency orders are completed. One designer has planned a ship with a hinged nose that allows a ramp to drop to the ground, over which loading trucks can be driven directly into the cargo compartment.

According to President W. A. Patterson of United Air Lines, which has carried more cargo than any other domestic line, "Air cargo will expand after this war, just as the air mail did after the last. From the distribution point of view, air freight transportation will in the next decade make this country shrink to the size of Pennsylvania."



I O DEMONSTRATE how little attention people pay to actual words, a hostess said smilingly as she passed the cakes at a tea: "These green ones are colored with Paris green, the pink have strychnine in them." Every guest unconcernedly took a cake and thanked her.

— Gladys Borchers, *Living Speech* (Harcourt, Brace)

Life's poignant dramas as seen by the woman
who sits at the Travelers Aid desk

The Nation's "Kindly Network"

Condensed from The Womans Press

Donald Culross Peattie

TODAY with soldiers going to and from camps, with relatives and sweethearts journeying to visit them, and with workers flocking to factory centers, this country is seeing the greatest flood of travel in its history. And when Uncle Sam issued a call for a helping hand to guide these thousands on the move, one was ready--the Travelers Aid Society.

You've seen their lamp with the map of the hemispheres on it, burning quietly night and day at a desk in the railroad station. You've hurried past, perhaps thinking, "Aren't those the people who send runaway girls back home and put old folks on the right train?"

Yes, Travelers Aid has been doing things like that for nearly 40 years. Now it has become the information center of the United Service Organizations. All over the country it is helping to route the man in service and keep him out of trouble on the way.

At the San Diego TAS desk appeared a sailor who had been robbed

of his money while on a spree, and had no idea where to join his ship. Beside him stood a 14-year-old runaway from Kentucky, one of the army of girls dazzled by uniforms. Travelers Aid located the sailor's ship and hurried him there in a taxi. It wired the girl's parents to send funds, lodged her in a girls' club till the money arrived, then placed her firmly on a train for home.

A young man in Los Angeles was discharged from an airplane factory because of bad health; his wife was expecting a baby; their money gave out, and their nearest acquaintances were 2000 miles away. Travelers Aid hastened both to the hospital. Later the proud father, restored to health and work, came around to lay \$2 on the lamplit TAS desk for a Travelers Aid membership.

A few weeks ago two boys came from Colorado to Chicago to enlist in the Marine Corps. They looked so young that their birth certificates were demanded. Before these arrived the boys ran out of money.



They hadn't had a meal in 30 hours when they came to Travelers Aid. TAS found lodging and food for them until the certificates arrived. They repaid the Society out of their Marine pay checks.

The idea behind TAS originated in the gold-rush days of '49. Brian Mullanphy, mayor of St. Louis, noticed that many of the pioneers pouring westward through the city were broke or sick or lost; he also saw that the stream of women following their husbands, or going out to marry sweethearts, needed protection. Mullanphy provided an endowment of approximately \$1,000,000 to care for those valorous travelers.

No other city took up Mullanphy's idea until, in the early '80's, the Boston YWCA established a travelers' aid service for new arrivals from Europe. The idea grew among other YWCA staffs, who met traveling girls and women by request only. Later some Quakers employed a worker to meet strangers arriving in New York and direct them to their destinations. In 1903 the New York City Travelers Aid Society was formed, and under the guidance of Miss Grace Dodge (later president of the National Board of the YWCA) it assumed leadership. The present National Association of Travelers Aid Societies dates from 1917.

Today nearly 100 Societies in cities and nearly 2000 coöperating representatives in smaller towns

form a vast and kindly network over the nation.

In recent months TAS has met 5000 European refugees at the docks — many of them penniless and unable to speak English. It lodged and fed the British refugee children; then helped the little wayfarers along their journey — even as far as British Columbia — till they were delivered safe into the hands of friends or relatives. In its concern for the happiness of these youngsters, the Society takes infinite pains. Ten-year-old Jamie from Kirkentilloch, Scotland, was lugging a pot of heather with his belongings. "'Tis all I've goot from hame," he shyly explained. When he was sent on his way across the continent, the heather — an unfumigated foreign plant — was held up. But TAS got permission from the authorities for the heather to travel through the mail and sent it to the loyal little Scot.

Station porters, bus drivers, train conductors know that Travelers Aid will take care of all transients in trouble. Policemen and taxi drivers know that it is never too late at night to take a weary woman or puzzled child to the TAS Guest House in New York for lodging and good meals. Last year, of the 55,925 cases handled in New York, 9457 were persons in major difficulties, including hundreds of adolescent girl runaways.

Travelers Aid is skilled in discerning between runaways, who should

be sent back home and those who should not. It has handled many cases like that of 17-year-old Lucy, whom railroad employes brought to a TAS desk. Lucy hated the whole world. Her stepfather had flogged her often; a man had attacked her and left her diseased; nobody had held out a kind hand to her since her mother's death years before. She was not aware that anywhere on earth was there love, friendship, or ordinary decency.

Travelers Aid enlisted the help of medical, religious, educational, and charitable organizations. Lucy's health was restored; she was given training for a job suggested by vocation experts. Then TAS found her work, and set her on her feet as a self-supporting young woman of 18. Now well and happy, Lucy frequently calls TAS and says, "I'm sending another girl to you. Please help her the way you did me."

The defense effort is bringing TAS broader problems than it has met in the past. At Fort Blanding, Fla., an emergency arose when 3000 migrants, hoping to get construction work, squatted with their families on the camp's outskirts. Conditions favored an outbreak of typhoid, mass undernourishment, a riot at local relief agency doors. Travelers Aid jumped in and sent hurry-up calls to health authorities, schools, churches, and charities; then held the line with food, clean water, first aid to the sick, an em-

ployment office, and good cheer until the local forces could get into action.

Because every big city now realizes that Travelers Aid saves its hospitals, courts and relief bureaus endless headaches, this agency gets a deserved share in most well-organized Community Chests. TAS befriends the hopeless army of unfortunates ineligible for help by community organizations because they cannot show residence or citizenship.

But the Society still operates on a shoestring. It is largely dependent on its friends and donations by some transportation companies. Many of the Society workers are men and women who give part-time services during hours that most of us use for rest or recreation.

There is a big need now for volunteers to help with the sudden peak-load caused by the defense effort. Service is not limited to manning the station desk. Expert social workers, vocational advisers, interpreters, doctors — all can render valuable aid.

Travelers Aid is an agency which, like the Red Cross, helps humans of all ages, kinds and conditions. You never know when you, or someone precious to you, may need assistance in a strange city. When that happens, you'll find TAS the friend in need, always ready to help the traveler on his way.

PICTURESQUE *speech* AND PATTERN...

Specimen of the perfect compliment: Every day you look lovelier and lovelier and today you look like tomorrow.

(Charlie McCarthy)

Snobs who talk as if they had begotten their own ancestors. (Herbert Agar)

He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth but he's never made much stir with it.

(Harry Ritz)

She entered the room voice first . . . She came in on a wave of perfume.

(Carolyn Darling)

Snow, tufting the branches, made each day look like a lace-edged valentine (Hilda Morris) . . . The shadows of the trees stretched long; the afternoon was striding off on stilts (Opie Read) . . . Birds flung themselves in long curves, like aerial skaters (Henry Bellamann) . . . Sunshine lies over each day like an exquisite glaze.

(Sylvia Thompson)

Among other things that don't turn out quite as you expect are people who drive cars.

His contours indicate he takes his daily dozen with a knife and fork . . . She's furious — her husband told her to keep her best chin forward (H. I. Phillips) . . . She has re-routed her eyebrows (Alice Douglas Kelly) . . . Years had changed her dangerous curves to extended detours. (S. S. Le Vay)

Travelers agape with touriosity (Faith Baldwin) . . . To most women potatoes and gravy are avoidupoison (Frederick Lyman) . . . Two rival actresses chatterboxing (Sid Sheldon)

He has more brains in his little finger than he has in his whole head.

(Col. Stoopnagle)

She has not only the seal of his approval, but the mink also.

(George Ryan)

No wonder he seeks comfort from other women — his wife understands him.

(Gloria J. Grimaldi)

"Indeed?" Her voice lifted its eyebrows (Mary Roberts Rinehart) . . . He offered a large limp hand as though he himself had no further use for it.

(Nordhoff and Hall)

School children bubbling out to recess.

(John H. Schlosser)

Silence fell and the clock took over the conversation.

(Fred D'Ascoli)

A voice that sang around the edges (Virginia Lee) . . . A delicious spray of laughter (Lady Asquith) . . . The scent of the flowers hung in the darkness like dim music (Margaret Mackprang Mackay)

Weather forecast — "Tomorrow: snow, followed by little boys with sleds."

(Portland Oregonian)

TO THE FIRST CONTRIBUTOR OF EACH ACCEPTED ITEM of either Patter or Picturesque Speech a payment of \$5 is made upon publication. In all cases the source must be given. An additional payment is made to the author, except for items originated by the sender. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned, but every item is carefully considered.

ADDRESS PATTERN EDITOR, BOX 605, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

By

Oswald Garrison Villard

I HAD just dismissed my ninth successive farmer, and I was voicing my despair aloud: "I think I'll sell this farm. Either there is something wrong with me, or there are no more trustworthy men to be had."

"Why not try *me*?" a voice asked over my head.

There on the stairs stood the carpenter, repairing a window. "You?" I stammered. "What do you know about farming?"

"Why, I grew up on a farm."

"That's enough for me," I replied. "You can go to work tomorrow."

He went, and since then the farm has had the devoted attention it needs, and I have had a friend whose character I shall never forget.

He is of the type that can look every man in the eye, not to tell him to go to hell, but to let the other man see for himself the character that shines through his eyes. This

Norseman is at ease with everyone, as every gentleman should be. I can see him going into the White House, excited underneath, but really unabashed, and taking the President's hand in his horny fist with all politeness but with no embarrassment or cringing.

I think he would look upon the head of the State as one craftsman to another. For my friend has the unconscious security and poise of the skilled artisan, and so he meets anyone on equal terms, frank, friendly, and ever courteous. Not that there is the slightest conceit about him; it is simply that he is well aware that he has mastered his job, and so can face any situation with calm confidence.

Tall, rangy, somewhat bowed by hard work, this man is the product of the American melting pot. He came to America from Scandinavia when a boy, but if the mark of the for-



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, one of America's most distinguished journalists, was for 15 years the militant liberal editor of *The Nation*. After graduating from Harvard and teaching American history there, Mr. Villard entered the newspaper business as a reporter on the Philadelphia *Press*. Later he became editorial writer and president of the New York *Post*, then editor and owner of *The Nation*. In 1932 he resigned as editor, but continued for three years as publisher. Since then he has contributed to *The Nation* and other magazines. Mr. Villard's books include *Newspapers and Newspapermen*, *Prophecy True and False*, and the autobiography *Fighting Years*.

eign-born is on him, as evidenced by his inability to pronounce our "J," here is an American, indelibly stamped with the freedom of the American Republic.

He knows the deficiency in his own education; that spelling has its pitfalls for him. But he knows that he is on top of his trade. I write in a house — originally built in 1758 — that he reconstructed, and after 12 years there is not a crack in ceiling or wall, nor a floor out of line.

He recently finished the renovation of the kitchen. Upon each cupboard and cabinet he lavished such detailed attention that today the place is a showroom of what the perfect craftsman can do — a monument to his thoroughness, skill, and strength of character.

Everywhere on the farm are similar monuments. "There," he would say when the last touch was given, "you'll never have to think about that as long as you live, or your children after you."

His friends are legion because the whole neighborhood knows he stands four-square. The bank is ready to lend him money without much regard to his collateral. The grocer says: "You've got a grand man there." The plumber opines that "they don't grow them better." Town officials favor him whenever they can, for they are aware that here is one upon whom the town can always count, who would never trick or play politics.

I never hear him censure anyone

unless there is some arrant case of roguery; then he blazes with anger. One day we spoke of a man, a pillar of the church, who had done me a great wrong. His indignation knew no bounds. "And he went to church every Sunday, and passed the plate. Well, it ain't the first time a man has knelt in a pew to hide his jerry-built heart."

When the whole government of our neighboring city was indicted for theft, he was deeply stirred. "I would not have their consciences for all the money in the world." The betrayal of their trust was what moved him most; had he been the judge their sentences would have been the longest possible — though some of the culprits had been friendly to him. In his eyes there could be no excuse for such rascality. I found in him no weak-kneed cynicism; no saying, "Well, there are plenty of others who got theirs"; just a sterling, unquenchable indignation that men trusted by the people could so betray their trust.

In private business as in public affairs, he burns with indignation at shoddy work or unethical practices. When anyone offers him a rake-off on materials he buys for me, that man never offends a second time. His time, he says with most unpleasant directness and vigor, is my time; his services belong to his employer. If there is to be any offset to the quoted price, his employer should benefit by it openly and aboveboard.

Although an ardent disciple of the New Deal, his respect for the dignity of labor and insistence upon honesty of workmanship made him grieve deeply over the frauds of the WPA. I was struck by hearing from him the same things that had annoyed me as I heard them in Wall Street. He admitted that the government could not let these people starve. But — "I see men leaning on their shovels, refusing to work. That's cheating the nation." He was indignant when he found that many formerly able artisans had so deteriorated that they refused private work if the wage offered was near their WPA wage. "There are many good men," he said bitterly, "now entirely ruined. They will never come back."

I take deep satisfaction in my friend's political views. There is in the average American an essential soundness of thinking on far-reaching issues which more than once has preserved the country from blundering gravely. My friend typifies that innate clarity of vision which alone has made the survival of our

democracy possible. I have been an international journalist for many years, and I never talk with my farmer-carpenter without being impressed by his ability to go to the heart of matters, readily and correctly applying to the acts of statesmen the principles by which he lives. I know when I talk with him where Lincoln got his faith in the plain people.

"Why," my friend once said, "there is no mystery about running a town or a country right. The politicians try to make you think there is, but there ain't. It's yust a question whether you want to be straight or crooked, that's all. If you want to go through straight you don't need a spirit level to tell you how."

How completely American this immigrant is! He is a patriot as much as any man who ever marched to war. All unknowing he is serving his country well and far more earnestly and wisely than many a high-placed bureaucrat — he is giving to his community and his country the very best that is in him. More than that no man can do.



ALTHOUGH never officially married, a Negro woman in Mobile, Alabama, was the proud mother of five children and a staunch supporter of her church. When finally she lay on her deathbed, church members felt called upon to show some special recognition of her many years of service. A committee met, deliberated, and before the old woman died conferred upon her the "Honorary Degree of Mrs."

— Contributed by Adam Glass, Jr.

Middletown-on-the-Subway

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Gretta Palmer

THE DIRECTORS of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company begin every business day with the staggering problem of investing one million dollars before nightfall. They solved this problem for a short time by spending \$50,000,000 on the construction of Parkchester, a mammoth apartment-house development in the Bronx borough of New York City.

Nearly filled with tenants, Parkchester is the biggest housing project ever built — four times as large as any undertaken by the U. S. government. It is home to 40,000 persons, a population approximating that of Salem, Massachusetts. Its grounds comprise 130 acres. The 51 apartment buildings contain bricks enough to build 10,000 small houses. There are 200 stores, a motion-picture theater seating 2000, garages accommodating 4000 cars. The development has its own post office, doctors' and dentists' building, banks, department store and 16-room parochial school. In gambling on its judgment Metropolitan Life has been no piker.

This gigantic achievement offers an emphatic answer to those who argue that private funds cannot finance low-cost housing profitably. It has larger rooms, better land-

The world's largest apartment-house development refutes the charge that private enterprise cannot provide low-rent housing.

scaping and more accommodations than in any U. S. Housing Authority project — yet its cost has been about \$500 less per apartment than the Authority's average development. And nobody has been taxed to pay for it.

Tenants' incomes range from \$1800 to \$4500 a year. They pay from a minimum of \$32 a month for two rooms to a maximum of \$71 for five — including gas and electricity, which would amount to about \$5 to \$7 elsewhere. If a tenant is drafted, his lease is canceled on request. Rents yield the company perhaps five percent profit, yet the average tenant pays eight percent less than he did to former landlords.

Parkchester is divided by two through streets into four quadrants, each having a recreation ground larger than a football gridiron. More than half of Parkchester consists of landscaping (4000 trees, 300,000 bushes) and playgrounds. It has 17 playgrounds for different age-groups. Toddlers have wading pools and

sandboxes where recreation experts supervise their play. Bicycle and roller-skating paths and softball diamonds are used by the older children. Adults have a wide choice of sports, including handball, badminton, archery and shuffleboard.

Children can reach playgrounds and run errands without crossing a thoroughfare. The short service-drives between buildings have been curved to prevent speeding, dark-surfaced to prevent sun-glare, and blanketed with trees to muffle noise.

Parkchester was planned by a board of design which studied the problem for three years. The board turned an entire floor of an office building into model apartments to experiment with materials and details, down to the pattern of the kitchen linoleum. From experts throughout the country the designers gathered data on the tastes and grouses of America's housewives and their husbands.

In the curving, quiet, tree-lined drives of Parkchester, the potential tenant — there were 4000 on a recent Sunday — sees artistically grouped buildings of different shades, and no unsightly signs. He is not permitted to ramble through the buildings, but is taken into replicas of the seven standard apartments, and makes his choice from them. The first feature he is shown is the front door, equipped with a peephole for timid housewives to preview their callers. Doorbells ring in soft chime tones. Most living

rooms bulge for a dining ell. Closets are plentiful. Casement windows cover half the area of all outside walls, and are so designed that their outside panes can be washed with safety; and on rainy days they admit air while keeping water out. Radiators are concealed. Most of the bedrooms have cross ventilation. Handy to every kitchen door is an incinerator chute.

The kitchens, with elaborate equipment, are of two types — a small semicircular space in which the housewife may prepare a meal without taking a step, or one large enough to accommodate a play pen so that mother can keep an eye on the baby while she cooks. Stoves are placed so that window curtains cannot blow into gas flames. Bathtubs have flat bottoms to reduce the danger of slipping.

Parkchester now has two community newspapers, filled with personal items, announcements of sport competitions, of trips to the zoo for the youngsters, of the activities of many clubs that have sprung up, devoted to stamps, photography, current events, music, science, chess, marksmanship, horseshoe pitching. There is an adult chorus, and an American Legion Post. Among the residents there is a spirit of neighborliness usually lacking in metropolitan apartment-house life; and a strong community pride, reflected, for instance, in the way the lawns and gardens are cherished and kept free of litter.

Many city dwellers are lonely for just such community life. This has contributed to the waiting-list demand for apartments. In spite of the fact that no advertising has ever appeared, applicants have been so numerous that 10,000 of the first 18,000 were disappointed.

Metropolitan Life is so satisfied with its Parkchester investment that it has begun projects in Los Angeles and San Francisco, each designed to house 8000 to 10,000 persons.

Our banks are bulging with unused capital because investors are timid about ventures that involve much risk, knowing they must pay their own losses while taxes will destroy high profits. In construction of local residential centers, so attractive and reasonable that tenants clamor to move in, Metropolitan has found a middle-of-the-road solution of this problem. The Parkchester investment is expected to return more than \$2,000,000 a year to the company.



Quick Recovery

❏ OPIE READ, the humorist, was playing golf in a foursome when his ball landed in a sand trap. Hidden from view he hacked away at the ball. When he finally drove it out and rejoined his friends, he was asked: "How many strokes, Opie?"

"Three."

"But we heard six!"

"Three," said Opie, "were echoes."—James Martin in *Your Personality*

❏ AT A large dinner party a financier was placed next to a lady whose name he didn't catch. During the first course he noticed at the left of the host a man who had bested him in a business transaction. "Do you see that man?" he muttered ferociously to his dinner partner. "If there's one man on earth I hate he's it."

"Why," exclaimed the lady, "that's my husband!"

"Yes, I know," said the financier glibly. "That's why I hate him."

—Thomas L. Masson, *Listen to These* (Doubleday, Doran)

❏ ONCE when Henry Clay failed to recognize a young lady, she said reproachfully, "Why, Mr. Clay, you don't remember my name!"

"No," answered the statesman in his most gallant manner, "for when we last met I was sure your beauty and accomplishments would soon compel you to change it."

—*The Christian Science Monitor*

Human Nature Has Changed

Condensed from Liberty

Roger William Riis

"LEOPARDS," said Ambrose Bierce, "speak of changing their spots; optimists speak of improving human nature." The cynical Bierce believed that one was no more possible than the other. Yet a healthy perspective on history gives convincing testimony that human nature has changed, and is changing, for the better. Despite gloomy reversals and temporary tragic eras, the slow surge is away from ignorance and cruelty, and toward decency and kindness.

If you sometimes doubt this, glance back at life in the *best* of the good old days. Consider the golden age of Elizabeth, flowering around 1600. Human conduct then was a brutish, nasty spectacle. When Shakespeare wrote and Drake sailed, every man carried a lethal weapon and went about prepared to kill or be killed. Nobles sported three-foot swords, the lesser gentry 12-inch daggers or ponderous clubs. Cut-throats roamed through London, plundering and killing with impunity. The strong were boastful, drunken and murderous; the weak were voiceless and unchampioned.

Care of the insane, the halt and the blind was unknown. Lunatics were chained in dungeons, or exposed in cages to public view; some-

A look backward should make even a pessimist hopeful for the future.

times they were thrown into a pit of snakes "to bring them back to their senses." A sadism incomprehensible to the modern mind disfigured the games of the day; unless a sport was cruel, spectators were bored. A popular game of gentle Oliver Goldsmith's time was called "Stone the Cock." A rooster was tied to a stake; rocks and other missiles were hurled by children until the fowl was killed. At local fairs men fought each other with heavy clubs, the combat ending when one was beaten to insensibility. Could human nature, as we know it today, relish these spectacles?

The cruelties of yesterday were nowhere better exhibited than on the high seas. Herman Melville's *White Jacket* describes how in the United States Navy a man could be flogged till his bones gleamed white. Hands trussed above his head, the dreaded "cat" was laid on, each blow raising an indelible weal on the man's back; usually before the last lash the victim was unconscious. Publication of *White Jacket* in 1850 led our Navy to

abolish flogging, but merchant sailors were shredded piecemeal by the "cat" as late as 1870.

More murderous yet was the practice of keelhauling, common among American whaling ships during the first half of the 19th century. To keelhaul a man, you tied him to a rope that had been passed under the ship's bottom. His shipmates pulled at the other end of the rope, dragging the victim overboard, under the keel and up the other side of the hull, while the barnacles lacerated him to ribbons. Sometimes, mercifully, he was drowned.

In Europe under the thumb of manorial lords, the laborer was ground down to utter destitution. While Louis XIV glittered at Versailles, the French essayist La Bruyère described the peasants of Normandy as follows:

Scattered about the country one sees certain animals, male and female; they are black, livid and baked by the sun, and they are attached with almost visible chains to the soil which they dig. They retire at night into dens, where they live on black bread, water and roots.

The inhuman idea that the rural worker was a cross between a rodent and a beast of burden was not changed until the French Revolution sponged it away in blood.

Americans, gazing at our own labor history, find no cause for complacency. As late as 1820 indentured servants were virtual slaves; years of hard labor had to be served before the wretch could win his

freedom. Meanwhile the master could beat him, systematically starve him, and shoot him if he tried to escape. Popular punishment for minor offenses, according to the historian McMaster, were the clipping of ears, maiming and branding.

Within the memory of living men the fight for the 12-hour day began. Mill and factory owners, slow to acknowledge the human rights of the employed, stubbornly resisted the movement toward shorter hours and better pay. Only the growth of an informed, organized, *humane* public opinion has brought about the change. When we contemplate modern working conditions and the added protection of the worker through disability and unemployment insurance, we realize that human nature has altered before our very eyes.

Treatment of children is a sure index of human progress. In the England of Charles Dickens the lot of the apprentice was drudgery and frank physical abuse. Children of four worked in coal mines. In New York during Theodore Roosevelt's early manhood the "padrone" system enabled unscrupulous men to send small boys into the streets as bootblacks and peddlers, then collect their small earnings and herd the children into a filthy pen for the night. The human nature that closed its eyes to this degradation has certainly changed.

Imprisonment for debt was uni-

versal in the United States until 1820. In foul prisons debtors were locked in the same cell with murderers, thieves and degenerates; they starved, froze and rotted together — unless they could purchase favors from the warden. The human nature that exacted this penalty for a \$5 debt is not the human nature that we know today.

The outstanding human development in the past century, and especially the past 25 years, is the growth of a sense of obligation to our fellows. Community consciousness grows ever stronger, more effective. For all its jangling discords, human nature is becoming a mel-

lower, better-toned instrument. Instead of blandly accepting evil as a necessary ingredient of life, men and women have developed a repugnance to all forms of human suffering and wrongdoing. War, crime and disease still rack our state — but we are even more painfully racked by a desire to abolish these evils.

Sometimes we are conscious only of dissonant jealousies, greeds and hatred. But after a survey of the good old days even the cynical observer admits that the leopard's spots *have* changed, and that human beings are not the ornery, cross-grained, calloused creatures they used to be.



“Picture Pool”

PICTURES add to the interest of any home, but too often the same pictures hang so long on the same walls that we do not even see them. A picture new to us would do wonders toward freshening the charm of a room — but who can always be buying new ones?

A group of New York families have found a solution that delights them all. They have a “picture pool.”

The inspiration belongs to Will Francis, a lawyer. Moving from a large house to an apartment, he found he had not wall space for all his pictures. He invited six couples to a party on New Year's Day. When they arrived, they found pictures all over the place. They were told each couple might choose one to keep until the following Christmas. Then all loans were to be returned and next New Year's Day there would be another choosing.

It was fifteen years ago that Francis launched his one-man lending library of art. Now there are many participants — 75 pictures were exchanged at the last New Year's party. The picture pool for fifteen years has created new — and ever-changing — beauty in each home, a contribution to richer living.

— Alice Pentlarge

Promoter of the Arctic

Condensed from The New Yorker

Robert Lewis Taylor



ALTHOUGH Vilhjalmur Stefansson has never set foot at either the North or the South Pole, has never poked around under the Arctic ice in a submarine, and has never eaten one of his associates, he is considered by many sober scientists to be the greatest living explorer. For 37 years Stefansson has been the debunker of the Frozen North. During his period of exploration, from 1904 to 1918, he swept across the Arctic like a blizzard. Since then, as a writer and lecturer, he has tirelessly expounded his conviction that the region around the North Pole possesses undeveloped resources of great value, that it is warm, comfortable, abundant in game, and entirely lovable.

Stefansson's books are required reading in English schools. Russians read *The Friendly Arctic* and started a movement toward the North Pole which resembled our own advance on the Klondike. Today *The Friendly Arctic* is acknowledged the best handbook on travel in the Far North ever written. One explorer said that anybody over ten should be able to go to the North Pole with this book and a rifle and reside there in feudal ease.

Stefansson's parents were born

in Iceland. They anglicized their name to Stephenson when they migrated to Canada, where a son they called William was born in 1879. Later they moved to a farm in North Dakota. William always considered his name drab and when he was a junior at the University of North Dakota in 1902 changed it to its Norwegian equivalent.

Stefansson had arrived at the university almost unbearably erudite, having supplemented his schooling by privately learning Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic and German. He heckled his professors, challenging practically everything they said. One of Stefansson's opinions was that football players should not have to exercise their brains. He would herd them into an ancient-history class, taught by a man who was exceptionally nearsighted, and recite brilliantly for all of them. When something extraordinary occurred on the North Dakota campus Stefansson, living up to his picturesque new name, was nine chances out of ten responsible. He was finally expelled because he "undermined the morale of the university."

That fall Stefansson enrolled at the State University of Iowa as a freshman, with the peculiar arrangement that he could advance as rapidly as he passed examinations. He was a sophomore before Christmas, a junior by Easter, a senior a few weeks later, and graduated with a B.A. degree a week before his old class finished at North Dakota. The next fall he entered Harvard as a divinity student, but soon lost his enthusiasm for religion and plunged into a wholesale examination of the natural sciences. Within a year he was an assistant instructor in anthropology, and the next year led a party of students on an archeological field trip to Iceland.

In 1906, on the strength of an article he had written about the Norsemen's discovery of Greenland, he was invited to accompany an expedition to Alaska. He decided to join the party at Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean, by traveling overland from Boston. The trip was even more complicated than Stef had hoped. He traveled on horseback, floated on rafts, swam, and walked. Although he consistently minimizes the hardships of the North, he owns up that he suffered from mosquitoes.

The expedition's ship hit a rock and never reached Herschel Island. Stefansson, delighted to be on his own in the Arctic, spent the next 13 months with the Eskimos. He noted that the climate was moderate compared with Montana's. The

Eskimos fascinated him. Within a few weeks he was teaching them how to build better snowhouses, giving them advice on hunting, and providing them with short cuts to pleasant living.

When Stefansson returned to civilization he started writing articles which blew up all prevailing notions about the Eskimos. He pictured the Eskimo as living in comfort and ease. He said that no Eskimo had ever suffered from stomach-ache or scurvy until the white man persuaded them to eat vegetables, and that Eskimo dwellings were usually overheated. "I was surprised at how little conspicuous were the filth and other horrors I had read about, although there was enough for literary material if suitably magnified."

In 1907, backed by a promise of supplies from the American Museum of Natural History, Stefansson set out again. Owing to his penchant for side trips, however, the Museum was unable to locate him for several years, and spent \$14,000 trying to get \$2000 worth of supplies to him. He explored uncharted land, and reported he had found a tribe of blond Eskimos. This started widespread scientific argument, but later expeditions verified his discovery, which is of immense anthropological importance. The accepted theory is that the blond Eskimos descend from Norse explorers who penetrated the Arctic by way of Greenland. On the

whole, the Museum considered its money well spent, although none of it ever caught up with Stefansson.

His most elaborate expedition, from 1913 to 1918, cost the Canadian government \$150,000. Stefansson took six ships and 150 men but got off to a disheartening start when one of the ships — commanded by the now well-known Captain Bob Bartlett — became wedged in ice off Point Barrow, Alaska, and sank. As a result, ten men of the ship's party shortly afterward lost their lives through freezing, scurvy, or drowning. Some of the scientists tried to persuade Stefansson to return to civilization. But Stefansson calmly announced that he was preparing to go out on the ice floes with a couple of men and see if they could live solely off whatever wild life they were able to kill.

Despite their comrades' protests that the Arctic sea was devoid of life, Stefansson, Storker Storkerson and Ole Andreasen stepped from the shore of Alaska onto the ice in March 1914 with six dogs, a sled that could be converted into a boat, two rifles, ammunition, food for a few weeks, and sleeping, cooking and scientific equipment. He promised to meet one of the ships in three months at Norway Island, 500 miles east.

During the first hundred miles the absence of game persisted until the men were living on a few grains of rice a day and the dogs were eye-

ing each other wistfully. On May 14 Stefansson shot a seal, and the men sat down jubilantly to a meal of meat and blubber. A few days later they began to encounter seals, foxes, and bear tracks. Stefansson was overjoyed; his theory that there was animal life on the Arctic sea was verified. His companions were no less overjoyed — to learn that they had a good chance of finishing out the summer as live explorers.

As the weather grew warmer the gaps between the floes grew wider and on May 24 the men found further progress impossible. They were marooned on a drifting island of ice about four miles square, surrounded on all sides by at least five miles of open water. Their floe proved to be popular with polar bears, and it was a toss-up whether the bears or the explorers would eat. But Stefansson says, "They were no more trouble than a bunch of pesky dogs," and for a tense two weeks the party carried on scientific work — sounding the ocean, collecting meteorological data, opening fishes' bellies to see what kind of food was inside. Then they crossed to another floe, loading their amphibious sled with all it could carry.

After 93 days on the ice they sighted land — a small island near their destination. If Stefansson was delighted at the completion of his experiment exactly according to plan; his companions never knew it. He

stepped ashore, commented, "Interesting countryside," and walked off in search of game with the pre-occupied air of a man bound for the corner newsstand.

One man on the expedition said that "Stefansson is the greatest hunter since Daniel Boone." He thought nothing of crawling a mile through slush on his stomach to draw a bead on a seal. He considered an hour about right for a look at the countryside with binoculars. Once, after his companions had reported no game, Stefansson sat down, gazed a while through his glasses, announced that he had seen one wolf, one fox, eight hares, four king eiders, nine Pacific eiders, five squaw ducks and three dark geese. "Hunting is a trade," he usually says, "no more difficult than plumbing." He is against killing animals for fun and has not fired a rifle since he gave up exploring.

In the North, Stefansson always adopted the Eskimos' manner of living. When he told his men to sleep naked in a wolfskin bag to keep warm in a temperature of 40 below zero, they grumbled; but he proved to be right. A few years ago Stefansson was supposed to give an address on "Courage." He got up and said, "I know nothing whatever about courage, but I will talk instead on the vastly more important quality of adaptability." Stefansson, who has never married, retired from exploring to

"consolidate his knowledge of the North for the benefit of the human race." He believes that the work he is now doing is more important than his exploring. At 62 he is a formidable figure, tall and heavy, with rough features and an abundant, swirling shock of gray hair. Behind his tortoiseshell glasses, his eyes have a constant look of amusement. Despite years spent in the North his skin is pale. "I didn't wear my skin out in the open," he explains, "I had it covered in fur."

He lives today in three adjoining four-room apartments in New York's Greenwich Village, and employs nine girls who spend seven days a week indexing his library, cataloguing everything printed about the polar regions, and taking dictation. His 15,000 books, most of them on the Arctic, are stacked along every wall, even encroaching on the kitchen shelves beside the salt and baking powder.

Stefansson is an indefatigable letter-writer. To keep up with the latest developments in the Arctic, he corresponds briskly with most of its residents, including some Eskimos who can neither read nor write. They enlist the aid of the nearest mounted policeman or trader. He spends three months a year lecturing on what a fine place the Arctic is, directs the WPA bibliography of polar literature and acts as adviser on northern operations for Pan American Airways.

Several years ago he began to

furnish reports on the North for the Army and Navy, under contract. He worked two years with five assistants and turned in two million words. After studying the reports a year, the Army and Navy gave him another contract, to expand his reports into five books: a book of general information on the North and guidebooks on Alaska, Canada, Greenland and the Soviet Union north of 62 degrees. He is considered the foremost American authority on Iceland, frequently consulted by the U. S. since the occupation.

In his spare time Stefansson is writing a book on diet, the outgrowth of a controversy which began in 1904, when he reported, after noting the Eskimos, that man could live by meat alone. In 1928 some doctors at the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology invited Stefansson and a young Danish disciple, Andersen, to a year of meat-eating. Stefansson was elated. "Nothing is too much trouble to prove a scientific fact," he said. They spent the first month in a ward at Bellevue.

Stefansson and Andersen ordered the choicest cuts of meat. "They would call loudly for the shinbones of a steer," one doctor recalls, "crack them open and walk around

eating pieces of marrow that looked like plumbers' candles." They also ate quantities of steaks, chops, brains, boiled short ribs, chicken, fish and liver. Stefansson would place two broiled lamb chops in his pockets and startle a women's club audience by eating a chop in the middle of a lecture. At the end of the year the doctors reluctantly announced that the men had suffered no ill effects and that meat apparently contains all the elements necessary to sustain human life.

Stefansson, still in the best of health, continues to believe that meat is the ideal food, although when dining out he will eat anything, including green salads. He takes no exercise whatever. "It's a matter of endocrine balance," he says. "I don't require any."

He is much in demand socially because, as one friend explains, "he gives liberally of himself." If he is asked a simple question involving the North, he sometimes gives of himself to such an extent that his listeners feel they have just made a round trip to Point Barrow.

When anyone asks him if he ever got clear to the North Pole — and someone usually does — he merely smiles and says, "No. I'm a scientist, not a tourist."



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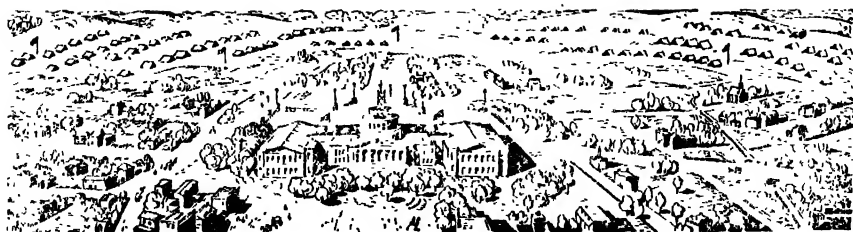
Reveille IN Washington

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

Margaret Leech

IT MIGHT BE only yesterday — and in fact it was only one long lifetime ago — that this nation's capital awoke to find itself the storm center of the first great modern war. In this widely acclaimed best seller, the story of Washington during the turbulent Civil War period is packed with life and color. The *New York Times* calls it "a volume of non-fiction that is, in effect, one of the best historical novels in years."

*"Reveille in Washington" was the September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club
Copyright 1941, by Margaret Leech Pulitzer, and published at \$3.50 by
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IN THE SPRING of 1861, while preparations were being made for the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as president of the Confederate States, so many threats had been made against the life of President-elect Abraham Lincoln that it was thought necessary to bring him to Washington secretly for his inauguration. Accordingly he was spirited aboard the night train to Washington at Harrisburg, Pa., on a stretcher, and arrived in the capital unheralded at six o'clock in the morning — a procedure which many criticized as casting reproach on a Government already sufficiently dishonored.

Seven states — South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas — had already seceded from the Union. They had seized United States property within their borders — forts, arsenals, custom-houses, revenue cutters — and the Government had made no effort to reclaim them. The conspiracy for disunion permeated the high-

est councils of the nation. The air of Washington was thick with treason and suspicion of treason. Senators and congressmen from the remaining Southern states made no secret of their disloyalty to the Union. There were scandalous irregularities in the disunionist administration of the War and Interior Departments.

In the turmoil Washington's very existence as the Federal City seemed threatened. Geographically the situation of the District of Columbia was precarious. If the slave states of Virginia and Maryland were both to secede, Washington would be surrounded by rebel territory. Southern sympathizers were strong in the city itself. Congressional galleries loudly applauded the sentiments of secession, and even government clerks sported secession cockades on their coats, and vowed loudly over their whis-

key at Willard's bar that Lincoln should never be inaugurated.

Uneasily in the presidential chair sat James Buchanan of Penn-

MARGARET LEECH, co-author with Heywood Broun of a biography of Anthony Comstock, and author of several novels, among them *Tin Wedding* and *The Feathered Nest*, spent five years' research on *Reveille in Washington*.

sylvania, like a nervous gentleman on a runaway horse, longing for the ride to be over. A commonplace politician of nearly 70, he was conscientious but irresolute. Dreading a collision over the slavery question, he had followed a policy so noncommittal that it appeared to be no policy at all. Eventually even his Southern friends to whom he had conceded so much—as a staunch Democrat his closest political associates were Southerners—had turned against him. In the end his sundered country was united only in the opinion that Mr. Buchanan was a coward and a fool.

The physical aspect of Washington itself contributed to the general lugubriousness of the picture. Built at the dawn of the century, the city after 60 years gave the impression of having been just begun. European travelers, accustomed to capitals which were the rooted centers of the cultural and commercial life of their nations, looked superciliously on it. Washington was merely a place for the Government. It was an idea set in a wilderness.

All too typical of the young Republic, the town was pretentious and unfulfilled. It had been ambitiously laid out over a huge area. Vast sums had been spent on the public buildings, but they were for the most part incomplete. The original dome of the Capitol had been removed, and only the base of the new cast-iron dome, topped by scaffolding and a towering crane,

surmounted the old sandstone building.

The city's main thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, which had been conceived as a broad and imposing boulevard, was almost devoid of fine buildings, and wore an air of desolation. Its thin cobble pavement, broken and rutted by the heavy omnibuses which plied between the Capitol and Georgetown, was in dry weather covered with thick dust which rain turned into a channel of mud. Flocks of geese waddled on the Avenue, and hogs roamed at large. People emptied slops in the gutters. Privies, in the absence of adequate sewage disposal, were plentiful, and every day the carts of night soil trundled out to the commons ten blocks north of the White House.

Lounging Negroes startled Northern visitors with the reminder that slaves were held in the capital. (The 1860 census showed 1800 of them as against 9000 free blacks.) Hucksters abounded. Shabby boardinghouses, little grocery shops, and mean restaurants and saloons served the 1500 government clerks.

It was a mere ambitious beginner, a baby among capitals. Its defects were those of youth and energy and inexperience. Yet many already fancied it a moldering relic of an optimistic moment of history. Dissolution was heavy in the air; and even the rising monuments of the Republic wore the image of ruin and decay.

As the inauguration approached, the atmosphere was tense with forebodings. Amid the strangers pouring into the city for the ceremony were many Baltimore plug-uglies and secessionist rowdies. Men scowled and muttered in the crowded hotel lobbies, and groups stood whispering on the street corners. There was a rumor that if Mr. Lincoln were inducted into office, a company of Virginia horsemen intended to dash across the Long Bridge and take him captive from the Union Ball which was to follow.

Monday, March 5, was a raw disagreeable day. Whipped by the gusty wind, the people stood waiting for the procession, but there was little enthusiasm on the packed sidewalks. It was not a festive gathering.

Extraordinary precautions had been taken. Militiamen mingled with the groups of spectators on the housetops overlooking the Avenue. Soldiers from the Regular Army lined the route of the procession, and batteries of artillery were placed near the Treasury and Capitol. Fifty armed men were concealed beneath the platform on which the dignitaries took their places for the actual inauguration. The inaugural procession, however, met no serious interference. Aside from shouted insults and minor attempts at rowdyism, the parade was without incident.

Then came the ceremony which freed the old President from his

difficult position and made the Westerner at his side the man to guide an unruly country from which seven states had withdrawn. Mr. Lincoln spoke in a resonant, high-pitched voice, trained in the open air meetings of the West. His words rang out across the unenthusiastic multitude, across the sun-drenched nation. "We are not enemies, but friends. . . . Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection." Chief Justice Taney tottered forward, a cadaver in black silk, and on a gilt-clasped Bible, bound in cinnamon velvet, Mr. Lincoln solemnly swore to defend the Constitution of the United States.

The orderly passing of Inauguration Day momentarily allayed apprehension about the overthrow of the Government. And as Washington remained tranquil throughout the month of March, there was a general expectation that the crisis could be averted.

There was much influential opinion for conciliation. Since the secession, Southern trade with the North had fallen off, and as markets fell and banks called in their loans, Northern merchants and manufacturers, chilled by the prospect of bankruptcy, were eager to make concessions. Some people thought that the only course was to permit the separation of the sections. And General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Army, had suggested that the na-

tion might solve its problems, not simply by splitting in half, but by dividing into four confederacies.

In his public utterances, the new President had deprecated the seriousness of the crisis. His placid manner, the "jocular freedom" of his conversation, and his unceasing fund of anecdote gave the impression that he had but a shallow and provincial understanding of national affairs. Actually, he assumed the terrible responsibilities of his office with a heavy heart. From the first he was distracted by two extraneous duties: the social demands of his position, and the distribution of appointments. Place seekers, ravenous for post offices, consulates and Indian agencies, filled the White House at all hours of the day.

To loyal men, there was a bitter incongruity in the Administration's preoccupation with patronage at a time of national emergency. The Confederate States were aggressively preparing for war. For months they had been raising and drilling troops, acquiring military equipment. Late in February, General David Twiggs, U. S. A., had delivered 19 army posts to the rebel authorities of Texas, wearing the uniform of his country while he made the surrender. The newly appointed superintendent of West Point, Captain Pierre G. T. Beauregard of Louisiana, had resigned to become a Confederate brigadier, commanding at Charleston. Many

experienced officers of the higher grades in both Army and Navy had offered their services to the rebellion. The resignations were accepted without question, and the officers were given honorable discharges.

For a few weeks the Republican Government remained apparently as irresolute as the Democratic one had been, and its inaction increased the apathy and division in the North, which travelers noted as being in such marked contrast with the unanimity and martial spirit of the South. Mr. Lincoln had declared his intention of holding government property against further seizures, but it was the universal opinion in Washington that Fort Sumter, in the Charleston harbor, would shortly be abandoned. Three Confederate commissioners had been sent to Washington to treat for a peaceful settlement, to which the surrender of all Federal property in the seceded states was an indispensable condition. Fort Sumter had little military value, and it was known that Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, and the most influential man in the Administration, was opposed to making an issue of holding it.

The President, who knew that Fort Sumter's provisions were running low and that the fort was menaced by Beauregard's batteries, was confronted with the choice of either relieving the fort or abandoning it. He met the issue

squarely. On April 6 he wrote a notice to the Governor of South Carolina that an attempt would be made to supply Fort Sumter, peaceably if possible.

Mr. Lincoln's initial policy of forbearance and delay had been influenced by the hope that Virginia, in which there was a strong national sentiment, would adhere to the Union. But Virginia secession enthusiasts sent as an emissary to Charleston the youthful U. S. Congressman Roger A. Pryor, with the message, "Strike a blow!" If blood were shed, the impassioned young fire-eater told the excited crowd in Charleston, Virginia would instantly join the Confederacy.

Washington, in great anxiety, awaited word from Charleston. On Friday, April 12, it came: General Beauregard had demanded the surrender of the fort, and Major Anderson had refused. The bombardment of Fort Sumter was started the same day, and late the next evening the Washington *Star* posted a bulletin announcing its surrender.

Suddenly it was impossible to parry the crisis any longer. Civil war was upon the nation. On Monday the President called out 75,000 militia for three months.

Roger Pryor had been a true prophet. The guns that battered Sumter swept Virginia into the Confederacy; but he had not foreseen that they would also arouse the North, and send the men of the loyal states thronging to the recruit-

ing offices. Telegrams and letters flooded into Washington offering men, money, arms. Massachusetts, the only Northern state fully prepared for the crisis, promptly sent four regiments, three direct to Washington. The volunteers far exceeded the number called for by the President.

Nevertheless the military position of the North was not good. Smugly aloof from the dissensions of Europe, the United States had scorned the large standing armies of the Old World. To guard its far-flung borders and fight its Indian wars, it maintained an Army of only 16,000 men, scattered for the most part over the West and Southwest. And even this small establishment was ruled by a Southern clique, for during the past 20 years General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had shown a marked partiality for advancing Southern officers. Instinctively the old Virginian favored gentlemen from the slave states with their martial spirit and their "habit of command." Among the officers who remained faithful to the Union, none save Scott and General John E. Wool had ever commanded even a brigade. "What are we to do for generals?" Mr. Seward inquired of Scott.

Colonel Robert E. Lee, a Virginian who was known to abhor secession, was unofficially offered command of the Federal Army. He refused. Scott, veteran hero of the

War of 1812 and the Mexican war in 1848, remained reluctantly in command. Now afflicted with gout and nearing 70 — older than Washington itself — he was still his country's hero, as magnificent as a monument, and nearly as useless.

It was felt that Washington, as the cherished symbol of the nation's power, must be defended at all costs. But the defense of the capital, in spite of the British invasion of 1814, had not been studied by army engineers. The city, sprawling in its marshy valley, covered too wide an area to be easily defended, and no natural features in its vicinity were well adapted to fortifications. One neglected fort, 12 miles down the Potomac, was its only existing stronghold. The Confederate Secretary of War publicly boasted that before the first of May the Stars and Bars would float over the dome of the Federal Capitol. The confidence of the disloyal residents of Washington increased the impression that the danger was imminent and acute.

FOR SIX DAYS at the outset of hostilities, Washington lay nakedly exposed to danger, an unfortified border town, divided within itself, and momentarily expecting an attack. Rumors spread that the Virginians were marching on the city, and while sentries patrolled the White House porticoes and pickets were vigilant at the roads and bridges, a swift series of

Confederate blows drove home the fact that the capital was ringed by rebellion.

On Friday, April 19, the Virginia militia demolished the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, only 58 miles from Washington, and burned the armory building. At the Norfolk navy yard the Federal ships, including the valuable *Merrimac*, were seized. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, the first armed volunteers to arrive in the capital, had to fight their way through a secessionist mob in the streets of Baltimore, suffering casualties of four dead and 31 wounded. The Baltimore authorities, angered by the casualties among their own citizens, and determined to keep out any other Yankeesoldiers, ordered the bridges of the railroads to Philadelphia and Harrisburg burned.

Washington awoke on Saturday to find itself without railway communication with the loyal states. Until Sunday night, the telegraph faltered on. Then rioters seized the Baltimore office, and the capital was left in silence, isolation and fear.

Hundreds fled the city. Every sort of conveyance was hired at extravagant prices. Carriages and wagons, loaded with children and household goods, moved up 17th Street. Some refugees started out on foot, pushing carts and baby wagons, or wheelbarrows stacked with baggage. Secession sympathizers crossed the river to Virginia in droves, carrying the story of

Washington's helplessness and alarm.

The city soon looked deserted. Shops had shuttered windows, houses were vacant. Many offices and all places of amusement were closed. Silence had fallen on the big hotels.

Every day people collected at the depot, longing for the sight of soldiers. They walked aimlessly away, with apathetic and discouraged faces. The general opinion was that the South was prepared, and the North was not; and those who declared their faith in the power of the Union were met with smiles of incredulity. Looking up at the iron skeleton of the Capitol dome, one Washington resident despondently remarked, "I wonder if it will ever be finished!" "Yes, ma'am!" a Yankee voice emphatically replied. It came from a sentry of the Sixth Massachusetts, spokesman for the spirit of the awakened North.

In planning the defense of Washington, General Scott and Colonel Stone, staring at each other over their sherry at dinner, decided to concentrate their little force on holding the Executive Square. Its citadel was the Treasury, with every opening barricaded, and breastworks made of sandbags on the portico. It had a supply of good water, and 2000 barrels of flour in the basement. In the last extremity, the President and the Cabinet members would have to take up

their quarters there. "They shall not be permitted to desert the capital!" the General said.

The President's placid manner concealed the strain he suffered. His nerves played tricks on him, as the suspense was prolonged almost beyond endurance. One day he heard a sound like the boom of cannon. None of the White House attendants had noticed anything, and Mr. Lincoln walked out to see for himself. He walked on and on to the south, until at last he stood before the Arsenal. The gunfire had been a phantom sound, but the open doors of the Arsenal were real. Mr. Lincoln saw that there were no guards on duty. Anyone could have helped himself to the arms.

The same trancelike mood was expressed in his remark to some of the Sixth Massachusetts: "I don't believe there is any North." But next day the spell was broken as the shouts of cheering crowds announced the arrival of reinforcements.

THE DELIVERANCE of Washington was effected in style by the Seventh New York, the kid-glove militia corps of the North. In spick-and-span gray uniforms with pipe-clayed crossbelts on their breasts, the young gentlemen had had several days' experience of the inconvenience of war — dirty, crowded ships and coarse rations, long marches and hard labor. But they did not complain. They had

come to save the capital, and were proudly aware of their own pluck and perseverance as, with flags flying and bands playing and their little brass howitzers shining in the sun, they marched in perfect step to the White House.

They were garrisoned in the Capitol building, the staff using the committee rooms, the colonel the Speaker's parlor. Commenting favorably on the congressmen's lavatories, the Seventh washed; and then, formed in companies, they marched down the hill to dine at the big hotels.

Early the next morning, soldiers from Massachusetts and Rhode Island came tramping into Washington. Troop ships were gathering in a cloud outside the port of Annapolis, whose tenuous little railroad now formed the connecting link between the capital and the North.

The Eighth Massachusetts was also quartered in the Capitol. Drums beat, feet tramped and guns clanked in the marble halls. Mock sessions of Congress were the favorite diversion in both wings; and amid the ribald uproar which greeted the burlesque speeches, soldiers constantly wrote letters at the legislators' desks — and sent them postage free on the franked stationery of House and Senate.

Soon the Patent Office and the Treasury were taken over as barracks, for troops were pouring into Washington now: regiments from New York and Pennsylvania, Con-

necticut, Vermont, New Jersey and Michigan. Washington's prayers for soldiers had been answered — with a vengeance. The War Office was totally unprepared to handle the incoming troops efficiently, and every regiment was greeted like an unexpected guest for whose entertainment no provision has been made. The Commissary Department laid in large quantities of food supplies, but distribution and cooking facilities were lacking. Tents, cots, mattresses, blankets and clothing were immediately needed on a vast scale. Orders were hurriedly placed, almost without regard to price or quality, and an army of profiteering contractors packed Secretary of War Cameron's office to compete for a fat cut of government funds in return for sleazy blankets and shoddy uniforms.

The Ordnance Department, as hidebound as the other bureaus, supplied the incoming militia with rusty flintlock muskets of Revolutionary days, altered by the addition of percussion caps and rifling; and they prepared for the future not by ordering new breech-loading rifles, but by purchasing various antiquated arms from Europe. By degrees, however, enough camp equipage was secured to outfit most of the unprovided regiments after a fashion, and a semicircle of encampments formed on the hills behind the city. The country town was turned into a great confused garrison.

With the arrival of the soldiers, Washington's apprehensions had been dissipated. Tradespeople were delighted with increased business, and all but the die-hard secessionists rejoiced to find that war, which had been heralded with such great alarms, had turned out to be a holiday outing of militia. But the entertaining quality soon began to pall.

Soldiers were drilling and bugling and drumming all over the place. Often as irresponsible as children, they discharged their firearms in any direction, inflicting numerous casualties. Quiet residential sections were in an uproar, and ladies were frightened to cross the streets.

One lawless regiment known as the Fire Zouaves — they were volunteers from New York fire departments — completely intimidated the capital. A gang of roughs dressed in gray, scarlet and blue Zouave costumes and armed with rifles and huge bowie knives, they were wild as wharf rats. They amused themselves by chasing secessionists, or, in milder mood, charging expensive dinners and cigars to Jeff Davis.

Most of the militia regiments were entirely unprepared to shift for themselves. The best of them had had no real experience of camp life. They were merely social clubs which made a hobby of drilling and enjoyed parading in their fine uniforms on national holidays. They did not know how to cook, because

they had always taken caterers with them on the glorified picnics of their encampments.

Even the regiments which showed initiative in creating comfortable camps, with well-organized kitchens and tidy rows of tents, were entirely uninstructed in matters of hygiene. They placed the tents too close together, did not provide drainage, and usually thought it unnecessary to dig latrines. In the city the sanitary conditions were appalling. Washington, with its river flats and its defective sewage system, had always been odorous in warm weather. In May of 1861 it was as sour as a medieval plague spot.

Discipline was poor in the volunteer regiments, for except for colonels, who were usually appointed by the governors of their respective states as a reward for political services or ability to raise recruits, all officers were elected by the soldiers themselves. Under this system, shoulder straps conferred no authority; even men who held their officers in high esteem had no intention of giving implicit obedience to comrades on whom they had conferred rank. Democratically resentful of the notion of a military caste, privates slapped their officers on the back, called them by their first names and thought that saluting them was pure nonsense. These soldiers were independent Americans who had sprung to arms at their country's call, and they

were ready to fight, but not to submit to irksome military formalities.

Army men looked with contempt on the volunteer organization. They knew that the defense of Washington had not been accomplished by overrunning the town with soldiers. On the Virginia side of the Potomac, the situation was still menacing. With a spyglass, a Confederate flag could be plainly seen on the roof of the Marshall House, a tavern in Alexandria; and along the Virginia shore the campfires of General Lee's forces pricked the evening dusk. The white-bearded Inspector-General, Colonel Joseph Mansfield, advised the occupation of Arlington Heights, Virginia, only two miles distant from the low-lying executive offices and government buildings and well within artillery range. His recommendations were accepted, but they could not immediately be carried out. It was not until the end of May that the soldiers of the Union advanced.

Meanwhile some of the short-term volunteer regiments were leaving. The kid-gloved Seventh New York, after bearing its part in a two days' chore of digging earthworks, had gone home — still impeccable and self-satisfied, though it could scarcely be said that the country's need of soldiers had ended. The regiment had volunteered for only 30 days, and its term of service was over. At the Capitol, soap and sand removed the grease, tobacco and filth of the

soldiers' occupancy in preparation for the special session of Congress which the President had convened.

An alien activity was imposed on the slow life of the city. Its rough pavements were noisy with the clatter of army wagons, and there was almost a Yankee air of bustle and trade. Every hotel and every house was filled. Sutlers had taken all the vacant shops. Business revived. Even property holders felt encouraged. The depot and the wharves knew a ceaseless passing of horses, cattle, wagons, ambulances, provisions, arms, equipment, uniforms — all the multiple requisitions of a government at war.

ON Independence Day, 1861, over 20,000 soldiers marched in parade along the broiling length of Pennsylvania Avenue. It was the first grand army that Washington had ever seen, and to the assembled Republican lawmakers it was a dazzling exhibition of numbers, fine physique, drill, equipment. Army men might not share their enthusiasm, but there was little sympathy with West Point at the Capitol. The Republic had always looked with aversion on professional soldiers. The volunteers were the embodiment of an article of the American faith; the tradition of the stockade, Lexington, the prairie wagon.

The spectacle acted as a spur to an already restless impatience. This magnificent army should sweep

on to Richmond and stamp out the rebellion — and immediately, for thousands of three-month enlistments would soon expire. General Scott had planned a comprehensive encircling campaign for the autumn, but the public was clamoring for action, and both Lincoln and Secretary of War Cameron insisted on an immediate attack. Accordingly Scott ordered an advance on Beauregard's main army, which was entrenched in Virginia beyond the winding sluggish stream called Bull Run.

Amid the intense excitement of preparations, as troops and wagon trains streamed across the Potomac, word came that the great battle would be fought on Sunday. Washington received the news with rejoicing. On Saturday, July 20, there was a great rush to obtain passes to Virginia for the fighting. All the carriages, gigs and hacks in the city were hired at advanced rates.

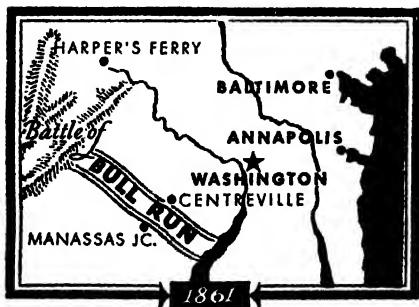
Next morning on a hill at Centreville, which overlooked Bull Run, the carriages were drawn up like those of spectators at a coun-

try race. The gentlemen — and a few adventurous ladies — had brought along spy glasses and lunches, as well as flasks of wine and bourbon. It was not possible to make out what was happening on the thickly wooded plain, clouded with dust and smoke; but a battle was certainly taking place, with deafening artillery and rolling musketry, and the Federal soldiers, by all reports, were driving the enemy back.

In Washington, where the dull rumble of the guns was audible, there was suspense but no alarm. Mr. Lincoln went to call on General Scott, and aroused the veteran from an afternoon nap. Scott expressed confidence of success, and composed himself to sleep again. Later the President ordered his carriage and went for a drive. He had not returned when at six o'clock Mr. Seward came to the White House, haggard and hoarse-voiced. He had just learned by telegraph that the battle was lost, the army in full retreat. . . .

By eight o'clock people who had seen something of the action were returning. Those who had left in mid-afternoon were convinced of a Federal victory. But all who returned toward midnight had been in the tumult and dust and terror of the retreat, the smashing, tumbling torrent of carriages, army wagons and running soldiers.

Rumors of catastrophe swept through the streets. Hour after



hour the crowds milled around, worried, waiting. The Avenue was solidly packed from the Capitol to the Treasury. In the small hours of the morning they were still there, listening for the arrival of the victorious rebel army.

In his office, the President received the spectators of the battle. Some thought that the soldiers had been infected with panic by the frightened sightseers. Others cursed the want of morale among the short-term men, who were thinking only of getting home. All decried the volunteer officers who had deserted their commands and run to save their necks. Lincoln listened in silence. He did not go to bed all night.

A sullen morning dawned in a drizzle of rain, and with daylight came the main body of defeated soldiers, scrambling across the Long Bridge and the Chain Bridge and the Aqueduct, back to the safe, familiar streets of Washington. Occasionally a regiment marched in order, still bearing arms and having the look of soldiers. Most were a woebegone rabble of broken companies and stragglers, mingled in disorder. Many had walked 45 miles in 36 hours, without counting the action on the battlefield. They staggered through the staring city like sleepwalkers, dropped on the steps of houses, crumpled on the curbstones with their heads against the lampposts, stretched full-length in the flooded gutters.

Washington's secessionists were filled with joy. They loudly claimed that they would be in possession of the city in 24 hours. And indeed Washington helplessly awaited capture. . . . But no invasion came. The rebel army, too, was made up of volunteers. They had been as disorganized as the Federals by their unexpected victory, and had not pursued their advantage.

To the sanguine expectations of the North, the reverse was a cruel disappointment. On the banks of Bull Run, more had been lost than the battle, more than pride and honor. The tradition of Lexington had suffered an eclipse. The notion began to spread throughout the North that gallant hearts were not enough, that — as the West Pointers had been saying — training, too, was needed to make an army.

THE COUNTRY'S blame for the fiasco at Bull Run fell heavily on the officers. Many of them had been among the first to run. Soldiers had been left leaderless on the field. Two hundred officers sent in their resignations after the battle. Others filled the Washington bar-rooms, drinking, defeated, sick of the war. Even General Scott was held partly responsible for the mismanagement of the battle; and across his magnificent figure a shadow fell. The 35-year-old major-general, George B. McClellan, fresh from a successful minor campaign in western Virginia, was

called in to command the Army of the Potomac.

McClellan was a brilliant organizer, and under his energetic command, Washington entered on an era of military efficiency. All eyes were on the young commander. Every street lounge knew his stocky, high-booted figure, as, hell for leather, he dashed about the city on his favorite horse, Dan Webster, with his staff and escort of dragoons hard put to follow him.

But from the first, some people thought it strange that McClellan did not live in camp. He stayed in Washington on H Street and it was observed that he took his meals luxuriously at the restaurant of Wormley, the mulatto caterer, and gave elaborate dinners, with a variety of wines, almost every day.

The new three-year volunteers were pouring into Washington under the President's call for half a million men, and in the crisp, cool days of autumn McClellan began to stage a series of grand reviews. Week after week whole divisions paraded in gleaming panoply. Hundreds of sightseers were drawn to the capital by the fame of these military spectacles, and as General McClellan dashed along the lines of his troops the roar of cheers was almost as deafening as the salvos of artillery.

When the young commander rode through the city on such gala days, it was like the triumphal

procession of a conquering hero. His train streamed behind him — generals, adjutants, aides, orderlies, politicians, citizens, sightseers. Never in the life of the republic had such adulation been paid to any man. Even Lincoln deferred to him, with a civilian's respect for a military specialist. But McClellan, who was something of a snob — he had read widely in several languages, was interested in archaeology and collected old china — privately derided the President's homely phrases and manners.

One November evening Lincoln called at McClellan's house with Secretary Seward and John Hay. They were told that McClellan had gone to an officer's wedding, and sat down in the parlor to wait.

After nearly an hour, McClellan returned. Without heeding the orderly's announcement that the President was there, he went upstairs. Thinking that there must be some mistake, Lincoln sent a servant to his room. The answer came that the general had gone to bed. Hay thought that "this unparalleled insolence of epaulettes" was "a portent of evil to come." Lincoln quietly passed it over; but he let McClellan come to him thereafter.

The undefeated enemy was the one blot on McClellan's achievement. The Army of the Potomac, now 200,000 strong, was the greatest organization the Union had ever seen. The troops had un-

bounded confidence in their general, and were ready to follow him anywhere. Even a small success would have appeased the grumbling politicians and delighted the country, but still he made no move. Drilling continued, recruits came in, and Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with drunkenness in the camps.

Belief in McClellan began to slip away. Senators and representatives asked angry questions about the inactivity of the great army. As the winter dragged on, it was common talk among the army officers that McClellan's star was setting, and that nothing but a victory could save him. General Grant, working with Commodore Foote, was winning highly important successes in the west, capturing Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, thus opening western and central Tennessee to Federal occupation. But the passing weeks still found McClellan absorbed in the perfection of elaborate plans, and his army dawdled around Washington, polishing its buttons and stirrups.

Finally, in March of 1862, the Army of the Potomac advanced on the Confederate position at Manassas. Its accouterments were shining. It had acquired the best of equipment, including two observation balloons, with portable gas generators for inflating them in the field. But when at length it moved into Virginia, it discovered that the

Confederates had silently, efficiently, withdrawn their troops beyond the Rappahannock. Beyond the battlefield of Bull Run, still strewn with bleaching bones, the ramparts of Manassas proved to be no more than rude earthworks, with imitation Quaker guns made of logs in the embrasures.

As he crossed the Long Bridge back to Washington, riding without aides and attended only by a few troopers, General McClellan appeared anxious. Nearly eight months had passed since the young Napoleon had come out of the West, and he had not fought a battle. Yet perhaps in that moment he was aware that he was already defeated.

He had started too late. During the following summer he was decisively beaten in a series of engagements in Virginia, culminating in the Bloody Battles of the Seven Days, and before the year was out he was relieved of command. But for a long while it seemed as if he had established a pattern to which all his successors must conform. Halleck, Burnside, Hooker, Meade — one after another, as they succeeded in turn to McClellan's command, repeated McClellan's mistakes of over-caution and delay.

The Union still had three years to wait for news of victory in Virginia. Ironically, the man who would at last infuse the eastern forces with an aggressive spirit was temporarily under a cloud. Af-



ter his initial successes in Tennessee, Grant had fought a costly and indecisive battle at Shiloh, and the whole North, as yet unused to heavy casualty lists, clamored for his removal. But Lincoln refused to take action. "I can't spare this man," he said. "He fights."

MEANWHILE, as the Virginia front became active, through the roar of the cannonade sounded the obscure names of little, sleepy, fever-ridden places, and Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp stood blood-spattered in the headlines. When at length the North realized that this sanguinary campaign with

its terrible waste of men had not brought victory, despondency spread through the country like a sickness.

By the second summer of the war Washington had been transformed from a camp to a hospital—the vast base hospital of the Army of the Potomac. A stranger wandering about the city might find his way by using the low, pale masses of the hospitals as landmarks. But there were many more which could be recognized only on closer inspection. Public buildings, old hotels, school houses, even the churches were requisitioned. Yet there was still not room enough.

The shortcomings of such make-

shift quarters were glaringly apparent to the most casual caller. There was a lack of trained personnel; some of the surgeons were careless and incompetent, almost all the nurses inexperienced. The patients were not supplied with proper clothing, and their diet was coarse and often meager. The dead received scant ceremony. At the notorious Judiciary Square Hospital, their naked bodies were stretched on a vacant lot and prepared for burial in full view of the populous neighborhood.

Asepsis was not yet understood. The operating surgeon wore no gloves, sponges were used over and over with only a cursory washing, and in threading the needle for the stitches it was customary to point the silk by wetting it with saliva. Blood poisoning, tetanus and gangrene were familiar visitors in even the finest of the shining, white-washed new pavilions of which Washington was so proud, and helped to fill the pine coffins which went jouncing in the dead carts to the cemetery.

Yet, to the wounded soldier, a hospital in Washington was a haven of comfort to which he had attained after a long delirium of agony and neglect on the battlefield and in transit to the rear. Frequently he had undergone a crude amputation at the front; for during the first years of the war the field surgeons were ruthless in lopping off arms and legs, which piled in

man-high heaps about the bloody tables. In Washington the wounded at least found the stupor of morphine and laudanum, the deep oblivion of chloroform and ether.

By ship, as well as by road and by train, Washington received the wreckage of the Army in Virginia. Just before the Christmas holidays, news came that a great battle had been fought at Fredericksburg. More than 12,000 Federal soldiers had been killed or wounded, and the Army of the Potomac had staggered back across the Rappahannock in retreat. And as the white and silent hospital transports emerged from the Potomac mist, thousands of the maimed were unloaded to litter the landings, like spoiled freight.

Each of the prostrate young bodies seemed the very figure of the Union itself, and the people turned away from the heartsickening, habitual scene. The compact caravans of the ambulances had become a monotonous part of the pageant of the streets. The procession of the maimed, with their empty sleeves and trouser legs, no longer attracted attention. Even death had grown commonplace, and the business of dealing with it was plied like any other prosperous trade. In one section of the city the rat-tat of the coffin-makers' hammers sounded all day, and the stacks of long, upended boxes rose and fell outside their doors, like a fever chart of the battles.

FROM THE BEGINNING, nearly four millions of slaves had shadowed the turmoil of this brothers' war. The blacks had been the brand that had set the nation burning. Yet the abolition of slavery was not the cause for which Northern men fought; to them this was a war to save the Union.

But whatever might be the Union rallying cry, those voiceless millions knew that the men in blue carried freedom on their banners. With the first movement of the Union armies, they began to straggle into the camps, their dust-smeared, sweating faces shining with hope.

The Union troops usually looked with aversion on their dark camp followers. Like most of the Northern population, they were reluctant to interfere with an institution which they were accustomed to tolerate as a legal, if detestable, fact. Commanders in the field often treated the slaveholders with punctilious consideration, even permitting them to enter the Federal lines to seek their property. The troops in Washington, whither many of the escaped bondmen fled, were flagrantly inhospitable to the fugitives. And Washington itself lived in dread of a black insurrection, for like all slaveholding communities it regarded free Negroes with both fear and hatred.

In contrast to the demagogues and fanatics of his party, Lincoln viewed the slavery problem as a statesman. Above all things, he de-

sired to save the Union, and in his mind emancipation was always subsidiary to this great central ambition. Neither sentimentality nor vindictiveness blinded him to the social upheaval which a sudden overthrow of the institution would entail. He had repeatedly voiced his cherished hope that the slaveholding states would voluntarily adopt some plan of gradual emancipation with compensation to the owners from the Federal Government.

But finally military reverses and the fierce political pressure of the congressional radicals forced him to the precipitate act of military emancipation of the rebels' slaves. This war measure was designed to weaken the Confederacy by drawing off Negro laborers, and Lincoln believed it the only alternative to surrendering the Union. In September of 1862 he issued his preliminary proclamation: on January 1, 1863, the slaves of persons in rebellion against the Government were to be proclaimed forever free.

The country, in the main, received the proclamation without enthusiasm. Abolitionists, intent on freeing the slaves in the loyal slave states as well as in the rebellious ones, were still dissatisfied with Lincoln's moderation. His wholehearted support came from the Negroes themselves. The Emancipation Proclamation, which the President signed on New Year's Day, explicitly stated that the

slaves of rebels would be received into the armed service of the United States. There was widespread antipathy to this policy. In the army both officers and men shared a repugnance to colored troops. In the country at large, save for a minority of extremists, the sentiment was bitterly adverse to arming colored men. Nevertheless, colored troops were organized, including a few companies in Washington itself; and by mid-June, 1863, the capital had cause to welcome its new defenders.

Once again, in the Spring of 1863, the Union forces in Virginia had been thrown back with heavy losses; and Chancellorsville had been added to the long list of reverses in the east. Now an ominous rumble sounded beyond the Blue Ridge. General Lee was marching north, moving into Maryland.

The Army of the Potomac, now commanded by General Meade, advanced to meet the rebels. They found them near the Maryland-Pennsylvania border, on the outskirts of the comfortable, red-brick town of Gettysburg. On Thursday morning, July 1, the battle opened; and by Saturday night 160,000 men had fought desperately among the wheatfields and the peach orchards.

For three days Washington held its breath, waiting for the outcome of the thunder and the slaughter. On the morning of July 4th, a bulletin at the *Star* office stated that Lee's army had been terribly

whipped, and the city was aroused to an enthusiastic rejoicing which it had not known for years. Next day came the news that Vicksburg had fallen to Grant. The double victory sent the city reeling in a heady celebration. Bells rang and buildings flared with garish illumination.

But the first exultation was succeeded by a soberer mood. Doubt began to dull the hope that Lee's army would be destroyed, even though hindered in its retreat by the flooded Potomac. Under Meade's cautious leadership, the Federals merely crept forward. By the middle of July General Lee's forces, with all their guns and all their plunder, had splashed across the Potomac to safety.

The Union was not yet saved, but there was a growing confidence in the country. The Emancipation Proclamation was increasingly popular. Before the need of replenishing the depleted armies — the losses of Gettysburg had been over 23,000 men — the prejudice against enlisting Negroes faded. Late in the summer General Grant wrote the President that the arming of the Negro, with the emancipation of the slaves, was "the heaviest blow yet given the Confederacy."

A disillusioned nation had lost its capacity for easy optimism; but it had learned to hold a grim and steadfast resolve. By the time Mr. Lincoln journeyed up to Gettysburg in November, to read his short and simple speech over the

vast graveyard of the battlefield, the Union was strong in the determination that, at whatever cost, white and black together, they would win this brothers' war.

AFTER Gettysburg, General Lee retired behind the Rapidan and Washington enjoyed a surcease from apprehension for several months. There was, to be sure, disquieting news from the west, where the Army of the Cumberland, besieged at Chattanooga, might be starved into surrender. But the war had lasted a long time; Tennessee was far away; and in Washington times were booming.

Northern capital had been invested in District enterprises, and business was thriving as never before. Government contractors, merchant tailors, saddlers, blacksmiths and hotelkeepers were amassing fortunes from the war. Tourists flocked in with money to spend. On Saturday nights the Avenue, illuminated by blazing shops and hotels, surged with pleasure-seeking people.

The social season had a diversified extravagance that winter, as the official set, the Washington parvenus and the rich visitors made merry. All of them were amused by gossip about Mrs. Lincoln, for in spite of her genteel upbringing, Washington society persistently jeered at the President's wife as an outrageous vulgarian. She had an ostentatious way of dress-

ing, and a mania for display which brought her much unfavorable personal publicity. Her shopping expeditions soon became famous. A Washington merchant once sent in a bill for 300 pairs of gloves, and from a New York department store she ordered a \$5000 shawl. In her extravagance, Mrs. Lincoln overran by \$7000 the \$20,000 provided by Congress for refurbishing the White House. The President, greatly annoyed, offered to pay the bill himself rather than approve an expenditure for "*flub dubs* for this damned old house, when the soldiers cannot have blankets."

The stands at the new National Race Course were packed every race day. Luxurious gambling houses, serving free champagne and the most sumptuous of suppers, flourished throughout the city.

The capital swarmed with underworld characters from all parts of the Union. Confidence men and vendors of obscene literature were numerous. A gang of robbers made its headquarters in the Smithsonian grounds, pickpockets flourished in every gathering, illicit liquor houses and brothels mushroomed everywhere. In the poorer suburbs there were innumerable dives where pleasure was dispensed in bare and dirty rooms, where soldiers were often robbed of their pay, and where poisonous "tanglefoot" whiskey, illicitly dispensed, led to brawls, shootings, stabbings and riots.

The women of the town were as

much a feature of Washington as the soldiers themselves; and gently bred ladies, venturing on Pennsylvania Avenue, were met on every hand by the spectacle of gaudy courtesans promenading with the officers or lolling in their carriages. Ambitious madams in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, even in Chicago and St. Louis, had closed their houses and, shepherding a choice selection of their misses, had entrained for the Washington market.

Disdaining sordid surroundings, these madams chose fine mansions with gardens, and discreet little brick residences which fronted on tree-shaded streets. Their "boardinghouses" soon spread through all parts of the city. Entire blocks on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue were devoted to the business. A large establishment known as the Club House immediately adjoined the First Baptist Church on Thirteenth Street, and saucy women flounced in and out in full view of the horrified churchgoers on Sundays. Brazen misconduct became rampant at the very doors of decent folk. Shrieks and revelry rent the midnight air; and respectable ladies sometimes suffered the extreme mortification of having their homes entered by a rabble of men who had mistaken the address.

In the wake of the women followed doctors, blatant in their promises. One of them maintained two offices, open at all hours, and

advertised a permanent cure for gonorrhea in three days, as well as a cure for syphilis in all its forms, without interference with business or the use of disgusting drugs.

Meanwhile, the advent of conscription, which was instigated in March of 1863, had brought forth a new and peculiarly unsavory professional class—the brokers who provided substitutes for wealthy drafted men. For a long time a bounty of \$300 had been paid to each Union soldier on enlistment, and to diminish opposition to conscription it was provided that a drafted man could avoid service by paying this bounty for a substitute. As a result, brokers who traded in men multiplied and flourished everywhere. They were particularly active in Washington, rounding up and virtually kidnaping Negroes as substitutes to fill the draft quotas of the Northern states. As the difficulty in finding men increased, they were able to charge a tremendous premium above the officially set price of \$300, and often charged \$800 or even \$1000 for providing a substitute.

Altogether, conscription was a farcically ineffective business. Of the first 960 procured by the draft in Washington, 675 were substitutes, paid by well-to-do men to go to war in their stead. The substitutes, when not professional bounty jumpers, were mercenary soldiers with no heart for war. Desertions from the Army of the Potomac be-

came so numerous that a special prison had to be established in Georgetown, and Washington began to hear the dismal detonations of the firing squad on execution days.

Nevertheless, Washington remained feverishly cheerful. Factory wheels were turning. There was wild speculation on the Stock Exchange. The humblest man could pocket a large bounty by donning the uniform of his country. If the people of the Union could not win this war, at least they were making money out of it. In the third year of the war, a new spirit was abroad in the land. The whole prosperous Union was *en fête* — drunk, some people said, in its crazy pursuit of pleasure.

WASHINGTON was in a ferment as the nation, in the midst of war, became embroiled in the distractions of the presidential campaign of 1864. In Congress, acrimonious debates crowded the galleries with spectators. The powerful radical bloc was passionately opposed to Lincoln's proclamation of amnesty to rebels who should take the oath of allegiance. The radicals wanted a President who, once the war was ended, would carry out a vengeful program of subjugation in the Southern states.

While Republicans vied with Democrats in railing against him in political debates, Lincoln was planning how to bring the war to a

close. He summoned General Grant — the hero of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, where he had won great strategic victories — to Washington, and for the first time completely entrusted military operations to a military man. Grant had *carte blanche* to act.

The recent mercenary recruits were not of the caliber of the earlier volunteers. Yet, after Gettysburg and Vicksburg, these men had become professional. Tardily, at terrible cost, the Democracy had developed an efficient fighting machine. The soldiers were dirty, bearded and long-haired, and they had the hard-bitten look of a band of desperadoes. They were young, but boys in their teens had the grim faces of veterans. In brigades, divisions and corps, they were superb implements of battle. Something the Union had lost: the first patriotic whoop and hurrah, the quick allegiance of generous hearts. But disorganization and ineptitude were nearly gone from the battlefield. The war of amateurs was over.

Grant ordered the simultaneous advance of all the Armies of the Union, the two main movements being those of the Armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee and the Ohio, united under Sherman in Georgia, and that of the Army of the Potomac in Virginia. This was the beginning of the final thrust for victory which a year later, at Appomattox, would at last bring the struggle to an end. But all through

the spring and early summer of 1864, in the Virginia Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, the Army of the Potomac grimly attacked Lee's forces, only to meet with frightful slaughter. For Lee fought prudently, protecting his army behind breastworks, against which the Federals dashed futilely.

In Washington the newspapers at first attempted to minimize the extent of the failure, but soon there was news which no censor could efface. It was written in the long lines of wounded men returning from the front, in the endless procession of ambulances. By the middle of June the Army of the Potomac had lost over 50,000 men, and the campaign north of Richmond had ended in a stalemate. And Grant, though he had sworn to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer," nevertheless withdrew his troops to the south of the James River where they laid siege to Petersburg.

WASHINGTON, smothered in hot yellow dust, showed scant enthusiasm for the celebration of July 4, 1864. A new school building was dedicated. Congress adjourned. The city slept.

Rumors of a rebel raid penetrated the city's siesta like a disturbing dream. Up the Shenandoah Valley, the

broad route to the back door of the capital, came the Second Corps of Lee's army, under the stout, round-shouldered old war horse, General Jubal Early.

Washington, however, remained calm. Attempted invasion had become an old story. Every summer of the war marauding detachments of rebel cavalry had sounded a hundred alarms. Habit had dulled the edge of apprehension. The people knew that many regiments had been sent away, but they were convinced of the excellence of the city's defenses.

On July 6 boatmen came down the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal with news that the rebels were crossing the Potomac at nearly every fordable point between Harper's Ferry and Muddy Branch, less than 25 miles away. Even the



most skeptical persons were obliged to admit that the raiders were extraordinarily bold.

At Baltimore was General Lew Wallace, who would one day write a novel called *Ben Hur*. He had a small body of troops, as weedy as those in Washington. Wallace promptly moved out to meet the enemy, fought a sharp engagement, and fell back. General Early did not pursue the defeated Federals. He marched south along the Georgetown Pike toward Washington.

On Monday, July 11, the Confederates were within sight of the gleaming newly completed dome of the Capitol. Behind ill-garrisoned fortifications lay the Treasury, the Arsenal, the rich manifold storehouses. The raiders were not sufficient in numbers to hold the city, once Federal reinforcements from Petersburg should arrive; but the sack of the capital would bow the Union's head in humiliation before the world, and General Early, hunched in his saddle before Washington's northernmost outpost at Fort Stevens, knew a flash of hope more dazzling than the noonday sun.

Early sent forward a fan-shaped line of skirmishers. Out to meet them marched a force of 600 men, made up largely of the Twenty-fifth New York Cavalry. The New Yorkers were a skeleton command of unhorsed troopers, but they were veterans, and looked the part. The sight of them made Early fear that

reinforcements from Petersburg were already in the defenses. He decided to reconnoiter before attacking.

Washington had been reading for years about that shifting and crucial area, the Front. Twice on the plains of Manassas, 30-odd miles away, it had lain uncomfortably close to the capital. But now it was as accessible as a suburban residence. The Front was a place which people could approach by taking the North Seventh Street cars; and pell-mell, out to the end of the car line and thence on foot, as well as in carriages and on horseback, went the Washington population, pardonably curious to discover what was going on.

The confusion they witnessed told them little more than they already knew. Yet the trip was an unforgettable experience. Along the road the breath of war blew like a hurricane to shatter the rural quiet. Toward Washington flocked frightened refugees, men, women and children, trudging behind their laden wagons. Flickering candles lighted agitated dooryards where people were packing their household goods, loading muskets, piling up rude barricades. Fires, kindled by the roadside, hemmed the route with flame; and in the distance blazed the roaring bonfires of burning houses. Squads of soldiers and galloping horsemen moved toward the flaring lights and flashing rifles in the forts.

Washington, awakening on Tuesday to the noise of artillery, soon found itself cut off from the North. During the day rebel cavalry struck the railroad tracks between Baltimore and Washington. At noon the telegraph wires to the North were slashed.

The Washington secessionists, after a long period of glum repression, went flying about in high glee, glibly assuring the rest of the residents that the city was doomed. Young men stole through the lines to join the invading army. Some of the Navy Yard workmen, ordered to take up arms, refused to obey. Confederate flags were secretly manufactured to celebrate Early's triumphal entry.

Yet the capital, in 1864, was too sophisticated for panic. No city ever heard the noise of cannon in its suburbs with a greater appearance of *sang-froid*. Mrs. Lincoln drove out to Fort Stevens with her husband, and several other ladies accompanied ranking officers. The hill beside the fort was occupied by other spectators, influential enough to secure passes and sufficiently adventurous to tolerate, from the shelter of trees and bushes, the whizzing of bullets from the enemy's long-range rifles. This was the President's only opportunity to see troops in action, and he had no concern for his personal safety. Both on Monday and Tuesday, with nearly half his tall form exposed above the parapet, he was

under fire at Fort Stevens. Finally an exasperated young aide, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver Wendell Holmes, shouted at the Chief Executive, "Get down, you fool!"

Still under misapprehension about the strength of the force opposing him, Early at last withdrew. The siege of Washington had not been such an important matter, after all. The main body of the Confederates had never even appeared before the defenses. Yet Early's raid shook the already unsteady confidence of the Union. Once more the old pattern of Federal impotence had been repeated; and the country in bitter disgust cursed the administration and its generals.

THE SWEEPING success of Sherman on his march through Georgia, and the gradual weakening of the defenders of Richmond under Grant's stubborn pounding, proved disastrous to the political hopes of the pacifists. In the election of 1864 Lincoln easily defeated George B. McClellan, who had been nominated for the Presidency on a platform that the war had proved a failure and must cease.

The re-elected President and the new Congress, however, found themselves in a deadlock which foreshadowed the conflict over reconstruction which the end of the war would shortly bring. The radicals were fiercely at odds with Lincoln's attitude: "We must not sully victory with harshness."

The downfall of the Confederacy was drawing nearer every week. Prisoners and deserters came into Washington in a steady procession. Lee's losses of starving and disheartened men could be counted by brigades.

With victory imminent, the vindictive spirit of the radicals was a portent of trouble. At the White House there was another portent, a small change to which people gave little heed, not comprehending its significance. Four members of the Metropolitan Police had been assigned to protect the person of the President. Lincoln had a body-guard at last.

There was perhaps another dark portent in the second term inauguration itself. For on this occasion Vice-President-elect Andrew Johnson, a man who could take his whiskey or leave it, was indubitably drunk. In his acceptance speech, he hoarsely launched into a confused harangue, half stump speech, half egotistical ranting. He had the bitter arrogance of the poor white who had fought his way upward against the hated aristocrats, and the word "plebeian" rang like a refrain, as with the insistent pride which is the most embarrassing form of shame, he harped on his lowly origin.

The mortified Republicans listened in agony. Senators turned and twisted in their chairs. Mr. Lincoln's face wore an expression of deep sorrow. At last Johnson turned to take the oath from Chief Justice

Chase. "I kiss this Book," bawled Andy, like a bad actor, "in the face of my nation of the United States."

ON APRIL 14, 1865, just five days after Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Lincoln was assassinated. In the despair and hysteria of that Friday night, as Lincoln lay dying in the obscure boardinghouse opposite Ford's Theatre, the frail shoots of good will to the defeated enemy were blasted.

Secretary of War Stanton grasped the reins of government in his strong and trembling hands. Seward had been attacked also, by an accomplice of Booth's, and Stanton believed that he himself had been marked for assassination. Fearful of a vast murderous conspiracy, he summoned Grant to defend the capital, and directed that the forts be manned as though an invading army were marching on the city. With blanched faces, the telegraph operators sent out Mr. Stanton's dispatches. They spread the terror of Washington over the nation, and all over the Union a hoarse cry of vengeance sounded a discordant requiem for Lincoln. The capital itself was agitated by such a mob spirit of revenge that even the sight of Confederate prisoners under guard started riots.

The Republican radicals wasted no time in hypocritical lamentation for Lincoln. The assassination had done them the double service of removing a merciful Chief Executive

and inflaming the country against the Confederacy. A few hours after Lincoln's death they gathered in caucus to map out a stringent policy toward the South. Johnson's accession to the Presidency seemed to them "a godsend to the country" as he repetitiously conveyed his view that treason was a crime, and crime must be punished.

On May 3rd a presidential proclamation announced the connivance in Lincoln's murder of Jefferson Davis and other prominent Southerners, and offered rewards for their arrest. Their names were blazoned, like those of common criminals, opposite the prices set on their heads. The proclamation caused a thrill of horror and rage against the South.

But Stanton did not neglect the actual perpetrators of the crime. He launched a program of inquisition and terror which filled the prisons with suspects and witnesses. Though Booth, the actual assassin, had been shot while resisting capture, eight others were accused as co-conspirators. They were regarded as outcasts, beyond the pale of human sympathy, and were held in solitary confinement, loaded with chains. All but the lone woman prisoner were forced to wear stifling, tight-fitting hoods, padded with cotton an inch thick, "for better security against conversation." In a military tribunal, four of the accused, including the woman, were finally sentenced to

hang and the rest were exiled to the barren rocks of the Dry Tortugas.

Meanwhile, Washington's streets were flooded with Union blue as the muster-out of a million men began. Divisions awaiting disbandment were pouring in. Miles deep, on every slope and ridge, their camps radiated from the city. On May 23 there began a two-day grand review of the Armies of the Republic, the last and greatest pageant of the war.

Pennsylvania Avenue was aflutter with waving flags and handkerchiefs, and Washington's citizens were massed on stands and rooftops, and hung from windows and balconies, as General Meade rode out on his garlanded horse at the head of the Army of the Potomac. This was Washington's own army. The capital had seen it grow from a muddle of untrained boys. It had built the city's fortifications, and formed a living barrier in the Virginia mud. It had stopped Lee at Antietam and Gettysburg, had taken the slow and bloody path to Appomattox. People wept as the battle flags went by, and many rushed into the street to kiss their shredded folds.

All day the tramp of marching feet echoed along the Avenue as, through the plaudits and the flowers and the singing, the Eastern brigades marched past the reviewing stand in front of the White House. Early next day, the crowds

burst out again to welcome General William Tecumseh Sherman and the soldiers of the West, an army which on review as well as in the field, could challenge any in the world. Taller and bonier than the Eastern men, the Westerners had a gaunt, rough look, and their rolling, cadenced stride seemed to shrink the length of the Avenue to a step. Their torn and dingy battle flags bore the legends of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, the Carolinas — names that told the story of victory for the Union.

For a second day Washington shouted applause, pelting the Westerners with blossoms. The sun slanted in the west as Sherman's men dispersed, to get drunk and disturb the peace of Washington, and to fight with Eastern soldiers in the saloons. The grand review was ended.

For two days Washington had forgotten the demagogues, forgotten dissensions and military tyranny. Once more the Cause shone bright. The hard young faces and the flags and the brassy, sentimental tunes had revived, like some tender reminiscence of youth, the faith and the courage that had kept the nation united. One hundred and fifty thousand veterans had marched, but even the unimaginative had seen a greater passing. The decimated regiments, the youthful appearance of the general officers, the scarcity of field officers — all had been reminders of the

shadowy army of the dead, which, Union and Confederate together, was nearly a million strong.

Some prominent Republicans had rather regretted the decision to hold the grand review. Washington had had excitement enough, they thought; they would be glad when the city again subsided into "its old jog-trot way of life." But the old jog trot would not come again in Washington. It had vanished forever with the pleasant provincial society, the grinning slaves and the broad-brimmed hats of the planter-politicians. Not in the bustle of Yankee efficiency had war left its supreme mark on Washington, not in the tumbling contraband huts, or the wreckage of men in the hospitals; but in the great centralization of Federal authority which had transformed a country town, reserved for the business of government, into the axis of the Union.

The capital of a reconstructed country would not yield an unblemished page for the history books. In days to come, a moral man would find more cause for sadness there than in the tragic streets of Richmond. But, North and South, there was strength in this conglomerate people, at once willful and steadfast. With the tenacity which had carried it through four years of internal war, the country would survive the bitterness of peace. Out of pain and chaos and corruption, Washington was securely established as the capital of a lusty nation.

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